

Trying Out Her New Pants With His Face

“Babe! My package has arrived!” Lily sung aloud.

From the other room, Adam replied, “Wait, which one? The clothes or the *other* one.”

“Both!”

Adam thought for a moment, his mind bristled with ideas, then he shot up from his desk and rushed to the bedroom. Lily had already torn open the first of the two packages – a pile of new clothes lay on the bed. She was browsing through them, holding each item to her body to see how it might look. A pastel-peach crop looked pretty and Autumnal against her pale skin, a pair of green shorts matched her eyes quite perfectly.

“I like the look of these.” Adam lifted a pair of black, flared tights from the heap. The sides were woven with lace.

“I thought you might.” she winked, and with a flick of her auburn hair, her attention was back on the mirror.

“I’d love to see you in them.”

“Oh you will.” she laughed softly, “Open the other box hun.”

He grabbed the package from the floor. A nondescript cardboard box with only their address and an unassuming business name were present on the label. Adam hadn’t a clue what Lily had bought. He peeled the tape back, and dug through the various packaging materials. Within he found yet another box, about the size of a bottle of spirits. That’s what he thought it was at first – Lily had purchased him his favorite whiskey from their time away in Scotland last year.

Eager to taste it again, he withdrew it from the depths of the packing paper.

“*Blissbud-Max*.” he read aloud. “The ultimate in clitoral stimulation.”

“Cindy bought one a few weeks ago. She won’t shut up about it. I had to see if it was as good as she said it was.”

“And *how* good did she say it was?”

“She was breathless just talking about it.”

“That good huh?”

“That good.”

“We’ll have to try it out.”

“And we will.” Lily smirked, as she pulled her cozy tracksuit pants off and plucked the tight, flared lace pants from her boyfriend’s lap.

His eyes honed in on her, taking in every curve of her soft, plush thighs, and her perky ass as she pulled the stretchy fabric up and over. With a snap of the waistband, she turned and checked herself out in the mirror.

“Those— those are *really* hot.” Adam was practically drooling.

“How’s my ass look?”

“Delicious.”

“You like the lace?” it ran down from hip to ankle, giving a tasteful tease of the supple skin beneath. Adam fought the urge to drag his tongue along the lace.

“I love it.”

“Wanna try it out?” she smirked, and cocked her head to the side.

“Try it out? What, like, wear them?”

Lily cracked into a laugh. “No... I mean... *try* it.”

Her eyes darted from the toy, still in its box, to her ass clad in tight spandex, to his face staring hungrily at it. Adam’s eyes narrowed, still uncertain.

After long enough, she filled in the blanks. “With your face. Adam. I want to sit on your face, in these pants, and test the blissbud out.”

She hadn’t even finished her sentence before he had swiped the pile of new clothes onto the bed, and laid himself face up, with his head between the pillows. She rolled her eyes.

“Always so eager.” she said, and softly slapped the tent he was already pitching. Lily stepped up onto the bed, then over him, then down to her knees. Her ass, tightly shrouded in soft, stretchy fabric, flexed and tensed as she lowered herself down. Adam could already smell her aroma, her arousal, her excitement, and he drew deep breaths, letting it fill his lungs.

Then his world became a soft, warm darkness. She shuffled until comfortable upon his face. The nylon stretched and conformed to his features, as did the plush, yet firm meat of her generous rear.

Adam lay still, taking in short, shallow breaths as Lily unpackaged the toy.

“Fully charged.” he heard her say. Then she stretched the waistband of her new pants, and slipped the blissbud inside.

The tight nylon kept it firm, and affixed the pulsing pad directly to her yearning clit. The result was instantaneous. The pulsing thrum of the device churned against Adam’s chin, and Lily’s hands fell sprayed out against his chest. Her back was arched in moments, and Adam’s hands had snuck their way into his own pants and began to work his shaft.

Every breath he took was rich in her pleasure. Every breath she took was dripping with fervor. Thighs tighten about his head. Ragged breaths. Hitched gasps. A look of bewilderment from the raw power and efficiency of the toy. A swooning, sleepy-eyed expression of bliss buried beneath her ass.

Soft moans filled the room, some muffled, others long and verbose. Lily's hair hung over her face and brushed against his shirt below. Her fingers dug into his chest, it was almost too much. A soft moan escaped his lips as he stroked his cock zealously. When her fingers plucked at his waistband, and brought his manhood into the open, he shuddered with erotic glee.

The warmth of spit soon graced him, and still his hands worked against his freshly lubricated length. He groaned into her ass, she reached for the toy and turned it up. It drew a long, ardent cry from deep within. A gorgeous, blissful sound that tickled Adam's senses. With his spare hand, he gripped her hip and pulled her down. His kissed her crotch passionately through the tight Lycra, and she rocked back and forth upon his face.

His eagerness did not only extend to his attitude. His excitement got the better of him, and with a primal shudder, a desperate moan, and a yearning gasp, his cock shivered and pulsed and thick, white cum rained onto his stomach. Lily replied with a delicate mew of affection, before her own pleasure became too much.

The orgasm came like a typhoon. It shook her and threw her about and unseated everything that was not bolted down. Her body moved like waves crashing to shore, and her cries were just as unrelenting. Adam felt his chin grow wet as her arousal soaked through the material of her pants. He tasted it on his lips, and it gave him life.

She didn't so much as step off of him, but slid sideways and fell. The climax had robbed her of usual graceful self and left a trembling, groggy woman in its place. She laid beside him for a moment before speaking.

"So... what did you think of the pants?"

He laughed, his eyes closed. "Not sure."

"Not sure?!"

"Yeah. I think I might have to test them again."

"You would say that." she laughed, and slapped his chest.

A few fond seconds passed, their minds each playing back the past few minutes.

"Okay." she finally said, and perched herself back on his face. "Let's test them again."