

## The office

A story in 16 parts by Andrea

### office01



How had it come to this?

A new co-worker, John, had been transferred to our office about a week ago. He sat at the desk right in front of me, with his back towards me. In conversations over coffee he seemed a nice chap and talked about his wife and kids. He was much older than me, had a grey beard and, if he was honest, somewhat over weight. We had little in common, oh how wrong I was.

office02



I first started to detect what could be the outline of a bra and slip or camisole under his shirt when he lent forward over the photo copier. I quickly glanced round the office, I don't think any of my other co-workers, almost entirely women, had noticed.

office03



The following day when John came into the office I was sure I could see the lacy outline of a slip. Wow, that's brave I thought as someone else would be sure to notice. If they did nobody said anything.

## office04



When John reached forward to get something from his bottom desk draw, his trouser rode up to reveal some sheer black hosiery, there was no mistake.

I was starting to get a tingling feeling. I walked to the water cooler and as I passed his desk I whispered, “nice socks”. He glanced up and smiled, “They are not socks, I think you already know that”. Was he teasing me?

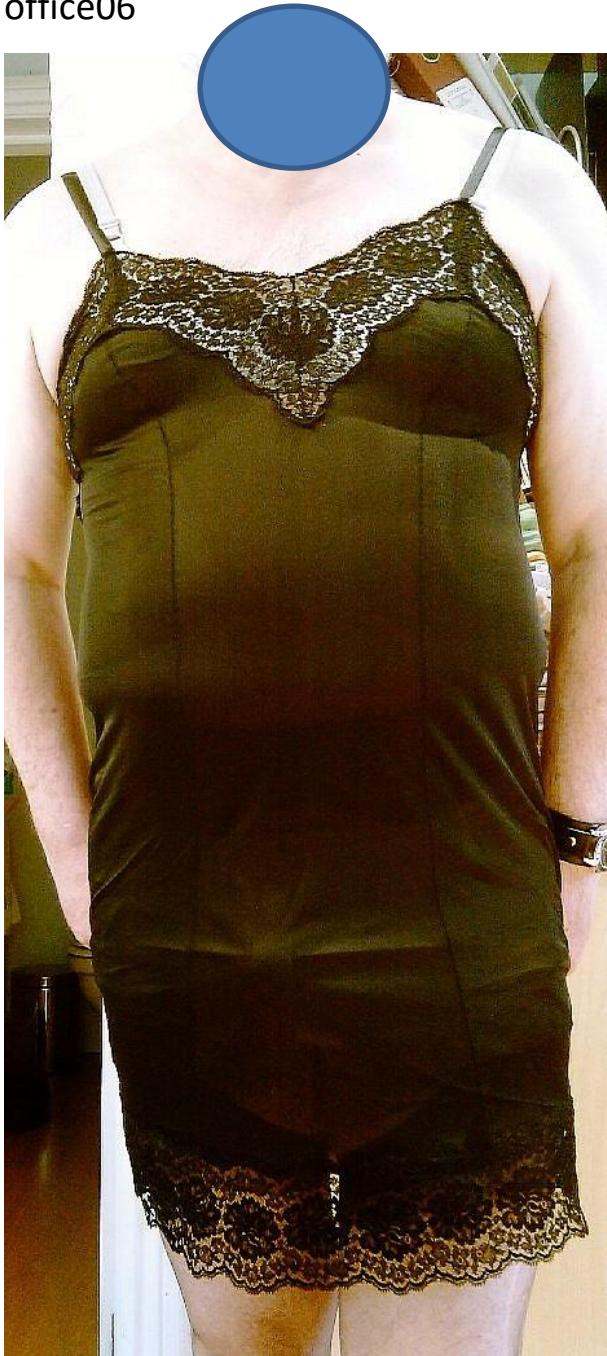


office05



Later that afternoon he got up and left the room. As he departed he winked at me. I had an inkling where he was going. A few minutes later I headed to the male toilets. I poked my head round the door, it appeared empty, with so few men in the office of a small company that was not surprising. I tiptoed in, there were only two stalls and one door was shut. I dipped down and glanced under the door. I could see John's feet clad in sheer black nylon with a reinforced toe, he was right, he was not wearing socks.

office06



I tapped on the door, he opened it and smiled to see who it was. I slipped into the toilet and shut the door.

I knew we were taking a risk but I also knew that there were no other men in the office that day and that we would be undisturbed.

He had taken off his suit to reveal a lovely silky black full length slip, with pretty lace on the bust. The lacy hem fell just above the knee. I had to know, was he wearing sheer tights or would it be stockings?



“Can I lift your slip?”, I whispered. I don’t why I was whispering, nobody else could hear us. He just smiled. Yes, yes, yes, he was wearing sheer black stockings held up by black suspenders that pulled the sheer nylon into a black triangle at the top of his legs. These were neither tights nor hold ups.

He also had on a delightful pair of silky cream French knickers, my favourite panties, with a lacy hem over the bottom of the loose legs. “Nice” I said quickly, trying to hide my growing excitement. “I do like to see a man who loves wearing silky lingerie, especially a slip and stockings. In fact, I think you are probably wearing the prettiest and most feminine lingerie in the office today apart from.....”



office08



"....me, that is." I slipped off my outer office attire. As I hung it on the peg over John's shirt and trousers I could feel his eyes boring into my back.

"I love slips as well, and stockings held up by lacy suspender belts and lacy French knickers. I decided on a black half slip today with some sheer seamed stockings. Do you like what you see?" I said as I turned round.

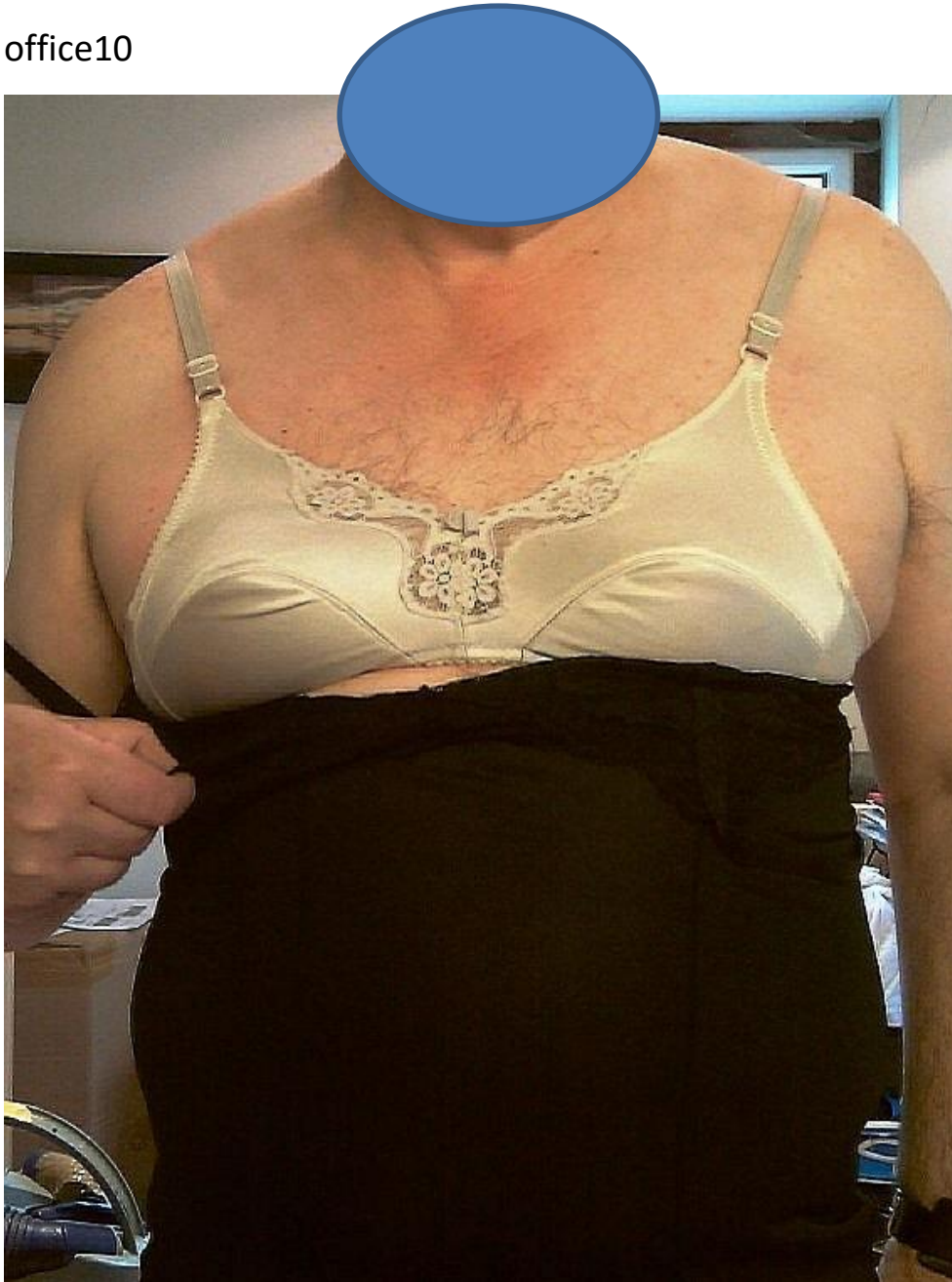
"I do, and I love the long lacy walking split, that is a really pretty slip."





"Let me sit down." I shuffled past John and sat on the toilet facing him. I turned my half slip so that the split fell either side of my knee revealing my dark red lacy suspender attached to my sheer stocking top and a little of the lace of my French knickers.

office10



John was now standing in front of me in the small cubicle. I wanted to feel those man boobs. I eased the straps of his slip down to reveal his silky cream bra. I squeezed his man boobs and kept pulling the slip down. I wanted to see more of those pretty French knickers.



office11



As I pulled the black slip lower, the lacy black suspender belt and cream French knickers came into view. I could see that by the bulge in his panties that John was starting to get excited, I know that I was as well.



office12



As I pulled the slip right down I looked at the pretty pattern the lacy hem of the black slip made against John's sheer black stockings with the reinforced toes.



The bulge in John's panties was growing larger as I knew that he was looking down at my cleavage caused by my dark red under wired nylon bra. I caressed him through the silky cream panties.

"The thing about men wearing French knickers," I said as I lifted the loose lacy hem of his pretty cream panties," is that it gives easy access to their willie." I murmured as I eased his stiff protuberance out of the panties leg and into my mouth.

He placed his hands on my head and pulled me closer. I ran my hands roughly up and down his stocking clad legs. I licked and sucked his penis in my warm mouth. Just before he came I closed my mouth and he ejaculated over my bra, not a huge amount, but enough to see that he had enjoyed the experience

office14



I stood up in front of him with his cum still on my chest. He enjoyed the view of my black and red silky lingerie.



## office15



I slipped off my black half slip and stood in front of John in my black lacy French knickers. They are so see through he could clearly see my lacy red suspender belt. He put his black slip back on as we swapped places and he sat on the toilet. He could clearly see my little secret.

He reached behind me and released the catch on my bra. I leant forward. He slipped his hands in my French knickers touching my shaved private parts, I was dripping with excitement. "I do love to see a real women in such pretty and feminine undies," he said as he kissed my dangling breasts and slid his fingers into me. As he wiggled his fingers inside me, giving me so much pleasure, my high heels tapped on the floor.

I soon came and I hadn't even taken my panties off. "The thing I like about French knickers on women," he said with a mischievous grin on his face," is that the loose legs provide such easy access to the juicy bits."

"Well that was a surprise," I gasped still recovering from my excitement. "Yes it was, wasn't it, but it is April 1st after all."

## office16



I put my bra and slip back on and picked up my skirt and blouse from the peg. I would have to go into the ladies to clean up.

John looked down at his nylon clad legs poking out of his black slip. "You have ruined these stockings," he said glumly, "they have a huge ladder and they cost a fortune.

"Don't you worry about that," I said, "as the office manager and your supervisor I shall make sure that there is always a plentiful supply of sheer stockings in the office. What is your favourite brand?"

Andrea Slip – April 2013

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