

Carried Away

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

"About ready?" I called out. I was ready to go, sitting on the arm of the couch; she was still in the bedroom. I wasn't that excited about going to this party, and I didn't think she was either.

"How do you like my new dress?" Robin asked, stepping into the doorway.

I sighed. "Beautiful," I told her. She stepped closer to give me a better look. It was a short dress, long sleeves, stretch velvet, a dark brown color. She wasn't wearing a bra -- there must be wires in the dress. The plunging neckline showed off her delicious charms, and the fabric clung to her curves, emphasizing her waist, bottom, and legs. When she turned around in front of me the fabric shimmered, and I caught her perfume.

"You don't like it," she said with a pout.

"It's beautiful! You're beautiful!" I cried.

"You don't like it," she repeated, pushing her lower lip out.

"What makes you think I don't love it?" I asked softly. I was pretty confused.

"It's a touchy-feely dress. I thought you'd like it."

I sighed and pulled her closer. "Mmmm," I said, running my hands over the fabric, and her luscious body. She wasn't wearing anything on her legs. I pulled her closer. My head was at just the right level -- my nose going into the plunge of the neckline, filling myself with her perfume as I ran my hands up her back, holding her closer to me.

"Is that better?" I asked, kissing her breasts through the soft fabric. I could tell her nipples thought it was better.

She wrapped her arms around my shoulders in reply.

I held her, feeling the soft firmness of her breasts, kissing them through the fabric as I held her closer. I felt her wiggle her hips, pressing against me. I ran one hand down her back,

Carried Away

up under her skirt, into her panties. She rumbled and moved her arms up, pulling my head in to her chest, enveloping me more in the soft fabric and her perfume.

I wanted her -- I wanted to get my lips on soft flesh, kiss and devour her. My hands moved on their own, feeling her, enjoying her. From the sounds she was making, she was enjoying it as well.

I stood up, sliding up her body, wrapping one arm around her waist, the other sliding up her back, through her soft hair, to the back of her neck. I kissed her, holding her to me.

Her body moved against mine, responding. I wrapped my arms around her shoulders. She held on and pulled her legs up, wrapping them around my waist. Carrying her, I backed her into the bedroom, and on to our bed.

We rolled around, and I enjoyed her new dress very much indeed. I peeled off the left shoulder, freeing a breast from its confinement. I held and devoured her, feeling the fabric, and her underneath.

Her hands were busy as well, feeling me, teasing me. She was teasing the bulge in my pants, and I responded by slipping a hand down the front of her panties to her thatch. She was hot and moist. She moaned as my fingers explored.

I extricated myself from her embrace, hooking her panties with both hands and pulling them off. I went down between her legs, pushing the soft fabric up a bit.

She was hot and delicious, clamping my head between her legs. My hands roamed over her stomach, her bottom, up to her breasts, and back down to her waist and hips, enjoying her and her new dress.

After her shrieking and thrashing a second (or was it third) time, I started moving up her body. Somehow, my head was under the stretch fabric as I kissed her mound.

She laughed and rolled us over, and started unbuttoning my shirt. I was quickly undressed. As she started to pull off her dress, I stopped her. "Leave it on, please," I whispered in her ear as I pulled her closer.

I was sitting up on the bed. She impaled herself on me, gripping me with her legs, her ankles locked behind my back. We kissed as our hands explored, and our hips started their dance.

There was something so exciting about her in that dress, the sensations as she pressed against me, rode me, ran her velvet arms over me.

I tried leaning down to get to her nipple. She responded by pushing me back, farther, farther, to my back.

Carried Away

She rocked on top of me, moving her body on top of mine, tantalizing me with the fabric. She slid her arms along my head, squeezing my neck. The difference between her velvet-covered breast and her naked one was electric.

She must have sensed how close I was -- she knows, before I do, I think. She pressed her covered breast into my mouth. Grinding her hips slowly and deliciously, she rode me over the edge, switching me to her bare nipple as I started pumping into her. She held me, teasing me with her arms, rocking slowly.

"I'm glad you like my dress," she whispered with a smile, kissing my forehead.

I snuggled into her, trying to nose her other breast out from under the fabric.

We ran into Laura at the grocery store the next day.

"Where were you guys last night?" she asked, "We missed you."

Robin ran a hand over my back as she answered, "Oh, I got carried away."

FIN

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