

Mistress makes me put on the panties

Description

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The package sat on my bed like a dare, no return address, just my name in careful cursiveâ??.

Inside, nestled in tissue paper the colour pink, lay a pair of panties.

Not just any panties. These were luxuriousâ??satin so black with delicate lace trim that caught the afternoon light filtering through my blinds. I lifted them with two fingers. The fabric whispered against my skin as my thumb was already tracing the seam, finding the gusset, where something small and firm pressed through the satin.

A bullet vibrator. Sleek, white, no bigger than my pinky. It was sewn into a hidden pocket in the lining, so perfectly placed that when I held the panties up to the light, I could see its silhouette nestled right whereâ??

Right where it would sit against me.

My phone buzzed on the nightstand.

Unknown Number: Put them on.

The screen trembled in my hand. My mouth went dryâ?? I stared at the words until they blurred, then read them again.

Put them on

A command. Not a request. The kind of sentence that assumed obedience, assumed Iâ??d already made my choice before Iâ??d even realized there was one to make.

The phone buzzed again.

Unknown Number: Youâ??re still holding them, arenâ??t you? Feeling how soft they are. Wondering what Iâ??ll make you do next.

How could anyone see me?

Unknown Number: No cameras. I just know you. Nowâ??the panties. Donâ??t make me ask a third time.

Without thinking my own underwear came off firstâ??plain gray boxer briefs and the panties slid up my legs

The satin settled against my hips, the lace waistband gripping with just enough tension to remind me it was there. Every shift of my weight made the fabric slide a millimeter, a whisper of sensation. And in the gusset, the bullet pressed snuglyâ??not vibrating yet, justâ??! Waiting.

I looked down at myself. At the black silk satin cupping parts of me that had no business being cupped by black satin. The lace trim bit softly into the junction of my thighs. My cock, already half-hard, strained against the front panel, creating a bulge that the delicate fabric had absolutely not been designed to contain.

It was the most humiliating thing Iâ??d ever worn.

It was also, somehow, the most electrifying.

My phone lit up.

Unknown Number: Good girl. Now tell me how it feels. Every detail. Don't leave anything out.

A beat of silence. Then the letters started forming on my screen before I'd even decided to respond.

Me: Soft. Tighter than I expected. Lace is scratchy on my thighs.

I hesitated. Then I typed.

Me: There's something in the lining.

Unknown Number: Is there? How curious. Where?

She knew. Of course she knew she was toying with me, drawing out the confession Heat rose to my cheeks, my chest, the tips of my ears.

Me: In the gusset. Something hard. It's pressed right against my

Unknown Number: Your what? Say it. I want to hear you write it.

My fingers trembled. The room felt smaller, the air thicker.

Me: Against my cock.

Unknown Number: Such a good, honest girl. Does it feel nice? The weight of it there? Knowing I'm the one who put it there?

I could barely breathe. The satin shimmered as my hips shifted involuntarily, grinding the bullet just a little harder against my shaft.

Me: Yes.

Unknown Number: Yes, what?

Me: Yes, it feels nice.

Unknown Number: Try again.

Me: Yes, Mistress.



Category

1. Uncategorized

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