

Mistress instructs you to put on the pink panties

Description

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Little pink panties. The satin material shimmered, a delicate, almost innocent hue They were tiny, feminine, with a lace trim. Such a contrast to my dull grey boxers mistress ordered m to shed.

Mistress gaze didn't waver. it scraped against the raw edges of my masculinity.

Put them on

I didn't need to be told twice. All of a sudden I was naked before her and then I was pulling the smooth satin up my shaved thighs.

The material clung, a foreign, gentle embrace . It slid over my hips, the waistband settling low. The lace brushed against my skin, I smoothed them over my groin. The fit was snug. Confining. It felt so liberating.

I let out a deep sigh of relaxation as the pink fabric cupped me. I stood there, hands falling to my sides, feeling the satin's cool kiss against my skin and the tiny waist band against my waist.

I felt my clit swell, thickening, pressing insistently against the thin fabric. The pink satin strained, my vision blurred. Pre-cum seeped, dampening the satin, a dark spot blooming on the pretty pink. The sight of it, of my own mark on this feminine garment, sent a shockwave of humiliation and pleasure through my system.

I felt I had come home

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Category

1. Uncategorized

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