



Dirty Panties

Erotica by NiteOwl

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This Story Is Dedicated To
All The Hedonist Lovers of The World
And Our Freedom of Speech

Dirty Panties

An Erotic Story by NiteOwl

When I met Tammy, I was already very curious about sex with another woman. Ever since highschool, I found women attractive, even though I spent most of my time with the guys doing what most girls do. In fact, I had a pretty big appetite for cock. I loved to fuck and was more than eager when it came to chugging down a guys load after a hot and heavy session of head bobbing. To be honest, it didn't really matter where a guy made his deposit as far as I was concerned, as long as I got my share man. Until Tammy, I was about as straight as any slightly promiscuous slut could be. Other than for the attraction I had, I more or less was looking forward to the day when I would find Mr Right between my legs.

Then one day, the very same day I moved out of my parents house and into my own apartment, I bumped into Tammy, who happened to live in the apartment next to mine. Cute as a button, she had everything I ever fantasized about in a women, her bright smile and sexy petite figure igniting my imagination like wild fire. For the first time I was actually thinking of breaking tradition and taking the plunge.

After introducing herself, she invited me into her suite and the ball was set in motion, never to stop. Her place was sparsely furnished, much like I had envisioned the way my own apartment would be, warm and cozy with lots of room to dance about. First thing she did was put on a pot of coffee, then we sat down at her small dinette table and started chatting. Completely candid and off the cuff, Tammy talked about everything that came to mind, which absolutely blew me away. The good, the bad, personal things, sexual things, things I never expected or would have dared to ask.

An afternoon full of revelations and surprises, I found myself being drawn deeper and deeper into the moment. Following her lead, I opened up to her, exposing my most personal feelings, sharing stories, making confessions I never told anyone before. It was the most incredible feeling and very liberating to get everything in the open. There was something very familiar about Tammy, an aura which made me feel calm and right at home. It was as obvious as can be that there was a strong connection between us. There was nothing I wouldn't tell her, all she had to do was ask.

As young and cute as she was, it turned out that Tammy had been around the block some and was much more experienced than even slutty ol' me. Leaving home at a very early age, she was already working two jobs when she was 16 to put herself through school and pay the bills. She didn't tell me all that much as to why, saying only that she loved her parents, but couldn't live with them. She wanted to live on her own, to have the freedom and independence to do what she wanted, when she wanted and with whomever she wanted.

What really shocked me though, was that she was an adult model, as in X rated. I couldn't believe it at first, she just didn't look the type, but it started making a lot of sense since I was sure I had seen her before, but just couldn't remember where. One thing was sure, she had my full attention. We were both full of questions about each other and stories about ourselves. All in all, it was a wild roller coaster ride of tales and laughter which we both enjoyed immensely.

After wasting away the afternoon, feeling pretty buzzed on coffee, we switched to wine and started about her work. Tammy told me how she got started when she was barely 18 years old after answering an ad in the local alternative paper. Like me, she was hyper sexual, but she didn't care much for the relationship bit. As far as she

was concerned, she had plenty of time to settle down and wanted to explore her sexual appetites and options first before making any long term decisions. So when this interesting opportunity popped up while reading the paper on her break, she immediately grabbed it.

Her interview went so well, she was more than happy to say goodbye to her waitress job and started taking off her clothes for the camera within a few days. Everyone she met was so impressed with her enthusiasm, young looks and desire for more, she found herself flat on her back after just a couple shoots, having the time of her life spreading her legs and getting laid on video. While there are plenty of horror stories in the porn world, she was living proof that there are girls who actually like the scene. As she put it to me, “you can’t condemn an entire industry for a few bad apples.” The guys she did, the things she did, she made it loud and clear that she enjoyed her work as she filled me in on all the steamy details. It all sounded so delicious and wickedly tempting.

Suddenly here I was, all my stuff still waiting to be unpacked, getting rather warm and horny with my next door neighbor, whom I had only just met. And the more she told me, the more attracted to her I became, those familiar woman on woman fantasies now starting to surface as a distinct possibility. I remember thinking to myself, how I wouldn’t mind doing it with her, contemplating whether I should make a move on her. I just couldn’t get over how gorgeous, sexy and sexual she was, a dream come true, or at least a hope it was.

We were nearing the end of our first bottle of wine and in the middle of a heated story about her last job for a local studio, both of us getting carried away by the alcohol, when she turned up the heat to the max. Never had I heard a woman talk so bluntly, her mouth dripping with the sweetest obscenities and lust as she described every move, and I was loving every detail. The thought of getting that much cock and getting paid for it was making

me wet. Then from out of the blue, she asked me if I wanted to watch it with her. I was floored, I just couldn't believe what she had just asked me, but I just couldn't resist.

Getting up, she went to the kitchen and pulled out another bottle of red wine from the kitchen cabinet. On her return, she handed me the cork screw and told me to go ahead and open it while she got the cd. "You have to excuse the production values, it isn't Hollywood, just porn." Tammy said. Then getting down on her knees in front of her TV, she started rummaging through a bunch of compact discs while I watched, unable to keep my eyes off her petite figure, her gorgeous tight ass facing me. Tammy was so beautiful no matter what angle I looked at her from. "I make it a point to get a copy of everything I do, otherwise I won't do the shoot."

Finding the one she was looking for, Tammy promptly slipping it into the DVD deck. I tried to relax as much as possible, my heart pounding with desire and anticipation upon her return. Sitting down with remote control in hand, she gave me a smile as she reached for the drink that was waiting for her on the table. I knew the wine had its hold on me, as every second seemed to pass by in slow motion. More than just the wine though, my sexual juices had me burning up. Then suddenly, like a static shock, I jumped to attention in my seat as the screen lit up. There she was, no introduction, no credits, just the sound of heavy breathing as Tammy lay completely naked on a bed, masturbating with her wide spread legs. What's more, now that I was seeing her on the screen in her state of undress, with only her makeup on, I finally realized exactly who she was, having seen her many times before on video whenever I rented some porn to pass the night away, only under a different name.

Glued to the picture before me, I could see Tammy checking out my reaction from the corner of my eye, a big smile on her face. Then she turned to watch along with me. "I just love watching myself have sex." She casually

remarked. Again, I was stunned, but certainly not disappointed as I stared on with her. Next thing I knew, Tammy's cunt filled the screen as the camera got in close to get all the finger action in. Shaved, pink and totally open, it was the most gorgeous pussy I had ever seen on TV. There were even moments you could see inside, glimpses of her cervix flashing on the screen now and then as she spread herself open for the lens.

For the next 10 minutes or so, we watched her play with her clit and finger her wet cunt on the screen. Tammy seemed to really enjoy the attention I was giving to the events that were unfolding before me, every now and then throwing in another comment, a hint of enthusiasm and pride on her voice. The footage was the raw, uncut and unedited version, the one before being plastered on the porn sites, complete with pauses, bad camera angles and even the directors voice, but it didn't matter to me. Every minute was pure enjoyment, with nothing left to the imagination other than the wish that it had been my face between those legs instead of Tammy's busy fingers. Except for the sampling that I enjoy from my fingers when I masturbate, I had never tasted pussy before, but the sight of her sweet cunt on TV that night had me ready and willing to get down on my knees for her at a moments notice.

"Now comes the good part..." She said point blank, taking another sip of wine from her glass. Just as she sat her glass down, the scene cut to a wide angle shot with two rather large men walking into the bedroom, their huge erections looking rather scary. I mean, these cocks were massive, the epitome of what they call monster cocks these days. "Quite a bit larger than I prefer, but they were better than nothing."

With my eyes still glued to the screen, the action was fast and furious, with no foreplay to speak of. I could feel my heart pounding away in my chest as I watched the two men grab hold of Tammy, pulling her onto her hands

and knees like a rag doll. Then like a bat out of hell, the black man mounted her from behind while the white guy got down on his knees in front of her face. Both guys looked way too big for Tammy to handle, but Tammy didn't seem to care. Marking the start of some of the most intense sex I had ever seen on video, I watched as the white guy grabbed Tammy by the hair and rudely forced his swollen gland into her mouth. Meanwhile, the black stud went to work on the other end, stuffing his enormous tool in Tammy's tight cunt from behind. I've seen a lot of hardcore porn over the years and even enjoy rough sex myself when I'm in a horny mood, but there was nothing that came close to what I saw happen then. Over and over, the two guys stuffed Tammy's cunt and face, even taking turns fucking her up the ass and slapping her around on occasion.

"Oh my god, didn't that hurt?" I asked out of curiosity, all the while wondering what I was going to do about the wet spot that was forming between my legs.

"Yeah, but I like it that way when I have sex with a man." She answered with an almost wishful sounding sigh. "Besides, I'm not really into guys all that much outside of work, so I just go for it when I get laid."

Her return hit me like a slap in the face, waking me up as I realized what Tammy was saying. All of a sudden I found myself on the edge of an orgasm as I continued to stare at the TV. Without even thinking, the words quietly escaped from my lips. "You are so fucking hot." Instantly, I could feel Tammy's eyes turn on me. I didn't know what else to do but keep my eyes forward, feeling slightly embarrassed, unsure as to what I was going to do next now that the cat was out of the bag, finding myself in unfamiliar territory. Up until that moment, everything was casual and adventurous. Then with a slip of the tongue, the room suddenly became thick with sexual tension between Tammy and myself. At first I thought it was just me, but I soon found out otherwise.

Tammy was still looking at me when the show finally came to the final climax. Extremely excited and decidedly inebriated, I kept my eyes on the screen in front of me, catching every shot as I watched the two sweat drenched men pull their massive tools out and finished themselves off, dumping their loads in the mouth and face of a one very sore and visibly satisfied looking Tammy. I tried to keep my eyes forward, but I just couldn't avoid seeing the events unfolding next to me as the real Tammy slid down off her chair, making her way over to me on her hands and knees. Then slowly, I lowered my head to take a look just as the TV screen went blank, not knowing what to do or say.

"I could smell you from a mile away." She said, beating me to the punch as she placed her hands on my legs. Gently prying them apart, I watched as she lowered her eyes to get a peak up my skirt, knowing damn well she could see how wet my panties were, but it just didn't matter anymore. "Just as I thought, you're on the rag." She continued, a dirty smile coming over her face. Suddenly I became embarrassed all over again, prompting me to close my legs. I forgot all about my period, realizing only then why she said she could smell me. "It's okay," she finished, reassuring me, "it turns me on." Slowly, she pried my legs apart again, this time putting herself between them so I couldn't close them.

Looking up at me, we simply stared into each others eyes as I felt her hand travel up my thigh beneath my skirt. Moments later and I felt her fingers slip beneath the elastic band of my panty. Slowly, I felt my panty slide down my thighs with a slight tug as she gave me a knowing look, obviously pleased with my reaction as I raised my butt for her. A few moments later and I was staring down at the sight of my panties sliding over my knees, the dark red stain clearly visible on the inside of the soiled crotch.

"HmMMM..." Tammy sighed.

Memorized by the sight before me, I raised my feet one by one as Tammy slid my panty down and off. Instead of tossing it aside, however, Tammy held it up to her nose, crotch side up in the palm of her hand. She brought it to her nose and took a long deep breath, her eyes clouding up for a moment before finally exhaling with another sigh. Then slowly, setting my panty down beside her, she leaned forward. I needed no coaxing as I spread my legs farther apart for her. Within seconds I felt the tip of her tongue on my cunt for the first time, the sensation sending waves of pleasure through me. After years of fantasy and curiosity, my dream was finally coming to life, and it was everything I had hoped it would be.

Raising my skirt to get a better look, I watched intently as Tammy licked my pussy. I could already see traces of my menstrual cycle around her mouth when she spread my lips apart with her fingers for better access, giving me a real treat as she slipped her tongue down low, pushing the tip past the entrance of my vagina. She didn't even flinch at the presence of menstrual blood that was still leaking from me. Before I knew what had hit me, her entire mouth was on me, her eyes closed as she licked, sucked and probed my cunt from clit to hole. And if that weren't enough, Tammy had me quaking within seconds as my orgasm surfaced, building faster and faster until I just couldn't take it any longer. Without a second thought, I grabbed hold of her head in desperation and pushed her face hard against my crotch as I started cumming.

Not knowing whether I was coming or going, I lost all control of my faculties, engulfed in Tammy's passionate hunger and my own greedy lust. I love it when men go down on me, especially when it's with a guy who really enjoys eating pussy, but this was the best. Bringing me to orgasm several times over, Tammy soon had me flat on

my back on the floor, my entire body in convulsions as she continued eating me out. There is no other way I can describe it, she had me going out of my mind.

When I finally cried out to her, practically begging her for a taste of pussy, she wasted no time at all. Getting up, she pulled her pants and panties down and off in one motion, then off came her top, exposing her lovely small breasts. Joining her in mid stream, I answered her every move as I quickly removed my skirt and blouse, throwing my bra aside. Then laying back down just in time, I eagerly watched as Tammy swung one leg over my head, lowering her crotch on my face.

Already sopping wet herself, I could feel the heat as her cunt landed on my tongue. The taste of her pussy was unlike anything I had tasted before, sweet and tangy, a distinct mixture of flesh and vaginal excretions that spoke volumes. Finally, I understood why men love eating pussy so much. And as I started licking, I felt her head dive down between my legs once again as we settled into a hot 69. Locked face to pussy for what seemed like ages, it didn't take very long before she joined me with her own thunderous orgasmic tremors, taking me completely by surprise as a torrent of juices gushed from her gaping vagina, literally bathing my face.

I had often heard about female ejaculation, even watched it on video, but it always looked fake, more like they had a couple bottles of water before the taping and needed a pee. Well, let me say right here and now, it's not pee. Not all women can ejaculate, like myself, but those who do, really do. Tammy is one of those women, and she had me yearning for more as she filled my mouth with her delicious nectar. Then just when I thought she had nothing left to give, she would start gushing again. As she did, I also quaked, cumming over and over again. I don't know how long we went at it, a half hour, an hour, I just can't say, it just didn't matter. When we were

finished though, we were both feeling damn good.

Laying on the floor together for a while, resting in each others arms, we quietly talked for a while as we caught our breath. I never thought of myself as a lesbian, and I guess she couldn't be called one either since she enjoyed getting more than her share of cock every now and then, albeit as part of her job. None the less, we both agreed that we liked what we had found and that we wanted more. As new as our relationship was, the bond that we had developed for one another was undeniable. Meeting Tammy changed my life entirely.

Having lots of time on her hands, I called in sick at work the very next day and spent the entire week with her. Except for a brief trip to my apartment for my tooth brush and a change of clothes, and a short excursion to the store for some groceries and a restock of wine, we spent our time exploring every inch of each others bodies, repeatedly bringing each other off every way we could, testing the limits of pain and pleasure. I even started to worry at one point, wondering if this was something that would be over just as soon as it had started, it all seemed a little too good to be true.

When I finally returned to the task of unpacking my belongings the following week, I just sat there, staring blankly out the window at the sky. All I could think about was Tammy, feelings of jealousy creeping in as I thought about her at work, wondering how many men she was doing today, something I had never felt with a man. Later that day when I heard the sound of her keys in the hallway, I jumped up and rushed out the door, my heart pounding away beneath my breast. There she was, looking beautiful, just about ready to go inside when she stopped and looked at me. I could see the passion in her eyes, the words imprinted on her lips. She had a freshly fucked glow on her face that I was all too familiar with myself, having always had a weakness for cock.

Slowly I walked up to her, stopping toe to toe in front of her. "I was thinking," I said, my heart racing a mile a second as I looked at her straight in the face, "there's really no use in me getting unpacked."

"What do you mean?" She asked, a look of panic filling her face.

"Tammy." I said, taking a long pause as I searched for the right words. "I think I'm in love with you. I know I want you. And I was just wondering if you felt the same way... And if you do, well, what do you think about us moving in together?"

We just stood there staring at each other, searching our eyes for the longest minute of our lives. Then in a flash of clarity, we wrapped our arms around one another and embraced. She felt so good in my arms, just the right size and shape, the heat radiating from her body, warming my skin through our clothes. When we let go, we knew the answer as we went inside. Without saying a word, we undressed one another and retired to the bedroom, where we spent the entire night engulfed in our lust.

We explored all our fantasies and just about every fetish we could think of together. Slipping into a strap on she had sitting in one of her dresser drawers, Tammy gave me a taste of things to come as she took me like one of her lovers at work, pulling my hair and giving my ass a stinging hard slap every now and then, she fucked me long and hard from behind. While our earlier love session was gentle and passionate, Tammy tool me violently this time, slamming the rubber tool deep inside of my cunt with deliberate intent, making me cum over and over until I couldn't take any more.

Then it came my turn as I tied her up on the bed, running my hands up and down her body as she lay helplessly before me, bringing her to the verge of orgasm with my tongue several times, only to pull away, taking note of the look on her face as she became more desperate every time. Then the final move as I slowly worked my fingers between her legs, pushing, twisting, the sound of her moans urging me on as I worked my hand into her. The look on her face was intense, her entire body immediately reacting as I popped my fist inside her hot vagina. Within seconds her juices were gushing around my wrist as I proceeded to fist fuck her.

Restraining herself from waking up the neighbors, she grabbed a pillow to muffle her cries until the sheets beneath her ass were soaked in her juices. I showed no mercy as I rapidly pumped my hand inside her, savoring the taste as I leaned down to lick up the juices that were seeping out from around my wrist like a river, stopping only when I could tell she had enough.

I wanted to return the favor from the other day so much, but no matter how much I wanted to, no matter how much I tried, no matter how intense my orgasms, I just can't cum like her. That, however, didn't stop me from taking advantage of the situation, thinking quickly as I felt the need to go to the bathroom come over me, I tugged on her arm. "Get up." I said. Tammy immediately got up and followed my lead, a look of curiosity on her face as I ushered her into the bathroom. Then stepping in the tub, I told her to join me. "Kneel down in front of me."

With a gleam in her eyes and a dirty grin from ear to ear, Tammy got the message and knelt down before me. Then with a giggle, she held her head back, closed her eyes and opened her mouth as I stood over her, my legs spread slightly. The anticipation was quickly answered as I proceeded to relieve myself on her face. She didn't

flinch an inch when the steady stream hit her, letting me bathe her face and fill her mouth with my warm pee, soaking her hair in the process. When I was finished, I lowered my wet crotch and rubbed myself in her face from head to chin. "That's it bitch," I cooed nastily, "clean me up with that sexy face of yours."

It was the nastiest night in my life, but I was having so much fun. We both were. When we finished, we just looked at each other for a moment and then started laughing our heads off. It was all so surrealistic, yet terribly exciting. Next thing I knew, I joined her, dropping to my knees and wrapped my arms around her urine covered body. I just couldn't resist the opportunity before me as I pressed my lips to hers, snaking my tongue in her mouth to taste the leftovers of my own piss. It was one of the most erotic acts in my life, strictly taboo until that very moment as we embraced.

Kissing for the longest time, I broke the silence between us when I pulled my lips from hers and looked her in the eyes. "I just want you to know that you can do anything you want with me," I said, "and I mean anything."

Tammy stared at me a moment. "Lets just agree that we can do anything we want to each other, as long as it's safe," she answered, "agreed?"

"Agreed." I replied, my heart filled with joy.

After taking a shower together, we settled into bed with one another. Although it was very late in the night, neither of us could resist feeling one another, pressing our bodies against one another, running our hands over each others ass and between our legs as we talked. Quietly she told me she would set up a job interview for me,

which was already pretty well in the bag except for the formalities. I never thought of myself as a porn star, but I certainly had the sexual appetite and was more than willing to give it a try. Besides, I really looked forward to working with Tammy.

"I need to tell you something else." I said as I started drifting to sleep. "What?" She asked, her eyelids also growing heavy.

"I was thinking about you being fucked today at work and got jealous." I answered.

"That's okay." She replied, "As long as you know that I'm all yours when we're at home together, everything will be alright. I promise, if I ever do meet a man I like, I'll tell you. Who knows, maybe we'll even share him and make it a three way affair."

"You mean, like polygamy?" I queried.

"That too. If the right one comes along, why not?" She answered. "Right now though, I think the two of us will do quite nicely, just a couple of horny girls in love with one another."

I couldn't have agreed with her more, pressing my lips to hers for a brief moment. Then closing our eyes, we drifted off into a deep sleep.

Waking up later that day with Tammy already at work, I fixed myself a much needed cup of coffee and made my

way over to see the landlord. Everything went fine. Forfeiting my first and last months rent, which was fine by me, I started moving my stuff over that very same afternoon. By the time Tammy got home, I was already moved in and even unpacked. I started work the following week, finding myself laying on flat my back beside Tammy the very next day, having the biggest orgasm while two guys were balls deep in us, giving us a thorough screwing side by side while a small camera crew caught every detail from the side lines. It was an amazing experience to say the least, but that's an entirely different story.

Today I can say that Tammy and I love each other more than ever. And our sex life is the best. I honestly don't think there is a hornier couple of cunts anywhere else in the world. When I'm alone at home, all I have to do is reach into the laundry hamper and grab one of Tammy's dirty panties, take a deep breath, and I know tonight is going to be a very good night.

The End

Attention: If you have private amateur photos or ideas that you would like to share and see included in future free stories, please visit my site and contact me using the online contact form. I am also looking for a submissive middle aged woman who is deep into sex and would like to have some wicked hardcore fun collaborating on an in depth, true perspective no holds barred "her story/his story" style work with me, no experience required.

