

The Garden – Part 2 - by Andrea Slip



A Photo story by Andrea Slip



For her visit to a garden to see the spring flowers Sophie had decided she should wear blossom lingerie. This was basically white with pink cherry tree blossom. She attached her blossom suspenders to sheer brown, seamed stockings. Sophie slid pink high heels onto her stockinged feet.



She had trouble deciding which pink slip to wear. There was a new full length pink satin slip, or a much older and treasured pink half-slip.



In the end the half-slip won the day as it would look better with the flowery skirt she was going to wear on top.



The garden at Banbury was just as delightful as Sophie had hoped. Lots of daffodils, camelias, magnolias, cherry trees in full blossom and other spring flowers that all made a real splash of colour. Fortunately, most of the paths were tarmacked or at least a hard compacted surface.





Only a month ago, the paths would have been a quagmire after a very wet January and February. But a change in the weather meant that Sophie could manage the paths in her heels.



Sophie had a feeling she was being followed. As she got to the Italian garden she stopped and sat down on a bench. The water of the pool reflected the cherry blossom. It was beautiful.



Then, an older man came and sat next to her.

“Hello,” he said quietly. “I couldn’t help noticing your seamed stockings and high heels, and is that a lacy slip I see?”



A brief gust of wind lifted her skirt, just for a moment, so that even more of her lace edged slip was on show. Sophie tried to pull her skirt closed again. Some of her slip was still showing in the split in the skirt. The man next to her noticed this.

“You don’t see real ladies wearing slips and stockings anymore,” the man sighed.

“But then you are not a real lady, are you?” he whispered in Sophie’s ear.

Busted! She tried to look at him, but he was much smaller than Sophie.



The man was wearing one of those beige sun hats that lots of older people wear. She couldn't see much of his face except for a grey beard. He looked really old, at least 60, maybe even older! He put his hand on Sophie's slip.

"Suspenders and stockings, I thought so. You remind me of my wife; she passed a few years ago. I loved it when she wore slips and stockings when we were married, all the women did back then.



The old man sighed wistfully at the memory of his wife wearing her pretty lingerie for him as his hand fiddled with the tab of Sophie's suspenders and silky slip. Then he started to stroke her slip with a firm grip. Sophie removed his hand, not sure what to do. Should she scream? There were only a few people around as it was still early.



No, he seemed harmless enough, lost in his memories of his wife's slips. Sophie began to feel sorry for him and enjoyed the feeling of a firm hand stroking her slip and stockings.

"I used to work here, in this garden. I know where there is an old tool shed that is only used to store a few boxes and things, it is not locked. Cum with me, I want to see the rest of your lingerie."

Suddenly he stood up and took Sophie's hand. Sophie was alarmed but didn't want to make a scene that would draw attention to herself. There was no way she could run in her stiletto heels. She had already been clocked by this man and didn't want anyone else to as well. So, she went along with him, but what would happen? Would a quick fumble be enough?

A few yards further along the path there were some green houses. The man led Sophie round the back. There were several sheds, the last one looked quite rickety. The man looked round and then opened the door. It was a bit dark but just appeared to be full of storage boxes.



“I want to see your bra, undo your blouse,” he said firmly.

As usual in these situations Sophie became a subservient sissy. She opened a couple of buttons on her blouse. The old man put his hands on her pink bra.

“So pretty and so sexy,” he said. Then he yanked her bra down to expose her breasts.



His hands went to her breasts. “So realistic, I love big sexy tits, reminds me of June, my wife. “Now take off your skirt.”

Sophie unzipped her flowery skirt, stepped out of it and put it on a box nearby. The boxes looked a bit dusty. She took off the blouse as well and put that on top.

The man took off his fleece, hat and dropped his trousers. Oh my God, he was wearing lingerie as well!



The man revealed that he was wearing a pink satin camisole with a bra underneath, and pink satin French knickers. Best of all he too was wearing sheer brown seamed hosiery, they looked like tights but could have been hold up stockings. Sophie was shocked and stiff.



Sophie stood in her pink slip, bra, stockings and heels admiring the fellow lingerie wearer.



“Lift up your slip, I want to see your panties,” said the man, still in command of sissy Sophie.

Sophie slowly raised her pink slip so that the man could see her stocking tops, satin panties and suspenders.

“Nice matching set, young lady, very sexy,” said the man as he slid his hand inside his French knickers to attend to his stiff clitty.



“Now bend over,” he commanded.

His rough hands were feeling all over her silky and delicate slip. Then it was his stiff dick pushing against Sophie’s slip. Sophie could feel his heat through her slip and panties. Now she had a big tent in her own panties.

He stopped for a moment and pulled down his French knickers. As Sophie looked round to see what he was doing she could not but help admiring his matching camisole and knickers, they were pink satin with white lace on the hem of both the knickers and the cami.

She also could see that he was wearing seamed stockings, just like her, as the stockings were attached to a lacy black suspender belt.

Then he reached down and pulled out a jar of Vaseline from his fleece, which he proceeded to rub all over his stiff dick. Oh no he wasn't going to take her from behind, was he?





Next the man lifted her slip and fondled her lace backed panties.

“Oh yes, just what I like to see, and to wear,” he said.



Then he yanked her lacy panties down to her knees and pushed the slip up further.

“This may hurt a bit,” he said as he pushed some Vaseline up her puckered rear hole with his fingers. Sophie started to cry but then reassured herself that this was not the first time she had been shafted by a stiff dick.



Sophie thought back to when her young friend Sasha had done the same to Sophie on her A-level results day, a couple of years ago. It was also good she had done a much better job at lubing her back passage before she left home this morning than this old man had done.

There was still a sharp stab of pain as the man entered her from behind. He reached round and massaged her big tits, real or not, this was stimulating him further. Once the first entry was accomplished Sophie started to enjoy the penetration as well.

Her own clitty was now so stiff. As she got rammed from behind, she took hold of her clitty and started wanking. The man kept pumping his cock into her arse and feeling her slip as he did it. Then he filled her back passage with hot seed. Sophie exploded as well and spurted cum down her slip but she avoided splattering her stockings.



Sophie found her tissues and had to clean up the mess, front and back.

Then she put her skirt and blouse back on, feeling thoroughly defiled.

“Same time next week, John,” she asked the man?

“No, will have to be Saturday, Sophie. I must take the Mrs to the doctor on Friday.”

“Saturday is ok but will have to be at my flat, this old shed is too risky. Oh, and wear a slip next time as you like them so much.”

“I would like that, I will see if I can find some of my wife’s old slips, although she never wears them anymore.”

“Perhaps you can dress up a bit more femme as well, John, or should I say Jo?”





The following Saturday Jo met Sophie at her flat. Although acting out the story of being taken in an old potting shed by a stranger was exciting, Sophie had felt it was too risky. It was much safer at home.

Sophie wore a blue cheque dress, brown stockings and black high heeled sandals. No risk of sinking into the grass like she might have done at the garden the previous week.



Jo did dress more femme this time, a tartan kilt / skirt and a black top. Jo claimed to be Scottish, but Sophie wasn't sure about that as his accent was Brummie. Jo had not progressed to full femme with makeup and hair; he still had his beard. After they had a glass of wine, Sophie asked him if he had found a slip.

"Oh, yes," Jo said as he stood up and undid the kilt pin to open the long kilt. Jo revealed a gorgeous red slip, black hosiery and long black high heeled boots. He looked much more femme and of course sexy. Sophie could feel excitement in her panties.



“What about you Sophie, what pretty lingerie are you wearing?”

Sophie lifted her dress to reveal a very lacy green slip.

“Higher,” commanded Jo. Sophie lifted her slip higher to reveal her long stockings and her green satin panties.



“Take off your dress.”

Sophie stood up and took off her blue cheque dress. Her full-length slip was revealed.

“Oh, and seamed stockings again, so sexy,” said Jo.



Sophie turned round to see that Jo had taken off his black blouse and the long kilt. He looked so sexy in his red slip, red/black bra, nylon hosiery, and boots. Sophie was so hard now.



“Does your bra match,” asked Jo, “Show me.”

Sophie eased her slip down to reveal her lacy green bra and ample cleavage.

“You are so pretty Sophie. I am getting really stiff. Look.”



Jo had taken off his red slip to reveal he was wearing stockings and suspenders, just like he had in the garden the previous week. This time his sheer black stockings were held up by a very lacy red suspender belt. His panties and bra were matching in red satin and decorated with black lace. He looked so dominant in black and red. Sophie could see the tent in Jo's panties.



Jo moved closer to Sophie, leant forward and pulled her green bra down so he could see and feel her big tits.

“Pull down my panties with your mouth then suck me off.”

Sophie leant forward, put her hands on Jo’s stockings and took hold of the red panties with her teeth. Jo’s stiff dick popped out. It got bigger as Sophie gently took it in her mouth. It was so hot. As she kissed, licked and sucked the stiff and hot clitty Sophie ran her hands up and down J’s nylons. Jo started moaning and pulled Sophie’s head closer.

“Oh god, I am going to cum,” said Jo, but then pulled her clitty out of Sophie’s mouth and sprayed cum all over Sophie’s tits and stockings.

“Ahh....,” screamed Jo.



Sophie was really stiff but had not cum yet. She pulled up her bra and slip, then she stood up and lifted her slip. Her stiff clitty not only tented the green satin panties but it was poking above the top of the panties, framed by the lacy suspender belt.

“Now you can do me, Jo,” said Sophie.

It was Jo’s turn to fellate Sophie. Jo slowly rubbed the bulge in the panties, feeling the stiff clitty through the satin, then gently eased it out of the knickers and into his mouth. It did not take long for Sophie to spurt into Jo’s mouth and then over Jo’s red bra.

“Same again next week?” asked Sophie when she had recovered.

“Well, I thought we might visit Woburn Safari Park. I used to work there you know.”

“No to that and grotty sheds. We can dress up here,” said Sophie.

The End

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29th March 2026

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