



Knickers

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A lass leaves a message for her lover...

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This story only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. Message begins. Hiya, lad. I miss you so much, and I wish you could be here now, but I'll have to wait. Do you know, all I have on right now is my knickers. They are white cotton knickers with a thin band of lace around the top. They cover the glorious curves of my large cheeks, and hide the aroused blushing my skin is racing with. And I'm thinking about you. I wonder, would you like to see me? Do you want to see how my breasts, huge and round, look as I lie on my back with my legs open? Large, pale moons of wobble, that sag a little to the sides, these boobies are fun to play with as I finger myself. Sometimes, I lie slightly to my side, and let one boob sit on top of me in a perfectly round mound, as I rub my hand over my pussy through my knickers. Then I push the side of my tit with a finger, just to see it wobble as I feel my wetness through the fabric. I can make my whole breast move, or send tiny ripples of waves through the almost-translucent skin, watching my nipple darken and grow tall and stiff. And my knickers are almost translucent too, with my wetness. With your wetness... Do you know, that when white gets wet, you can see through it? You can see the outline of my lips and the little dip where my cunt is ready for you. Would you like to put your lips around my nipple and suck, as your hand squeezes my pussy mound, feeling the wetness through the cotton? Would you like your hot, wet mouth to make me moan as you send lightening bolts of shivers through my body? Would you like to lie beside me and watch as I squeeze my tits together? They're too big for me to hold one in each of my little hands, so perhaps you'd like to help me with that whilst you rub your leg between my legs? Oh, thinking of you squeezing and playing with my breasts makes me squeeze my thighs together, as my pussy gives a little throb of excitement. And you're making me wetter. White cotton knickers, with a little whisper of lace around the top... Here I am, lying on my back, nipples hard and stiff against the sunny evening breeze that floats in through the window. If the neighbours could only see me now, eh? But they can't. Only you can see me, on my back, and my hand moving down my rounded tummy, and playing with the lace along the top of my knickers. I slide a fingertip into the band, and close my eyes. I wish it was your fingertip. I wonder how it would feel for your cock to be slipping in, feeling the soft lace, and throbbing hot against my smooth skin. But it's not time for your cock just yet. Perhaps later... Fingers. Probing, teasing, wriggling down, past the lace band, they push down to the top of my closely-trimmed pussy, softly nudging the cleft where my slit starts. Wet. Already, my juices are spreading, and I feel the sticky nectar beginning to seep through the white cotton. I dip a fingertip between my lips, and it comes out wet, as if I've dipped it in water. But I am

much sweeter, much thicker, much sexier than water. This is wet desire, that the thoughts of you bring forth inside my knickers. And I squelch. I'm tightening my thighs together, feeling the froth of my own juices oozing out between my lips and soaking the cotton even more. If you could see me now, you'd like how I'm writhing against my own fingers, hips beginning to raise, and the pink shadow of my hand sticking to the wet whiteness of my knickers. If you were between my legs, you'd smell my scent rising in the air, a moist incense that wants your face buried in my pussy. I want to feel your tongue tip lick the length of my slit over the fabric, to feel you taste me as you grab my hips and push your tongue harder against me. I want to feel the force of your eager face pushing a little fold of cotton between my sliding lips, to feel your hot breath mixing with my hot juice, and I need to push against you in urgent desire. Oh, what I would give to have you here now, to hook a finger inside these knickers and pull them aside, to bury your tongue into my oozing, tight hole... I wish you'd fuck me with your tongue as you rip the white lace and lay me completely bare before your eyes. My lips are red and swollen with hunger for you, and when you have smeared me with my own juices, tiny bubbles of air-kissed froth around your mouth, I want your tongue deep in my mouth, and your cock deep in my slippery cunt. And all I have here is me, with my hands in my knickers, and no you to satisfy me. The thoughts of you make me so hot that tomorrow, I'm catching a train, and I'm going to bring you these knickers, and you're going to rip them off me, and eat me out. I'll see you tomorrow, lad... End of message. This story only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.