

"Paul, look at me. I have two younger brothers, and believe me, I know what boys do with girl's underwear, especially after they have been worn."

"You don't know for sure," I said.

"Believe me. I'm sure. I caught my brothers, on more than one occasion, playing with themselves while holding a pair of my dirty panties to their faces. Quite frankly, I couldn't see the attraction, but they seemed to enjoy it."

There was no use trying to escape my fate. I had been exposed. My only hope now was that she still loved her brothers. There was another long, pregnant pause. I tried to take a bite of my dessert, but my hands were shaking too much, so I just sat there. She was calm. I was beaten. All I could do now was hope for some mercy for something I had done in my ill-spent youth.

She looked at me rather sternly. "You've had them for so long that it almost seems like they should be yours by reason of eminent domain. So ... what I might be able to do is trade you for them."

"I know, I am truly sorry. It was a crazy thing for me to do, and I, uh ... what did you say?" I asked.

"I said I would trade you for them," she said softly.

"What do you mean trade me for them?"

While staring directly into my eyes, she scooted down a bit in her seat and began sliding her panties down her legs. She laid them on the table next to the pair I had placed there. They were almost a carbon copy of the ones I had taken only they were more like a thong.

As I stared at both pairs of panties lying there together, she handed the ones she had just taken off to me and placed the other pair in her purse. I looked at her in complete surprise. It was as if I had just gotten off the boat, and incapable of grasping what she had just done. Then I saw a hint of a smile on her face, and I began to realize that not only had she stabbed me, but she had been twisting the blade for a while. She was letting me off the hook.

I sat there for a moment and discreetly lifted the freshly soiled panties to my face. They were wet, very wet. I inhaled her fresh essence. It was earthy and pungent. It was the smell of her sex. The smell I had become addicted to. I was dizzy with emotion and excitement. This was far better than anything I had ever experienced in my life.

I looked softly into her eyes as I discretely placed my tongue on the inside pad of her panties and slowly pulled it away. A thin film of her arousal clung tenaciously to my tongue. I drew it into my mouth and closed my eyes while I savored her taste. I realized, right then, just how much I screwed up by not asking her to marry me twenty years ago. She broke the silence by asking me, "Is it as good as you hoped it would be?"

"Better," I whispered.