

He trembled as he made his way down the snowy street where the post office lay. He hoped that today would bring a special surprise from her. His hands balled into fists, the only outward sign of his impending excitement. From the moment they had first talked, anticipation had been key. He didn't know what she looked like, but he knew every curve of her body, every inflection in her voice.

They had met over the phone 7 months and 4 days ago. He remembered the exact moment her voice struck his ear; her lilting laugh so erotic it hardened his cock instantly. They had a brief conversation but he wanted more. He called her everyday; sometimes just to say hi. It was a privilege just to hear her voice. It became a game; trying to get her laugh, a mission to get her turned on. He knew from the way her breath changed ever so slightly and he craved that moment every time they spoke.

He pushed open the door of the post office and headed to his box. Fumbling, he pulled the key out of his pocket and inserted it into the lock. He waited a moment to catch his breath then swung the small metal door open, his eyes squeezed tight. Slowly he opened his eyes and glimpsing a bit of yellow, his cock grew hard. He reached in and pulled it out; this mysterious square package that held his deepest desire. Doing his best to remain nonchalant, he closed the door and headed back out on the street.

It was a package from her. He could barely contain his excitement at what she sent him. He hoped it was what he wanted, what he had begged from her time and time again. Maybe this time he would get it. Making his way back into his apartment, he shut the door and ripped open the package.

She would scold him of course for opening it with such haste but he couldn't help himself. Inside was a Ziploc bag and as he lifted it up, his cock strained against his pants. It was exactly what he was looking for. A pair of her panties.

They were red with an intricate gold design and a deep red lace cuff on the top and the bottom. He couldn't quite see the type, but he knew in his heart they were boy shorts, her favourite kind. He sucked in a breath as he opened up the bag, not daring to touch the panties inside. Stepping further into the apartment, he sunk down on the couch, still holding his precious cargo in his hands.

To be frank, he wasn't quite sure what to do. He knew what he wanted to do; what he had fantasized about, but the delicate pair of panties seemed unworthy of such abuse. He lay them on the couch beside him and unzipped his pants; pulling out his cock and stroking it slowly. There were so many ideas, so many options that he couldn't decide. His hand strayed towards the bag, his fingertips reaching in and slightly touching the panties. A shudder went through them and he slowly pulled them out of the bag.

Questions flew through his head. When did she wear these panties? For how long? What was she doing?

He glanced over at the phone, wondering if she was available. It was a little early for her to be on; he knew her schedule inside and out.

Examining the panties in his hand, his stroking grew more intense. A peek inside revealed a dried cum stain and his tongue inadvertently traced along his bottom lip. He wanted to taste her; had begged for it since the first time he called. He wanted to slip on those panties and feel her cum stain against his cock; know that she had walked around in them, fingered herself in them.

His cock strained and he let the panties fall against his cock, his body shaking from desire. He paused and thought for a moment what she would want him to do. Then he lifted the panties to his mouth, finding the cum stain with his lips and he began sucking, tasting her juices as he pumped his cock harder. He was frenzied with desire; his body shaking, his senses blurred. The lace brushed against his face and he knew in that moment that he was hers. Forever, if she would let him. And as he stuffed the panties into his mouth and cum spurted out of his cock, he knew his life as a panty slut had only just begun.