

Subj: **"Pantyhose" a story**
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From: [Manolete XXX](#)
To: [Megan4Mischief](#)

"Pantyhose"

By J. Davies

Lorraine Piff loved the compressed air. She absolutely loved the feel of it blasting against her ever compliant Moowallah. The rest of the blast surged up the walls of the barrel and massaged her breasts with a brisk razor-sharp Whoosh. Her nipples briefly danced the Fandango as she flew through the air as well. The impact with the nylon net invariably made her have a massive, eyeball-scorching orgasm, which left her limp, and the workmen had to carry her soaking wet back to the dressingroom.

Lorraine was Chief Pantyhose Tester for the Testing Department of the Piff Pantyhose Company, which was stater by her Grandfather. Her job was to select a pair at random, put them on, and be shot from a compressed air cannon through the air, landing in the net. If the pantyhose ripped a new model was made and tested.

Lorraine once had been larger, but due to a diet of Monkfish and regurgitated cat hairballs she was now much smaller. This annoyed the air cannon operator because he had to keep increasing the air pressure as she grew thinner. This allowed air to pass by her. She once tried stuffing turkey dressing all around her, but it only ended in disaster. The turkey dressing, flavoured with vaginal seepage drew crowds of hungry perverts from gourmet restaurants all over London. They sat around like crows at a Mormon cocktail party, waiting for sage-flavoured pussyjuice.

She then met a man who solved her problems. He was Chinese, with a wistful pussyeating grin on his face permanently. She loved him instantly with all her heart.

He simply packed Egg Foo Yong mixture all around her, and when shot out the mixture was collected and sold in his restaurants as Ms. Piff's Egg Special. They married in a Chinese Baptist church, and had many children who were named Piff ?Number One, Two, and, so on. She retired from the Company after finding a replacement, a Russian woman who ate nothing but cheese blintzes and Lard cakes.

The Piff Pantyhose Company prospered with it's new teater, and Lorraine and her nusband, Wan Hang Lo, lived opulently in Marmaduke, Texas, which was a secret underground Dallas suburb for wealthy mixed-race couples, complete with underground thirty two hole golf course, and an elevator to the surface that looked like a Pagoda, or a Penis, depending if you were Texan or not.

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"psyches altered, mental milk curdled"

The Liberal trembled.

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