

Pantie Raid

It was a cool morning yet the crowds at the open air market were thick and bustling. Since starting his adventure, Aaron had become adept at weaving through crowds and he grinned to himself, watching as his breath fogged the air. On the outside the collection of tents and tables looked more like a farmers market than the mall but in reality, it was superior; he saw stalls for everything under the sun, from clothes and tourist trap trinkets to the latest games and electronics.

His eyes scanned the displays, fully focused on his goal. When he'd set out on this trip it had been partly for the new experiences and adventure but if he was honest, meeting new women with no strings attached in the local backpackers was foremost in his mind. He'd met Rosalie, a pretty French girl, last night and now he needed the perfect gift to impress her. None of that touristy cheap stuff, something memorable.

As he wandered the stalls, he found one that finally caught his eye. An older woman in Romani style clothing was sitting amongst several racks of women's clothing. Everything from dresses to scarves in every colour of the rainbow; he was no fashionista but even he could appreciate how well made they looked. She gave him a toothless smile as he approached, indicating for him to inspect all she had on offer. At first, he was leaning toward one of the colourful scarves hanging from the top of her sign but then he noticed several folded squares of patterned material laid out on a table to the side.

Lingerie.

The tiny bundles of lace and silk looked taboo sitting out in the open like this, at least to his American brain. Since arriving on the continent he'd been surprised to find Europeans were a lot less prudish when it came to things like sex and nudity, so perhaps selling sexy underwear in the local market wasn't too strange. At the very top of the table was a glass cabinet containing fancier items, three pairs of panties, one pink, one white and the final black, all on display like pieces of art. The old woman running the stall turned to him and spoke a few words he didn't understand. He'd been on the move so much he hadn't bothered trying to learn the local languages, they were all so different and half the people seemed to speak English anyway.

"Sorry, I don't understand." Aaron enunciated loudly before pointing to the pink panties, "How much?"

They were silky on the inside with an intricate pattern of lace across the front made to look like petals falling from the embroidered flower sitting just below the waistband. They were gorgeous and just the thing a classy French chick like Rosalie would like. The old woman spoke in her native tongue again before looking at him expectantly, once again he said, slower and louder, that he didn't understand.

“How long?” She asked, was she offering him a *rental*? On *panties*?

“No, no I buy.” He tired, pointing to himself and then his wallet, “How much money?”

Finally, her face seemed to light up in understanding and Aaron thought he’d finally broken through.

“Do want special?” She asked, pointing to the panties.

“Yes! I want to buy this special pair of underwear.” He nodded with a big smile, a smile which quickly faded when she started talking nonsense again.

“Address?” she asked, “No here address? Where send?”

“No, no, I don’t want it posted I want to buy them here.”

“Have here? When back?”

He rolled his eyes.

“I am not bringing them back. I am buying them now.” He placed a few euro on the table and opened the cabinet, picking up the panties and showing her.

“Year back? Week back?”

He was at the end of his tether, really, how hard was it for this woman to learn a few basic phrases for talking to tourists! Frustration at its peak he slammed a few extra euro down on the table.

“No back!” He yelled, “I buy now.”

She looked down at the coins and shrugged before meeting his gaze again. Her eyes seemed alight and a mischievous grin split across her face. Realising he may have just been scammed Aaron opened his mouth to renegotiate but never got the chance. There was a quick snap from the woman’s fingers and suddenly, everything was gone.

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Aaron tried to blink away the darkness but found he had had no eyes with which to do so. For a moment, terror flooded his system but then he realised he was in no pain, not even discomfort but he was a different...shape? Full of confusion he tried to figure out what exactly was going on, he couldn't move but he wasn't tied up or restrained in anyway, whatever this form was simply did not have muscles with which to move under its own power. Normally, with a panic like this rising up within him he'd try to take deep breaths to centre himself but whatever this new form was it didn't need to breath. All he could do was lie in the darkness, waiting for his panic to inevitably fade as time passed.

Eventually, the adrenaline faded, if it even was adrenaline, he was pretty sure this form didn't have blood with which to deliver the hormone. Regardless, the numbness began to fade and he became more aware of his new 'body'; it felt wispy for lack of a better term. Thin, soft and somewhat folded in on itself. The first thing that came to mind was a snake, all curled up around itself but he dismissed the idea outright. He didn't feel like a snake, for one a snake still had eyes and muscles to move, he did not. What on earth had happened to him? If only he could get his bearings, figure out where he was that would help immensely in figuring out *what* he was.

Suddenly he realised despite his lack of ears, he could hear! It came slowly, like waking up in the morning, each sound filtered in one by one, starting off muffled before clearing. Footsteps, the hum of a crowd, voices shouting above the din in a language he didn't understand but with the tone of hawkers at-

The market!

He was still at the market but where? It was still pitch black; he had no other way of orienting himself but the unintelligible din of the crowd passing by. All of a sudden, he recognised one of those voices, it was the old woman who he'd been arguing with! She must be nearby, very nearby if the volume of her voice was anything to go by. This had to be her doing, he was sure of it. Indignation burned within him, how dare she? When he figured out what and where he was, he would give her a piece of his mind!

Another voice joined the old woman's; younger with a beautiful lilt that made the foreign language they spoke sound so much more pleasing to his ears. The voice was suddenly accompanied by a new sensation, that of smooth fingers running over his silky new form. He felt himself being picked up and for the first time realised how small he was. Those delicate fingers were huge in comparison and they moved him through the cool morning air. Had he the ability he would have shivered, something about this position, hanging between finger and thumb, made him feel even more exposed and vulnerable than he already was.

The position did however, let him get a better sense of his shape. His thin form shifted slightly in the morning breeze, he could feel the fabric thicken slightly at his top and bottom. With horror and humiliation everything finally fell into place; he was a pair of panties! He could feel the elastic waistband, the whorls of lace across his front and soft embroidered flower just above the waistline. Whomever was holding him placed him across their palm, rubbing him between their

fingers. The sensation was unusual but not unpleasant, almost pleasurable. If he focused on where that skin met his fabric, he swore he could even taste the salty tang of skin. Roughly his folds scrapped against one another sending shockwaves of sensation across his new form like the threads of a spiderweb being plucked. It was enough to distract him from the horror of his current situation, at least for a few moments before whomever it was stopped and left him feeling strangely adrift. Despite everything, he wanted more.

The voice spoke again and he felt himself being handed to a different set of hands. These ones were old and gnarled, the witch who did this to him no doubt. He wanted to scream as she gently folded him, placing him down on a bed of what felt like tissue paper that crinkled at his sides uncomfortably. She whispered some words in that language he didn't understand, she was close enough he swore he could feel her hot breath wafting over him. He may have been mistaken but he was sure he heard her mumble 'good luck' under her breath.

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Svetlana bit her lip nervously; tonight was her third date with Hans and she knew what that meant. She was ready and eager of course, ever since Hans had first asked her out to dinner, she had been fantasising about what those strong arms would feel like around her small frame. That being said, she wanted to impress. All of her undergarments were plain black and while there was an elegance in simplicity, she wanted something a little bit spicier for their first time together. Even if it did just get ripped off a few minutes in.

The market was in full swing by the time she arrived and she watched, giggling to herself as two American tourists tried to barter for necklaces. Why did foreigners think speaking louder and slower would somehow magically make people understand what they were saying?

The clothing stalls were all sequestered together so it was easy for her to survey them all. The old woman running a booth by herself waved her over with a warm smile, gnarled hand pointing to the table at her side. Somehow, it seemed she already knew what Svetlana was looking for. She gave her a grateful smile and walked over, surveying the display of lingerie with glee. She was sure to find the perfect item with such a selection available. The glass cabinet of display items caught her eye, specifically the pair of panties in the middle. Pink, with a flower motif lace front. It was girlier than she normally went with, but there was something about them that drew her in.

"I just finished them this morning." The old woman smiled, "very fetching."

"Very." Svetlana agreed, "How much?"

"Twelve." The old woman stated, "They are quite special."

It was a bit much for a single pair of underwear but she *did* want something special. Gently she picked the panties up to better see them. They were well made; the lace wasn't the cheap tacky kind

most clothes at the market had. This woman clearly had pride in her work. As she rubbed the silky material against the rougher lace front she smiled, they would be comfortable as well.

“Ten.” She smiled, the old woman returned the gesture and nodded.

The woman took them from her, gently folding and wrapping them in tissue paper before handing over the package and whispering something in English.

“What was that, sorry?”

“Oh, never mind dearie.” The old woman waved her off, “Just talking to myself.”

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Aaron’s world was muffled. Still unable to see and with only distant sounds to keep him company he fell away for a time, perhaps this body’s version of sleep. When he became fully aware again it was to the sound of crinkling paper, he could feel the tissue wrapped around him being shifted and moved away till he was once again in open air. Those same soft fingers ran across him and he could hear that sweet voice talking. Nobody responded so whoever she was, she must have been talking to herself. He hung limp from his fingers, swaying slightly in the wind and occasionally brushing against what must have been her thighs. After a moment another finger looped through him and stretched out his fabric to the limit. For a second, he feared she was going to rip him but then the slack quickly returned; he’d have sighed with relief were he able.

Still stretched out slightly he felt soft skin against the lace surrounding each leg hole. The woman was putting him on! He could feel her legs slowly scraping against him as he was pulled into place, fingers being replaced with the gentle curve of her hips. He could feel a mound of hair against him where lace met silk. More than that, he could feel himself sinking into the cleft of her ass, warm cheeks hugging him close. It was one thing to touch a woman’s pussy, it was quite another to have your very being surrounding it. Somehow the smell and taste of her was seeping into him despite his lack of tongue and nose. There was a subtle wetness resting against him that gave off a strong but not off putting aroma that was undeniably female. He wished he had lungs so he could drink it in further, or a tongue to lap at that wetness and taste it in full but he had neither, he had no choice but to continue simply existing around her.

She began to walk and he felt his fabric slip up and into her folds ever so slightly, becoming damp with her juices. His back half disappeared completely into the cleft of her ass much like a thong, the thin material scraping back against itself being held between the cheeks. The smell and taste became stronger, it was like a drug. He couldn’t describe the feeling it was giving him, the closest he could get was light headed but for very obvious reasons, that didn’t seem appropriate.

More fabric rubbed against his front lightly, likely some sort of airy skirt. Now he was being constantly stimulated on all fronts; the cool air beneath him, the soft skin and hair of his new hosts

form and now the brush of her skirt on his front. Was it possible to be overstimulated with no nerves? Aaron was discovering it very much was.

As time passed, he had no choice but to exist, absorbing all the smells, tastes and sounds around him. A male voice joined his hosts after a while and as they spoke, he became increasingly aware of her wetness. What had started as a subtle dampness inside his lining was slowly increasing. He was starting to get soaked through, the taste of seeping into his very essence, he felt as though he was becoming a second skin to his host. The wetness clung, causing him to stick to the moist skin. The taste was concentrated; it was sweet with a unique flavour that he could only describe as 'womanly'. It was all around him, he couldn't escape it if he wanted to.

There was a gentle flutter of fabric across his front as he felt the skirt over him being lowered. He could hear that male voice clearly now as a thick finger slowly traced across his embroidered flower and then down along his hosts folds. The pressure pushed even more wetness into him and sent sparks of pleasure through him. He could feel his hosts quivering as the touch continued, her juices flowing freely into him until there was barely any dry fabric left. He couldn't cum like this but he could, or so it seemed, experience pleasure. Each touch of that mans fingers pushed him deeper into her folds so that soon he was squeezed on all sides. For a single moment he felt himself start to slip inside her as that man's finger pushed up against him.

The touching continued, he could feel his hosts legs moving against him, causing his fabric to rub up against itself. He could hear their moans above him, things were getting closer to a head. Speaking of, the finger disappeared for a moment only to be replaced with something else. Something thick, hard and masculine. He was sandwiched between the wet folds and this new hard cock, a different kind of wetness mingled with his hosts juices and precum from the tip soaked in.

The delightful sensations didn't last nearly long enough for his liking as all of a sudden, he felt himself being gripped on both sides and stretched. He savoured the trip down the woman's legs despite the chill that came from his wet material being exposed to the air. For a moment he dangled, limp in the man's hand before the tip of a tongue brushed against his inner folds. He wanted to savour the feeling but had no time. He was tossed, without much fanfare through he air and landed with a damp thud on what felt like a carpeted floor. He could hear them now, his woman and the man she was with. Their words had turned to primal sounds in that universal language every person understood. He was filled with jealousy, being forced to listen to their breathy moans and the sound of skin slapping against skin. He listened, for it was all he could do, taking what pleasure he could from the sidelines.

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When Hans had arrived at her door Sventlana had been nervous. He was just as handsome as ever with his dark hair and olive skin. Physically, he was a polar opposite to her pale blonde self, perhaps that is why they say opposites attract. Ostensibly, he was here for dinner and to show her his favourite film but the sparkle in his eye told her he was thinking the same thing she was. They made it through dinner without giving in, though the way his foot gently rubbed against hers under the table sent shivers up her legs and straight between them.

When they sat down on the couch to watch the movie, he turned, wrapping a solid arm around her lithe frame and pulling her into a deep kiss. His lips were rough against her own and she

couldn't help but moan, the latent desire she had been holding back all evening exploded out of her, setting every nerve aflame. She sighed in his mouth, allowing him to gently push her back so that he was laying atop her on the couch. She thrust a hand up into his hair, enjoying the way it bristled against her skin as one of his hands slowly dipped down, lifting her skirt. She held her breath, watching his eyes dip to the panties and smiling.

"I had no idea you owned anything so naughty." He teased.

"I got them especially for you." She responded, capturing his lips again and moaning as he ran a finger along the new item.

The silk insides rubbing against her sensitive clit and folds, she could feel herself getting wetter and wetter. The soft silk of the panties was mixing with her own slickness, causing the fabric to glide across her folds with ease and sending wave after wave of pleasure straight to her core.

Eagerly, she unbuttoned Hans' shirt, running her fingers across the toned muscle of his chest and back up to his shoulders, helping to slide the garment off completely. She couldn't wait any longer, she needed him in her. She'd been so patient, waiting until the third date, such a good girl, she deserved this. She pulled herself up to her knees, meeting him halfway as their hands roamed over one another's bodies. She found his belt, unbuckling it with ease as he helped her out of her skirt with one hand and continued to finger her with the other. For a moment she felt him almost push inside, impeded only by the thin fabric between them.

She could only gasp and cling to him as she saw stars, her bra was removed without fanfare and they both stumbled to their feet. Awkwardly, almost like love struck teenagers, they made their way to her bedroom stopping multiple times along the way to continue their making out. He held her against the doorframe, one hand between her legs, the other on her aching breast.

"More." She moaned, "Please I need you, don't make me wait any longer!"

"Wait for what?" He gave a teasing smile, "This?"

Svetlana moaned as he unzipped his fly and began to rub his cock against her, pushing the panties further into her. Somehow, that small swatch of fabric between them made things even more erotic, part of her never wanted to take them off. He continued thrusting against her folds, teasing her mercilessly until finally, he pulled her forward. Together they stumbled toward the bed and fell into the pile of blankets and pillows. Hans reached down, taking the panties and slowly sliding them off. The fabric was so soaked it left trails of wetness down her legs as they went, causing her to shiver.

She watched as Hans knelt between her legs, holding those panties up to his mouth and flicking his tongue across them. There was something about this muscular, alpha male holding her pink panties that way that made her so horny she could barely think straight. She reached for him as

he tossed the item away, pulling him down to reclaim her lips. They were both fully naked now, all other clothing having been removed during their stumbling journey, she could feel his hard cock pressing against her entrance.

With a thrust of her hips the tip entered her, finally! She moaned as Hans responded, slowly sinking further down until they were flush together until she was pinned down by his strong frame, cock buried inside her to the sheath. Their foreplay had gone on too long, neither of them had the self-control to start slow. Immediately he began to draw out and Svetlana rolled her hips to meet him, causing them both to groan as sparks flew between them. Never had she experienced a man so perfect for her physically, he stretched her just the right amount, was just big enough to brush against her G-spot with each thrust, it was indescribably perfect. His mouth found her neck, biting down and swiping his tongue across the indents as he continued to burry himself inside her over and over. The slight pain mingled with the pleasure, heightening it so that all she could do was wail with ecstasy. She could feel that unique pressure building inside her as her inner walls squeezed him harder.

“More! More, Oh Gods don’t stop!”

She couldn’t help herself, she felt as though she were on fire. Every nerve in her body was filling with pleasure, it wouldn’t take much more. She wrapped her legs around his hips, forcing him deeper inside her, hitting that bundle of nerves over and over again. She began to crest, unable to control her breathing as she began to shudder, pleasure reaching its zenith before all the tightened muscles within her released; waves of ecstasy overwhelmed her and she came with Hans’ name on her lips. He followed not long after, that masculine seed filling her to the brim. Ever the gentleman, Hans was the one to get up and grab tissues to clean themselves up before snuggling up against her, strong hands resting on her breasts. She sighed with relaxation as the post coital haze began to descend. That had been well worth the wait.

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Aaron had drifted off again after being discarded, when he came back to himself, he was shocked to find that it was morning. A fact he knew since he had regained the ability to see. He was laying, crumpled on the floor of an unfamiliar bedroom, he felt stiff and realised the juices he’d absorbed last night had now dried, leaving him used and discarded on the floor.

What had roused him was obvious, from his position on the floor he could see two figures in the bed. The man was partially hidden by the angle but he could see a pale blonde woman slowly rising and falling, naked breasts bouncing as she rode on the man’s cock. The morning light highlighted her creamy skin and as he had no ability to blink or look away, he watched. The woman’s face began to twist in pleasure before she threw her head back and came, the man grunting and thrusting up into her as she did. Were it possible for him to feel pain, he’d have ached with jealousy. What he wouldn’t give to be in that man’s place right now.

He was treated to yet another show as the woman dismounted, the two of them going about their morning fully naked; at one point he was sure he could hear them going at it again in the

kitchen before they returned to get dressed. Finally, he was collected, the woman plucked him from the floor between two fingers, smiling warmly before bundling him up in a collection of other fabrics. Inside the bundle he could observe very little but then a gap appeared and he watched as the clear plastic door of the washing machine closed on him. Being tossed around in a centrifuge of soapy water would have been awful had he any need to breathe. As it stood, the wash was actually quite pleasant, the warm water washed away his crustiness and flowed around him like a massage. The drier was much the same and when his new host finally took him out, he was feeling soft and pristine again. Gently, those fingers folded him, placing him down in a drawer amongst other similar items. Though he noted, with some pride, that none of her other underwear came anywhere close to him in style or quality. Mentally, he settled in for another rest full of excitement, with these plain things as his only competition he knew it wouldn't be long before he was worn again.