

Home from the office

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Eric had a new colleague at work, called Andy Brown. He was the new finance director.

There was something that looked familiar about him. Then it clicked. He was about the same age as Brad, a former neighbour who had lived next door. They were both Chelsea fans had become firm friends, despite their age difference. Eric was sad when Brad had to move Manchester recently. Brad missed him for various reasons.

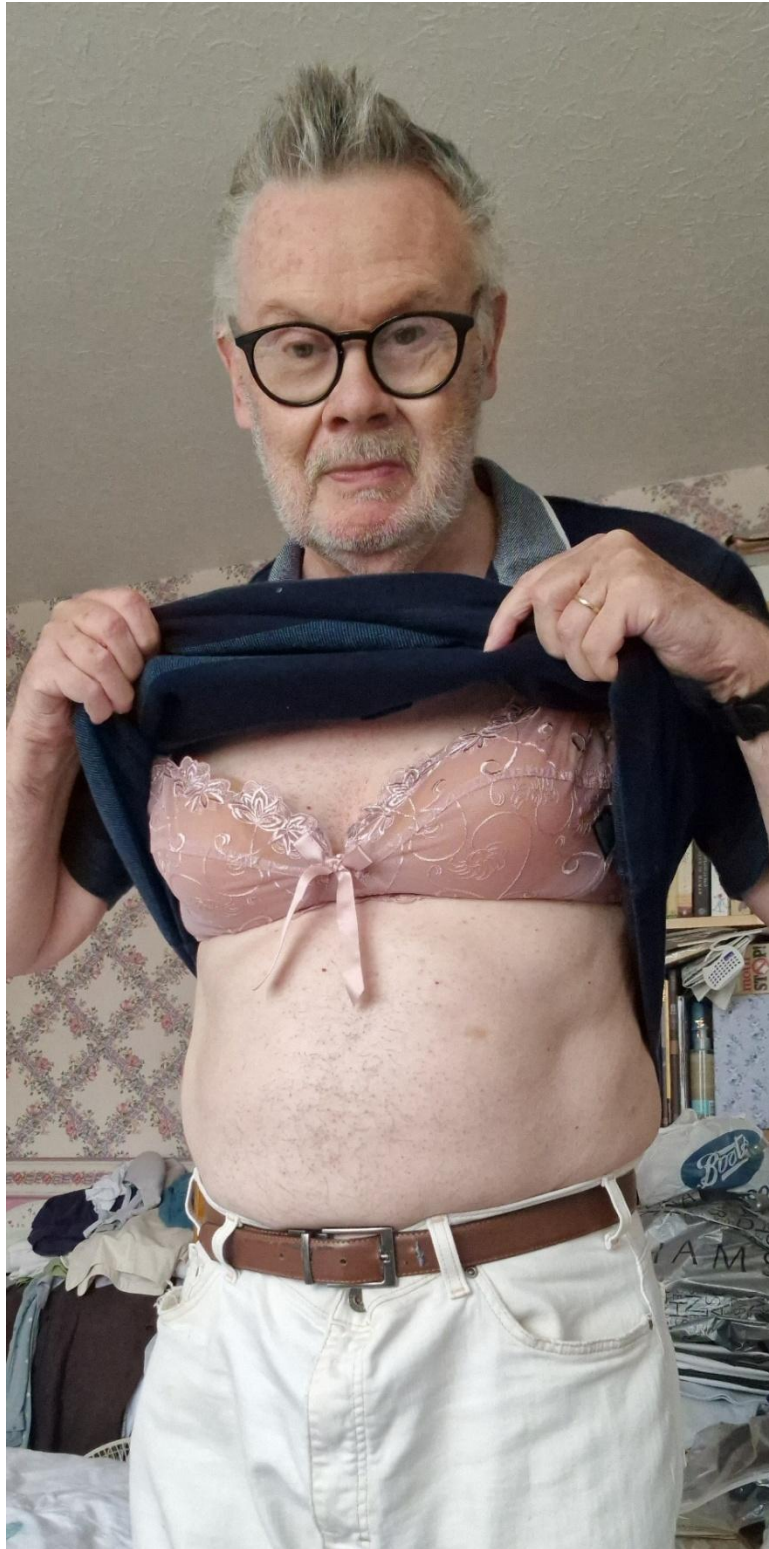
Eric worked as an aero designer for AeroAG, in a works on an engineering works on an industrial estate in New Malden, just round the corner from his house. He was able to walk to work every day.

Eric had a strange thought. He wondered if Andy Brown liked wearing panties and bra to the office, like Brad did in his office job as a transport manager. Eric didn't have the nerve to do that even although it was Brad who had got Eric into panties.





Andy was very friendly but there was something odd about the way Andy walked around the office. Was that man boobs or something more? Perhaps a bra with fake tits pushing out his shirt, it was hard to tell.



He wanted to ask Andy, but did not dare, to lift his shirt to see what was pushing his man boobs out. Eric imagined Andy revealing a pretty pink bra? Did some men really wear a bra to work?



Eric imagined Brad dropping his trousers to reveal not only was he wearing a pink bra but also matching pink French knickers, sheer black stockings and a black lacy suspender belt. Little did Eric know how close he was to the truth about what underwear Andy wore to the office.

Eric hoped that he might get a peep at Andy's ankles and see sheer black nylon, but he didn't as Andy was almost always sitting behind his desk.

Eric was walking home just after 5pm on a warm sunny day in May when he realised that Andy was walking in front of him. He has seen Andy getting out of a black Jaguar at work. All the directors had posh cars.





Andy seemed to be going in the same direction as Eric but did not know he was being followed. Both men walked about 300 yards away from the industrial estate and into the suburban houses. It was to Eric's surprise that Andy then turned into the next road, Elm Avenue, the road immediately before Andy's road.

The houses were mostly terraced but there were some semi-detached houses with driveways further down the road. Eric didn't turn into Elm Avenue but watched Andy from the corner, whilst pretending to look at his phone. Andy turned into one of the semi's a bit further down the street. There was a dark coloured car on the drive, it looked like the jag that Andy sometimes drove to work.

Eric wondered why he had not seen Andy here before when he got the job at AeroAG. Perhaps he had been renting somewhere else for a while and now had bought the house in Elm Avenue.

Eric carried on along the main road and soon turned into Lime Grove, his own road. It was parallel to Elm Avenue. As Eric reached his house, he realised that he might be able to see the back of Andy's house and garden. He hurried home.



When he got home he was alone. Dawn, his ex-wife had moved out and the divorce proceedings had just been completed. Eric looked out of the back bedroom window across his back garden and to the gardens of the houses in Elm Avenue. He could not see very well there were lots of trees and shrubs in the way..



Eric remembered, when he and Dawn were still married, his own garden had a rotary drier that was sometimes filled with Dawn's pretty lingerie. She still wore slips then. Would he see something similar if he could see into Andy's garden?



Eric was getting hard just at this memory. He also recalled how sitting in the garden with his neighbour Brad when he had noticed how fascinated Brad was with this display of frilly lingerie.



He looked carefully for Andy's house and garden. It was the first semi in Elm Avenue, next to a row of terraced houses, just like the one that Eric lived in. The garden directly behind Andy was the last of the terraced houses and there next to it was the semi-detached house that Andy now lived in.

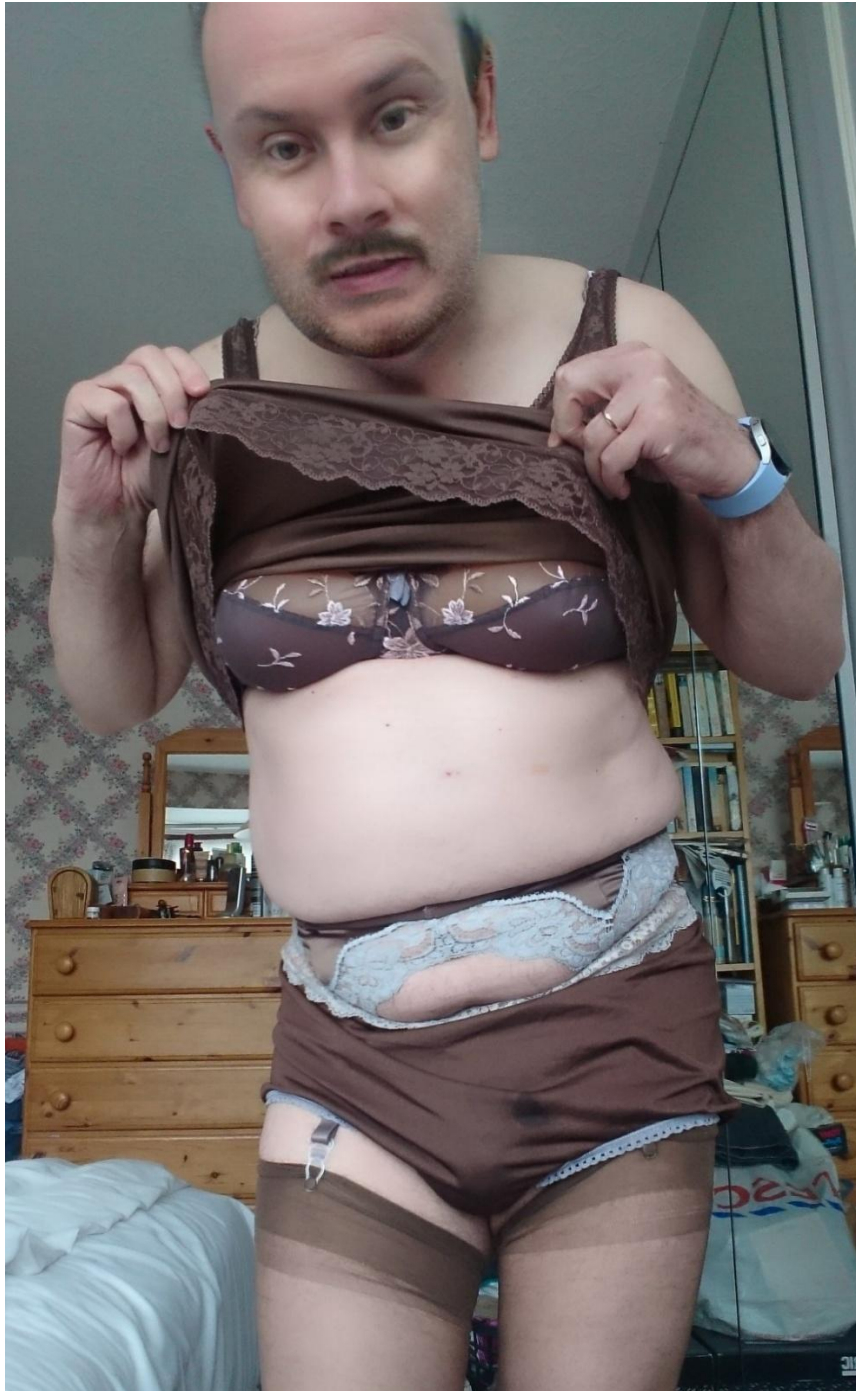
It was hard to see into the neighbours gardens as there were lots of green leaves in summer foliage. Eric remembered there were some binoculars in the wardrobe that he sometimes used for bird watching. He grabbed them and could now just see into Andy's garden through a small gap in trees at the corner of the garden.

Oh joy, Andy, or perhaps his wife, had left some washing on the line in the garden. It did look like frilly undies. Whose panties, slips and bras were they? Did Andy wear them? Eric hoped so. Eric was starting to get hard and needed to put on some panties and a slip and relieve his sexual tension.

When Dawn had walked out on Eric he had been encouraged by Brad, his neighbour to try wearing the lingerie that Dawn had left behind. He loved it. But then Dawn had come back unannounced to serve Eric with the divorce paper she caught him wearing her grey slip, panties and bra.

AfterShe thought it amusing but then cleared out all her clothes. She let him keep the grey lingerie but he had to start again buying lingerie. When transformed in pretty clothes, Eric became Erica.





After seeing the lingerie on Andy's washing line Eric picked out some brown panties and a bra he had bought recently from eBay. He put them on, slid a lacy suspender belt through his panties and attached some sheer brown stockings.

Eric added some pink high heels and a brown slip. Now Eric was transformed into Erica as he stepped into the heels and pulled the silky slip over his panties, bra and stockings. Erica often put on some makeup and a wig but there wasn't time for that, her stiffy was so hard and it needed quick attention.





And that is what it got, a quick wank into the silky nylon slip and panties, then slip up and panties down just as Erica exploded, cum dripped down onto the top of the sheer nylon stockings.



With the tension released Eric returned to the back bedroom to look down at Andy's back garden again and to look specifically at the washing hanging up. Would he catch Andy taking the washing in as the temperature was starting to drop. The washing must have been out all day, it should be dry by now.



Eric was in luck. It looked as though someone wearing some lingerie was in the garden collecting up the washing. Eric picked up the binoculars again. It was definitely Andy, not his wife. That was brave. What if someone of the other neighbour could see him parading around the garden in his frilly underwear? Eric looked at the other gardens. The other neighbours, next to and behind, probably could not see through the gap in the trees that Eric could.

Andy was wearing a black lacy bra, black suspenders, black lacy panties and black lace top stockings.



Andy had just taken a full-length black slip off the washing line and pulled it down over his panties and bras. Eric was hard again and started to masturbate again over the sight of Andy in his black silky lingerie and stockings.



Erica spurted into her panties for the second time. She would need to do some lingerie washing now as well.



Eric wished he could hang his slips and French knickers on the line for a neighbour to see but his garden was too open.



Eric wondered if Andy wore a slip as well as a bra and panties to work. He would have to keep his eyes open and look for some telltale signs. But what would he do? He thought that had seen some bulging man boobs a week or so ago. He wanted to ask Andy to raise his shirt but did not have the nerve.



Andy normally wore a suit if he was meeting clients but on a hot day in the summer Eric went to see Andy about an order. Andy had taken off his jacket and was reaching for something from the top of the filing cabinet. His thin white shirt had pulled tight. Eric could see straps of a black bra and the lacy hem of a white slip. Andy turned around and smiled at Eric and sat down. Eric was about to say something when someone else came into the room.



Eric kept watching, hoping to catch Andy buttoning up his shirt to hide the bust of a lacy slip but he was too careful. Eric was getting excited, perhaps he should overcome his nerves and start to wear lingerie to work as well.



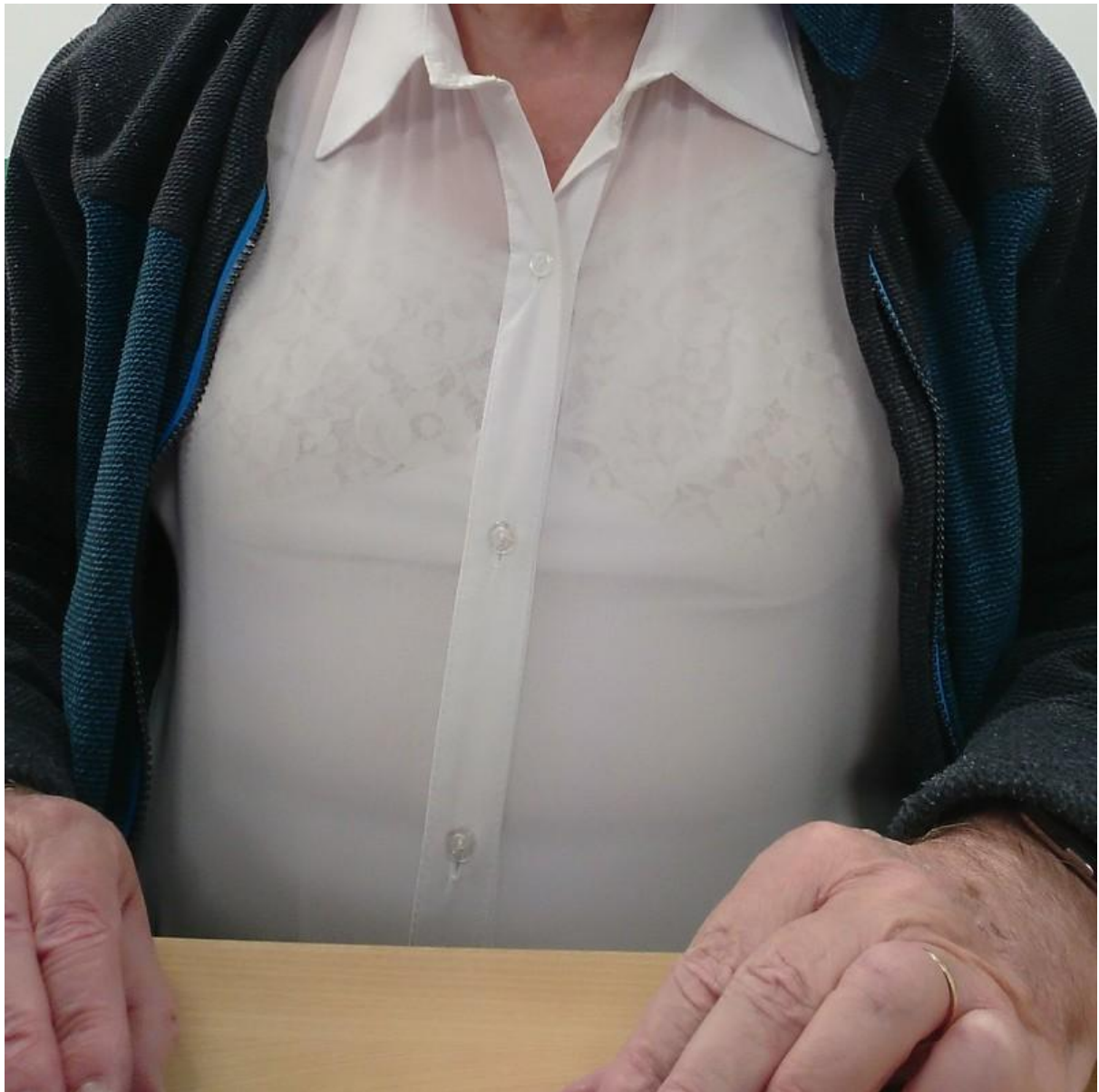
In the end he did overcome his anxiety at being spotted. He loved wearing panties and bra under his work clothes.



If it wasn't too hot Eric would wear a slip and stockings as well as panties and bra.



However, he did find that he had to go to the staff loo at lunch time and have a wank. It gave a new meaning to hard at work



He had to keep his jacket on as there was only one person Eric wanted to notice a lacy slip showing through his shirt.



Then a surprise happened. Eric went to the staff loo and did catch an interesting sight in the mirror. Andy was buttoning up his blue shirt over a very pretty floral slip. A black lacy bra was underneath the slip, or it could have been a camisole.

Andy was surprised as he had not heard Eric come into the toilet.



“Don’t worry, Andy, you are not the only person wearing pretty lingerie to the office today,” said Eric as he unbuttoned his shirt to reveal his black lacy bra. Wearing lingerie to the office had paid off.

“Thank god for that,” exclaimed Andy as he let his breath out. “You have been watching me, haven’t you? It takes one to know one.”

Eric nodded.

“We need to meet up, not here, it is too risky. I think you know where I live, don’t you?”

“Yes, I live just behind your house. I saw you wearing black panties, bra and stockings in the garden when you collected your lingerie from the line.”

“I thought so, I had a feeling someone was watching me. I got hard in my panties and had to have a wank when I had taken the washing in.”



“I often dress up to collect in my washing.”



“I always get excited thinking someone might see me. And now they have. Cum round and see me on Saturday morning at 10. We can have some fun dressing up together. I presume you know that I live at 13?”

“I do,” said Eric.

“Now you can go and have a wank in the stall, like you usually do, but be a bit quieter than usual. Then get back to work. “



Eric was busted but didn't mind that it was Andy that had heard his wanking into his panties. He went into the nearest stall as Andy dried his hands and went back to his office.

Eric unbuttoned his shirt and dropped his trouser to reveal the black lacy bra and black half-slip he had worn to the office that day. He massaged his stiff clitty through his French knickers and silky slip.

Then he pulled down the knickers and slip to start carry on wanking, skin on skin. His clitty was framed by his lacy suspender belt and sheer classic black stockings.

Why had he not started wearing lingerie to work sooner? He soon spurted cum all over his slip and stockings but quieter than before by holding his breath.

After having a pee Eric then cleaned up, pulled up his French knickers and slip, got dressed in his boy clothes. He flushed the toilet, washed his hands and went back to his office. He was looking forward to hooking up with Andy on Saturday.





Eric couldn't wait for Saturday to cum round but it did eventually. He decided to wear a blue set of lingerie and wear it under his boy clothes so that he could walk round to Andy's house without attracting attention.



Over his blue panties and bra he wore a full-length blue slip. Eric hoped that Andy would like it.



Andy was fully dressed when he opened the door to Eric.

“Oh, that looks nice and sexy, Andy” said Eric taking in the brown blouse corduroy skirt that Andy was wearing. “You look gorgeous.”

“Call me Andrea en-femme. Cum into the living room and have a drink, is white wine OK?”

“Yes, please” said Eric, he was feeling a little nervous and hoped the wine would help to relax. As he sipped the white wine Eric could see a lacy slip peeping out from under Andrea’s skirt and possibly some stocking tops.



They chatted about how they got into cross-dressing. Eric told Andrea about catching Brad, his friend wearing his wife's bridal panties and slip, then making him try on some of his wife's lingerie, then Dawn catching Erica all dressed up.

"My wife died nearly 2 years ago. She was always nicely dressed," said Andrea.



“I loved seeing her in a pretty dress and even more so when she took off the dress to reveal her slip, sometimes even two slips and stockings, I got, well, very excited.



After her funeral I couldn't bear to get rid of her clothes. I decided I would move back to London, there were too many memories of where we had lived in Oxford. I decided to have a fresh start. After I got the new job here I sold the house and rented here for a few months. All her clothes went into storage. I really missed her and had to dip into some of her clothes from the storage unit. That's when I started dressing up.



I wasn't sure if I was doing the right thing putting on her skirt, blouse and slip.



But soon I was hooked on her pretty lingerie. It makes me hard and makes me cum,” said Andrea.

“We have similar stories, lingerie makes me hard too. I feel overdressed now.”

Eric took off his shirt and trousers to reveal his blue lingerie.

“Call me Erica,” she said to Andrea.



“Lovely blue slip, Erica, look at mine,” said Andrea.



Andrea stood up and slowly lifted her skirt to reveal a silky gold slip edged with cream lace. Erica started to caress his stiff clitty through his blue slip.

“Oh God, that is so sexy,” said Erica with her hand feeling her stiff clitty through her blue slip and panties.



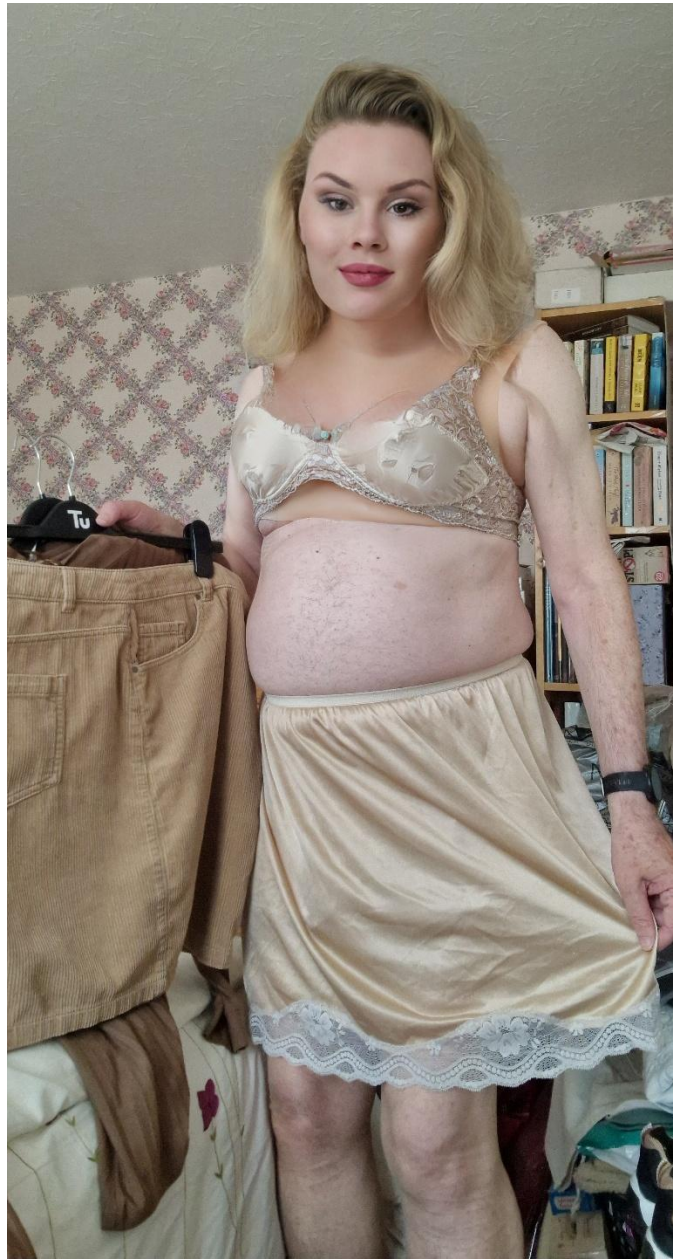
Andrea lifted her skirt and slip to reveal that she was wearing brown stockings, suspenders and lace edged French knickers. Erica nearly came when she lifted her brown top to reveal a matching gold bra, edged in lace over big boobs.



Erica lifted her blue slip and carried on wanking.



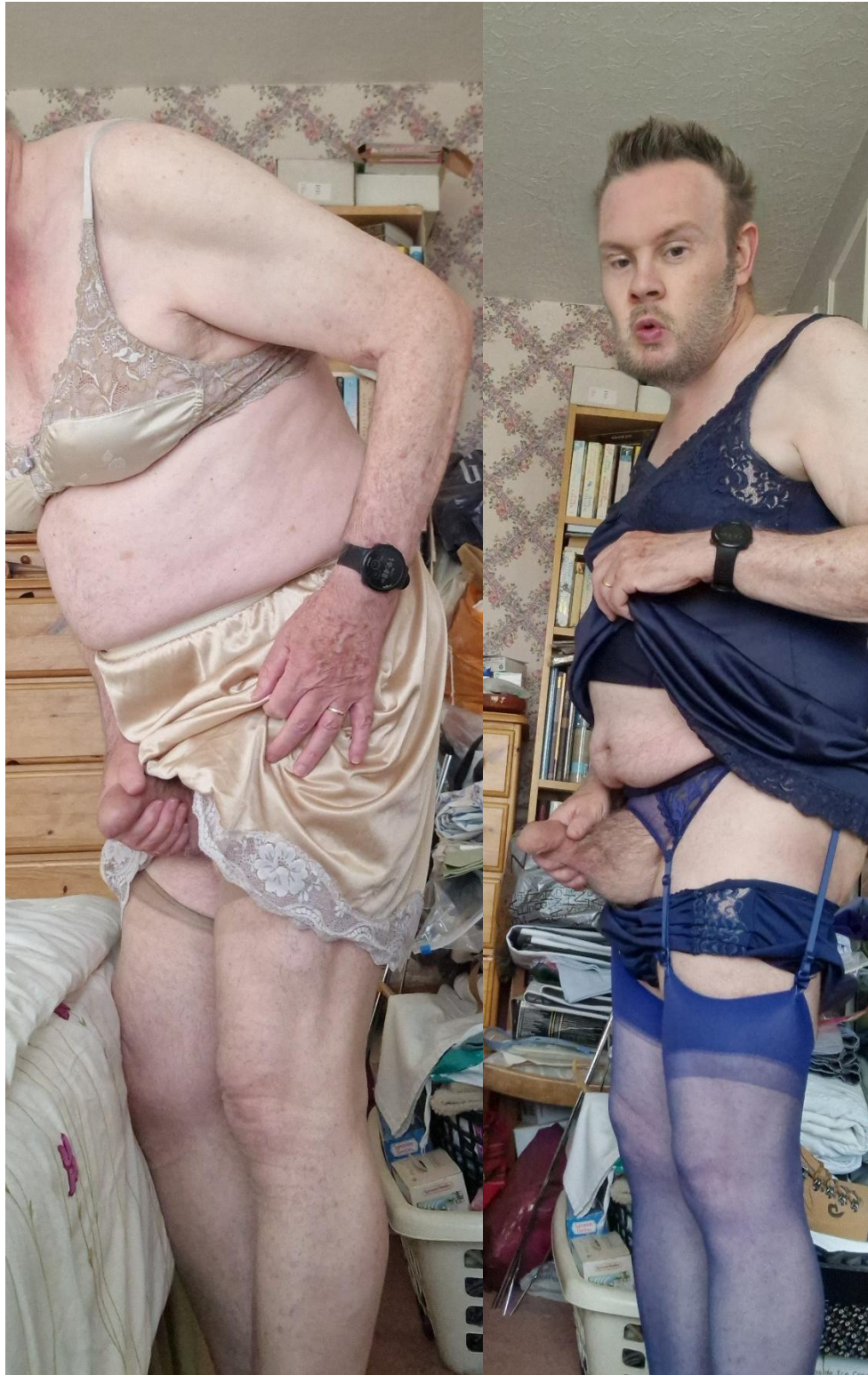
Andrea took off her skirt and blouse.



“Don’t cum yet, Erica, you can take me from behind. I have prepared for your cock with some Vaseline in my back passage.”



Andrea bent over at the waist in her slip and bra. Erica fondled her slip, lifted the slip and then fondled the French knickers.



Erica pulled her stiff clitty out of her panties, pulled aside the loose legs of Andrea's French knickers and eased into her back passage. Andrea cried out. She was fondling her own stiff clitty. Slowly at first then more quickly Erica pushed in and out. Then suddenly, she flooded Andrea's back passage.



Erica felt so hot, she pulled out of Andrea and took off her slip, but she was still hard.

“Hmm, still hard, Eric?” asked Andrea as she recovered. She pulled down her slip and panties to reveal her own stiff clitty framed by a delicious brown lacy suspenders belt and the tops of her sheer brown stockings.

“Now you can suck me until I cum too.”

The End

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