**Exposed at Halloween Party**

Halloween only comes once a year. It’s an opportunity to strip and go naked! As a prude, though, I never thought I would ever dare to do that. However, once in every woman’s life there comes a time when she has to don her body as a Halloween costume to show off, especially when she is young. Every fun-loving American woman loves to wear her birthday suit, at least once, in a crowd of men. One Halloween in her life, she needs to “wear herself.” Just once, she must go “au natural.” At least that the way I thought it was. I am speaking, of course, about wearing my “Eve Costume," the one god gave me at birth. So as a graduate student in Florida one Halloween, I thought it would be my best chance, plus a good chance for public nudism.   
  
I needed to find the perfect outfit - a slutty dress, a baby suit, or even maybe diapers? After all, I figured don’t they look good with a bra? So I searched around online and went to all the costume stores nearby. I just couldn’t find the right costume to wear. I didn’t want to go totally naked, but it seemed that there were only two safe choices. Some kind swimsuit from a plant, or maybe leaves sewn on a body stocking.   
  
I hate body stockings because in them it’s so hard to go pee. Plus I didn’t feel safe in only a leaf, but a leafy one-piece swimsuit wasn’t revealing enough. You guys know how I am. So I put my own suit together using fake fig leaves and some pasty adhesive like spirit gum. I planned to use just enough to cover my parts so that I would not be nude at least technically, you know, my naughty bits. Then I realized that going to a party just looking like I had little bits glued to me would invite them to strip them off me - removing the leaf vegetation protecting my dignity. So I set about figuring out how to fix it. I thought and thought, until finally it suddenly struck me. There was another way to do it that was foolproof, I thought. I would use another strategy, instead. I would use body paint. I would paint those parts of my body that I worried about first - my sexual parts that is. Then I would paste fig leaves over my “swimsuit” for double coverage. Only, my suit would be body paint. In fact, well-done, a body paint bikini was perfect - it hid nothing and revealed it all, in a sense. Plus, it was a sneaky outfit, who would ever guess it? I wore bikinis all the time by the pools. The only question was now, how to go about doing it?   
  
Fortunately, I had friends who studied theatre arts, and they agreed to help. One added green lines around my hips in body paint, plus over my shoulders and between my breasts. Meanwhile the other did the strap on my back. It took us a while to do - two hours to be exact, but it was done very well. Finally, we when finished it, I used the adhesive for the fig leaves - stuck right onto my nips and clit - Oh, my god!!! It looked perfect. They made it look as though I was just wearing a leafy two-piece bikini outfit from the store. In fact, I was completely nude below the painted on straps, but it was so good it was very hard to tell it, even close up. The way my friends did the strap texture was amazing - it was so professional, so perfect! When they were done, my body appeared to look like a swimsuit costume that mimicked nude body art - nothing else. Armed with that confidence I felt very safe, so we headed down to the party at the fraternity house only three blocks away, from our apartment walking - even though we were graduate students. Talk about slumming, but hey, the drinks were free for us girls - my two girl friends, (haha) the twins, my little girl - all dressed in our fig leaf bikini dress.   
  
Being around strange people, wearing nothing at all but a bikini made of phony green fabric and small bits of fig leafs was surreal. Only one or two people there knew who I really was - and visa versa. I was getting lots of attention from guys there, which I adored. But most of them were doing their guy thing, getting plowed. Then by the pool, I met a guy I knew from my theater arts class. He complimented me on how good I looked. Then he asked about my costume, mentioning that it didn’t appear to look natural in a couple of places - it didn’t quite match up. Directly, he asked me if I was wearing body paint. So I decided to play off him, and said, “Where?” starting to look at myself down behind the fig costume on my tummy, where I could see my little girl.   
  
“Well, like there” he said - pointing to the fig leaf hiding my pussy.   
  
Coyly, I replied, “How about the leaves at my top?”   
  
Then, reaching out, he tried to grab off one my painted on straps - clearly finding my bikini was phony. Secretly, I was happy he’d outed me! I was so pleased that he did. He commended me on the boldness my costume, surprised he didn’t figure it out sooner. He said my body paint had indeed been done very well - asking me who did it. Was it me? I admitted no, I hadn’t, but a couple of friends around the corner had. I asked him if he knew them. The ones who’d come with me. He said he did, they had been in some classes. It was all no matter, he said, my secret was safe with him. Then he asked if he could get me a drink. He was so cute, and a gentleman also. So I responded, “Please, yes,” and he took off.   
  
Meanwhile I stood around looking for others to talk with more, waiting for him to bring my drink. Next to him overheard two sorority girls must have overheard our conversation - that is, I think. Because as soon as he left, before I knew it was happening, they were pushing me towards the deep end of the pool by my shoulders. Fighting was useless, they had me; I was going into the pool.   
  
Splaassssshhhhhhhhh! Of course, instantly my leaves came off. Then along with them, almost as fast my paint dissolved. A couple moments later, I was totally nude - although I still had my earrings. I lost track of my fig leaves, I was so bad swimming trying to save my paint. With so many people in the pool, all I could think was to swim towards the shallow end to cower and cover up.   
  
Soon I was the center of attention. People didn’t take long to notice that I was completely naked. So I just keep going about my business as if it was normal. After all, it’s not like I could to run and hide. So when my friend came back with our drinks, I just climbed out of the pool wearing nothing, my face blushing and pussy exposed and had my drink with him. He told me that I had greatly improved my costume, so I stayed like that 20 minutes more. Then surrounded by buys and getting furtive angry glances from girls - plus a few pictures for the part scrapbook - I got too embarrassed. I grabbed a towel, wrapping it around me and tried to act like it had been nothing at all. Of course, I had been the splash of the party - and my pussy was wet the rest of the night!   
  
Luv, Janie