

The New Recruit

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Andrea notices that a new man in the office appears to be wearing a bra. Is he another sissy?



I was sitting at my work computer when I had a to re-read the email from HR about a new member of staff called John Stanton. He was starting today in accounts. Usual HR stuff, he will be an excellent team member, lots of experience, please welcome him to the team, bla, bla, bla. It was the reminder that everyone should have read and be familiar with company equality and diversity policy that caught my attention. HR don't usually say that for a new recruit. I then forgot about it and got on with my admin work.

After lunch I went to the photo copy room to pick up some work I had sent to the fast printer.

The new guy, John.... what ever his name, was standing at the copier with his back to me. He was wearing a white shirt and black jeans. His work shirt was showing a lovely white bra through the back. I started to get excited. Perhaps I wasn't the only sissy in the office now?





He stepped back. I heard his heels before I saw them. As I looked down I could see he was wearing some lovely blue heels and sheer black hosiery. Either tights or probably pop socks. Now the email from HR about reading the equality and diversity policy made sense. He must have heard me thinking. He turned around and smiled at me.

"Hi, I am Andrea, I am Head of Sales."
I shook his hand.

"Oh hi, I am the new boy, John. Oh, I like your skirt," said John. He leant forward and whispered, "your slip is showing, Andrea. I wish I was brave enough to wear a skirt and a lovely slip like yours."

Then the copier started bleeping.

"I think it is out of paper," I said.
"Do you want me to show you."

"No, it's fine it is the same as the copier at my last place," said John.

He picked up a packet of paper from the stack and pulled open the A4 paper draw to load it up.

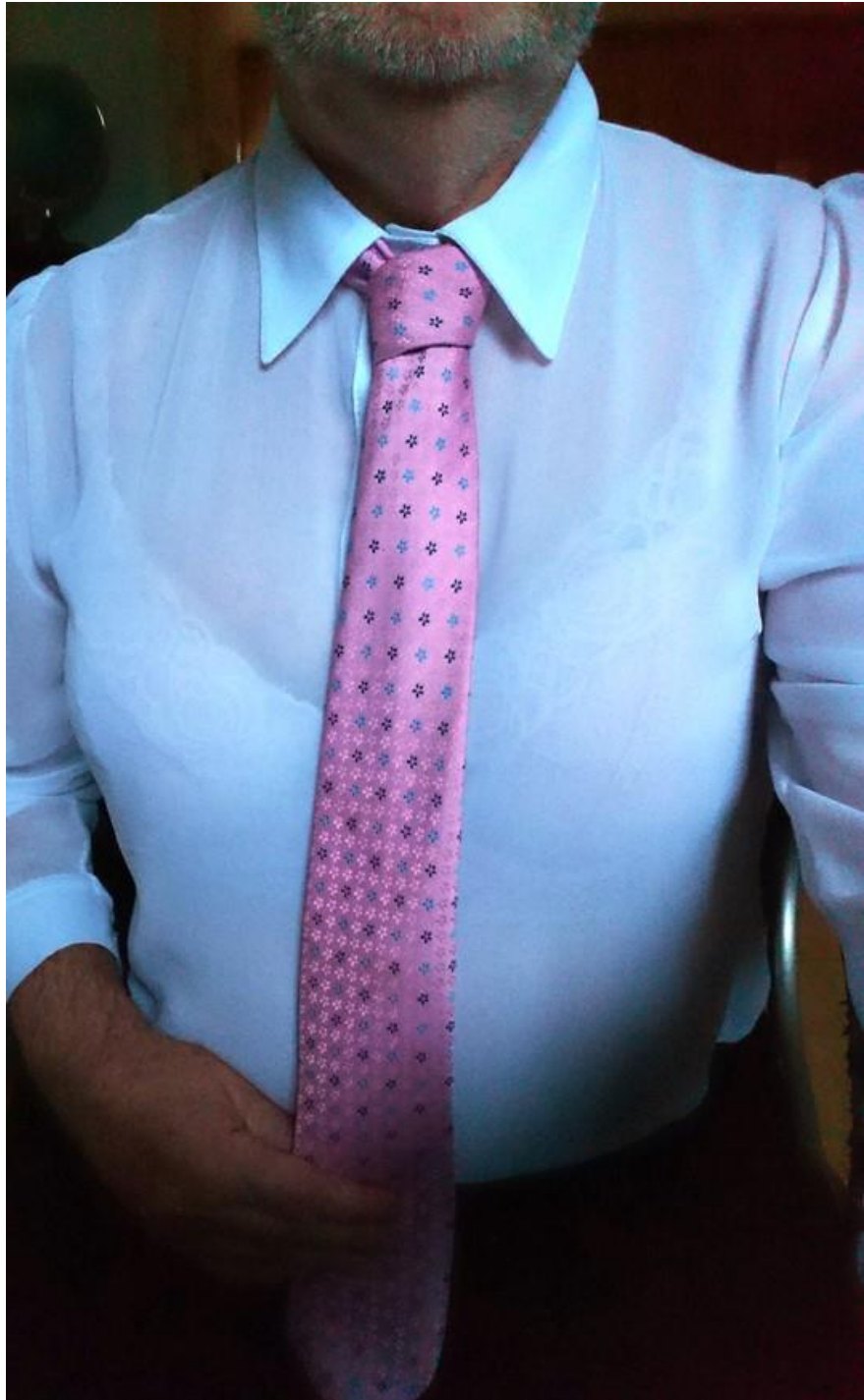




As he filled the paper draw I got a really good view of his back. I could see his lacy bra clearly showing through his thin shirt. His jeans had slid down (think builders bum). I could also see what could only be a suspender belt. Oh joy! He was wearing stockings and suspenders under his jeans not pop socks or tights.

John stood up and got the copier going. He then turned around to face me. He was wearing a pink tie, but I could not help staring at his lacy bra. I had thought it was white but now realised it was pale pink. It was exactly the same as the one I was wearing. I wonder if he was wearing pretty pink panties to match his tie and his bra.

"Let's leave the copying to finish on its own. Come into my office so we can have a chat and get to know each other a bit better," I said.





My office was not far away.

"Sit over there," I said to John, indicating the spare chair. I locked the door behind me and went to sit down at my desk.

"So, you like skirts and slips as well as pink lacy bra's and stockings, then John?"

"How did you know, I didn't think my bra would show through my shirt," asked John innocently?

"When you loaded the paper in the copier I could see your lacy bra and your suspender belt through the back of your thin shirt," I said. "It's not a problem, no one here will care what you wear, so long as you are good at your job."

"Oh, I wasn't sure what I could get away with on my first day. Perhaps I should have worn a skirt or even a dress, maybe even a slip like yours. "

I lifted my blue pleated skirt to reveal my dark blue slip with the lacy hem. John was staring at my slip and nylon covered legs. "Are you wearing stockings too," he asked? We were both starting to get excited.



"Take off your jeans first," I said, "So I can see your stockings and panties properly."

He undid the buckle and the jeans slid down his legs catching on his blue heels. He kicked off the heels and the trousers off. John then put his heels back on, a nice touch.



As he straightened up again his white shirt fell over his thighs, but I could still see that he was wearing a navy blue suspender belt, navy blue bikini knickers (not pink as I suspected) and sheer black stockings. Oh joy! I could feel the excitement rising.



I stood up and raised the hem of my pleated blue skirt to reveal my pretty blue slip.



John had lifted his shirt to reveal his pretty lingerie. Hi hand had slid down towards the bulge in his blue panties. His pink tie had fallen down between his pink bra and his lovely lacy blue suspender belt.

"We have remarkably similar tastes, John," I said as I lifted my blue slip to reveal my own blue panties, suspender belt and sheer stockings.

"And yes, I **always** wear stockings with my silky lingerie."





John had slid his hand inside his panties and was masturbating in front of me. I didn't want to miss out, so I sat down in my chair.



I loosened my blouse to reveal my own pink bra and lifted my skirt and slip so that John could see right up my skirt, past my cream boots, past my sheer black stockings, past my blue slip and right up to my blue knickers.

John was wanking furiously at the up skirt view I was giving him. "Oh My God, we are wearing exactly the same panties, bra, suspenders and stockings. I wish I had worn a silky slip as well. I love slips."



"I know, isn't it wonderful," I said as I pulled my panties to one side and my little cock popped out.

"Now come and make me hard as you suck me off, John. "

He did not hesitate. He knelt in front of me and gently took my limp cock into his warm mouth. He kept wanking his own cock as I became harder and harder before finally squirting my cum into his mouth. He stood up and splashed his own hot white cum onto my black stockings as he eventually came as well.



John stood up as I pulled my slip down.

"Tomorrow, we must get you into a slip and a skirt as well. Now what colour shall we start with, John?"

The End

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