My New Lingerie

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It was two days after my thirteenth birthday when I

first noticed it. Mr. Allen, my geography teacher had

given us an in-class assignment to drawer the province

as accurately as we could. He had given us the full

period to do this and he wanted a lot of detail. I

attended an all girls Catholic school complete with the

silly uniforms.

He was wondering around the room looking at each

student's progress and had stopped behind my desk to

look over my shoulder at my progress. I glanced up and

noticed that he was looking at my chest rather than my

map. He quickly looked away when I looked up. It didn't

take me to long to figure out that he was actually

looking down the front of my blouse. I could hardly

believe that he was interested in my chest as my

breasts had only started to grow and were each the size

of half a tennis ball.

Today I had worn the silly "training" bra my mother had

bought me for my birthday. As I thought about what he

was doing and having decided that he actually was

trying to look at my breasts I remember the other times

he had stood behind me looking at my work. I knew that

he wouldn't have seen anything then either because this

morning, as I wore my bra, was the first time that I

hadn't worn the snug fitting undershirts that I had

been standard wearing apparel since I was six.

It must be the bra I thought. That was the reason he

was still there and as far as I new still looking down

my shirt. There was two reasons that I didn't say

anything – the first was that I would have been

embarrassed and secondly, it was causing a strange warm

feeling in my stomach. Could it be that Mr. Allen, who

was ancient, was actually interested in looking at my

tiny breasts?

I was still thinking about it the next morning as I was

dressing for school. I decided to wear my bra again

even if I didn't really like it and made sure that I

had my loosest shirt to wear over it. I tried bending

over in front of the mirror but all I could see was my

bra. My breasts weren't even showing a bit. I reached

behind my back and loosened the bra strap to its

loosest setting.

When I bent over this time it was a little better but I

still couldn't see much. Then I reached into my shirt

and slid the shoulder straps a little looser. Now, when

I bent over the bra fell away from my chest and I could

easily see my breasts including my nipples. I sat at my

dresser and leaned forward as I would when I was

working at my desk at school. Looking down I could see

that my bra had fallen forward but not quite enough to

show my nipples. I could see the small roundness of my

breasts but the nipples were just hidden.

I tightened things up again and headed off to school.

My geography class was the last of the day and I went

into the washroom and loosened my bra in one of the

cubicles. Sitting on the toilet I managed to set the

straps so that everything was revealed except my

nipples when I leaned forward. Well, off to Mr. Allen's

class I went wondering if I had the nerve to show him.

By the time the class started I had a strange feeling

in the pit of my stomach. As I sat there the feeling

moved lower into my body and seemed to be centered

between my legs. I didn't know what was happening but

it felt good and I didn't want it to stop.

Mr. Allen was wandering around the class and I saw him

stop behind a few of the other female students and

glance quickly down at their necklines. I couldn't

believe I hadn't noticed him doing it before. I heard

him come up behind me and, even though I was shaking, I

lent forward a little. He stopped behind me and

continued to talk to the class. I glanced quickly down

and I saw that everything except my nipples, which were

now as hard as they got when I was cold, were in plain

view. Suddenly I wanted Mr. Allen to see my nipples as

well as my breasts but I didn't know how I was going to

do it without loosening my bra some more. I hunched my

shoulders and, glancing down, saw that my right nipple,

which was all swollen and puffy, even the areola, was

now in plain view.

I don't think I could have stood up if I had wanted to.

My legs felt weak and the feeling in my stomach and

between my legs was intensifying. My panties felt wet

and I was worried that I was peeing. Mr. Allen was

still behind me and I knew that he could see what he

had been trying see for quite awhile.

Finally he walked away and as soon as he got to the

front of the class I raised my hand and asked if I

could go to the washroom. I raced down the hall and as

soon as I had locked the cubicle door I reached under

my skirt and pulled down my panties. The crotch was

soaked and I ran my finger between my vagina lips to

see what it was. That felt terribly good. I started

running my finger back and forth and the feeling I had

had when Mr. Allen was looking at my breasts

immediately came back. I kept rubbing and very quickly

a feeling of intense pleasure washed over me. My older

sister had joked with me about masturbation and I had

tried it prior to this but, although it felt nice,

nothing like this had ever happened before. I finally

knew what she was talking about.

When I got home that day after school my sister was not

there and I went up to her room and quickly opened the

bottom drawer of her dresser. I knew she put underwear

in that drawer that was getting to small for her

rapidly growing 17 years. She hated throwing anything

away. I found an old red bra that was a 32AA with lots

of lace and a pair of matching lacy red thong panties.

I would have to use a needle and thread to make the set

fit me but at least they would look better than my

training bra and full cotton panties.

Altering the bra and panties was a simple job for

someone who routinely got A's in Home Ec. and soon I

was trying them on in the bathroom with the door

carefully locked. Both the bra and the panties fit

perfectly. I found the panties a little uncomfortable

with the string pulled into my bum but I figured I

would get used to it. I was right – they looked a lot

better than what I was used to wearing, not that I was

used to wearing a bra at all until two days ago.

The following day was Saturday and I decided to try my

new underwear and go and see my next door neighbour

Tim, a boy my age whom I had played with for years. I

wore a loose fitting t-shirt and very loose fitting

shorts over my new look underwear. I figured that if I

felt like it I could arrange for Tim to see up my shirt

or the leg of my shorts. In fact if I bent over the hem

of the shirt hung down to my knees. It had never been a

problem before as I always wore cotton undershirts

which Tim had certainly seen with no visible effect for

the last ten years and he had certainly seen the old

heavy cotton panties that I had worn up until today.

In fact I remember spilling pop on my shorts when I was

over at his house one or two years ago by ourselves and

I had taken them off and rinsed them out. We had played

the rest of the day long after my shorts had finished

in the dryer with me wearing just my old cotton

trustees. We had never thought anything of it but I do

remember thinking that I certainly couldn't go outside

like that and what else was I supposed to do.

I knocked on Tim's door and we decided to go up in his

tree house. I started up the ladder first and knew that

Tim could see up my shirt. I reached the top and looked

down expecting Tim to be right behind me. He wasn't. He

was still standing on the ground looking up. He was

staring unabashedly up my shirt. I pretended I didn't

realize and told him to hurry up. Climbing into the

fort, I sat cross legged on the floor and waited for

him. Glancing down at my shorts I saw that the loose

legs were gaping and that Tim would be able to look up

them. I wished that I had checked with a mirror so I

would know what he could see.

Tim climbed in and sat down in front of me. He didn't

look down at first but then he glanced down and I saw

his eyes go wide. I figured he was looking right at the

triangle of red cloth that was covering my vagina. The

feeling of warmth started again and I wanted it to keep

going. I looked at the front of his shorts and I saw a

tent forming and I knew the views certainly were having

an affect on him. I wondered what his penis looked like

and whether or not he was circumcised like my mom had

talked about the time she had "sat me down for a

serious talk." In fact that was when I learned the

terms "penis" and "vagina."

She had been very nervous talking about those things

but she had struggled through. I also knew that

"intercourse" was what men and women did to have babies

and that I couldn't have babies until my period started

which it hadn't. I wondered what it would be like to

have "intercourse" with Tim. Would his penis fit in my

vagina? Would it hurt? What would it feel like?

Wile these things were running through my mind Tim was

trying not to stare at the crotch of my shorts and I

was trying not to stare at the tent in his. I turned

over onto my hands and knees and swung around until my

bum was pointed in his direction. I was pretending to

look in a box we had on the far side of the tree fort.

My t-shirt fell completely away and the hem was almost

touching the ground. I knew that I might as well have

been kneeling there in my bra and shorts as far as what

Tim could see. I heard his breath catch behind me. It

was funny – nothing ad changed except I was wearing a

bra rather than my old undershirt. I had often assumed

this position before and Tim hadn't thought anything of it.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked as I rummaged in

the box.

Tim muttered something that I couldn't understand.

"What did you say? I asked.

"I can see your bra."

"So? You have seen my undershirts lots of times."

"But they weren't a bra"

"What's the difference?"

"I don't know. It's just different."

"For goodness sakes," I said and turned back to a

sitting position. I reached down and grabbed the hem of

my t-shirt and pulled it off over my head. I sat there

with just my bra on. The feeling in my stomach getting stronger.

"Now look at it and tell me what the difference is."

He stared at my chest and said "you've got breasts."

"Of course I have breasts, I'm a girl. They never

bothered you before."

"I never knew they were there before."

"Well get used to them, I don't think they're going to go away."

Tim was getting flustered. He didn't know whether to

look at my bra or turn away.

"Do you like it?" I asked.

"It's pretty" he responded eyes wandering around the fort.

"How do you know if you don't look at it?" His eyes

snapped back to the bra. The feeling in my stomach was

almost too much to bear now.

"Do you want me to take it off so you can see it better?"

"But then I will be able to see your breasts" he responded.

"I'll take it off if you show me what is making the

bump in your pants."

There was a long pause and Tim finally said "OK, you first."

Now it was up to me. Did I have the nerve to do this? I

couldn't think of anyone better than Tim to do this

with. I had known him for years. I reached behind me

and undid the hook of my bra. I held it in front of me

and then dropped it in my lap.

For the firs time in my life I was sitting topless in

front of a boy. Tim just looked at my breasts. My

nipples were hardening and, looking down, I saw they

were starting to stick out like they did when I was

cold. With the areolas, which were also swollen, they

seemed to be almost as large as my breasts themselves.

My stomach was flipping so fast I thought I would pass

out. I felt moisture gathering between my legs just

like it had in school the day before and I felt like my

breath was coming in short gasps.

Tim just kept staring at my breasts. "Can I touch

them?" he asked.

"Not until you take off your shorts."

Tim quickly pushed his shorts and underpants down to

his ankles and off his feet. I saw a real penis for the

first time. It was about three inches long and half an

inch thick and was standing straight out and curved a

little upwards. He, like me, had no hair around his

privates. I had seen pictures that my sister showed my

once of a man's penis and it had lots of hair around it

as did the picture of a woman's vagina.

I liked this better, it seemed cleaner. I slid closer

to Tim and reached for his penis. It was very hard as I

took it in my hand yet the skin was soft. Tim reached

out and touched one of my breasts with his fingers. He

moved his fingers around my breast and then onto my

nipple. The nipple was hard and swollen but the areola

was quite soft even though it was swollen. When his

fingers hit my nipple I thought I was going to stop

breathing. It felt so good. I hoped he would keep

playing with it.

"You have matching underpants on," he said.

"They're called 'panties', not 'underpants'. And

they're not much like pants. They only cover my vagina."

"Is that your pussy?"

"That's what my sister calls it."

"I like that name better," he said. "It is easier to remember."

"OK, you can call it my 'pussy' then."

"What does it look like – will you show me?"

"Sure." I stood up and pulled my shorts off leaving my panties on.

I was standing there naked with nothing on but my

panties. I looked down at my breasts and saw that my

nipples were extended and were very hard. My breasts

were about the size and shape of half a tennis ball and

the areolas were about the size of a fifty cent piece

and were swollen and sticking out from my breasts. My

nipples were about the size and shape of a pencil

eraser and right then just about as hard. Tim was

trying to see everything and once and seemed in a panic

that he would miss something.

"Do you want me to take my panties off so you can see

my vagina... my pussy?"

"Please," he almost begged.

I hooked my thumbs in the waist band of my panties,

pulled them down and steeped out of them. I was now

naked in front of Tim. My nipples were so hard they

were hurting and the warm, funny feeling in my crotch

was so intense I could hardly stand it. I felt moisture

seeping out of my vagina and my knees were wobbly. I

quickly lid down on the floor of the tree house and

tried to relax. Tim was watching me fascinated. His

penis was sticking straight out and appeared just as

hard as my nipples.

I sat on the floor of the tree house facing him. My

knees were raised and my feet were far enough apart

that they were not interfering with his view.

"What do you want me to do?," I asked.

"I don't know. Perhaps you could lay down."

I did as he asked and raised my knees spreading them so

he could see my pussy.

"Can I come closer?" Tim's quavering voice asked.

"Come as close as you want."

Tim moved closer until he was kneeling right at my

feet. He leaned over until his head was right between

my knees. I saw him staring at my vagina. To help him I

raised my legs and grabbed my knees spreading my legs

even further apart. My vagina was now tilted up towards

his face and about a foot away from his staring eyes. I

was starting to feel the onset of the same intense

feeling I had had when I was in the school washroom

stroking my vagina.

"Can I touch it?" Tim asked.

"Sure," I replied. I didn't dare say any more because

my voice was quavering.

Tim reached out and I felt his fingers brush against

the lips of my vagina. My body jerked and I gasped.

"Did I hurt you?" Tim asked pulling his hand away.

"No, no," I said. "It felt good, do what you want, I

will tell you if you are hurting me."

He reached out with both hands and I felt his fingers

on either side of my vagina. He slowly spread my lips apart.

"I can see your hole" he said. "Tell me if I hurt you."

I don't think I could have said anything coherent even

if he had stuck a needle into me. Waves of intense

feeling were rolling over me. I nodded my head. I was

desperately hoping the same feeling would come as did

in the school washroom.

I felt Tim's fingers spreading my lips further and

further apart. I spread my knees as far apart as they

would go to help him.

"Your hole only goes in a little way then there is a

barrier with a little opening in it. Is that your cherry?"

"I think it's my hymen," I stammered.

"Then where is your cherry?" he replied.

"My sister says that "cherry" is a slang word for hymen."

"What's this littler knob at the top of your slit?," he asked.

"Where?"

"Here," he said, touching it with his finger tip.

"Ungg, ahhh!" was all I could reply and I felt like I

was going to come out of my skin. "Touch it some

more... ahhhhhhh... PLEASE! Keep touching it."

Tim started gently rubbing the spot and wave after wave

of intense feeling washed over me. I heard myself

moaning and grunting. I hoped it would never end but it

did. I let my knees go and my legs fell down to the

floor knocking Tim's hand away.

It was a few seconds before I could talk properly.

"That was wonderful," I said. "I have never felt

anything like that before. I think you just masturbated me."

"Would you masturbate me?" he asked.

"I don't know how."

"You just hold my cock and slid your hand up and down."

"OK."

Tim lay back on the floor. His penis was standing

straight up. I took hold of it and slowly moved my hand

up and down. The skin slid smoothly and he said to go a

little faster. I picked up the speed and soon he was

lifting his hips off the floor and his eyes closed. He

started to breathe harder and it wasn't long before he

started jerking his hips and a little bit of creamy

stuff came out of his penis.

"Thank you," he said. "You can stop now."

I stopped and said "Is that all?" I was glad that I

seemed to have experienced much more than he did.

We got dressed and decide that it was time for both of

us to go home.

Next day was Sunday and my mother wanted me to go to

the mall with her. I had to wear my ugly training bra

and white panties because I was with her.

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To be continued if there is any interest email me.