Caught

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A guy caught by his wife wearing panties with unexpected results.

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“Just what the hell do you think you’re doing?” she blurted out. Here I was caught in the act, without anything close to an excuse. She stood in the doorway with that stone faced expression of hers that let me know I was in major trouble. There was no explaining away the facts that I was lying on the bed with a pair of dark pink nylon panties on, not only looking at pornography but writing it too! What was there to explain? How could I even begin to explain? I’m sure my six-inch hard-on pressed against the thin material of the panties and the telltale precum spots were a dead giveaway. “Well, I’m waiting young man…” her voice trailed off. I didn’t even venture to give her an explanation, as if anything I said would make the situation any better. I just laid there staring up at her, waiting for her next move. It seemed as though an eternity was passing by. I slowly turned over onto by back, hoping my hard-on would give her an inkling of an idea. And it did!

“So wearing women’s panties turns you on huh? Let’s see what we can do about that, shall we?” she asked. With that she reached down and began stroking my erection through the panties. The wet spot grew bigger. I was so embarrassed I couldn’t even make eye contact with her. With her free hand she pushed the pictures off the bed and sat down next to me, all the while fondling my cock, never once letting go. Without looking at her directly I could see she had on a white blouse, that I could very well see her lace bra though. For those interested, 34B to be exact. She had the most perfect, pert, little boobs that you ever wanted to see (they were one reason why I married her). Along with that she had on a navy blue wool midi skirt, with tan or nude pantyhose. Sorry, I’m not a connoisseur of colors. She stands about five foot three but she looks a lot taller when you’re lying down on the bed. Her reddish brown hair frames her face beautifully. In fact one of my favorite things to do is brush her hair from her eyes when she has her head in my lap.

Speaking of laps…her fingers continued stroking my cock while her other hand now maneuvered between my legs and began alternating between squeezing and rubbing my balls. “So, you like this, don’t you my little panty boy?” she continued to harass me. All I could do was nod my head. God, wanted to cum so bad, just to show her how much I enjoyed it. I think she liked it too, judging by the way her hands were speeding up. I looked down at myself and the dribbles of precum were actually pooling on the top of my cock, soaking through the panties. My balls began to tighten and I knew it

wouldn’t be much longer before I had my release. Faster her thumb and fingers stroked me. “Are you gonna cum?” she asked rather tauntingly. My breathing was ragged and all I could do was squint and nod yes.

“No you’re not…not yet! You’re going to wait for me!” and with that she let go of my cock. I watched as she stood up and slowly unbuttoned her blouse. She pulled it from her skirt and threw it on the chair next to the bed. I attempted to reach down to stroke myself, but she caught me and slapped my hand away. “You’re going to wait for ME!” she reiterated. She reached behind her and unzipped her skirt, letting it fall from her shapely legs down on to the floor. She stood there posing, and I’m not sure if it was for my benefit or hers. Finally, she reached around and unsnapped her bra, those wonderful tits of hers fell free. Trust me, she didn’t need a bra (they stood firm and high on their own).

Meanwhile the precum was still oozing from the head of my cock, making a rather large dark red ring in the panties. Finally she sat back down on the bed. I started to lean over to suckle a tit into my mouth, when she turned and snapped, “Lie back!!! I’m not done with you yet!” I did as I was told, not willing to upset her any more than she already was. I watched rather intently as her hand unconsciously wandered to her crotch and gave it a few rubs. “So, you like the feel of panties huh?” she asked again. And once again I responded by nodding yes. “Well then…how about if we play a little game? By my rules of course” she finished. Once again she reached down to my cock. I think she just wanted to make sure I was still hard (which I was), either that or she just enjoyed watching the precum seep thru the material. She started her soft stroking again, but this time her free hand was between her legs.

She turned towards me so I had a clear view of her pantyhose/panty-covered crotch. I watched, as her forefinger would push the seams up into the cleft of her pussy. She was very adept at keeping the rhythm of both hands working in unison. It didn’t take long before I could feel my orgasm approaching again, and seeing how we’ve been married for five years, she knew what the telltale signs were. Her thumb and fingers moved faster and for a brief second I actually thought she was going to let me cum. No such luck, as quickly as she started was as quickly as she stopped. “I said you are going to wait for me!” she reminded me…again. And with that she took her forefinger and rubbed the precum all around the head of my now throbbing cock. That in it self felt wonderful, bringing more of the clear lubricant to the surface.

After a few seconds of amusing herself with that little task she climbed up on to the bed, crawling up to me on her hands and knees. I thought she was coming up to kiss me, but just as quickly she turned around. Placing a knee on each side of head, I was soon staring directly up into the vee between her legs. Now thru the sheerness of the pantyhose I could clearly see a wet spot in the crotch of her panties from where she was rubbing herself earlier. I could actually smell the faint aroma of her pussy. “Want a taste?” she asked rather teasingly. I lifted my head and just as I began to take a

swipe at her, she raised her hips and pulled away. She laughed aloud and reminded me that these were “her rules”. Again she lowered her pussy towards me, but this time I waited patiently for the nylon material to lower snugly onto my face.

After she settled in, I lapped lightly at the crease before me, hoping to get at least a taste of her delicious cunt. She moved her hips in a circular motion, apparently trying to get in to some sort of rhythm. Finally there was faint trace of her wetness as she continued to rub roughly against my anxious mouth. Her hand returned to my swollen member, which was now aching for release (any girl who believes there’s no such thing as blue balls should ask any guy about it…we’ve all had it at one time or another…trust me). I licked harder at my wife’s cunt, trying to force my tongue up into her slit. The wetness grew, from both of us. I severely doubted that I’d be able to get her to orgasm this way, but that still didn’t curtail the fact that I could. And if she wasn’t careful, it’d be rather soon too. I kind of let out a gasp, and again she stopped everything abruptly. She moved away from my face and again sat on the edge of the bed. I watched as she stood up and began rolling the pantyhose down her shapely ass/legs.

I could feel the throb of my cock as the head of it strained against the thin nylon material. Squeezing my legs together tightly seemed to make it stand out that much more, as my balls, aching for release, found some semblance of relief. Without her knowledge, I continued my squeeze and release method of masturbation, with each squeeze pushing the head of my cock in to the slickness of the panties. Just as I was getting in to a regular rhythm, she moved back up on to the bed. Without saying a word she straddled my chest. I couldn’t help but look down at her splayed white pantied crotch spread apart right before me. There was a definite wet spot, and I’m absolutely certain that it wasn’t all caused by me. I laid there, arms pinned at my sides by her knees. She began to laugh. I looked up to see this devilish grin on her face, wondering what other devious ideas she had in mind.

She reached down and pulled the panties away from her well trimmed, close cropped pussy. “Look…I’m almost as wet as you” she laughed again. I looked down and her pink pussy shone through her wet, matted pubic hair, labia slightly spread apart, sharing with me the fact that she was saturated. Again she ran her forefinger up and into her seam, withdrawing it, only to see it glimmer in the afternoon light. “Taste” she said, as she put her finger in my mouth. Yes, it was delectable as I remembered. Once again she lowered her fingers to her crotch. This time she spread the lips apart, so that I was practically looking up inside of her. “Mmmmmmmm” she moaned aloud. She then snaked the same two fingers up inside her wet, sloppy cunt. I watched as they disappeared slowly all the way till she could get no more inside of her. And at the same speed, she very slowly, very teasingly withdrew them.

“Enough of that,” she whispered, as she covered her pussy back up “back to the task at hand”. She scooted up the bed and again ordered me to lick the crotch of her panties, which by the way, I

willingly did. I continued my squeeze and release method on my balls, hoping to find some resolve with that. Besides, she couldn't see what I was doing, having her back turned from it all. I began licking at the now soaked crotch of her panties. Finding the little bud of her clitoris, I concentrated on that particular area. It didn't take long before she began moaning quietly, as if she was trying to keep it a secret or something. I could definitely taste her now, as she ground her pussy on to my face. There was no hiding the seam of her cunt anymore, as the panties rode higher in to her wet slit.

Meanwhile, I could feel the wet spot in my own panties growing. I wanted to cum so bad, and the pressure was building. As much precum as there was, one would have thought that I had cum already, but much to my dismay, I hadn't. I tried to ignore the sensations, but as any guy will tell you, that's virtually impossible. For a brief second my wife moved away from my wavering tongue, only to pull the crotch of her panties to the side, and now her bare pussy was right before me. She smashed her wet cunt down hard on my face. "Make me cum panty boy!" she ordered. I started lapping at her pussy again, this time with a renewed vigor. Having her full wetness spread across my face was an absolute delight. I knew that if I got her to cum, my turn wouldn't be far behind (at least that's what I was hoping for). She slid her pussy up and down my mouth, hoping to find that right combination.

Then my thoughts returned to me…I began thinking about how soft and silky the panties were. How much I enjoyed having my cock embraced in them. The wetness seemed to intensify these feelings. I started to squeeze and release my balls now with a more reckless abandon. Big mistake. My movements caught her attention. "What the fuck do you think your doing?" she questioned again. I had no answers, and was I going to afford her one either. "Okay, if you're going to act like a little baby, I'm going to have to treat you like one". And with that she quickly turned around and plopped her pussy back down on my face. This time she was watching me though. So much for my squeeze and release technique. Back to licking pussy, it didn't take long to pick up where we left off. She actually helped the situation along by reaching down and began playing with her clit. Leaving me to lick the continually flowing juices practically dripping from her wet hole. Even I knew it wouldn't be long now.

So the faster my tongue moved, the faster her finger circled her clit. Soon she was pushing herself down on to my waiting tongue. "Oh my God" escaped from her throat and I knew she was just about there. She began bucking her hips, almost involuntarily against my face. Grinding her pussy in to my chin and nose. There was another "Oh God" and her breathing becoming faster and raspier. Looking at her back, I could see her reach up, I knew she was pinching her hard, pencil eraser sized nipples (she actually enjoyed a slight degree of pain). She pushed down hard again, this time with a steady stream of "Yes, YES, YESSSSSsssss" and as it trailed off, I knew she was in the throes of orgasm. Her knees clamped tightly against my ears as she continued riding out the waves of her orgasm. I licked furiously, trying to keep pace with her, until she finally collapsed and fell over to the side of bed.

Looking down at her, her ass looked so beautiful wrapped in her white nylon panties. And she wondered why they turned me on so much. I loved the feel of her through them. There is nothing like a beautiful ass wrapped in a nice pair of either satin or nylon panties, providing the fit is right. Sorry girls but thongs do nothing for me. I couldn't help myself but I had to reach down and caress her ass. Apparently, she got over her anger; either that or she was just too tired to fight any longer. I ran my fingertips up and down the backsides of her thighs and up over her butt again. I looked down at my throbbing cock, still not looking to push the boundaries as to whether or not I should/could touch it, I marveled at the precum that had oozed through my own panties. Little droplets rested neatly on top, to eventually become a part of the bigger, and ever growing wet spot. My cock bounced with each beat of my pulse.

Finally, without warning, she turned over and once again used her thumb and fingers to slowly slide up and down my pole. I just lay there and took a deep breath, not saying a word. I could see that wry smile that comes across her face when she wants to let me know everything is all right. She put her head on my stomach, facing my cock, almost as if enjoying the show…close up. I ran my fingers through her hair, and brushed it away from her eyes. Meanwhile, she ran her little fingernails slowly up and down the underside of my cock, from the base to just beneath the head and back again. Every time it jumped she would giggle a little bit. More precum.

Every so often she would take just her thumb and forefinger and stroke it a few times. Then she would tickle just the underside of the head. I was in heaven. Eventually she used her free hand on my balls, in much the same fashion, using her fingernails to lightly tickle them. I could feel the pressure slowly mounting, and I think she could too because she started pushing and pulling on my cock with a bit more frequency. Now she only stopped momentarily to squeeze it with all of her fingers and thumb, evoking more precum from its head. Soon it was back to the fingernail thing once again. I only thought my cock was throbbing before. I continued running my fingers through her hair, trying to find any diversion I could. It's funny how in the male mind you can go from wanting to cum to wanting to hold out for as long as possible. I was in the latter state; it felt so good I didn't want it to stop.

"Are you going to cum for me?" she asked. I nodded my head abruptly, and even though she couldn't see it, she knew what the answer was. She grabbed me just under the head of my cock again with just her thumb and forefinger began quickly moving her fingers up and down, pulling back on my foreskin, her fingernails slowly tickling my balls. She would then pinch the skin directly under the head of my cock together, but not enough where it actually hurt and continued in that fashion. My balls were beginning to tense up and be drawn closer to my body. The nylon material was now sliding effortlessly up and down my shaft, thanks in part to the overabundance of precum, God's natural lubricant. It felt sooooo good.

"Show me how you cum. Show me how you like to wet your panties with hot, delicious wet cum. I

want to watch you cum” she continued on, and with that moved her head closer to the waistband of the panties. Soon her fingers were making their own circular motion on the underside of my cock head. My breathing was getting ragged and I knew I wasn’t going to hold out much longer. Her free hand grabbed at my balls and squeezed, almost as if trying to milk the cum from them. I wasn’t sure which felt better…what she was doing to me, or the feeling of the slick nylon rubbing up and down my shaft. Either way her milking my balls didn’t help.

“I’m waiting” she reminded me. I was almost there. I didn’t have to be reminded. I gritted my teeth, I squinted my eyes, trying to fight off the inevitable. My legs tensed, and that in itself was a sure sign I was about to let loose. She took the hint and immediately started squeezing my balls in time with her fingers working on my cock. With a low moan the first spurt shot through the material of the panties, with each subsequent spurt pushing their way through also, just not as far as that first one. She continued in great awe as I came like never before. “That’s it baby, wet your panties for me. Show me how much you love cumming in your panties” she continued chiding me. But I didn’t care, at that point I was more than happy to share. She began using the cum as another source of lubricant, rubbing it in to my shaft. She lifted her head so that I could see the mess I made, still milking my now wilting prick. Even as my orgasm was subsiding it still felt great. I honestly wanted to cum again. Finally when she was finished jerking me off, she used her hand and smeared the cum all over the panties, from the waistband down to their cotton crotch. By the time she was finished I was completely saturated with my own cum. Compliments of her.

“Well…we’re going to have to do this again sometime” she finally stammered. “But then again, maybe we should buy you your own panties?” she added. I didn’t care. Regardless, I was and am attracted to panties. I love the feeling of panties, be it on the female form or jerking off with them on. Some people may equate that with being gay. But honestly it’s the farthest thing from it. If you’ve never tried or even had the desire to cum inside a pair of woman’s panties, don’t knock it until you’ve tried it. There is nothing in the world like the feeling/high you get from it. My personal favorites are either nylon or satin, they both feel silky smooth against a hard cock. And if you can’t get your wife or girlfriend in on your little fetish…try it at least once on your own. You’ll soon be hooked. But if you can get them to try it with you, get ready for the dam to break.By the way…my wife fully understands and supports my panty fetish. This was a little role-playing episode that we tried and it was phenomenal to say the least.