

The Postman Rings Twice



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A photo story by Andrea Slip

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It was a normal day for Andrea, working at home on the computer in the front room. The rest of the family had left for work so Andrea was free to dress pretty, as she did most days. Today Andrea decided to wear brown lingerie. She put on her lacy suspender belt and brown silky French knickers, she loved wearing French knickers as they left plenty of room to get excited. She sat on the bed and attached her sheer classic, seamed brown stockings. When she stood up she checked her seams were straight.



Andrea pulled her brown lacy bra down over her breasts, which showed nicely through the brown lace of the bra.



Then it was a pale brown full length slip. Andrea would always wear a slip, sometimes a half-slip but more usually a full slip as more of the nylon would caress her skin and make her feel both excited and like a woman. She eased the slip down over her bra and French knickers. The excitement was already building.



Andrea slipped on some brown low heels and remembers the excitement of trying these shoes on in the shop whilst wearing stockings. She hoped that no one had noticed. They were the first heels Andrea had bought, she loved how with the lacy slip hem, the sheer nylon stockings the heels worked together to make her look and feel so sexy and femme.



Andrea wondered whether a silk dress she had just bought online would arrive with the postman today, it was more likely that it would come tomorrow as she had only bought the dress the day before. It was a lovely silk dress with big blocks of blue, black, white and green, a bit like a Mondrian painting.



Andrea decided she would slip on a lacy dressing gown just in case she had to answer the door to the postman.



Andrea sat at her laptop in the front room catching up with emails. She loved being able to work in pretty lingerie, it was so exciting, would she get any work done?



Andrea sat at her computer and did manage to get some work done but was then interrupted by the door bell ringing. The postman often came at this time. As Andrea got up to answer the door she pulled the dressing gown around her.



Although Andrea was in her dressing she decided that if she just poked her head round the door and grabbed the letters from the Postman she would be OK. What she had forgotten was that the front door had a glass panel and that her high heels would show underneath the door as it swung open. The Postman shoved some letters, a white packet and the electronic pad for signing for recorded deliveries into Andrea's hand. Andrea, still trying to hide behind the door, had to take the post and the pad. As she signed for the white packet her dressing gown slipped open slightly to reveal a little of her pale brown slip. This did not go unnoticed by the postman but he only said "Thanks", turned and left.



Andrea was all a fluster about nearly revealing her slip to the man on the doorstep. But that was soon forgotten when she took the post into the front room and opened the white packet she had just signed for. The beautiful silk dress slid out of the packet, Andrea was so pleased it had arrived so quickly.



She took off the blue dressing gown and slid the dress down over her head. The slip was a bit too long for the dress, as Andrea had suspected it might be. She would have to try it with a shorter slip.



So off came the dress and the pale brown slip. As Andrea stood with her back to the window and she revealed her panties, bra and stockings, she had the strange sensation that someone was watching her.



She turned round and looked through the lace curtain hanging across the front window but couldn't see anyone.



Andrea pulled on a darker brown slip she had brought downstairs just in case. This was a lovely brown slip that had recently excited one or two of her followers on Flickr. Although a full length slip with beautiful swirling lace on the hem and bust it sat just above Andrea's nylon clad knee. It was much shorter than the pale brown slip she had worn earlier and would be perfect for the new dress. Andrea was startled as she thought she heard a noise just outside the window but it must have been a cat brushing past the plants in the front garden.



Andrea turned away from the window and put the new dress back on. It was very silky, perhaps a little larger than needed, but the silky material felt wonderful rubbing against her nylon slip and stockings.



Andrea decided to try a brown belt, to match her brown heels, in order make the waist a little tighter. The new slip did not show, which for some slip lovers, was perhaps a shame, a peep of the lacy hem of a silky slip gets some people very excited.



Then Andrea added a little white cardigan, which she thought went well with the block of white on the dress. Suddenly, there was a tapping on the window. She turned around and was startled again, but this time she could see the Postman peering through the window giving her a thumbs up. He pointed to the front door. A couple of seconds later the doorbell rang again. What was poor Andrea to do? Should she hide? Quickly she made a decision, the postman knew her secret and called almost every day, she couldn't hide from him for ever.



Andrea walked to the front door wondering what on earth was she going to say to the postman. She opened the door and stood there looking at the postman in her new dress, heels and nylons.

Andrea need not have worried as the postman spoke her first, "Sorry to startle you but I noticed your pretty slip when I asked to sign for the packet. You seem to get a lot of soft, squishy parcels like that, I wondered if it was dresses and lingerie. I just had to know more. I could see you trying on your dress through the net curtain, it does not hide as much as you think. Please can I come in? I won't tell anyone. Can I just say you look so femme in that dress, you are beautiful? "



Andrea was somewhat surprised but said, "OK, come in." She turned and walked to the sitting room. The postman put his bag down in the hall and followed her. She could not miss the fact that his eyes lingered on the pale brown full slip and blue dressing gown she had been wearing earlier that were now draped over the back of a dining chair.



She turned round to face the postman.

"Is it made of silk?" he asked. "Can I feel it?"

"I suppose so," said Andrea, still not quite sure what to make of the situation.

The postman took hold of the dress gently and rubbed the silky between his finger and thumb. As he did so the dress began to ride up and expose the lacy hem of Andrea's slip.

"That's a lovely slip, not many women wear slips today, more is the pity. Can I see more of your slip? Actually I have often wonder what it is like to wear a slip myself."



Andrea decided she would take control of this situation. This could be fun. “So you like wearing lingerie do you, you naughty man. Show me,” commanded Andrea. She had a hunch that she might get a nice surprise.

Now it was the postman that looked nervously. Slowly he pulled down his trousers and undid his pale blue uniform shirt to reveal a matching set of dark green and black bra, suspender belt, panties and some rather delicious sheer black stockings. He took off his uniform. Andrea could see that there was nice bulge forming in the green panties



“Go and put on the slip,” said Andrea.

The postman walked over to the chair where the pale brown slip was draped over the chair and lifted it up to look at it. Andrea was admiring the black lace on the postman’s panties. His butt looked cute in green nylon and black lace.



He put his arms through the slip and pulled it on over his head.



Andrea could see the delight on the postman's face as he savoured the pleasure of wearing a silky nylon slip for the first time. She could see he was hooked. The bulge in the panties (and slip) was getting bigger. Andrea enjoyed seeing the suspender straps and stocking tops showing through the thin slip just above the wide lacy hem.

"Oh this is so nice, I must get some slips, they are so silky on my skin," exclaimed the postman.



“As the net curtain shows more than I thought perhaps we had better go upstairs.” The postman followed her upstairs and sat on the bed. Andrea started to take off her new dress. The brown slip slid up to show her stocking tops and little of the lacy brown knickers came into the view of the postman.



“Here put these heels on,” said Andrea handing the postman some black “fuck me” pumps.



The postman slid the black heels on to his stocking clad feet easily. He stood up and lifted his slip to look at how the high heels changed the posture of his legs.

"Oh this is so sexy, I have never worn heels before, I love them."

"Well they do make your legs look more femme. I love your gorgeous matching lingerie and stockings," said Andrea



"I couldn't really see through the window what panties you were wearing," said the postman, "Can you show me, please?"

Andrea lifted up her slip to reveal her dark brown French knickers and stocking tops.

"Ohhhhhhhh, lovely" said the postman.



He lifted his slip and started wanking his cock as it was protruding out of his green panties.



The postman let go of his cock, reached forward and slid Andrea's panties down to reveal her cockette, framed by her brown and white lacy suspender belt attached to sheer classic stockings.

"I am not the only one with a cock in nylon," said Andrea as she pointed her cockette at the postman.



He then knelt in front of Andrea, taking Andrea's cockette in his mouth to start sucking. As the postman sucked Andrea's excitement Andrea looked down and could see the pale brown slip had ridden up and she could see his green lacy panties, stockings and heels. This got Anrea even harder. After a few minutes of sucking, kissing and licking, Andrea spurted into the postman's mouth. He took it all



The postman stood up as Andrea sat down on the bed, shaking. He pulled up his slip and his hard cock popped out of his little panties for the second time.

“My turn,” he said as he slid his hard cock into Andrea’s warm and soft mouth.

It took a little longer but the oral sex soon had its effect. Just before he came the postman pulled his cock out of Andrea’s mouth and grabbed it with his hand so he could come all over the top of Andrea’s slip.



“Where do you get your slips?” asked the postman when it was all over.

“Well let me tell you all about Ebay,” said Andrea cleaning up the mess all over her brown slip.

The End

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