**Sex Wrapped in Blue Silk**

by[TexasKatie](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4455334&page=submissions)©

It’s a Saturday evening during those early days of spring that still hold on to a slight chill in the air after the sun sets. We have just arrived at a party hosted by one of your longtime friends, Richard Dupin, the Uber dropping us off in the driveway curving in front of his sprawling mansion nestled into the gently rolling hills of the landscape.  
  
Out back, there’s an Olympic-sized pool embraced by lush tropical foliage separating it from a large paved veranda where a live band is playing, the music carrying through the balmy air. Guests are already dancing while others wander around the house and grounds. Several acres of immaculately groomed gardens and natural wooded areas with meandering walking trails surround the property.  
  
Richard, who you’ve known since college, made his fortune in tech but has a deep love of art and antiquity, and has used his home to showcase his varied interests. The main house, built in the early 1920s and painstakingly restored at Richard’s direction, features stunning architectural details – stained glass windows installed to perfectly capture the setting sun’s rays, wooden banisters with intricately carved floral designs appearing to have grown upwards along the staircases, expansive floors covered by brightly colored tiles or richly finished original wood panels, carefully curated artwork – and every inch constantly monitored by a state-of-the-art and fully integrated lighting, climate control, and security system. You whisper in my ear as we enter of rumors you’ve heard of secret passages and hidden rooms ensconced within the walls.  
  
It's a fancy black-tie soirée, matching the atmosphere in this grand house, and you're looking so very dashing in your tuxedo. My long brunette hair, the color of espresso beans, is loosely pinned up, and I'm in a bright sapphire blue silk gown. The jewel-toned dress presents a lovely contrast to my fair skin and makes my blue-green eyes sparkle.  
  
The gown has a deep halter neckline, dipping low between my breasts, the neckline offering a lovely view of my natural 36C breasts. It then slinks along my curves all the way down to the floor, leaving my toned back and shoulders exposed.  
  
It's the kind of dress where you can't really wear a bra, and my nipples slightly show through the soft gathers of the fabric. You can't see them unless you're up close, and know to look…but you do know, and you do look, glancing down at my décolletage and then slowly raising your eyes up to meet mine with a playfully knowing smile of approval.  
  
I gently tease you about how you look like James Bond, knowing we are a striking couple, my gracefully athletic 5’9” height enhanced further by my strappy silver heels, but still dwarfed by your muscular 6’4” frame.  
  
We get drinks from the bartender, an excellent single-malt scotch on the rocks for you and a delightfully effervescent champagne for me, and I whisper in your ear that I want to go exploring in this fantastic house. You nod in agreement, and place your warm hand on the small of my back and guide me up the main flight of stairs to the second floor, down several long hallways, peeking our heads in doors here and there.  
  
We discover no hidden rooms but find a set of double doors with heavy brass hinges that open up to reveal a large library room with floor to ceiling wooden bookshelves and ladders with ornate carvings down the sides that roll along the shelves. We're completely alone in here, but know someone could come in at any moment, hearing the merry buzz from the veranda below outside from the chatter of the guests and music from the band.  
  
There are no lights on in the library, but a few scattered candles in glass sconces are lit and one full wall is lined with large windows and glass doors leading out to a balcony overlooking the veranda, letting the light from tonight's full moon stream inside. You turn to me and gently caress my cheek with your hand, turning my face up towards yours as you lean in for a long, soft kiss.  
  
I let out a dreamy sigh as the kiss ends. You reach down and softly caress one of my breasts, lightly teasing the nipple through the silky fabric, smiling as you confirm your suspicions that one layer of thin blue silk is the only separation between us. You set down your drink on a nearby table and take both breasts in your hands, pinch my nipples and roll them between your fingers, feeling them harden to your expert touch. "Lovely," you say as I blush.  
  
I smile, pick up your drink, and take you by the hand. I lead you over to a large chair tucked away in the far corner of the room, upholstered with a luxuriously soft, deep green fabric. You sit down, and I hand you your scotch as I lean down to kiss you.  
  
I take a small pillow from another nearby chair, and place it on the floor at your feet. I kneel down before you, as you take a sip from your drink and raise an eyebrow at me with a bemused smile on your face, hardly daring to hope that your normally conservative girl is about to do the naughty thing I’m now in the perfect position to do.  
  
I can’t help but grin reading the look on your face and knowing that my naughty intentions are quite transparent. My anticipatory excitement, plus your teasing, has made my nipples fully erect and easily visible through the silky fabric. A tingling warmth spreads between my legs and I know I’m getting wet.  
  
I run my hands up and down your muscular thighs, and my fingers lightly graze over your already swelling manhood. I unzip your pants and draw you out of your boxers. You're already almost at your full length, and I can feel you quickly getting harder in my hand.  
  
I gently stroke your growing cock, delicately trace your entire shaft with my fingernails, then reach down and gently massage your balls. I lean forward and start teasing you with soft little flickers of my tongue, swirling around the head of your cock and up and down your length. I pull back for a moment, and you can feel my warm breath on the head of your cock where it’s just been moistened by my mouth. I look up at you and smile as I take you back into my mouth, and begin to suck on your hard cock, gentle pressure at first then increasing.  
  
I switch back-and-forth between deep sucking and little teasing flickers with my tongue. The changing rhythms and sensations are driving you absolutely crazy and you are soon throbbing and rock hard. I gaze into your eyes and see your pupils dilate as I continue to caress you with my tongue and hands.  
  
I feel myself growing tingly, warmer – and wetter – between my legs. I’m wearing pale blue thong panties made out of a very thin and silky material, so as to be invisible under my clinging dress, and I’m sure they’re nearly soaked through.  
I pull back for a moment to take a sip of my champagne while you gently run your fingers along my neck and shoulders, looking fondly down at me. I take one more sip to finish the drink, and keep the bubbly liquid in my mouth as I take your cock into my eager mouth again. You moan at the combination of my warm tongue pressing against the length of your cock while the cool fizzy champagne flows around you.  
  
I'm feeling almost intoxicated by how turned on you are, and oh so wet. As I continue to suck on your cock, I reach down and pull back my gown, stretching the halter neckline to the sides, so my breasts are exposed. My rosy pink nipples are hard and super sensitive to my touch. A warm, glowing flush spreads across my chest and neck. I rub my breasts with both hands and pinch my nipples as I moan, the vibrations of my voice adding to your sensations.  
  
After a short while, I can hear your breath getting ragged. I take you deeper into my mouth, and begin sucking on you with a new urgency. Your view of me, kneeling before you and sucking on your cock while cupping my breasts and teasing and pulling my nipples, is a scene you know you'll save as a mental picture long after this evening ends.  
  
"Oh my God, Katie,” you gasp, “I can't hold it much longer!"  
  
I lean forward to take you as deep as I can and caress your balls with one hand, resting the other on your upper thigh, pressing my bare breasts against you.  
I feel your muscles tense, you let out a loud growling moan, and then your warm cum starts pulsing out of your engorged cock into my mouth.  
  
It takes several swallows, but I drink every drop you give me and lick you clean with languorous strokes of my tongue. "Mmmm," I sigh as I get up from my knees.  
I take a sip of scotch from your glass, savoring how the cool spiciness mixes with the last tastes of your salty essence, and then you pull me onto your lap for a lingering kiss.  
  
Your hands trail down to my exposed breasts and you caress my still-erect nipples. You lean over and draw one nipple into your mouth and then the other, sucking on them and lightly grazing your teeth across my hypersensitive tips. I moan softly and you draw me in for another deep kiss, wrapping your arms around me, my bare breasts rubbing against your tuxedo shirt and jacket, nipples further stimulated by the texture of the fabric.  
  
As we embrace, we hear voices back in the hallway. I reach down and tuck your cock back into your pants and zip you up. You pull the neckline of my gown back over my breasts, giving each nipple one quick, firm pinch before covering them up.  
  
A door opens on the far side of the library, and one of the catering staff enters. I freeze, snuggled safely in your embrace, the only sounds our still-quickened breaths. He walks in carrying a small silver tray, picks up a few empty glasses abandoned by other party guests, and leaves through the same door, closing it behind him and showing no sign he realized we were there.  
  
“Let’s get some air,” you say to me, gesturing towards the doors to the balcony. I smile and nod as you help me up from the chair and we walk that direction.  
You open the door for me and we walk out to the balcony. I lean on the cool stone of the railing and you come behind me to envelop me in your strong arms. I rest my head back against your broad shoulders and you inhale the scent of my hair, placing a tender kiss on my forehead.  
  
We can see and hear the band and dancing guests on the veranda below. We start gently swaying to the music, as you kiss along my neck and shoulders, your hands roaming down along the curves of my waist and hips, then reaching up to tease my still-throbbing nipples again, first over the gown and then your hands sliding under the fabric to caress my bare skin.  
  
You grasp the neckline of the gown to open it and expose my breasts again. I moan as I feel the cool night air on my skin, followed by the warmth of your large hands moving over my soft curves and aching nipples.  
  
I start to protest at being exposed out here, feeling suddenly shy and nervous, but you point out the large column that’s mostly shadowing us – mostly but not completely, I think – from the view of the partiers below. We can see them but they can’t as easily see us, being unlikely to look back and up at what appears to be an empty balcony in front of a darkened room.  
  
But they really are not very far away at all, and any loud noise would surely draw their attention. Little snatches of their conversation and laughter drift upwards to us along with the lively music, and having a nearby audience to our scandalous activities only adds to the titillation.  
  
“God, you’re gorgeous,” you whisper in my ear as your hands move down my body, fingers running over my smooth stomach, along the curves of my hips, cupping and massaging my buttocks. “Nothing up top, but what are you wearing under here?” you ponder out loud.  
  
“Why don’t you investigate and find out?” I saucily reply, letting out a contented purr as your hands continue to explore.  
  
You grin and crouch down to take ahold of the hem of my gown, slowly raising it inch by inch as you leave a delicate trail of kisses up my ankles and calves, the backs of my knees, and my thighs, finally pulling the gown all the way to my waist as you gently push your hand against my back to have me lean forward on the railing.  
  
I arch my back with sensual pride as you take in the view: my bare breasts hanging down out of the front of my gown, nipples rosy and aroused, the fabric of the gown draped over my waist and my long toned legs parted and stretched before you, from my feet in my strappy heels all the way up to my rounded ass, covered only by the tiniest slip of pale blue fabric wrapped around my hips and then disappearing into my intimate curves.  
  
Your fingers tease along my hips, tracing the edges of the thong panties, before dipping between my legs and confirming the totally unsurprising news that I am soaking, dripping wet.  
  
“Naughty girl, Katie,” you growl into my ear.  
  
I moan as your fingers tease along the edges of the fabric between my legs. “We’ve got to get you out of these wet things,” you say as you grab the panties by the sides and slowly lower them, leaving another trail of kisses back down my legs the way you had come up before.  
  
I step one foot and then the other out of my panties and you stand back up. You hold the little scrap of dampened fabric in your hand and take a deep sniff as you grin at me in a playfully predatory way and then tuck them into your jacket pocket. “You won’t be needing these again tonight, my dear.”  
  
You place one hand on each side of my ass and spread me apart, exposing my most private areas to your lustful gaze. I feel a new surge of wetness in my pussy, anticipating your touch.  
  
“Ohhhhh!” I gasp with pleasure as your tongue traces a long lap across my inner lips, swirling and dipping into my intimate folds, as you tease my clit with a finger. Your tongue darts in and out of my wetness, then moves up to circle around my pink rosebud as I shudder. I’m hanging on to the railing for dear life as my knees tremble, my body overcome by the sweet torment you’re causing me.  
  
You stand up and reach over to tilt my chin up and draw me in for a deep kiss. You pull back and look me in the eye with a mischievous smile – smack! smack! smack! – as you lay several firm spanks across my bare ass and I squeal with surprise.  
  
“So naughty…” you say to me, nodding in the direction of the party crowd oblivious to our shenanigans, as your hand caresses the stinging palm prints you’ve left on my cheeks.  
  
“…At this classy party, exposing your sexy naked body and getting so dripping wet,” you continue as your hand nudges my thighs further apart and you run your fingers through the neatly groomed strip of hair surrounding my moist folds.  
  
You dip one finger, then two, into my wet pussy, and my inner walls instinctively grip around you. You take a well-lubricated finger and tease along my winking rosebud, slowly but insistently gaining entrance to my backdoor as you tease my clit with increasing pressure. I moan, feeling the edge of the orgasmic cliff approaching.  
  
“Fuck me, now, please, I can’t stand it anymore,” I beg you, squirming under your maddening touch, desperately yearning for your cock inside me and too impatient to be anything other than direct.  
  
“As you wish,” you say as you unzip your pants and draw out your cock, now recovered from my earlier ministrations. I glance back over my shoulder and grin at the delightfully obscene contrast of you dressed so formally with your growing shaft protruding from your trousers as you stroke your length to get fully hard for me.  
I spread my legs and rotate my hips in a slow figure eight, an unmistakable invitation.  
  
You step forward and I feel the head of your cock press against my pussy lips. I’m so wet I’m nearly gushing and even at your size you could slide right in, but you are – so infuriatingly! -- teasing, entering me a little at a time until I finally, finally feel your cock fully inside me, your body pressing against the backs of my thighs.  
  
I moan in frustration and need as my pussy throbs around your cock. You tease me with just a few more seconds more frozen in place, and then move back, withdrawing almost your entire length, before reentering me with one strong thrust.  
  
And again, back and forth, back and forth, you give me long slow thrusts, rolling pleasure along every inch of my inner walls. You reach around to caress my breasts as they bounce with the rhythm you’re setting and then take one hand to tease my clit as your thrusts continue to build intensity and speed.  
  
I’m struggling to hold back my moans, growing concerned that the music will soon be unable to drown out my impassioned cries. You grab my hips with both hands and continue thrusting into me with growing force and speed. The scent of my own arousal and the sound of your skin slapping against mine, your hard cock noisily driving into my soaking wet pussy, turns me on and seems to drive you even wilder as your pace increases.  
  
I feel my inner walls pulsing and gripping you as that oh-so-delicious tensing of my most sensitive tissues builds and builds. Then, that sweet, sweet release I so craved finally comes, as I arch my back and cling on the railing, overwhelmed and quivering at the waves of sensation flooding my body.  
  
I can’t help but let out a loud moan and a few of the partygoers closest to us turn their heads, searching around for the source of the peculiar noise, partially but not completely drowned out by the music, as you pull me back off the railing and completely into the darkness.  
  
Your ecstasy follows just a few seconds after mine, your strong hands firmly grasping my hips as you pump your warm seed into me, my pussy clenching tightly around you as the last trembles of my orgasm welcome yours.  
  
“F-u-u-u-u-u-c-c-c-k-k-k-k-k,” you hiss, somehow making that one syllable vulgarity sound like it has about twenty, as I feel your cock pulse and then slowly begin to soften inside me. You withdraw, sending little tingles along your path as I sigh with satisfaction.  
  
I feel a bit of your come drip out of me and trickle down my inner thighs. You bend down and kiss along between my legs, cleaning up the marvelous mess you’ve made with that talented tongue of yours, sending new buzzes and shudders throughout my hypersensitive flesh.  
  
“Ahhh, my love, let me return the favor,” I sigh as I stand up and my dress cascades back down over my nakedness to my ankles, and I crouch before you to lick your shaft clean for the second time tonight. I take my time and lustfully savor the taste of my own essences mixed with yours, before gracefully rising to give you a slow, deep kiss.  
  
“Ready to rejoin the party?” you say, arching an eyebrow at me as you zip your pants back up.  
  
“Oh, like this?” I say with a laugh, gesturing to my still exposed breasts, the nipples proudly saluting you.  
  
You join my laughter and pull me in for a tender kiss, drawing the silky fabric back over my breasts once more. There’s no hiding my aroused nipples now, the tips prominently visible through the fabric. “Mmm, you’re still putting on a wonderful display,” you say, tweaking them with a shameless smile.  
  
"Looks like we both need new drinks," I say, reapplying my lip gloss.  
  
I catch a glimpse of my reflection in the moonlit glass balcony door. My hair is still pinned up but several tendrils have fallen loose, a more casual and romantic style than when my evening began. You smile as you tuck a loose strand of hair back behind my ear and give my earlobe a gentle nibble.  
  
There’s no hiding that glorious just-been-very-well-fucked glow on my pale skin: a warm and happy blush shines on my cheeks, and a lighter flush down my neck and décolletage. And my nipples are apparently done hiding, instead looking like they’re trying to burst through the thin fabric.  
  
“You are pure sex wrapped in blue silk, my darling, truly a sight to behold,” you purr into my ear. “Let’s go show you off.”  
  
You hold open the door for me and we reenter the library just as another couple enters, arms entwined, giddy from the alcohol and festive atmosphere. We smile and nod at them as we pass, wondering if their intentions are as naughty as ours were.

The silken fabric of my gown swishes around me as I walk, caressing my naked curves. I look up at you and smile as I feel one more drop of yours escape my warmth to slowly slide down my inner thigh. You put your arm around me and I snuggle into your embrace as we walk back to rejoin the party.  
  
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…and here’s what is happening elsewhere at the party that I would learn about later, events that would have a, shall we say, memorable impact on the rest of my evening…  
  
Off in a semi-secluded corner just off the veranda, Richard pulls his smartphone out of his pocket, the latest and highest tech model available, activated to interact directly with his home’s security system from anywhere in the world -- including of course his own backyard.  
  
His thumb deftly scrolls through several menus before clicking a window to enlarge and play a video, leaving the sound muted. Richard studies the two figures embracing on his library balcony, watching their silent and increasingly amorous interactions with an intrigued smile on his face.  
  
“Look, Marin,” he says, turning to show the phone screen to his fiancée, a ravishing petite blonde with a curvy figure and what I would soon learn to be a wickedly creative imagination. “That’s the friend I wanted you to meet.”  
  
“Oh, I’m sure he’s very nice and all, but I think we’re really going to enjoy getting to know her,” she chuckles as the two of them watch my bare breasts vigorously bouncing in high definition on his phone screen as you thrust behind me.