Torre’s Costume Dare – True Story
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“Are you sure you want to go through with this?” Hooked asked me with concern. “There will be a lot of people at this Halloween party – including some you know. This could turn out to be very embarrassing for you. Not everyone knows about your secret wild side.”

“I realize that and yes, I’m sure. Let’s go before I change my mind.”

I guess I should explain how I got myself into this situation. My name is Victoria but people usually call me Torre (after the British political party – I’m English you know). In real life I’m married to the author you know as Hooked6. We met on-line as I used to do a few dares and risky things when I was in college and then post them at a few sites. Some of you may remember my older posts. Anyway I had long since given that up after I met my husband.

Recently an author named “Not a Politician” wrote a story in which a woman did some unexpected performance art by stripping while seated in the audience at an art show. I loved the story and coincidentally I had the good fortune of corresponding with the author at another dare site called The Zone. I told him that I would love to try such a thing but had no earthly idea how to pull that off without getting arrested and had all but given up on the idea. That is until my husband found out about it (Not a Politician posted a note for him about it at that site as a response to his story – such a nice guy, huh?)

As you know Hooked has a really warped mind and suggested I try an idea he had at some Halloween Party. It was similar to Not a Politician’s story idea but not exact. It was more like the theme was the same of a coincidental stripping to an unsuspecting audience. The following represents my attempt to detail what actually happened. This may not be as flamboyant as other stories on this site but it is real and I wanted to share – so be nice. I get my feelings hurt pretty easy. My writing sucks so if you recognize Hooked’s style in this post that’s because he helped me a little (Okay a lot!). I didn’t want to post it here because so many of you write such great stories I felt it would be out of place, but I was over-ruled. I still think it’s a little late to be posting what amounts to a Halloween story but I didn’t do this until just over a week ago and my husband has been pestering me to post it so here goes.

The day of the party had finally arrived. Unfortunately for me people just don’t seem to host Halloween parties much anymore so there wasn’t much to choose from. Hooked was right. The Party we DID get invited to would in all probability include some guests that we knew. But, it was a large party and most importantly everyone was supposed to wear costumes.

I took a shower and did my hair. My only undergarment was a bright orange T-back or what some call a thong pair of panties. The string in back was thin so it slid well into my hind quarters and disappeared until re-emerging again at the top of my butt. The strings on the side were also thin until meeting the orange triangular piece of material that covered my front. My costume was to consist of 8 pieces of opaque satin-like veils of varying sizes that I would drape over my body to cover me. Each veil or panel was a mixture of mostly bright orange with some red and yellow splashed throughout to fit the Halloween theme.

The first veil or panel I tucked into the front of my panties and the second I tucked into the T-back string behind me so that the two panels formed something like a loincloth. I took the largest panel and wrapped it around my back and then draped it across my chest at a diagonal and tied it at my side with a knot. I then took the remaining pieces of varying lengths and using a glue stick placed a small dab on the upper part of each panel and stuck them randomly all over myself. The result was that I was basically clothed with layering veils. (I know this is confusing as I just re-read what I wrote and even I’m having trouble.)

[Note from Hooked6: She looked liked one of those old-time Cabaret strippers doing the dance-of-the-veils.]

I got myself together and we drove to the party. The idea was to do a progressive, clandestine strip at the party without drawing deliberate attention to myself. (That is – I wasn’t going to be standing up in the center of the room and taking it off to Sis-Boom-Bah music as it were.) Since I’m not really the bold flasher type, I needed some uncertainty about the whole thing as I’m not strong or confident enough to just walk in and get naked. In other words I needed at least a chance that I wouldn’t actually end up naked since there were going to be people we both knew at the party. He came up with the idea of a game like the Bingo Game in the story Tracy’s Recruit.  Every time someone in the party said a certain word I’d go somewhere quiet and take off a veil or panel and then casually return to the party and continue mingling. Depending on luck or happenstance I may end up taking off only one or two panels or I might just end up naked! I could do that, I thought. There was enough balance of safety to make me comfortable and enough risk to like totally freak me out!

“Let’s use the phrase Trick or Treat,” Hooked suggested.

“Are you crazy? Everyone will say that sooner or later. Besides we agreed on a WORD not a phrase, remember?”

“Oh yeah, well how about Hi?”

“Still too common,” I said. Who was he kidding? He only wanted me naked.  [Note from Hooked6 – she got that part right!] I really wanted the thrill of the unknown, not definite exposure otherwise I’d chicken out.

“Well we can’t decide on a word so rare like Episiotomy or flagellation, can we? There has to at least be a reasonable chance of someone actually SAYING it. How about the word, BOO? It goes with Halloween doesn’t it?” Hooked suggested.

“Fine – BOO it is.” How many adults might actually say that word anyway?

When we entered the party the place was packed! There must have been over 100 people there. Fortunately for me I didn’t recognize anybody right off the bat. I was nervous enough as it was without being met at the door by somebody I knew.

I got something to drink and slowly worked the room looking at all the very creative costumes. The music was fun, the party was cool and I began to relax. “BOO!” some guy said from behind me. As I turned around it was some dude in a ghost costume. I greeted him and made small talk for a moment or two. After he left I had to make my way to the bathroom and slipped off a dangling panel. I tossed it in the trash. Fortunately the glue stick made panel removal easy. The glue held on tight enough to hold but didn’t leave a noticeable residue when I peeled it off – kind of like the stuff on the back of those Post-It Notes.

When I returned to the party nobody seemed to notice but I still felt as though I lost a major part of my cover.

Hooked, who had been hanging back away from me then rejoined me at my side. That stupid ghost then said “BOO!” to another girl and Hooked heard it. Even though he didn’t say it directly to me we both heard it so I knew I had to lose another one. That idiot was going to cost me my cover!

Two veils gone and I had several to go. So far no one paid me any attention. After that ghost said “BOO!” a third time, Hooked just smiled. We both decided to be fair that we would leave the room he was in giving me a fair chance at staying covered. “If he follows us though you know what you have to do,” Hooked asked?

“Yeah, I know. But thanks for reminding me,” I replied. “You’re such a helpful soul.”

I managed to mingle without further problems until I got thirsty. There was a punch bowl containing a light blue beverage on a table and Hooked and I went over to snag a drink. “This is good,” I remarked to a guy next to the table.

“It’s BOO-berry” he said proudly. Cute, I thought.

Hooked winked at me making it clear he thought that was close enough that I had to lose another veil. Reluctantly I played along and disappeared to the ladies room once again and removed the fourth panel and tossed it into the trash can in the bathroom.

I was pretty excited by now as I only had 4 veils left: the two that made my loin cloth which covered my waist and two draped across my chest at overlapping diagonals.

I mingled silently and even though the crowd had gotten bigger, no one seemed to give me any impression that they noticed I was actually wearing less. They all seemed to be enjoying themselves and focused on whatever was going on in their corner of the party. It was well after midnight and I had already lost a substantial part of my inhibitions through the use of much appreciated alcoholic refreshment. (No, I’m not a cheap drunk but it has been a while since I did anything like this and I was pretty darned worked up over it all).

About a half an hour later that darned ghost came back to my corner and said “BOO,” one more time to another person nearby. What a dork I thought. I mean like the party had been going on for at least three hours now and he was still going around saying BOO to people! What a loser! Of course I knew I was really the loser as I would have to lose another veil.

I was showing a lot of skin now with only one long diagonal veil covering my otherwise naked boobs and the two panels that made up my loin cloth. This time after coming out of the bathroom I was very aware that people noticed. Man did that make me feel weird. I worked the room as I had done all evening trying not to appear self-conscious.

Hooked tapped me on the shoulder and pointed toward the front of the room we were in. “Try not to act obvious about it but look over there,” he said snickering. When I did, I saw a girl holding my five discarded veils in her hands and pointing me out to the people she was talking to. I could only assume my secret was out.

Suddenly I became very popular and people gravitated toward my husband and I. No one actually remarked about what I had obviously been doing but they did look at me funny.

Finally the girl came over and dangled my veils in front of me. “Lose something?” Hooked later told me I turned cherry red when she asked that, which I can like totally believe.

Suffice it to say that Hooked opened his big mouth and blabbed to everyone that I was doing a dare and had to lose a veil if a certain word was uttered. I could have killed him (well not really but I was kind of mad). Of course everyone wanted to know what the word was and the party suddenly focused completely on me! Hooked wouldn’t say what the word was no matter how much people pressured him.

“Whatever it is someone must have said it five times,” Kelli said, (the girl with my veils in her hand.)

“Let’s all try to guess the word,” some dude suggested and soon people were all calling out words like a hoard of stock brokers on the trading floor in New York.

It wasn’t really fair and I was about to just walk off but I could see how excited my husband was (don’t ask me how I knew he was excited, okay?) so I decided just to stay and see it through.

“Ghosts,” “Goblins,” “Witches” “Pizza”, “Halloween” – the words kept flying. I knew that if someone guessed it I’d be screwed. Eventually people either were getting bored or were running out of words when some arse-hole shouted “BOO!”

[Note from Hooked6 – I thought for a moment she was really going to pass out when Paul yelled the correct word.]

I guess they all could tell that Boo was the key word and everyone started shouting it.

I smiled and it was a good thing I was a bit wasted otherwise there was no way I would have been able to do it. I took off the veil covering my backside and tossed it on the floor.”

“BOO, BOO, BOO” almost everyone chanted in unison.

The look on my poor hubby’s face was priceless. I think he was actually sorry that he had suggested this game. I thought that maybe he was becoming sort of protective of me – you know realizing that other guys were about to see what he alone was supposed to see. He was like getting all macho on me by the look on his face. Yeah I know we’ve done some crazy things in the past but those were all different – safer and less up close and personal if that makes any sense.

[Note from Hooked6 – I was not getting all macho. She’s exaggerating.]

Yes he was. Anyway I then took off my front veil leaving me covered only in my thong and my diagonal boob covering panel.

“That’s all” I said to everybody but they would have none of it.

I must admit the attention was marvelous. What girl doesn’t like attention – especially the appreciative attention of a bunch of guys.

I untied the diagonal veil and actually tossed it on the floor. I quickly covered my boobs by crossing my arms in front of me which didn’t really go over very well.

Of course they wanted me to strip completely and I had never really agreed to that part, at least not verbally anyway. Everyone kept taunting me and daring me and such until I felt I really almost had to do it.

Finally the girl with my discarded veils suggested flipping a coin: heads I strip, tails I don’t. It seemed fair so I agreed. The girl reached into her pocket and found a quarter and tossed it in the air. Man did it get quiet all of a sudden.

The girl caught it and shouted excitedly – It’s HEADS!”

Everyone cheered though I was sure the girl cheated as I really had no way of knowing if it really was heads or not as she didn’t let it hit the floor but caught it in her hand and looked at it. No one else could see it so I was stuck trusting her.

To make a long story short I stepped out of my thong and did my best to keep my important bits covered. I stayed that way, naked and cowering as people talked to me for about 30 minutes. What a hoot.

After that I felt it was time to go and my husband seemed glad to oblige.

So that’s my story and I want to thank Not a Politician the great story he posted that started all this and for writing to me. I know this isn’t what he had in mind but it was as close as I could get.

Oh, one more thing, I hope I don’t get a flood of emails daring me to do this or that. I’m not really ready to come out of retirement just yet. Oh and another thing, thanks for allowing me to post.

[Final note from Hooked6 – she really did do this just as described. I wish I could get inside her head for a few minutes to see what that felt like. I’m betting I could never find the right words to describe what she thought and felt at the time.]