

Yellow Panties

Mark dumped his clothes onto his bed. Underneath his grey boxer briefs he spied a splash of yellow. It was a pair of women's underwear. He picked them up.

Silky. Very smooth.

Susan, who lived in 2D, had used the dryer just before him.

What to do? Go knock on her door and hand her the underwear?

He hung the panties on his dresser mirror.

When Mark woke the next morning, the first thing he saw were the yellow panties. They seemed to glow in the bright morning sun. He carried them to the bathroom. As he towelled off, he looked at the panties tantalizingly spread out across the vanity top. He touched them. Smooth, cool, and erotic.

I wonder ...

He put them on. The fit was snug, but he liked the feel against his skin. Maybe he'd wear them. Why not? No one would see them. He wasn't going to the gym today.

Yes, why not.

He was about to open the door to leave when someone knocked on it. He opened it to see Susan, dressed in her gray business attire.

"I hate to bother you, but I think you have something of mine."

Mark shifted his feet. "Oh?"

"Yes, it's a bit ... well, you have my underwear."

"I .. uh, don't understand," he said.

"I left them in the dryer. I saw you putting your clothes in after I took mine out. The dryer was empty when I went back to look for them."

"What do they look like?" he asked.

"Yellow silk. Not something most men wear."

What did she mean by "most" men?

"No, I didn't see them," he said.

"I wouldn't bother, but they were very expensive, a present from my fiancée."

"Congratulations. When's the big day?"

Susan grimaced and stared hard into his eyes. "Look, I know you have them."

"Hey, if I had them, I'd give 'em right back. What use would I have? I don't have a fiancée."

She snorted. "I can see why."

"What's that mean?"

"Who would marry a thief?"

"Do you want to come in and search the place?"

"Yes, I do."

He hadn't expected that.

"Well, okay, but not now. I have to get to work."

"And have time to hide them?" she asked.

"All right, if you insist. Search away!"

"This won't take long," she said.

Mark led Susan to his bedroom and opened the drawers to his dresser. Without a hint of reserve, she dove right into every drawer rummaging through his underwear, tee shirts and socks.

"How about the closet?" she asked.

"Sure, why not?" Mark slid open the closet door. Susan pulled storage boxes off the shelves and searched through piles of rarely worn bermuda shorts, running shorts and exercise tees.

"How about under the bed?" he volunteered.

Susan got on her hands and knees and peered under his box spring.

“See any underwear?”

“You really ought to vacuum under here. It’s disgusting.”

She tromped to the kitchen and opened every cabinet. She searched the microwave, the oven, the refrigerator and the freezer compartment.

Mark flung his briefcase onto the kitchen table and snapped it open, “You forgot to look in here!”

“Thanks,” she said and pulled all his papers out onto the table and ran her hands through the flaps and storage pockets.

“Are you satisfied now?”

“Your pockets?” she asked.

Mark emptied his pockets and pulled them inside out.

Susan stared at Mark. Her eyes narrowed and she shook her head from side to side. “I’ve heard of men like you.”

“Men like me? What are you saying?”

“There’s only one place my underwear can be.”

“Oh?”

“Keep them.” she said and stormed out slamming the door behind her..