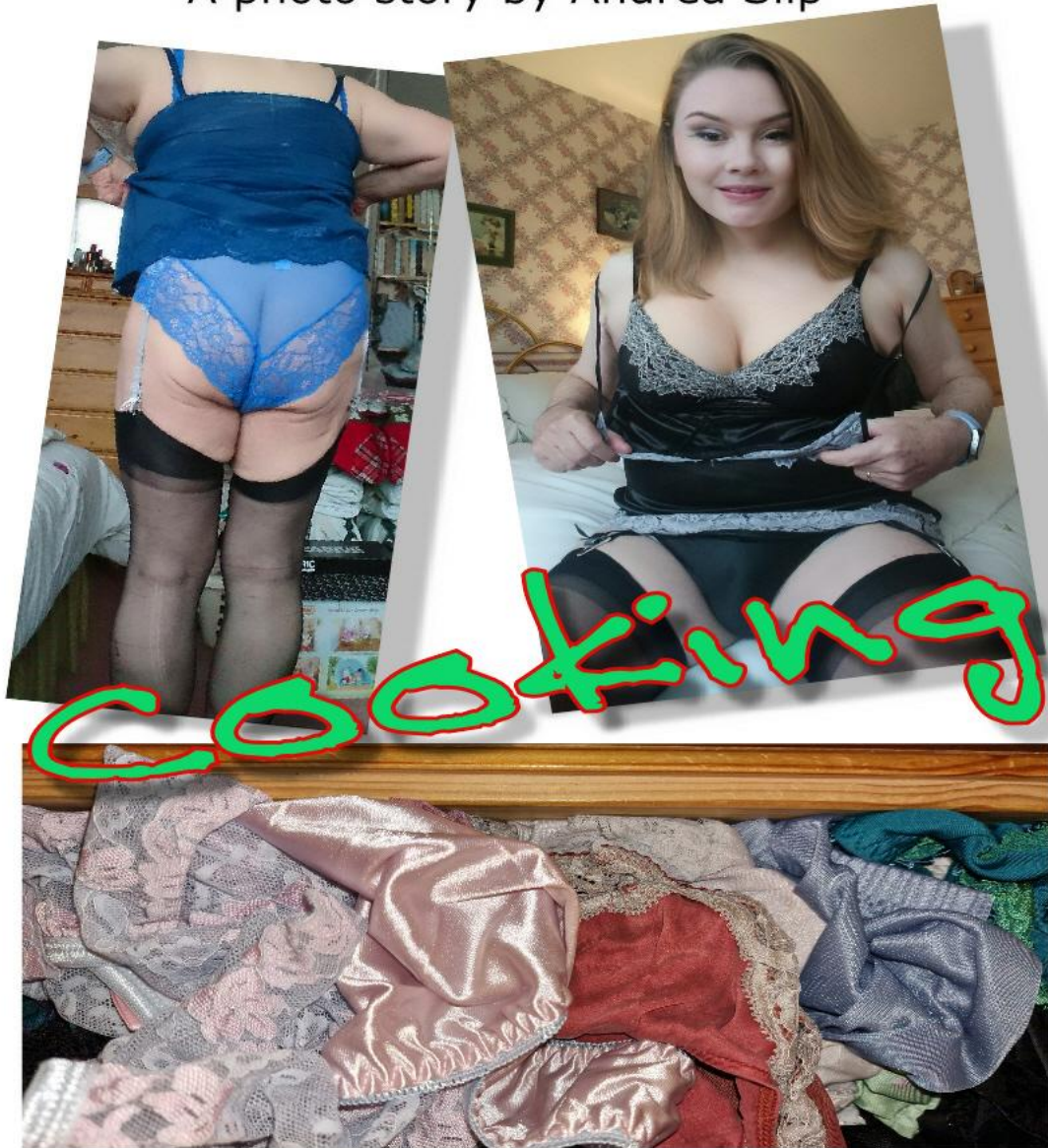


Cooking

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Dawn and Steve's relationship takes an interesting turn as they navigate career changes, personal desires, and unexpected encounters.

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“I have some good news and some bad news,” said Dawn to Steve, her boss, and lover.

“What’s that my love,” said Steve putting his hand up her skirt to feel her nylon panties and the garters of her stockings as she sat at her desk. They both worked for Premier Finance in the City of London.

“Stop that, not in the office, wait till we get home,” said Dawn as she batted his hand away.

“That’s not what you said when you lifted your skirt and first sucked me off right here,” said Steve in reply.

That was true. Dawn had seduced Steve, her boss, by bending over at the filing cabinets and then lifting her skirt to show her pretty slip and stockings. It worked as it was the start of their relationship.

“Yes, I know all that, but this is serious. Mr Makin (the CEO of Premier Finance) wants me to be a manager in the admin department”

“That’s fantastic news, what’s the bad news?”

“I have got to pass a training course. It is a weeklong course and it is in Manchester.”

“Oh, you should be able to do that, Dawn.”

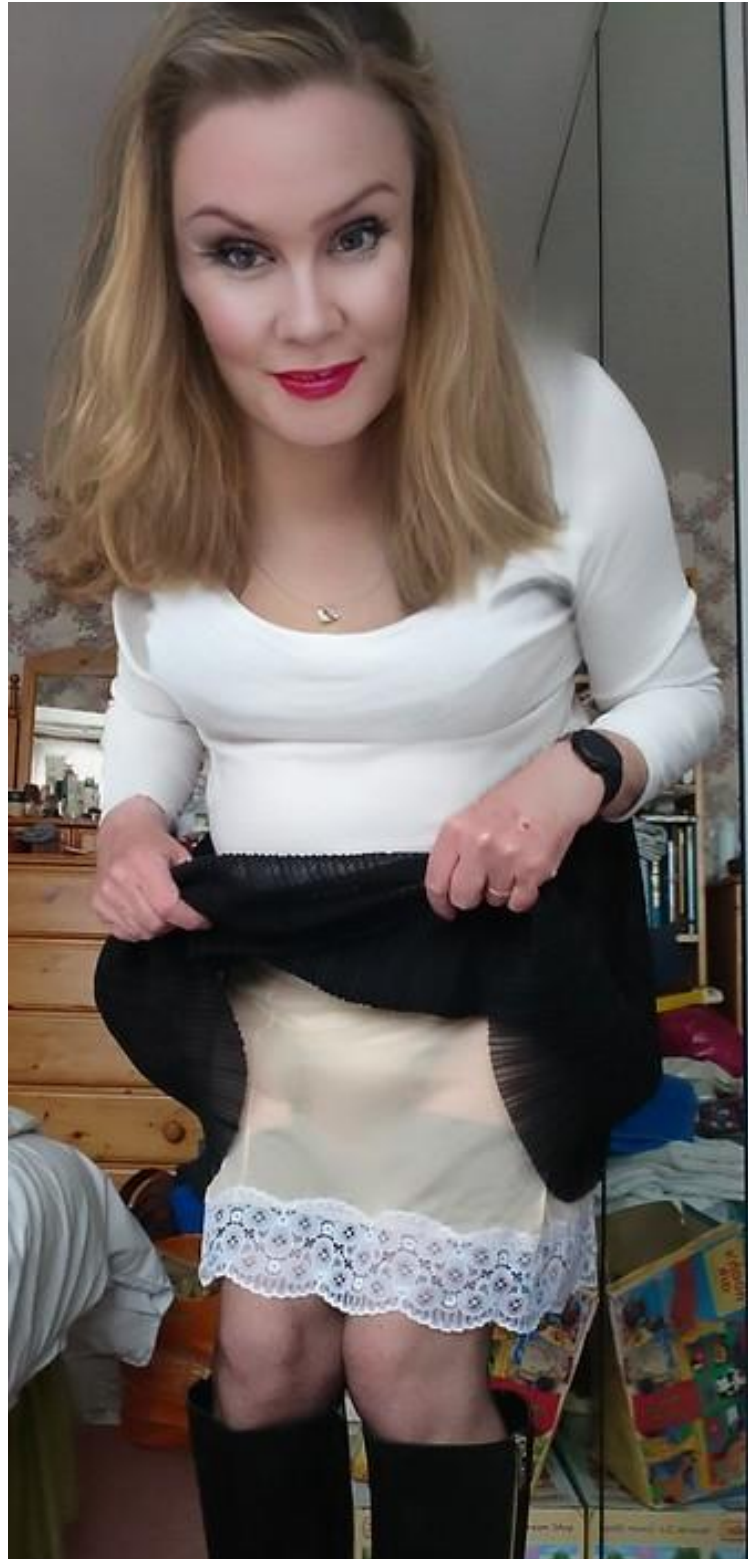
“It would also mean I wouldn’t be sharing the same office with you anymore.”

“I see, hmmm. “There was a pause while Steve took this in.

“We should go out tonight to celebrate, we can go to that new Italian on Turnham Green. You could wear your new blue lacy dress and blue lingerie.”

“Stockings?”

“Of course, darling.”





When they got home Dawn got undressed, she tossed her stockings and lingerie in the washing pile, including the grey panties Steve had been trying to feel up in the office,



She had a quick shower, topped up her makeup and then got dressed in her new blue panties, bra and suspenders. She found some sheer black stockings and eased them up over her smooth legs.



Although the blue panties and bra were new, as was the dress, the dark blue full slip was an old favourite. Steve sat on the bed wanking his stiff cock as her lacy panties disappeared under the slip.



“Are you enjoying this, Steve?” asked Dawn.

“Of course, you look gorgeous and sexy in your slip and stockings.”



She pulled the dress down over the slip. Although most women do not wear a slip anymore under a dress, this dress was very lacy and slightly sheer on the bottom half. Dawn did not want the whole world to know that she was wearing stockings and suspenders.



Dawn slipped on some black heels. Steve whistled as he got a view up her skirt to see her stocking tops and blue lacy panties. He rubbed his cock harder.

“Would you like to use my panties to help you cum.”

Dawn picked up the silky grey panties from the washing basket that she had worn to the office. She dangled them from her fingers.

“You were very keen to touch these silky delights in the office when you put your hand up my skirt. Perhaps you would like to wrap them around your big stiff cock. Or, maybe, you could wear them with my stockings and bra, you would look good in panties, Steve.”

“No certainly not, I am not like your ex, Eric or Erica the Sissy.”

“You sure?” she said straightening up.

Steve was pumping his cock even harder.





“You were fascinated when Erica took off her skirt and blouse to show you her gorgeous frilly lingerie. You loved it when she sucked you off.”

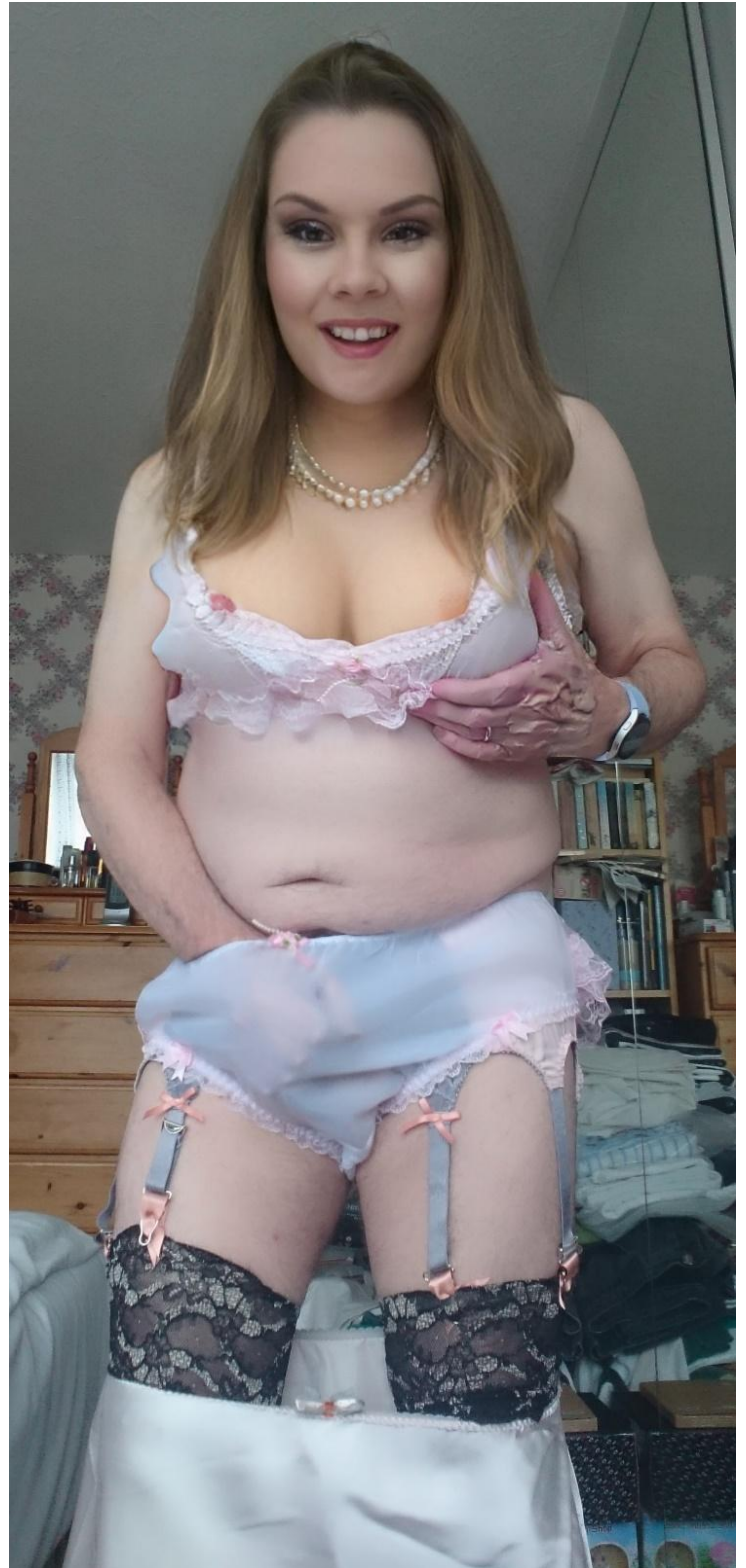
“Even when you were fucking me, my sissy ex was wanking into her panties. I could see in the mirror that you were watching her intensely and her stiff clitty in her sheer pink panties. When she flooded her panties that was when you came, didn’t you Steve?”

“Agh.... “ Steve had cum with this intensive memory of seeing a tranny cum in her panties.

“You had better get dressed Steve, whilst I finish my hair and makeup. The table is for 7.30 and it is 7 now.

Steve wiped up and got dressed quickly whilst Dawn fixed her hair and makeup.

They were out of the door by 7.15pm and got an Uber to the Italian restaurant.





The meal was lovely, just what they needed. As they got back to the flat Dawn had said that she was worried about the training course, would she pass?

“Dawn, do what you always do when you want something,” said Steve as they reached the bedroom.

“Do you mean this?” asked Dawn as she raised her dress to reveal her lacy slip, stocking tops and damp knickers.

“Of course, fuck the trainer.”

She took off her dress and slip.

“And show him my tits?”

Dawn lent forward and pulled down her bra to reveal her soft orbs.

“Then sit on his big cock, because it will be very big by now, just as mine is,” said Steve.

Dawn moved forward, pulled her blue panties to one side and slid Steve’s hard phalanx right into her wet and juicy pussy.

“Oh god yes, if you want to pass the course you can fuck who you like,” said Steve as he pumped her pussy.





This was indeed true. Dawn had discovered this during her second year at Birmingham University. Derek, her English tutor, had a thing about old fashioned stockings. He had bemoaned the fact, in a tutorial about *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, that women never wore stockings or slips anymore, unlike the 70's when he had been an undergraduate at Oxford. Sub fusc rules at Oxford University meant female students had to wear black stockings, suspenders and white slips under a dark skirt and academic gowns all the time. Dawn took the hint and knew at that moment how she could upgrade her predicted 2.2 to a 2.1 degree, she went shopping.



Then she “accidentally” let him see up her skirt....,



..... several times.

When he realised, she was wearing stockings (and a slip of course) he suggested she might need some extra individual support after a tutorial.



When they were alone, she lifted her dress to reveal her lacy slip and stocking tops. He immediately got his stiff cock out of his trousers.



And when she took off the slip and her bra, he could not hold back and spurted cum all over her panties and stockings. She got through so many stockings.



Over the next 18 months she always made sure she wore a cute outfit to his tutorials.

Sometimes she was very demure in the group tutorials, but she always had to stay behind for some personal attention. Her peeping slip made a big difference. He loved fondling her slip. The other students were annoyed with her that she was so blatant at getting soft grades because of Derek's predilection for a pretty girl in stockings and a lacy slip. To the female students, who were perpetually dressed in leggings and t-shirts, it seemed such an old fashioned way of dressing.



The funny thing was that Steve was right, although she did let Derek fuck her several times, she often only had to let him see up her skirt or lift her blouse, then he would spurt all over her slip and stockings.

And yes, she did improve her degree, graduating with a 2.1 instead of a 2.2 and thereby improved her job prospects. What was surprising was that her tutor did not actually go soft on her marks but helped her to read the learning outcomes for an essay better and gave her tips for improving the quality of her writing to match the required outcomes. It was a two-way relationship.

A few weeks later Dawn had to go to Manchester for her training course.

She asked Steve what he was going to do about food while she was away as Dawn cooked most of the time.

“Oh, I will cook something or get some take aways.”

Although Steve had suggested Dawn fuck the tutor it turned out that the tutor was female and so were all the other participants. It didn't stop her flashing her stockings at the tutor at the end of the 2nd day. Maybe she swung both ways, it was worth a try.



“Nice stockings Dawn, but a bit old fashioned. You are here on merit, if you want to break the glass ceiling in your career, you do it by talent, hard work and perseverance, not by flashing your frilly underwear. From what I have seen so far you have got what it takes but try wearing trousers tomorrow, like the other women.”

Dawn was a bit deflated as flashing her frilly underwear had always worked for her up to now, but she took the tutors words to heart and found a new resolve to be more professional. Steve might not like it if she didn't wear stockings to the office anymore but then he was probably cooking up something with her frilly underwear back at home.

Indeed, he was. He missed Dawn and her frilly knickers. When he got home, he hesitated for a moment or two but then gave in and opened her lingerie draw. There were lots of delights in there, shiny satin panties with lots of lace. He picked up the frilliest pair of panties, pink satin with lashings of lace. He was so hard. The panties slid up his legs and over his stiff cock.





He had to slide his hand inside the pink panties to feel his stiff cock. The panties could barely hold the big stiffy. It only took a moment, then he suddenly flooded the panties with his cum.

What was he doing? Steve looked at the pink panties on his hairy legs. He was an alpha male, why had he cum in women's panties? Steve pulled off the panties and collapsed on the bed, riddled with guilt. After a while he got his breath back. He had not cum that hard for ages. But what if..... what if he went further and added stockings, suspenders and maybe even a bra. Just like his aunty Mary wore for him when he was just a teenager.



She wasn't actually his aunty, but a childhood friend of mum, they grew up together in Edinburgh. Steve noticed the expensive clothes Mary always wore, even when she came round to see his mum for tea and home-made scones.



Then, when his mum went to the kitchen, Mary would open her blouse and show him her tits in a lacy bra,



or part her legs to let him see up her skirt to show she was wearing stockings and suspenders. Sometimes she wore a sheer blouse that would show her lacy slip.



The lacy hem of a pretty slip would often peep out over her sheer black nylon stockings from under the hem of her smart skirt. She knew it got him excited.

When he started cutting her grass, when he was 16 it went even further. She was his first fuck.

Even the memory of this all these years later made him hard again. Steve wanted more, what did it feel like wearing those panties, slip and stockings?





The next evening, he tried again. This time he chose another pair of Dawn's panties and put them on, a lacy suspender belt over the top and attached some sheer black stockings. He loved it when Dawn wore stockings to the office. Then it was a bra, stuffed with some spare panties. Was there a slip that would fit him. A pale pink full slip just fitted but was very tight.



Oh God, he was so hard, men shouldn't do this, but he was, just like Dawn's ex, Eric. Steve knew why Eric / Erica had cum so hard when she was forced to watch Steve screwing Dawn. Dawn had turned Eric, her ex-husband into a cuckold.

What about Erica, what was she up to this week? Something was cooking. Steve decided on the spur of the moment, to phone Erica.



Erica was in fact just getting dressed in red and black lingerie and a new kilt.

“Hello,” answered Eric, not sure who was calling, he was glad it was not a video call.

“Hi Eric, it’s Steve. Dawn is away in Manchester this week on a training course. I keep thinking about that lingerie you wore last time you came over. You were so stiff in your sheer white panties it made me want to try panties for myself.”

“Oh really, do you mean Dawn’s panties?”

“Yes, and some.”

“Did you enjoy it?”

“Oh yes, I came so hard.”

“Well, we have both worn Dawn’s panties now.”

“Yes, well....I was wondering if you want to cum over tomorrow evening for a beer and you can give me some tips on dressing up and makeup.?”

“Oh, Ok, what time?”

“About 8pm.”

“What should I wear?”

“Something sexy, like last time, definitely stockings and a slip.”

Erica wasn’t sure if Steve was being genuine or setting her up.





Erica finished dressing. She put on a red half-slip with a lovely sweep of lace. If you looked closely, you could just see her stocking tops peeping through the lace. On top went a tight black jersey. Finally, the new kilt, it was very long, too long to show a peeping red slip. As she was dressing, she decided to trust Steve and go to meet him at the flat. It was not public so hopefully would be OK. Erica was ever an optimist. Now, what would she wear.



Erica decided on a black and white dress, black nylon stockings and black high heeled boots. She had seen Dawn wearing something similar last time they had met. She knew Steve would notice that.

At exactly 8pm she knocked on the door of Steve and Dawn's flat in Hammersmith.

Steve opened the door wearing a skirt and blouse. Erica felt relieved.

“Oh my God, look at you,” said Erica. “I wasn’t expecting this. You look fantastic.”

Steve had not done any makeup or hair but was wearing a very lacy bra under a sheer black blouse. The long skirt was very flowery with a split up the middle. A lacy black slip peeped put through a split in the front of the skirt. The hosiery was black, and Steve had some small black heels on.

“Come in,” said Steve, “ I don’t want the neighbours to see.”





Erica followed Steve into the living room. Last time she had been here it was to sign and witness the divorce papers.

Erica would never have imagined that she would now be sitting here with his ex's new partner, both dressed up en-femme.

“Take a seat, do you want a lager, I have some cold ones in the fridge.” Steve sounded nervous.

“Yes please.”

“Glass?”

“No, the can is fine.”

Steve disappeared into the kitchen.

As Erica sat on the sofa her dress rode slightly to expose the white lacy hem of a slip and her stocking tops.

Steve soon came back with the cold beers. They popped the cans. Steve sat down but after a few gulps of the beer he seemed to relax.

“I like the dressing up but have no idea about make up or hair.”

“I can help you with that. And you will need a more feminine name.”

“I hadn’t thought about that,” said Steve, deep in thought.” Oh, how about Sarah, same initial.”

“Excellent choice, Sarah!”





“I love your peeping slip showing in the split of your skirt,” said Erica.

Sarah’s skirt had split as she sat down, and her lacy black slip peeped out.

“Thanks. Did you borrow that dress from Dawn, I am sure she has one like that,” said Sarah.



“She does, she wore it last time I came round. I thought it looked great on her and decided to get my own. It is very silky, here feel.”

“Oh God that feels nice. Can I see your slip?” asked Sarah.

Erica stood up and slowly lifted the hem of her dress to reveal her slips, a full black slip and a black half-slip. Both slips were trimmed in white lace

“Oh my God, you are wearing two black slips,” said Sarah.

“Yes, a full slip and a half slip. Both fit perfectly with my panties and bra, I could not decide which to wear so I wore both under my slinky dress. I thought that you would appreciate it after what you said on the phone.”

“That must feel so good.”

“They feel wonderful sliding together. I want to see your slip too, it looks so pretty,” said Erica.





Sarah stood up and lifted her skirt to show the slip.

“Gorgeous, are you wearing stockings as well?” asked Erica.

Sarah, lifted her slip as well.” Yes, stockings and suspenders, not hold ups or tights.” She gave a little peep of her lacy black knickers, perhaps accidentally. The lacy knickers were quite sheer, and Erica could see a stiff clitty.

Erica sucked her breath in at this sexy sight. “That is making me so hard.”

“I am too, let’s go to the bedroom and we can show each other our lingerie,” said Sarah.

They left their beer cans in the living room and went to the bedroom next door.



Erica took off her slinky geometric dress to reveal her two slips.



As Sarah stepped out of her flowery skirt Erica admired the view. She loved seeing a lady reveal her slip as she removed a skirt.

“Seamed stockings, perfect with your pretty slip.”



Sarah sat down on the bed.

“Here, sit next to me, Erica”

Erica sat down and took in the lacy bra and big cleavage. The slip had a long slit and split all the way up to Sarah’s lacy knickers and showed off the long stocking tops and suspenders, all in black.



Erica lifted her slip and showed Sarah her black knickers and stocking tops. There was a bulge in the black nylon panties.

They started feeling each other's slips. They leant toward each other and started kissing slowly and tenderly.

Hands rubbed stockings, slips and then the stiff clitties in the panties.



Erica stopped kissing for a moment, “I want to see your panties,” said Erica.

Reluctantly Sarah stood up and lifted her slip as she faced Erica.

Sarah was wearing very lacy and very sheer black French knickers. There was also a very lacy black suspender belt that perfectly framed Sarah’s stiff clitty.

“Oh yes, just what I hoped for,” Erica now had her hand inside her panties.

Erica rubbed her own stiff clitty harder.



Sarah slowly started pulling her slip down.



As she stepped out of her slip, she revealed her black panties and bra. The back of the French knickers were plain but still quite sheer. Sarah sat down to watch Erica take off her slips.



“Your boots look fantastic with stockings and your slip,” said Sarah. “My mum’s friend, aunty Mary, wore boots like that.”

Erica looked down. “I love wearing these boots and I love looking down at my slip, boots and sheer nylon clad legs.”

Now Sarah had her hand in her French knickers and was wanking her stiff clitty.

“Oh God, I think I am going to cum,” said Sarah as Erica took off her half-slip and then pulled up the full slip to reveal her panties and bra that were trimmed in white lace to match the slips.

“Hold fire, Sarah,” said Erica. “Not yet.”

Sarah slowed down.





“I am going to suck you off again, just like I did last time. And then you can suck me.”



Erica stood up and pulled Sarah's French knickers down.



Sarah's stiff clitty popped into view.



Erica crouched in front of Sarah, put her hands on her stockings and kissed Sarah's clitty. Then she took it in her mouth. The feel of the soft warm mouth and the tongue licking her stiffy was too much for Sarah.

"Ah.....," she shouted as she gushed hot white cum into Erica's mouth. Erica swallowed some and then kissed Sarah so she too could taste the salty cum.

“Now my turn, you can pull my panties down, and blow me. I am nearly ready to cum too.”

The End

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