

LET'S HAVE A KIKI

By ChronoEclipse

The start of the night:

Adam & Eve and Jane Fonda

Marla, Savannah & Cal

Marla stood leaning over her dresser applying her eye make-up. She adjusted the shoulder strap of her bright pink leotard and turned around to see her roommate Savannah walk into the room.

“Oh my god, is that your entire costume!?” Marla gasped at her slender blonde roommate who was currently wearing nothing but two clusters of green leaves covering either of her B-cup breasts and a third cluster fashioned into a thong bikini bottom.

“Uh, yeah! It’s my costume... it’ll make more sense when Cal gets here. It’s a couples costume.” Savannah explained grabbing her skimpy top and hiked it up a bit, making sure that her nipples were visible through the leaves.

“Wow. Three dates and you’re already doing couples costumes...” Marla smirked at her smitten roommate.

Savannah bit her lip and dug her toe into the carpet sheepishly.

“Yeah... it was Cal’s idea, which was super sweet. We haven’t even slept together yet but... don’t plan on me coming back to the apartment tonight.” The blonde girl said to her tall brunette roommate with a wink and a giggle.

Marla smirked looking at the girl's pedicured feet up her bare legs and exposed ass to her navel and barely covered breasts.

“Well at least you don’t have to worry about taking anything off when you and Cal are ready to fuck... you can just like - move some leaves asides.” Marla teased.

“Tch! You’re one to talk! It’s not like your neon leopard print Jane Fonda outfit leaves a lot to the imagination!” Savannah pointed out.

Marla stood there smirking with her hands on her trim waist. Her costume consisted of sneakers, wooly pink socks covering her toned calves. Her long smooth legs were exposed up to her mid thigh and a pair of rainbow leopard-print spandex shorts hugged her upper thighs and her perfectly shaped ass. Her bright pink leotard ran from her crotch up to her shoulders but plunged low enough to show off her navel and cleavage but her D-Cup tits were encased tightly in a matching leopard-print sports bra. A colorful headband finished the costume off, tucked around her long wavy brown hair.

“Fair but... at least I’m wearing leg warmers.” Marla said, causing both girls to break into laughter.

They were interrupted but a sudden frantic knock at the door. Savannah ran to the door and opened it to reveal a young man standing naked outside except for a large tropical leaf covering his crotch and one covering his ass, held up by a band.

“Oh thank god! I’m freezing my nuts off out here!” Cal said as he ran inside.

Marla looked at the practically naked guy. Though slightly frostbitten, he had an incredible physique with a set of abs and muscular arms and legs. She turned briefly to her roommate to flash her a ‘seriously? You haven’t slept with this guy yet?’ look.

“You didn’t wear a coat?” Savannah asked in concern, rushing over to rub her soft hands on his to warm him up.

His leaf raised a bit as the hot blonde girl caressed his biceps and chest.

“No, it didn’t go with the costume.” Cal explained.

Savannah giggled.

“But babe, it’s okay to wear a coat outside! It’s the end of October! You’re going to turn into a popsicle on our way down to the warehouse party!” The blonde girl fretted.

“Nah, no way we’re walking! I’m getting us an uber!” Cal said quickly.

Marla looked at his outfit, or lack-there-of.

“Where are you keeping your phone!?” She asked, afraid to hear the answer.

Cal patted his hair thighs and his leaf-covered ass and realized that he had forgotten everything back at his place.

“Ah shit!” He said, face palming.

“It’s okay babe. I’ll get us an uber.” Savannah said with a giggle, lifting onto her tiptoes to kiss his cheek before she grabbed her phone and a long jacket.

Two Cats on the Prowl

Katie & Cathleen

Katie stood in a skimpy black dress, heels and a cat-ear headpiece on the front stoop of her friend’s apartment building waiting for Cathleen to come down. She fiddled with the tail of her costume she had sewn onto her belt and then opened her compact to make sure that the cat nose and whiskers she had painted on her face with mascara hadn’t smudged.

“Wooooow!!! YEAH KITTY! YOU’RE SO FUCKING HOT!!!” A guy yelled out from a car as it drove by.

Katie giggled and clawed at the air in the guys direction flirtatiously.

“Me-Yeow!” She called after him as the car passed on to the next block.

The girl in the sexy cat costume grinned to herself, pleased that her outfit was already getting the kind of response she was hoping for tonight. The door opened behind her.

“Finally!” She said turning around to greet her friend.

The other girl was standing in front of the door in a full cat onesie, with a tail and a hood with a cat-face and ears on it. She had comfortable matching sneakers and a small backpack.

“Sorry I wanted to pee really quick before I left because like - it’s probably the last time I’m going to get a chance to until I get back home tonight.” Cathleen explained, gesturing to her onesie.

Katie looked at her friend and blinked her eyes in disbelief.

“Um, what are you wearing?” Katie asked with a judgemental raise of her perfectly shaped eyebrow.

Cathleen looked down at her outfit and then back up at her scantily dressed friend.

“Uh, a ‘cat costume’. You said to dress up like a kitty right?” Cathleen replied, swinging her tail and pointing to her cat-ear hood for emphasis.

“I didn’t say to dress up like a Furry! We’re supposed to be ‘two cats on the prowl!’” Katie grumbled.

Cathleen smirked and folded her arms.

“Well I didn’t want to get all done up with, like, my tits out and my bare legs freezing just so guys could think they have an invitation to be grabbing my ass all night!” Cathleen explained.

“But that’s what Halloween is all about!” Katie whined.

“I didn’t even want to go out to this stupid party! We’re not in college anymore, we’re in our mid-20s. We shouldn’t have to dress up all slutty and go get drunk while a shitty DJ plays lame house music to have fun on Halloween!” Cathleen insisted.

“But what about meeting some hot were-wolf guy and getting laid with no-strings-attached!” Katie countered.

“I’d rather be comfy, at home watching scary movies and playing Mansions of Madness.” Cathleen shrugged.

Katie sighed and rolled her eyes shaking her head.

“Fine. I’ll be ‘sexy cat’ and you’ll be ‘comfy cat’.” The provocatively dressed girl finally conceded.

The building door opened and a young woman in a gray-haired granny wig and robe stepped out.

“Wooo! You young whippersnappers wanna suck on my candy!? WOOOO!” The girl cackled as she opened the robe to reveal a bodysuit underneath in the form of an old woman’s naked body. Cloth boobs dangled down to her navel and her fake bush was a forest of gray hair.

The girl shook her hips and made her pendulous fake breasts spin around like propellers as she cackled and then ran down the steps in fuzzy pink slippers and high fived her friend dressed as a nurse waiting for her on the sidewalk.

Katie smirked as she watched the girls giggle as she flashed some more folks walking down the street.

“Well at least you’re not the only person not getting laid tonight.” Katie remarked.

Cathleen shook her head as she laughed at the granny-girls antics.

“Nah, that's Kaylee, my neighbor. She's like one of the top models on Only Fans. All she has to do is tell a guy what she's got rocking under that costume and they're coming home with her!” Cathleen replied.

As the two cat-girls headed down the stairs a fat bald old man came up behind them.

“Here kitty, kitty, kitty... let me pet your pussy...” He rasped with a chuckle and reached out to pinch Katie's rear.

The girl whipped around with a can of mouth spray in her hands pretending it was mace.

“Ew! Get the fuck out of here you pervert before I call the cops!” She screamed at the gross old guy.

The man grumbled some misogynistic obscenities at her and then waddled on down to the door of his basement apartment.

“It's not too late to just go upstairs and play board games all night.” Cathleen said pointedly.

Katie shook her head and took a breath, tugging her skirt down a little lower on her thighs in case that creep was still watching her.

“We're young and hot, I'm not wasting my night and this smoking-hot get-up by curling up on your couch and playing Settlers of Catan.” Katie insisted stubbornly as she clomped down the street in her heels.

Han Solo & The Devil
Hector, Olivia, Natalie and Billy

Han Solo sat back on the toilet seat and moaned at The Devil knelt in front of him sucking his dick.

“Oh god, Olivia! You're amazing!” Hector (Han Solo) groaned as he came into the woman in the devil costume's mouth.

Olivia pulled her ruby-red lips up off his dick and dabbed the cum from the corners of her lips and smiled at the young rebel.

“I’m glad you enjoyed that you scruffy nerf herder.” She giggled and she went to the sink and poured herself a cup of mouthwash.

“I’m still pinching myself over the fact that you and Natalie are really the most beautiful girls i’ve ever met! I thought-” He began to say as he pulled up his pants.

“You thought that because we met anonymously in a kink chat group that we’d be a pair of gray-haired overweight grannies looking to take advantage of a hot young stud like yourself?” The devil girl asked after gargling and spitting out her mouthwash.

“Well... yeah! Or dudes.” Hector said honestly.

Olivia reapplied her lipstick and smacked her lips together in the mirror.

“Nope! No tricks, just treats tonight.” She said winking at him.

“Oh speaking of, I have a buddy coming to the party with us tonight and I told him to meet us here. Hope that’s cool.” Hector said as he buckled his belt and put his blaster back into his holster.

“Only if he’s as cute as you... just kidding. That’s totally cool.” She said as she sauntered over and booped the young man on the nose and then gave him a kiss.

A fist pounded on the bathroom door.

“What the fuck is taking you so long in there? Let’s goooooo!!!” Olivia’s roommate Natalie screamed through the door.

Olivia swung open the bathroom door to reveal a tall busty brunette with playboy bunny ears and a leather corset, fishnets and thigh high leather stiletto boots.

“Ooo she’s being a bitch tonight!” The devil said with a smirk, eyeing her S&M bunny friend.

“It’s just - What are we even waiting for? It’s way past the time that I want to be sober and there’s a DJ spinning at this party that I want to wrap around my pinky finger before all the stupid ditsy coed start flashing their tits at him.” Natalie purred, biting her lip and grinning.

There was a knock at the door. Natalie stomped over to the door glancing at Olivia and Hector with a confused look wondering who it was. She opened it to reveal a man in a full-body homemade vagina costume. He looked like a big pink banana with magenta-colored felt labia flapping in the center. The hole with his face popping out was where the clit should be.

“Heeeey! I’m Hector’s pal Billy! Woah - he didn’t tell me the ‘friend’ he was going to the party with tonight was a total smoke show!” The walking vagina said, waving his hand at the bunny girl.

Olivia gave a disgusted groan and then turned around to her roommate and Hector.

“Who or *what* the fuck is this?” The leather-clad girl asked, gesturing to the idiot in the doorway.

“Sorry, uh this is my friend from uh... we grew up together. Billy. Uh Billy, this is Olivia and Natalie.” Hector introduced them and blushed in embarrassment.

Billy held his hand out for Natalie to shake it. The hot girl snorted and ignored him, instead grabbing her purse and heading toward the door.

“Are you ready? Let’s get the fuck out of here.” Natalie said coldly.

The rest of the group nodded and followed her out into the hall. Olivia hugged Hector’s arm as they walked.

“Aw, I was hoping your friend would be Nat’s type and this would be like a double date... womp womp.” The girl in the sexy devil outfit whispered in Hector's ear.

He nodded and fell back to talk to Billy.

“What the hell man! What is this costume?” Hector asked, sounding annoyed.

Billy held his arms open to present the full look.

“I’m ‘Big Pussy’! Get it? Like from the Sopranos!” Billy explained.

Olivia giggled ahead of them and Natalie just marched swiftly toward the building exit.

“Dude this might be the first time in history that a guy cock-blocked another guy with a giant vagina.” Hector grumbled.

The Cosplayers

Rachel, Sarah, Alyssa, Jasmine & Brandon

The four college girls were crowding around the sink of the moderately-sized off-campus apartment fighting to get the mirror so that they could put the finishing touches on their hair and make-up.

“Hey scooch over. I have to finish putting this green glitter on!” Rachel, dressed as Poison Ivy, insisted.

“Yeah do we seriously all need to be in here? Alyssa! What make-up are you even doing? You’re the sexy rabbit from Space Jam!” Jasmine, dressed as a 1920s showgirl, pointed out to the tanned girl dressed as Lola Bunny pressed up next to her.

“I have to do my eyes and make sure my ears are on straight! What’s Sarah doing in here? She’s going to be wearing a mask most of the night!” Alyssa replied pointing to the tall girl dressed as Violet Incredible standing behind her.

“Um, it's a domino mask! So it just covers my eyes! I still need to put on lipstick and blush! Besides, we'd all have more room if you didn't insist on holding your basketball right now!” Sarah clapped back at her friend.

Alyssa hugged the basketball to her impressive chest.

“It's part of the costume!” The tanned-skinned girl insisted.

“Hey ladies... I made some jell-o shots for everyone if you want to do a little pre-gaming...” The voice of a young man called from the other side of the door.

Jasmine opened it to reveal a guy in his early 20s dressed in black pants and a white button-up, opened to reveal a superman suit underneath. He was wearing the classic ‘Clark Kent’ glasses and had his dark brown hair moussed up in the classic Superman style with a curl in the front. In his hands he was holding a tray of dixie cups with jello in them.

“Thanks Brandon...” The girls all cooed in unison with a giggle.

“Oh and thanks so much for letting you get ready in your apartment. It's so much better than having to get dressed back at the dorms!” Rachel added.

“You're like - the nicest guy!” Sarah declared.

“Hey mi casa es su casa! Just uh let me know if there is anything you need me to help with...” Brandon said as his eyes traveled across Jasmine's cleavage in her low cut showgirl top to Alyssa's large chest and exposed navel in her basketball outfit, to Sarah's hour-glass figure hugged by the skin-tight spandex of her super-hero costume and finally down the vine-covered legs and perfectly pedicured feet of Rachel.

The girls all knew that he was checking them out. He had had obvious crushes on them for a few semesters now and would always offer to drive them to comic con or an anime conventions; or help the girls with school projects or invite them down to spend a weekend at Brandon's family beach house in the hopes that sparks would fly. There had been no “hook ups” with Brandon yet.

The girls just enjoyed his friendship and hospitality and rewarded it with some playful flirting and light teasing.

After the girls had finished in the bathroom they came out and did jello shots and danced to the music the Brandon had put on, getting pumped up for the party they were all going to.

“Like a G6 - Like a G6!” Rachel sang as she jumped around the living room.

Her top flopped open revealing her right breast, only modestly contained by a pasty over her nipple.

“Oh yoo-hoo Brandon!” She called with a playful giggle causing her friends to smirk and roll her eyes at her.

Brandon rushed over like a puppy dog and immediately went wide-eyed at her exposed breast.

“My costume came undone, can you help me tape it?” The red-head asked in a pouty baby-doll voice.

Brandon stammered and nodded.

“I’ll uh- I- I can get the body tape!” He muttered and then pried his eyes away from the girl’s perky chest to go get the item.

He came back a moment later and with sweaty, trembling hands applied some double-sided tape across her boob right above her pasty. Rachel grinned and giggled as she firmly pressed her costume top down onto the tap and tested to see if it would stick this time. When she was properly satisfied she leaned over and gave the boy a kiss on the cheek.

Not to be outdone, Jasmine sat bare-legged in her skimpy cocktail dress and pink boa holding a pair of thigh high stockings.

“Oh Brandon, darling, if you’re finished over there I need some assistance putting my stockings on...” She purred seductively, lifting her long toned leg and wiggling her pink toes up at the boy.

Brandon was trying to hide his erection and was sweating profusely as he gulped and nodded, kneeling down in front of her and slipping one stocking over her smooth young foot and then up her shapely calf up to her creamy thigh. His knuckles brushed along the soft, silky skin of her leg as he unrolled the stocking over it and Jasmine teasingly breathed a soft moan.

Brandon wiped the sweat from his palms on his pant legs and then quickly attempted to do the other leg. Jasmine rubbed his chest with her stockinged foot and grinned.

“Thanks darling, it would have been so tough for me with my gloves on...” She purred.

Brandon swallowed hard and nodded.

“Brandon! Hey babe could you help me with something for a hot sex, I mean sec?” Sarah called with a giggle, wanting to get in on the game.

The boy stood up diligently and went over to the tall girl. She shimmied around in her form-fitting spandex suit and then shook her juicy ass at him encased in the skin-tight outfit.

“I feel like I have a wedgie, would you just tug it out for me?” She asked, causing her friends to groan from the shamelessness of the request.

“Y-you want me to pull the fabric out of your... your butt?” He asked nervously.

Sarah nodded with a pouty grin.

“Uh huh...” She said, giving her ass another shake for good measure.

He reached down slowly and pinched the fabric between her two perfectly round plump ass cheeks and tugged it back.

“Thanks Brandon!” She cooed, tossing her arms around him and pulling him into a big hug.

Alyssa sat in the chair in the living room dribbling the basketball on his hard wood floor and looked down at her costume knowing that it was her turn to get Brandon to do something. But between her Bunny Squad sports bra, her rabbit ears, her basketball shorts and her socks and sneakers she couldn't think of anything clever to get him to do so she settled on:

“Yo Brandon, can you um, feed me some of those twizzlers? My uh, hands are full with the basketball.” Alyssa said, shrugging to her friends that that was the best she could come up with.

Brandon didn't question it. He just dutifully come over with a pack of twizzlers and knelt down next to her, holding one up to her mouth as she wrapped her pouty sensual lips around it and began to chew it down slowly, twirling her tongue around it provocatively as she got closer to his hand.

Once he had fed her three of these like this, watching her lick and suck on the twizzlers like she was filming a porn video, Brandon excused himself quickly to the bathroom.

The girls all laughed profusely and high-fived one another and then knocked on the bathroom door.

“Brandon! We should go soon. The party's about to start!” Rachel called to him through the door.

“Just a minute!” Brandon called back as he frantically blow-dried the stain on the front of his pants.

The Warehouse Party:

A little later that evening all of the groups were gathered under the same roof of an old warehouse that had been converted into a dance club for the night, complete with dozens of speakers set up all around; several cash bars serving every kind of alcohol; A collective of DJs spinning the hottest records; a smoke machine; disco balls; laser light show and a massive mirrored dance floor.

Savannah and Cal were grinding and making out on the dance floor while Marla stood in front of Brandon at one of the cash bars waiting to get another drink.

Natalie was up at the DJ station flirting and whispering to the DJ dressed in a Shrek costume.

Rachel, Sarah, Alyssa and Jasmine danced in a circle together waiting for Brandon to come back with their shots, using the excuse that none of them were over the age of 21 even though they had all used fake-IDs to get into the party.

Katie danced nearby, twerking to a dude dressed in a waldo costume while Cathleen stood a foot away just kind of bobbing her head and looking disinterested.

Hector and Olivia stood off to the side drinking beers and checking out the various costumes that people had shown up in.

“Hey! It looks like someone appreciated your friend’s ‘pussy’ costume after all...” Olivia said loudly over the music.

She pointed over to Billy who was dancing with Kaylee as he grabbed ahold of her fake pendulous tits and swung them up and down as if they were her arms. The two of them laughed and seemed to be having a fun night.

But suddenly the music stopped abruptly and the laser show ended with a loud slap of a power source being switched off. The harsh factory lights all flicked on in rows across the building.

“OKAY EVERYONE! PARTIES OVER! ALL OF YOU NEED TO VACATE THE PREMISES IMMEDIATELY!” A police officer shouted into a bullhorn.

A squad car blipped its siren outside and all of the party attendees groaned and looked around confused.

“Awww what’s this?” Marla grumbled as she had just gotten up to the front of the bar line.

“I don’t know... maybe they didn’t get the proper permits to be in here?” Brandon said nervously not wanting to get arrested.

“Motherfuckers... I like your costume by the way. You’re definitely the cutest superman I’ve seen tonight.” Marla said, sizing Brandon up.

He smiled at her and took a good look at the shapely young woman.

“I like your costume too! You’re the uh, cutest, um... fitness woman? That i’ve ever seen...” He said and then felt immediately stupid for saying it.

Marla just laughed and smiled at him.

“Thanks - anyway I better go find my roommate and figure out what the hell we’re going to do now...” She said looking around for Savannah.

“Uh yeah - same. Not roommates I mean, but friends... Um anyway, good luck!” Brandon said and headed to go find his friends.

The party-goers headed out into the dusty lot outside of the warehouse all scrambling to make alternative plans over the sounds of the police officers barking at everyone to move along. Suddenly phones began to ping and vibrate among the crowd. All of them receiving the same text message simultaneously:

**In Sudden Need of Halloween Plans?
Let's Have a Kiki!
Strut on down to 11567 Wilting Avenue
To Dance, Party and Receive Your
Just Desserts.**