The Halloween Disaster
BY: Hooked6

My name is Terri and I really blew it this Halloween. Amy, my best friend from school, came over late Halloween afternoon dressed in her costume. She was wearing a tight, practically see-through, red body suit over which she had on a bright red bra and red French cut knickers. She actually went out in public wearing her bra and knickers! I was amazed at her courage! Anyway, she had made a red tail out of scrap material, which she had cleverly sewn to the back of her knickers. She looked like the perfect devil!

She told me that a club downtown was hosting a great Halloween party with two live bands. She wanted me to go with her as she didn't want to go alone. It sounded like fun but I didn't have a costume and barely had enough money to buy lunch the next day. This particular club is a really cool place and I wasn't about to go without a trendy costume that's for sure! After much discussion and brainstorming, Amy said she thought of the perfect costume for me that she said she could make with stuff I had around the house.

Without so much as a hint as to what her idea was, Amy had me strip out of my clothes while she went into my bathroom. When she returned I was standing naked and a bit self-conscious. Amy was holding two large bags of cotton balls and a glue stick.

"What on EARTH are you planning on doing with those?" I asked nervously. Amy just smiled and explained that she was going to make me a cotton ball bikini!

Boy, did I argue against THAT idea. Amy was persistent and I DID really want to go clubbing. Finally she took the glue stick and proceeded to dab circles on my left breast! I am NOT, well, how shall I put this, into the girl-girl thing by any means, but having her touch me in such an intimate spot was very exciting. Amy then took out a cotton ball and pressed it against one of the tacky, glue circles on my body, and to my surprise, it stuck! Then another, then another and soon my entire breast was covered in cotton balls! She continued this process until she had made a perfect bikini top - even wrapping a line across my back so it looked like I was wearing a fluffy, albeit rather skimpy, bikini! She did the same to my bottom - with much wiggling one my part when she actually worked around my "sensitive" areas. She created a triangle in front and covered my butt with cotton and then, tearing a few cotton balls in half, made two lines on my sides that connected the front and back!

I must admit that when she was through and I looked in the mirror I was really impressed at her handiwork. It felt soooo soft! It was getting late so Amy hurried me along. When I steeped outside I felt VERY exposed and wanted to go back for a coat or something. I must confess to you that I am rather shy and don't even normally wear a real bikini that often. Amy taunted me, calling me a chicken and a coward among other things. I didn't want her to think me a loser so I swallowed hard and got in her car.

On the way to the club I REALLY regretted NOT insisting on bringing something else in case of emergencies. I kept feeling the cotton balls making sure they were still "attached" and was very careful not to slide around in the seat. It goes without saying that for the first time in a long time I didn't fasten my seat belt!

My heart was POUNDING as we pulled into the parking lot of the club. MAN! Were there a lot of cars! Amy had to park WAY in the back of the lot. I hesitated getting out of the car and made her check my "costume" about every 10 feet as we walked toward the club. "Terri, you look FINE," Amy said with an impatient tone. She was anxious to get into the club. I was thankful it was dark out. Amy paid my way in and once inside I could hardly wait to sit down. My legs were like jelly as I saw people staring at me and smiling.

The music was loud and there were all sorts of outrageous costumes. I began to get comfortable and soon was on the floor dancing away with people I had just met. I was having a blast! I had forgotten all about my fears until a boy I knew from school tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Hey, Terri, is this yours?" He was holding up a cotton ball!

My heart skipped a beat as I grabbed the cotton ball away from him and began looking in a panic for the spot it had fallen off from. I didn't see a blank area and feeling my backside I couldn't feel a hole. I nervously tried to put it out of my mind. Soon I was back on the dance floor with a really cute guy. We were dancing away. Finally a slow song came on and we danced closely. I was very aroused as he began caressing me, rubbing his hands slowly up and down against my bare back and bikini-covered rear end sensuously to the music. I was in heaven. The dance floor was really crowded! Finally the song ended and my partner left me for another girl. As I made my way off the floor I had this funny feeling that people were smiling directly at me - they weren't happy smiles either. They were more like evil grins.

When I rejoined Amy at the table she too was all smiles. I was about to ask her what was up when she broke in, "Terri, ah, I don't want to alarm you but. . ." My heart began pounding again and I frantically looked down at my costume. I was missing a ton of cotton balls. My bikini top was a hodgepodge of misplaced balls. I was showing a LOT of skin. I looked down at my crotch and to my horror I had only a few awkwardly placed pieces of cotton fortunately still covering strategic spots. I ran my hand against by butt and felt a lot of bare skin there too! I must have lost them dancing that slow dance - or else that creep deliberately worked them off of me!

I screamed to Amy above the music, "I NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE!" A girl standing next to her butted in, "What's the matter honey, afraid you might lose more of your costume?" No sooner had she said that, she reached over and plucked a cotton ball right off my left breast! My nipple was showing to the small crowd that had gathered around Amy's table. I quickly put my hand up to cover my nipple when that hussy plucked another one off my right breast! I used my other hand to cover myself and yelled. "QUIT IT, BITCH!"

Even though the music was loud and many people were oblivious to what was happening, the crowd around our table grew a bit larger and came uncomfortably closer. Another girl, apparently a friend of the first girl said, "You can't talk to my friend like that," and reached out and plucked a hand full of balls from by butt as the onlookers howled with laughter.

"STOP IT!" I Screamed. "IT'S NOT FUNNY!" I tried to pull away but backed into another girl who reached around my front and pulled a couple from my crotch. My pussy was now in plain view. I dropped my hand to cover it. That left my right breast exposed. Laughter was everywhere. The guys just stood there taking in the view as the girls continued their torment. Amy was no help. Oh she tried to intervene but was pushed aside and I finally lost sight of her.

Above the loud music I could hear shouts of "Strip her! Strip her!" over and over, which seemed to embolden the girls. Hands were all over me as one by one the last remaining cotton balls were plucked off my skin. I tried to escape but was unable to go anywhere. Everyone thought it was funny as I was now naked in the middle of this mob which completely encircled me. As people got closer a few brazen cowards copped a feel of my private parts. As I turned to try and see who the culprit was, all I saw were smiling faces. I was so humiliated!

The crowd grew closer and started moving toward the dance floor. I couldn't help but go along. Everyone was too close to me. Once on the floor a fast song was played and people began jumping up and down swaying this way and that! My body was rubbed and bumped by dozens of people. Some innocently, but much of the contact was deliberate and erotic. It is hard to describe the feeling of my breasts and butt rubbing up against clothed people on a dance floor to pounding music! I was NAKED being seen by who knows who- maybe even people from school that knew me! My only hope was that I wasn't really exposed to too many people as everyone was packed together on the dance floor like sardines and the lights were dim. Suddenly the song ended and the band announced they were taking a break. It was amazingly quiet and my ears were ringing at the shock of how silent it had gotten. To my horror the house lights were brought up and everyone started leaving the dance floor. I panicked! My cover was leaving me! All too soon the circle of bodies that had surrounded me left! I was now alone and frightened in the middle of the club!

I crouched down and tried to cover myself until I heard a band member yell over the microphone! "NICE COSTUME!"

I screamed and ran toward the door of the club. I didn't know where Amy was but I HAD to get out of there! I ran right outside into the parking lot. Then it hit me that I might not have made a good decision. I was a bit disoriented and just ran! I ran through the parking lot and then into the lot of the store next door. I stopped running and tried to catch my bearings and then took off again. I was running up sidewalks - even in front of some open mom and pop type stores that lined the street in a desperate attempt to find our car and get out of sight. I wasn't sure where we had parked. I was seen by a bunch of people - some from the club others just people milling about downtown. All I could hear was laughter! Humiliating laughter!

Not finding Amy's car I began to really panic. Like a scared rabbit I ran from car to car until I felt someone grab me from behind!

It was Amy. "Follow me!" she said. I grabbed my hand and we ran forever until we got to her car! I was never so scared and so embarrassed in all my life!

On the drive home Amy kept smiling at me telling me how pretty I looked. I was, admittedly, very aroused hearing her tell me I was pretty. In the safety of the car I was able to relax a bit and as Amy kept on telling me how I was the hit of the party I began to feel better about it.

"Terri?" she asked coyly. "It's still early and it IS still Halloween. You want to have a little harmless fun?"

I didn't like the sound of her voice. "What did you have in mind?" I asked nervously . . . THE END