**Abby's Panties**

by[tabber](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=349972&page=submissions)©

We were the best of friends, Abby and I. We'd grown up together, living next door since Abby moved into the neighborhood at age three. We did everything together growing up. We had played in each other's backyards for hours at a time. If it rained, we just moved inside and kept it going. I had tea parties and makeovers with her, and she played hoops with me and together we helped GI Joe fight Cobra.

Our families were close so we always celebrated the holidays together. It was nothing for Abby and I to disappear and leave the grownups alone to drink and mingle. We'd end up upstairs in the bedroom of whichever house we were at.

We even survived the awkward years of puberty. She let me read her "secret book" in the 4 th grade that told her about her changing body. She was fascinated when my voice changed. We never really liked each other in a boyfriend/girlfriend way, it just didn't seem right to us. So when we started showing interest in the opposite sex, we were able to confide in each other and avoid the jealousy.

Now, we did get a bit distracted in high school. Abby became a cheerleader and I was becoming quite an athlete in football and basketball. Our times together became less and less as practice and school took over our lives. We still managed to hang out together, although now it was the unsaid rule that we didn't go into each other's rooms anymore. The holidays would find us sitting on the front porch or playing a board game in the kitchen.

We both noticed the changes in our bodies, but it wasn't something we really discussed as we got older. I'd catch her watching me as I mowed our yard without a shirt on, and I definitely noticed her toned body whenever she was tanning.

Unlike the stereotypical jock and cheerleader, neither one of us really dated much. We were just too busy with our own lives I guess to really focus on someone else. If I wasn't at practice, I was hitting the books and Abby was the same except when she wasn't cheering at school, she was involved with a local competitive cheer squad.

Sure, we went to high school dances, but even though we had a date, we were really just out with a group. I never really had more than a few fumbled kisses at the front door when I dropped my date off. I don't know about Abby, but I was spending a lot of time with my hand in my pants.

Masturbating took a lot of that teenage angst away. I'd do it in the morning before school and a few times before going to bed. I never really had any wet dreams like we learned about in health class. My body didn't need wet dreams to release the tension, I was taking care of that on my own.

Anyway, that was my mediocre life up until the spring of our senior year. Abby came over one afternoon and asked if I would help her family out by feeding their cat over the weekend.

"No problem," I told her while checking her out. She was wearing athletic type shorts and a school t-shirt. She looked good. She looked good all over. She was tanned and toned and fully aware of me checking her out.

When I looked up at her face, she had a knowing smile. "Anyway," she said with a sigh as if she had to gain my attention again. "We're going to the A&M baseball game. Dad wants me to see the campus."

"Go Ags!" I said lamely. We both were growing tired of the pressure to choose a college. I understood our parents. We were both eighteen. It was the semester of school and it was time to make some decisions.

She laughed and gave me the basic instructions on taking care of the cat. "You know Mom," she laughed. "She'll have a detailed list of instructions for you on the kitchen table."

"I look forward to reading it," I said with a smirk. Her Mom was major OCD and we all knew it. I always told Abby she'd pick it up too but she always denied it. We said our goodbyes and I went back inside.

The next morning found me sitting at Abby's kitchen table reading a three-page list of instructions on my responsibilities over the weekend. Seriously. Three pages on how to turn the lights on, check the mail, and feed the cat. Sheesh!

Anyway, I did my job. As I waited for the cat to finish eating, I wandered around the house. Pictures of Abby were everywhere, outnumbering the pictures of her younger brother. Second-kid syndrome. I suffered from it as well. It's never as easy to do things with the second or third kid.

I was bored. Plus it was weird being alone in their house. I checked on the cat and she was eating very slowly.

Sigh.

So I walked upstairs to Abby's room.

It smelled of her.

There was a bra hanging from her closet doorknob.

It was pink.

It was silky to the touch.

Curiously, I pulled it up to my nose to smell it. It smelled of...I don't know...some kind of powder? And it smelled of Abby.

Suddenly it hit me. This bra had touched Abby's tits! Her nipples rested right against the silky fabric!

My cock quickly grew stiff and hard in my shorts. I don't know what I was thinking, but I pulled the bra to my lips and kissed the fabric where her nipples would touch.

My cock throbbed.

I looked around the room and spied her dresser. If her naked breasts had pressed against the bra, then logic would tell me that her panties had been against her pussy.

Abby's pussy.

I opened the first drawer on the left. Socks.

I opened the drawer next to it. There, neatly folded were her panties. Oh, wow. Abby's panties.

I repeated the process I had done with the bra with the first pair of panties. I sniffed them. I kissed them. There wasn't a lot to them. The thong really only had fabric in the front and at the crotch, so I focused on that area. I couldn't really tell if I was smelling Abby, or just the fabric softener or the smell of her dresser drawer.

I reached down and adjusted my throbbing cock.

You can no doubt predict what happened next. In seconds, I had my shorts and underwear at my ankles and I had wrapped the silky fabric of Abby's thong around my cock. It felt so good as the silky material slid across my engorged cock.

I wasn't really thinking about what I was doing, I was just caught up in the moment, stroking away. It didn't take long until I was breathing heavy and shooting my hot cum out onto Abby's floor. When I cum, I grip my cock hard and squeeze it, then I pump it rapidly a few times and squeeze it each time it jets out of me. Although I didn't cum on her panties, they were wet from my pre-cum. It was the combination of my pre-cum and the silkiness of her thong that brought me over the edge.

When I finally released my cock, I saw the mess I'd made across her wood floor and a bit onto her small rug. The floor I could clean with a paper towel, but then I noticed the wet stains on her thong.

Damn. It was like they were going to come home right then and find me. I panicked and ran into the bathroom with the panties. First I wiped them with toilet paper, but that just smeared it. Then I took the hand towel and pressed it down hard, hoping I could dry it. I got it dried up as best as I could, then I buried it deep underneath the rest of her panties.

I cleaned up the floor and then went quickly downstairs. I finished up with my duties for the cat and then locked up and left.

Three hours later I was in Abby's room again.

This time, knowing I was all alone, I stripped naked and laid down on her bed. I chose two pairs of panties this time. I left one on my face, breathing in the clean scent of the fabric, and used the other to wrap around my cock and slide it up and down. The time before I had been standing when I came, shooting my load out in jets onto the floor. This time, I was so totally into the moment that I didn't think about the end result of my jacking-off with Abby's panties. When I finally came with a "bang-my-head-against-the-mattress" powerful orgasm, my juice landed on me and also on the panties wrapped around my cock.

When I finally got my breathing back, I realized my mistake. It was a huge sticky mess. I slowly got up and walked to her bathroom. The panties were soaked. I tried wiping them clean but finally gave that up and soaked them under the running water. I got them clean but now the question entered my mind as to what to do with them now?

I finally decided to put them in the clothes dryer. I grabbed her towel from the rack and put it into the dryer downstairs along with her panties. I set it for thirty minutes and locked up. I would simply put them back in the morning when I came over to feed the cat again. Problem solved.

The next morning I awoke and had breakfast with Mom and Dad, then I headed next door to Abby's house. I used my key at the backdoor and went through the process of turning off porch lights and taking care of the cat and other assignments her Mom had set out for me to do. When I was finally finished, I went to the dryer to check on the panties. I opened the door and leaned down to retrieve the panties and the towel I'd put in there yesterday.

They were gone.

"What the hell?" I said in a loud whisper. Impossible. I actually stuck my head into the dryer to see if they were caught on the drum.

Nope.

"Shit!" I said in a loud whisper.

I turned and left the laundry room and stumbled into the kitchen trying to figure it out. I slowly moved into the den and looked upstairs. Nothing looked out of the ordinary.

I slowly began climbing the stairs. My heart was pounding. I was hoping and praying that it was Abby that had found the panties. If it was her parents I was a dead man walking. If it was Abby, I'd have to try and explain.

I moved slowly forward until I was looking around the doorframe into Abby's room. She was sitting on her bed with a smirk of a smile on her face. She was wearing one of the t-shirts that she sleeps in and she looked absolutely beautiful. An angel. An angel twirling a pair of panties on her finger.

She smiled at me and said, "Thomas Allen Smith, I just can't wait to hear your explanation."

As she said that and continued twirling the panties, I couldn't help but notice the slight movement underneath her shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra!

"Tommy? Hello?" I heard her say, gaining my attention again. "I'm waiting to hear your story. I caught a ride home with Sherry down the street. She was coming home and I didn't want to stay for the game. So I come home and check the laundry and found these in there with a towel. Care to explain?"

I looked at this gorgeous young woman, my best friend since forever. I couldn't lie to her.

"I'm sorry, Abs." I told her. "I jacked-off using your panties. I made a mess."

She smiled back at me. "That's what I thought. Well, it took me a few minutes, but that's the only answer I could come up with."

"I'm sorry, Abs." I said again.

"Okay," she said slowly. "So...show me."

"Whhhattt...?" I stammered.

"Show me," she repeated. "Show me how you do it."

I stared back at her with a blank look on my face.

"Here!" she said and tossed the panties too me. I caught them and held them against my chest.

Abby stood up, and a thoughtful look crossed across her face.

"Wait a sec," she said. "Those are cold. Here use these."

As I stood there, my cock thickening, Abby reached underneath her long t-shirt and pulled down the panties she was wearing. It was quite possible the sexiest thing I'd ever seen. I stared down at her bare legs as she slowly pulled one foot out and then the other. She stood back up straight and tossed the panties to me.

They were warm, almost hot to the touch.

"Now..." She said softly but firmly.

In control.

Her eyes met mine.

"Do it for me."

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"Really?" I asked her. "You want to watch me jerk-off?"

"Why not?" she replied in a huskier voice than I'd ever heard from her before. "You've admitted to using my panties without my permission. Now I'm giving you permission. Now do it, Tommy before I change my mind."

I stared at her. She was always cute, but now I'm seeing a beautiful woman standing in front of me wearing just the t-shirt she slept in. Her nipples began to harden as I stared at her.

Slowly, I raised the panties up to my face, all the while keeping my eyes on hers. I brought them to my nose and breathed in deeply. This was different. These weren't panties from her dresser, fresh from the laundry. She had worn these. The sweet smell of Abby's skin on the panties was combined with a smell I wasn't familiar with. I wasn't aware of what muskiness smelled like, but I was getting my first taste.

"Why are you doing that?" she asked softly.

I didn't answer but my cock throbbed violently in my shorts, enough for her to notice. She glanced down at my crotch.

"Is the smell of my panties turning you on?" she asked.

"I don't think it's actually your panties I'm smelling," I told her and reached down to adjust myself.

She said, "Tommy, that's so weird. I don't know if it's gross or something really wild."

I reached down and began to slide my shorts down.

"Wait a sec, Tommy." She said. "This is crazy, isn't it? Are you really about to show me your...thing?

"I though this is what you wanted, Abs." I whispered back hoarsely, finding it hard to speak.

She met my eyes and smiled and I about melted into the floor right there. She sat back on her bed with a bounce that caused the lower hem of her t-shirt to ride up, exposing more of her bare thighs.

"Okay, so show me your..." she began to say.

"Cock." I interrupted her. "It's my cock. It's my cock, Abby, and it's hard because of you. It's so hard it hurts."

"Cock," she replied softly and huskily. "So show me your cock, Tommy."

I pushed my shorts down slowly to my knees. I'm not huge, but I was incredibly hard right then. I let my waistband push my cock down until it was freed, causing it to bounce up and down.

Then I quickly covered it up with the panties.

"No!" she almost shouted. "I want to see it for a minute first!"

I pulled the panties off and tossed them onto her bed. I took a step forward. She quickly scooted back a bit on the bed. I reached down and made a circle with my thumb and index finger and starting with the head, I slid it tightly down to the base, basically putting my naked cock out on display for her. A drop or two of precum formed at the opening. It sat there, glistening and shiny in the morning light coming in the window.

"Is..." She began shyly. "Is that your sperm?"

"No," I teased. "Well, there might be some sperm in it, but that's just called precum. It's kind of slippery. I think it's to help me go inside of you."

"Oh," she replied softly. She sat there staring at my cock for a minute, lost in thought.

I reached up and smeared the droplets around the head of my cock, making the pinkish red head slick and shiny.

"It also helps me jack-off," I told her. "It makes it slick."

I showed her by rubbing my fingers all over my cock and giving it a pump and a squeeze. More precum appeared and I repeated the gesture. It felt so good, stroking my cock with Abby's face just a few feet away.

The panties were forgotten. I didn't need them. I began a steady stroke.

"So that's how you do it?" she asked looking up for a second.

"Yeahhh..." I replied with a soft growl while looking down at her.

"Tommy, can I touch it?" she asked softly.

"Hell, yeah, you can touch it!" I replied quickly and moved forward closer to her.

She scooted forward a bit and I couldn't help but notice the shirt slide so far upward that I was looking at the side of her leg, bare up to her hip. My cock throbbed.

Abby reached out slowly and wrapped her hands around my cock.

"It's hot!" she exclaimed with a bit of shock. "I mean, it's really warm!"

"Unh huh," I moaned, lost in the exquisite feeling of the softness of her hand around my cock.

"It's so soft! But it's also so hard and stiff!" she exclaimed in wonder. She gave it a tentative pump.

I lost it.

"Abbby, I'm cumming!" I said urgently. It was also a warning.

How did she know what I needed? Was it instinctive? Was she not as innocent as she led me to think?

She replied softly, "Okay..." and gave my cock a tighter squeeze and a pump back and forth. Her thumb slid across the slick and sensitive head of my dick and then a rapid squeeze all the way down the length.

"Unhhhhhh!" I yelled and a jet of hot cum shot out of my cock. It was all in slow motion as it jetted into the air and landed just short of her bare feet on the floor.

Abby was in a trance as well, amazed at what she had just seen, yet still managed to pump my cock again.

"Abby..." I began to say and then I could only grunt, "Unh, ungh, ahh!"

The second shot of cum was a lot more powerful than the first one. This spurt was bound for the moon but settled by landing across Abby's chest. She quickly let go of my cock and sat back in shock.

I quickly grabbed myself and finished off by stroking and cumming all over the floor and my hand.

"Oh my goodness!" she said in amazement. I recall that it was a funny thing for a woman to say in this day and age. She was looking down at her shirt as my juice began to soak in.

I slowly sank to my knees, breathing heavily. I met Abby's eyes.

"You made a mess all over me," she said with a smile. "Look at me!"

I looked at her. I met her eyes. "Abby, even covered with my cum, you're absolutely gorgeous."

"Oh, really?" she asked me seriously. "You're just caught up in the moment, Mr. Smith."

"Well, sure," I replied, "and are you also caught up in the moment?"

She giggled and said in a perfect southern accent, "Why Mister Smith, whatever do you mean by that?"

I laughed but also met her eyes and stared into them for a bit.

"Abby," I whispered. "Take it off."

I reached out and put my right hand onto the top of her left knee. She instinctively clamped her legs tight.

I gave her my best smoldering look. I could see her resolve weakening.

"Tommy..." she whispered.

"Abby..." I replied back as I moved forward, my hands reaching out and spreading her legs wide. I forgot about having her take her shirt off. This was way beyond that.

"Tommy..." She whispered again. "What are you...Oh!"

As she was saying that I was moving further forward and she was falling back onto the bed. I was operating without a plan at that moment. As she fell back, her knees came up and her legs opened. I was looking down at her pretty pink pussy.

She had shaved almost all of her hair down there, leaving just a little stubble of light brown hair. I could see the inner lips of her pussy, glistening with dew. I could feel the heat from her pussy hitting my face as I leaned forward.

I moved close and stuck out my tongue and slid it between her pussy lips, tasting her hot nectar.

"Oh! My! Goodness!" She said.