

The panties that arrived in the post. Part 2

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

Inside, nestled in tissue paper the colour pink, lay a pair of panties?. I??d put them on , following a strange but exciting series of messages from an unknown number instructing me to do so ..

Continued from my last post

Unknown Number ?I want you to get on the bed. On your hands and knees. Face the headboard. Arch your back like a pretty little thing.

Pretty little thing.

I climbed onto the mattress, the panties shifting with every movement, a constant reminder. My hands sank into the comforter. My knees spread. I arched my spine, presenting??what? Myself. The panties. The little white bullet hidden against my hardening cock.

The position felt obscene. It also felt right, in a way I couldn??t articulate, a way that scared me more than the vibrating bullet ever could.

The buzzing returned.

This time it was erratic??three short pulses, two long, one long continuous hum that made my hips jerk forward into empty air. I was fully hard now, straining against satin, the tip of me peeking just above the lace waistband. Clear fluid beaded at the slit, catching the light.

??Oh god,? I whispered.

The vibrations stopped. Immediately.

Unknown Number: No talking unless I ask you a question. Understood?

Me: Yes, Mistress.

Unknown Number: You look so cute?. Bent over?. Desperate.

Your little pink panties stretched so tight.

How could she see me.

Somehow, she could see me??through a camera I hadn??t found, or through sheer, impossible intuition. The thought should have horrified me. Instead, it made my cock twitch against the buzzing bullet, and a moan I barely suppressed died in my throat.

Unknown Number: I??m going to cycle through the settings now. You??re going to stay exactly like this??hands and knees, arch, no touching??until I??m satisfied. Do you think you can do that for me, sweet girl?

Me: Yes, Mistress.

Unknown Number: Even if I make it hard for you?

Me: Yes, Mistress.

Unknown Number: Even if I make you beg?

My breath caught. I stared at the headboard, at the grain of the wood, at anything that might anchor me, but there was nothingâ??only the satin and the lace and the bullet and the promise in those words.

Me: Even then, Mistress.

Unknown Number: Then letâ??s begin.





Category

1. Uncategorized

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