**Costume Party**

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He brought up his idea at breakfast, and he said he wanted me to think it over during the day before making any reply whatsoever. That was fine with me - I finished my coffee and headed out the door to go to work, blinking and shaking my head.  
  
As you might imagine, I was absent-minded and distracted all day, and I realized at about 4:00 that I had forgotten lunch entirely. I called him up and asked if he minded having an early supper, and he agreed.  
  
We made some small talk during supper, but I was really focused on getting some food in my stomach. Between skipping lunch and drinking too much coffee during the day, I was thoroughly wired.  
  
"So," he said as he cleared the dishes away, "have you given any thought to my proposal?"  
  
"Yes, I've been thinking it over." That was an understatement.  
  
"This party you want to go to - you're pretty sure no one there is going to know who I am?" I asked.  
  
He nodded. "I can virtually guarantee that no one at the party will know you. This is a pretty eclectic group, no one will show up uninvited, and everybody involved has a vested interest in as much discretion as can be reasonably exercised. That's why the whole "masked ball" idea caught the interest of the group - everyone will be masked, and we won't be taking the masks off at midnight."  
  
"Sounds a bit like 'Eyes Wide Shut,' if you ask me."  
  
"Not at all! If anyone steps out of line to the slightest degree, there will be no shortage of people lining up to beat the crap out of the offender and pitch them out into the street. A little naughty pleasure and a touch of thrilling fear is one thing, but abuse and coercion are right out."  
  
"Do you trust these people?"  
  
"Several of them, yes, I know and trust. I wouldn't consider attending any event like this without a couple of people to watch my back - and they feel the same way."  
  
"And if I refuse? Would you just go without me?"  
  
"No, dear - I wouldn't. Aside from the fact that they wouldn't let me in the room without a partner, the purpose of the whole event is to play as couples, exploring boundaries in a safe environment with your partner."  
  
I stared off into space for a few minutes, then grinned.  
  
"All right, why not? When is this party?"  
  
"That's my girl! Why don't you grab a quick shower - the party starts in ninety minutes."  
  
"What? Right now?" I spluttered.  
  
"Right now! I thought it would be best if you didn't have a lot of time to worry over it." As he bundled me off to the shower, I had to admit he had a point.  
  
I showered and toweled off while he got into his costume, and soon we were off to the Halloween party. He tossed the keys to the valet, and we found a dark nook in the entryway of the house so that he could make final adjustments to my costume.  
  
"Wearing a mask is one thing, but are you sure you want to wear this one?" he asked. I nodded.  
  
"I'm pretty sure I'll be less nervous and freaked-out this way."  
  
He slipped the black leather half-hood over my head, snugged it down to cover my eyes completely, and zipped it down the back. After a few more minutes of fumbling and adjusting my floor-length cape, he led me by the elbow. He knocked twice, quietly, and I heard the door open.  
  
"Come in, come in! May I take your coats?" The voice seemed friendly enough.  
  
"Not just yet," he replied. "Ah, certainly. Right this way!"  
  
He led me down a hall and into a larger space, and I heard the murmur of conversation and the clink of glasses.  
  
"Ah, here's another pair of friends," a voice called out from across the room. The conversations grew quiet.  
  
"Come up here, then, and let's see your costumes. I've got a pretty good idea what you're going for, but the lovely lady presents a bit of a mystery!"  
  
My knees trembled a little as he led me across the room and I felt many eyes upon me, but I kept my head up. This was gut-check time - I could always cry "Uncle!" and run away, but I decided to brazen it out. My lover turned me to face the room, chuckling.  
  
"Well, as you might have guessed, I'm dressed as the Master." I heard a few titters pass through the group, and I smiled as I imagined him standing there in his leather gear.  
  
"And what Master," he continued, "is complete without a slave?"  
  
As he spoke, he peeled my cloak apart from top to bottom and dropped it on the floor behind me. Everyone in the room gasped, and I heard a couple of drinks go down the wrong way - someone was coughing while another pounded him (or her, I guess) between the shoulder blades.  
  
My heart took off like a triphammer, and I felt a blush pour across every inch of my skin. The room was totally silent. My nipples hardened, and I shivered briefly.  
  
My Halloween costume consisted of a pair of padded handcuffs (double- locked behind me), a thick leather collar dangling a long silver chain, and the snug leather hood that covered the top half of my face, most of my neck, and the back of my head.  
  
That's it.  
  
He handed my cloak to someone beside him, took my chain in his hand, and said, "Ta-Da!" as he slowly turned me around in a full circle.  
  
I heard someone approach us, fumbling with a piece of paper.  
  
"Umm, well," stammered a new voice. "I need to give you both a number for the voting later on, but I'm not sure how - "  
  
My lover laughed. "Got you covered," he said. "Here's a marker - just write it on, right there." I felt his finger tap the top of my left breast. Gasps and giggles chased through the room.  
  
"Go ahead, don't be shy!" He cupped my breast in his hand and squeezed, presenting a nice firm writing surface. I giggled as the marker point traced a number on my skin, tickling me.  
  
"My word," offered yet another unfamiliar voice. "The lady deserves a drink after that, if I may be so bold."  
  
"Definitely," agreed my lover, and soon I felt glass against my lower lip. I tipped my head back and drank from a glass of excellent white wine.  
  
"I'd like to sit down," I whispered.  
  
"Just a second - someone's fetching a towel for you to sit on, like they do at nudist colonies." I filed that tidbit away for future reference. He gave me some more wine, then led me over to a couch. Someone put the towel down, and more than two hands guided me down to it. I clenched a fist, wondering who else was touching me.  
  
Several cushions were arranged behind me so that I could relax comfortably with my hands behind my back, and I settled in with a sigh. Another couple arrived and took the spotlight off us, showing off their costumes. Nobody choked on a drink for them, I don't think.  
  
I felt his arm drape across my shoulders, warm and reassuring.  
  
"Are you doing all right?"  
  
"I'm fine. I'll be all right," I said, enjoying the warmth of the wine.  
  
"Oh, yes - you're fine, all right," he chuckled, stroking a fingertip across a nipple. I tensed, but the hum of conversation around us flowed on uninterrupted. I crossed my ankles.  
  
"More wine?"  
  
"Yes, please."  
  
After another glass, I told myself to stop worrying so much about the people around me. There were probably fifteen or twenty people at the party, and no one tried to engage me in conversation. I felt a little self-conscious at times, but the hood helped - at least I didn't have to look anyone in the eye as I sat there naked on the couch. I began to wonder if my lover had not gone a little "over the top" with my costume - perhaps the whole room was shunning the both of us for our display of bad manners, or some such.  
  
"Don't overthink this," he whispered in my ear. He was reading the set of my mouth and my body language perfectly, as usual.  
  
"No one is upset, horrified, or aghast. More than a few are openly admiring your courage, in fact - mostly wishing they could get up the nerve to do something like this themselves."  
  
I rolled my shoulders and made an effort to relax. I started to speak, but he kissed me.  
  
He put a lot of thought and effort into that kiss, and I felt the last little pangs of concern shatter in the back of my mind as I returned the kiss with interest. He caressed me, and I leaned into him, losing myself. After a long, long moment, we came up for air.  
  
"Keep that up, and I'll need another towel soon," I whispered.  
  
Another kiss - I felt his hand glide across my belly, my hip.  
  
Someone sat beside me on the couch, and it took me a full five seconds to come out of my haze and begin to think about who it might be.  
  
"Some sweets for the lady?" A male voice, very deep. My lover chuckled, and I suddenly smelled strawberries.  
  
I blushed, licked my lips, blushed again, and opened my mouth tentatively.  
  
Nothing happened.  
  
I cursed myself for being self-conscious, opened wide, and tipped my head back.  
  
"Exquisite," rumbled my benefactor, and I heard a murmur from the people closest to us. I felt the strawberry brush my lips, and I bit down slowly, not wanting to bite any fingers.  
  
The strawberry was fantastic - especially followed by another sip of wine. I got used to the idea, and Deep Voice fed me a succession of strawberries, pineapple chunks, and cherries. He began to tease me, brushing my lips with bits of fruit and pulling them away before letting me have them.  
  
When I tried to sit up straighter, my lover slid halfway behind me and wrapped an arm around my waist. Hooking his elbow around one breast, he gripped the other and started kneading me. When a cherry brushed my lips and I craned my neck to capture it, he slid his other hand up my inner thigh.  
  
A few thoughts of concern or embarrassment bounced around in my mind, but the experience was just so sensual that my doubts drowned in my racing blood. After a few more morsels, I realized with a start that my legs were open - his other hand had been busy while I wasn't paying attention. About the time I considered clamping my thighs together, another strawberry brushed across my lips - and his fingers stroked my pussy.  
  
I moaned, pursed my lips, and all but begged for the strawberry. When I bit down on it, my lover slipped a fingertip between my lips and stroked me. The next few minutes were a blur, and then I was breathing heavily, sagging in his arms.  
  
"Are you all right?" he whispered.  
  
"Whoa..." I shook my head to clear it.  
  
"Oh! Tell me I didn't just - "  
  
"You did."  
  
"We didn't!"  
  
"Oh, yeah."  
  
I clapped my thighs together, and I knew I was covered in a burning blush.  
  
"It's all right - it's cool! Listen - everybody's just having a good time, like we are." As I turned my head back and forth to listen closely, I could tell he was right - I heard normal cocktail-party sounds, along with a fair number of sighs and moans of a more personal nature. I blew out a big sigh of relief and sagged back against the cushions.  
  
"Where's the guy with the fruit?" I asked.  
  
"Oh, he's around here somewhere. He did enjoy feeding you, though."  
  
"Not as much as I did, or he'd have asked for the towel."  
  
"That's true. Hang on here for a sec - I'm going to get some munchies for us." Before I could protest, I felt him get up off the couch and heard him walk across the room. I tried to become invisible, but I must have failed - after a minute or two had passed, I felt someone settle into the couch beside me. A small, warm hand patted my shoulder.  
  
"Don't mind me - I've just got to sit down and take a breather. These shoes are killing me." I tried to place the accent, but couldn't. Something Asian, perhaps? She sounded fairly normal - just a woman at a party, taking refuge from foot cramps.  
  
"N-no problem," I stammered, twining my fingers together deep in the cushions.  
  
"I have to say, my dear, that I think you may have won the costume contest hands-down. The big "17" drawn on with a marker just adds to the effect."  
  
"17?"  
  
"It's your 'contestant number,' or something - you know, the one they drew on you when you arrived."  
  
"Oh, right!" I had forgotten all about it. "I didn't know there was a contest."  
  
She laughed easily, comfortably. "Didn't he tell you anything about the party?"  
  
"Not a whole lot - just the basics, I guess. That's probably just as well." I wondered again where my lover had gone.  
  
"Are you all right? Are you comfortable with all this?" she asked quietly, leaning close.  
  
"Oh, I'm fine - this is certainly... interesting!"  
  
She chuckled, patting me on the thigh. "That's the spirit!" she said. I felt the couch shift as she stood up, and then she wandered back across the room.  
  
Finally, he came back and sat beside me. He fed me cheese cubes and various other finger food for a while, along with more wine. The party was in full swing, and I definitely recall hearing a couple of women climaxing - so, it wasn't just me, after all. I was relieved.  
  
I went into a dreamy haze - he was kissing and stroking me, and I was totally blissed out in his arms. After a while, it slowly dawned on me that there were more than two hands on me. I tried to count them, but those kisses kept coming - I never got past about five or six hands before losing track.  
  
My apprehension was gone - it felt so good to have all those hands stroking, squeezing, and caressing me. Big hands, little hands, warm and cool. When he paused for a moment, I tipped my head back with a contented sigh and smiled broadly. His pleased chuckle told me that he was having a good time, too.  
  
When I felt silk brush my foot, I twitched reflexively.  
  
"Some of your new friends would enjoy a better view," he said. "Do you mind?"  
  
"No, that's fine," I said, leaning forward for another kiss.  
  
He scooted me forward a bit until I could feel the hard edge of the couch, then enlisted a couple of people to help build a big mound of couch cushions behind me. I settled back like a Persian queen on the pillow pile, completely comfortable. Busy hands wrapped scarves around my ankles, knotted them tight, and gently drew my legs up and apart. When I was fully spread, a series of jerks and tugs told me that the scarves were being tied somehow to the ends of the couch. After that, I wiggled around a bit to get more comfortable and smiled to show that I was nicely settled.  
  
I got the impression that most of the people in the room were gathered close by, watching. Quite a few were right there on top of me - at some signal I couldn't see or hear, hands touched me all over at once. I moaned and writhed, loving every second of it. When I felt fingers gently opening my pussy wide, I briefly wondered whose they were - but then I put that thought out of my mind.  
  
"Well, there you have it - finally, my slave's costume is complete."  
  
I blushed at the polite applause that followed, certain that everyone was looking at me now. He turned back to me and kissed me, whispering.  
  
"You're amazing - simply amazing."  
  
I grinned back at him.  
  
I was about to make some kind of reply when he kissed me hard and quick, then pulled away. The next thing I knew, he was on his knees in front of me, licking me.  
  
I drew a deep, startled gasp, and most of the party guests did the same. I couldn't even speak - he had buried his face in my pussy and was eating me out with great enthusiasm. The hands touching me froze when I gasped, then resumed their exploration of me when I didn't scream or flip out. I think I recognized the tiny warm hand kneading my right nipple, and I remember wondering if her feet were still hurting.  
  
The buildup was fast, insistent, and spectacular - thirty seconds later, I came hard with a wordless howl that rattled the room. All the hands drifted away, and I lay there panting, totally shattered.  
  
We won the costume contest, by the way.