**Trick or Treat – A Halloween Adventure**

By LittleJoe  
  
"Bugger, bugger, bugger," well one is sometimes driven to the use of strong language, and this was one of those occasions.  
  
I looked down at my Halloween costume.  
  
"Bugger, bugger, bugger," well I wasn't going to go to the bloody party on my own, no matter how sexy my costume, not when I'd been stood up.  
  
I sat in front of the telly and ate a bar of chocolate. Well one needs consolation in those sorts of situations. It was a nice costume - a sheer baby doll nightie, complete with sexy frilly panties. It would have been a sensation. And now I'd been stood up. Tristram should have picked me up at eight and where was he? God knows! Off with that Belinda Whatsherface no doubt. Her with no knickers. Men are so shallow.  
  
I looked down at my sexy nightie and finished another chocolate bar.  
  
RING RING  
  
The shrill noise of the front doorbell ripped through the house. Tristram! He'd come! I rushed to the door and opened it to find two youths wearing supposedly frightening Halloween masks, carrying plastic pumpkin lanterns and holding depressingly large carrier bags.  
  
"Trick or treat!" they yelled in unison.  
  
How I hate that ridiculous custom. Where did it come from? It suddenly seemed to appear five years ago. Nobody had heard of it before then. Probably something American. How ghastly!  
  
"Go away," I said.  
  
"Trick or treat," they chanted like little evil demons.  
  
"Bugger off," I said, clipping the smallest round the earhole. Well I wasn't exactly in a good mood and chocolate has that effect on me.  
  
I slammed the door shut. Then I heard it – SPLAT! I rushed to the door. The little buggers had thrown an egg at my door. I opened the door and yelled at them, but they just got another egg and threw it at me. SPLAT! It landed on my face and dripped down my baby doll nightie.  
  
“Come here you little buggers!” I yelled after them and gave chase. I caught them twenty yards down the road. A car came passed and honked as I was caught in the bright headlights.  
  
“Nice tits Miss”, said the biggest of the youths. I looked down and saw that in the bright lights the baby doll nightdress was nearly transparent.  
  
EEK!  
  
The youth removed his mask.  
  
EEK EEK!  
  
It was Wayne! One of the kids in the class I teach at school! And he'd seen my tits! Oh My God! The other youth removed his mask. It was Lee - another of my wretched pupils! Oh My God twice over. They'd both seen my tits!  
  
I screamed and ran back to my door. It was then that the horrible truth dawned. I'd locked myself out!  
  
"Can we help Miss," I turned round. Wayne and Lee were standing there grinning.  
  
"Get me back in my house!" I yelled.  
  
"For a pair of tits like that Miss, anything!"  
  
"Shut up about my tits and get me back in!"  
  
I should perhaps at this point mention that my tits are rather on the large side, and owing to the rather cold weather my nipples were more than a little prominent.  
  
"Hurry up Wayne," I was shivering in the cold wind, "my tits are freezing!"  
  
"I had noticed Miss!" but try as he may Wayne's efforts at budging my locked front door and windows were fruitless.  
  
I'd always thought of Wayne and Lee as little tearaways - the sort that would break into a house in seconds, but they proved absolutely hopeless.  
  
"You'll have to get a locksmith Miss. Go and ask your neighbour for help."  
  
My Neighbours! What was the stupid child thinking about? Miss Perkins was the nosiest woman in our street and I'd been at war with her about her cat for nine months, and as for old Mr Snodgrass. Heaven forfend!  
  
"I can't," I wailed, "I can't!"  
  
"I know Miss," said Wayne, "you can come back to ours. Ring for a locksmith in the morning."  
  
Stay with the Speedies? They were a totally obnoxious family. The idea wasn't that enticing, but my tits was getting colder by the second and were covered in goose pimples, so I didn't seem to have too much choice.  
  
"Right," I said. Wayne looked nonplussed, "Come on. Call a taxi. Let's get going!"  
  
"Do you have money for a taxi Miss?"  
  
"Do I look as if I have money for a taxi?"  
  
"Well we've only got a packet of biscuits," Wayne looked in his carrier bag, "and an apple. That won't get us a taxi Miss."  
  
"Well how did you get here?"  
  
"We walked Miss."  
  
"Well what are you waiting for? Let's get going."  
  
In the event it wasn't perhaps the best suggestion ever. Not seeing that it started to rain almost immediately. Not seeing that Wayne lived about two miles away. Not seeing that walking through town in the pouring rain wearing a baby doll nightie was bound to attract attention.  
  
By the time we arrived at Wayne's house not only was my nightie soaking wet, it was totally transparent. I stood in the living room shivering. What had I done! I was standing next to naked in one of my pupil's living room. What when his parent's came home. What if the Head found out! What on earth would he say!  
  
Wayne looked at me and shook his head.  
  
"Really nice tits Miss, but you'd better get out of that whatever it is you're wearing before you freeze to death."  
  
"Wayne!"  
  
"I know Miss. You have a nice hot bath and me and Lee'll get you a nice hot cup of tea."  
  
God, the idea of a hot bath was enticing. I was cold and wet and miserable and at least it would warm me up! I must say Wayne's house wasn't at all bad. A bit flash perhaps, but a nice big bath that I filled with steaming hot water. I took off the soaking nightie, put it on the radiator to dry, lay back and luxuriated.  
  
"Wayne!"  
  
I covered my tits and my fanny with my hands. He was standing there with a cup of tea.  
  
"Wayne! Get out I'm naked!"  
  
"Sorry Miss. Here's your tea Miss."  
  
"Wayne!"  
  
"Sorry Miss," he turned to go, "oh, and Miss."  
  
"What is it Wayne?"  
  
"Nice tits Miss," he disappeared through the door.  
  
I got out the bath. At least I was nice and warm now. But what a mess had I got myself into!   
  
Seen naked by a pupil. What would the Head say!  
  
I picked up my stupid nightie. The water seemed to have made it almost transparent even now it was dried out. I was next to naked in the house of one of my pupils. If the head ever found out I'd be out on my ear. Somehow I had to get home and get into my house. Which meant first I had to get a locksmith.  
  
I looked at myself in the mirror. My tits were clearly visible and even through the material of the frilly panties that accompanied the nightie, the outline of my dark triangle could be seen down below.  
  
Oh My God!  
  
"Wayne! Wayne," I called downstairs.  
  
There was no answer. I crept further down the stairs.  
  
"Wayne! Wayne!"  
  
Where had the brat gone to? The house seemed in darkness. I opened the living room door and crept in.  
  
"Surprise! Surprise!"  
  
The light suddenly came on and I was standing in front of a room full of people. They were all dressed in Halloween costume.  
  
Everybody stared at me. I stared back.  
  
"Oh!" Wayne looked at me his mouth wide open, "Everybody. This is..." He stopped suddenly as I mouthed the word "No" at him - I couldn't let all these people know I was his teacher - "the stripper," he suddenly blurted out.  
  
"Hey Wayne! Nice one! Your Dad's going to love that."  
  
"Your Dad!" I grabbed Wayne and whispered to him.  
  
"It's a surprise birthday party for him," he whispered back, "why did you have to come down? We thought you were him."  
  
"Why did you tell everyone I was a stripper?"  
  
"Well how else was I going to explain you dressed like that?"  
  
"Shush!" the sound of a car could be heard pulling into the drive, "Lights out everyone."  
  
The house was plunged into darkness again and everyone fell silent.  
  
"Surprise!" This time it really was Wayne's dad. A large balding man with a florid face. I cowered in the corner.  
  
"And who is this then?" he leered at me.  
  
"That's the stripper," said Wayne, and the horrible truth dawned on me. I couldn't admit who I was. I was going to have to strip!  
  
"Well," said Wayne's Dad, "put some music on Wayne. Don't keep the young lady waiting."  
  
Wayne chose Dancing Queen. Abba! Not what I would have thought Wayne's choice in music.  
  
"Good choice Wayne," said Wayne's Dad, "we had proper music in those days. Come on darling. Get your tits out!"  
  
What was I going to do! I couldn't let them find out I was Wayne's teacher. Not only was I going to have to strip I was going to have to convince them I was a real stripper.  
  
I started to gyrate my hips to the music to wild cheers from the partygoers.  
  
"Tits out! Tits out!"  
  
Wayne's Dad led the chant.  
  
It was no good. I couldn't delay any longer. Grasping the hem of my nightie I pulled it over my head and stuck my tits out. At least I looked the part. Even though I say it myself I've got strippers tits. But I was still going to have to be convincing. I took my tits in my hands and bounced them up and down to even wilder cheers. I licked my fingers and played with my nipples until they stood out like walnuts. I couldn't believe what I was doing. The deeper into the mess I got, the further I had to go. I just knew I had to do anything, anything to convince them I was a real stripper. God knows what the Head would say if he found out.  
  
"Off! Off! Off!" Wayne's dad led the chanting again. I knew what they meant. My panties, my frilly panties, the last flimsy protection of my modesty were going to have to come down.  
  
I stared at Wayne, "I'll get you for this," I mouthed, but he just grinned and mouthed "Nice tits" back at me.  
  
I hooked my fingers in the panties and down they came. I was dancing naked. Stark naked in front of thirty people. Stark naked in front of Wayne's Dad! Stark naked in front of Wayne and Lee. Arms in the air, to the incessant beat of Dancing Queen my bare tits jiggled and my bare bum wiggled. I just had to be convincing, and from the cheers I think I was.  
  
Then I suddenly heard a voice in my ear, "Miss Thompson," it said, I turned my head in horror. Somebody had recognised me.  
  
"Miss Thompson much as I encourage my staff to have outside interests, do you feel that this is an entirely suitable occupation for a teacher."  
  
Oh My God! Now I knew exactly what the Head would say.