

# In my wife's panties

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*Getting behind on laundry can get exciting*

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It started as out as normal work day except that my wife was away visiting in-laws. I got up, showered, and walked naked to my dresser to get clothes to wear. I got out a pair of jeans but found my underwear drawer was empty. Apparently, I was further behind on laundry than I had thought. I started looking through my other drawers but only found a swimsuit which would be too hot to wear as underwear. I glanced at my wife's dresser.

"Well," I thought, "I guess panties might work." Naked, I walked over to my wife's dresser and started looking through the drawers. I couldn't find any plain cotton panties, most likely because she had taken them all with her on her trip. I did find a small drawer full of lace panties, string bikini panties, and thongs. Now, I like lingerie a lot when it is on a woman, but the idea of wearing panties on my body had never appealed to me. The sight of all this sexy lingerie did, however, bring back erotic visions of my trim wife wearing one article or another before we made love.

"Calm down," I thought, "they won't look so sexy on you." I took out a white string bikini that was made from a soft spandex-like material. I bent down and stepped into the bikini and slid it up. I adjusted the back so it felt snug against my rear. The front, however, felt far too small and narrow. It barely covered my flaccid penis. I felt a stir in my groin as I thought about why this bikini felt so small and narrow in the front. This underwear was never intended to cover my male package, it was intended to cover a girl's pussy which was, well, lower.

Without thinking, I started to rub the spandex-like material at the point where it had covered my wife's pussy and felt my balls underneath. This caused my penis to become larger and my glans emerged from the top of the fabric. I stopped and stretched the front to cover my now fully erect penis which caused the back to bunch up pleasantly. I started rubbing up and down the bikini front. Slowly at first but with more urgency as the pleasure in my groin grew. With my other hand I caressed my stomach, chest, and nipples. The pleasure grew and grew until I felt my penis convulse with orgasm. I breathed deeply as I felt my penis pulse out wad after wad of cum into the panties I was wearing.

I shuddered as my orgasm subsided. "I'm going to be late for work," I thought as I quickly slid off the cum-filled panties and ran to wash up my still-erect member. I went back to my wife's panty drawer and grabbed a pair of lace red bikini panties to wear. I slid them on and discovered that the tip of my cock was again poking out. "Dang," I thought, "it better get smaller fast." I took my hand and canted my shaft off to one side which allowed it to be covered by the soft lacy material. I quickly slid on my jeans, finished dressing and dashed off to work.

Work was distracting due to my odd-feeling underwear. Most troubling was getting an erection. Most troubling was getting an erection in my pants. This happens to me sometimes when I see a woman that bends or moves just right. Her breasts might stretch her blouse and maybe even outline her nipples. Her skirt or pants might hint the outline of the panties she is wearing. This type of feminine distraction typically happens a few times a day and causes a pleasant, but only partial, erection that quickly subsides leaving just a nice male feeling of well being.

Early in the morning that day I was walking behind a young girl in a short plaid skirt and becoming somewhat mesmerized by the sway of her hips and the movement of her skirt. My penis stirred in my pants, but rather than just becoming partially erect it became rock hard as it encountered the unfamiliar texture and edges of the lace panties I had on. I had to run to the rest room to let it subside. This happened four other times that day and I was glad to be heading home. After five raging erections I needed relief.

I stripped off my clothes after I arrived home and stood in just the red lace panties I had been wearing all day. I noticed that the white panties that I had cum inside of that morning were still on the floor and that my wife's panty drawer was still open. In it I spotted a familiar black lace thong. My wife would wear it, and nothing else, to entice me before we made love. She knew that walking around the bed in it would capture my full attention. She would turn slightly, enough for me to realize she was wearing a thong, but not enough to see her rear full-on. She knew this drove me to distraction. She knew I wanted to gaze at her ass as she bent over.

My penis hardened as these memories moved through my mind. I slid the red panties I was wearing down to my ankles and grabbed my shaft with my right hand. I started stroking as I stepped out of the lacy panties puddled at my feet and walked toward my wife's dresser. I reached out with my left hand and felt the lace black thong as I stroked. My pleasure built as I remembered the feel of this thong as it covered my wife's soft pussy. How warm it felt on her body and how wet it would become from my touch before she slid them off. I lifted the black thong to my face. I inhaled deeply and, even after washing, I could still faintly smell her wonderful feminine scent. My stroking quickened and on my third inhale my cock exploded as pleasure coursed through my body. I quickly braced my left hand on the dresser so I did not collapse in my ecstasy. I felt the cum pulse energetically out of my cock as I closed my eyes and enjoyed my orgasm's waves of pleasure until they subsided.

Through only her panties, I had felt connected to my wife enough to have two wonderful orgasms. I have not taken up wearing panties too often, but sometimes when my wife is away for a few days I'll slide them on with, typically, orgasmic consequences.