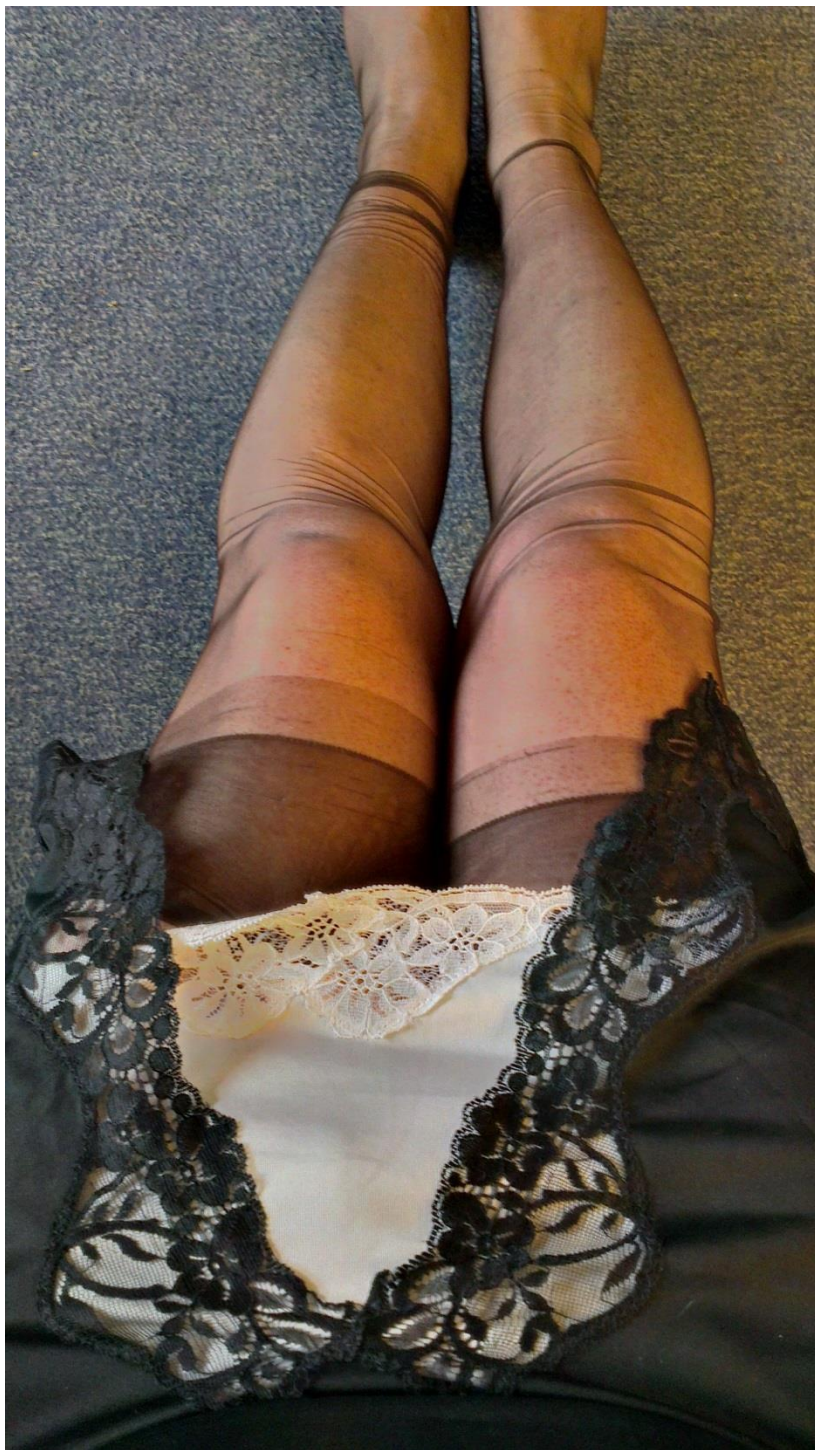
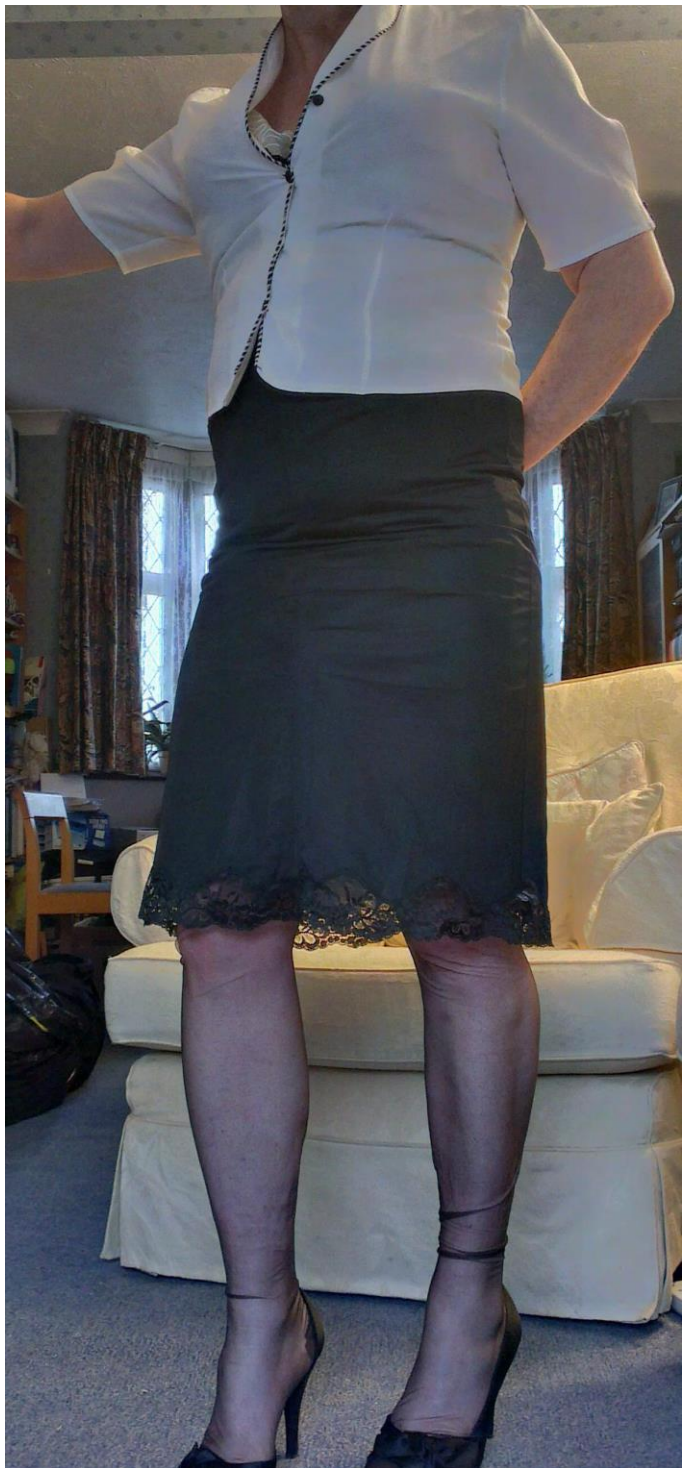


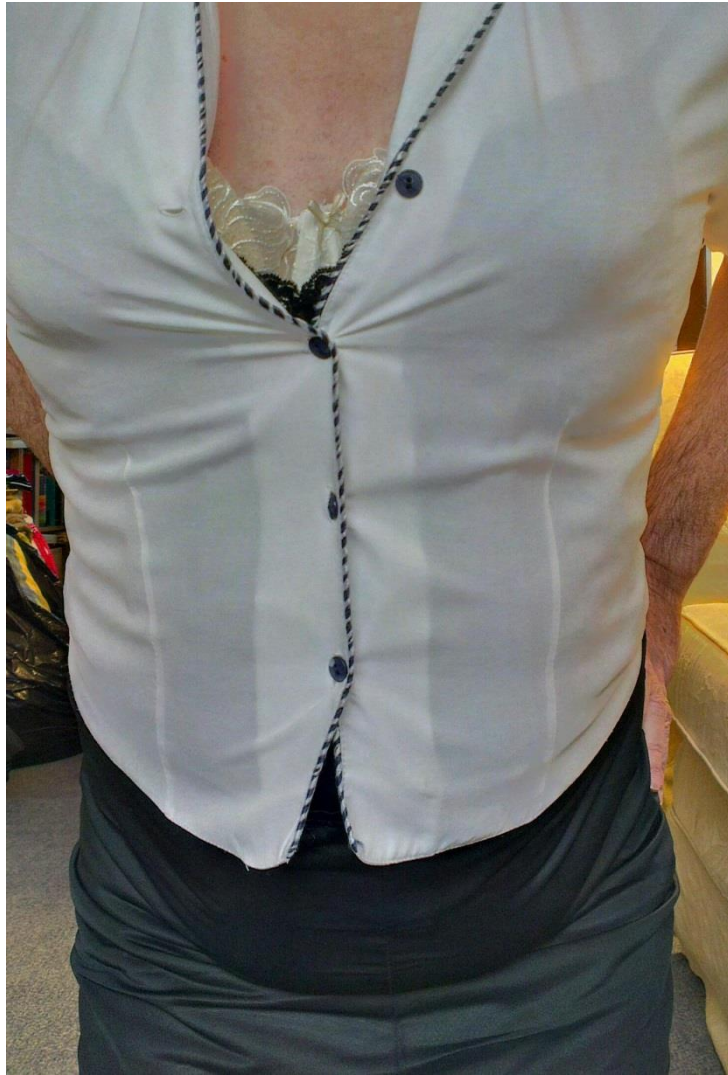
The Paper



A story in 18 photos by Andrea and Stew. Best enjoyed whilst dressed in silky lingerie, for a satisfying outcome.

It was a nice summer morning as I walked to the newsagents to pick up my paper and post some letters. As I neared the door of the shop I saw a pretty lady walking towards me. White blouse, black skirt and black nylon tights, heels, very nice I thought. I love seeing women in black nylon hosiery. I love to speculate whether the lady is wearing black nylon tights or even better sheer black stockings. At a quick glance this lady was wearing sheer black hosiery rather than semi-opaque but hard to tell if it was tights or stockings. I was to find out.





I popped into the shop, picked up my paper, paid and was nearly out of the door again in 30 seconds. As I walked out I bumped into the lady in the black skirt. I could not help notice her lacy cream bra and black cami (or perhaps full slip) peeping out of her cleavage. She dropped her tissue in the doorway.



I bent down to pick up her white tissue for her hoping to get a glance up her skirt. I got more than I bargained for. She too crouched down to get her dropped tissue and I got the best upskirt view I have ever seen. Yes, she was wearing sheer black hosiery, not semi-opaques. Yes it was stockings not tights. Yes it was fully fashioned black nylon stockings. Yes, she was wearing stockings and suspenders not hold ups. Yes she was wearing a silky and lacy white slip under her black skirt. And, yes she was wearing silky white French knickers. How do I know, look for your-self at the picture in my mind? It only took a couple of seconds and it was etched like acid on my brain for ever. I was in heaven. She winked at me. I nearly fainted.

She picked up her tissue and smiled. I finally recovered, after what seemed like an age. I don't know if the newsagent noticed anything, he probably had a stiffy by now, just like I did. I stood up, with what must have been a dopey grin on my face and held the door open fully for her to come into the shop. I glanced back into the shop as she came in and picked up her own newspaper, same as mine. Mmm, like minds. She looked kind of familiar, and then I realised that she lived opposite me. I had only been living there for a few months and did not really know any of the neighbours.





Reluctantly I headed for the post box a few yards past the newsagent to post my letters. As I headed home my neighbour had come out of the shop and was walking in front of me. I could see her bra straps and what must be a black cami vest top through her semi sheer white blouse. I knew by now she was wearing a white half-slip.. Then I noticed that her black skirt was actually a silky black slip with a lacy band on both the walking split and the hem. How had I not noticed this, me an expert slip watcher? Well, I was distracted.

The split in her skirt/slip revealed a flash of white slip and the seams of her sheer black stockings going straight up her legs. I was getting even stiffer now. I love the sight of a lacy slip just as much as stockings but slip sightings are so rare these days. To get two at once, well I had never seen that before. And this was my neighbour; would I see some more of her (lingerie)?

She clip clopped in front of me in her black high heels as we both headed back down our road. As I crossed over to my house she glanced over her shoulder and smiled at me. What did that mean? When I had entered my house I decided, on the spur of the moment, to go up to my front bedroom on the first floor where I could see her house without being too obvious., but hid behind my curtains, so she would not see me.



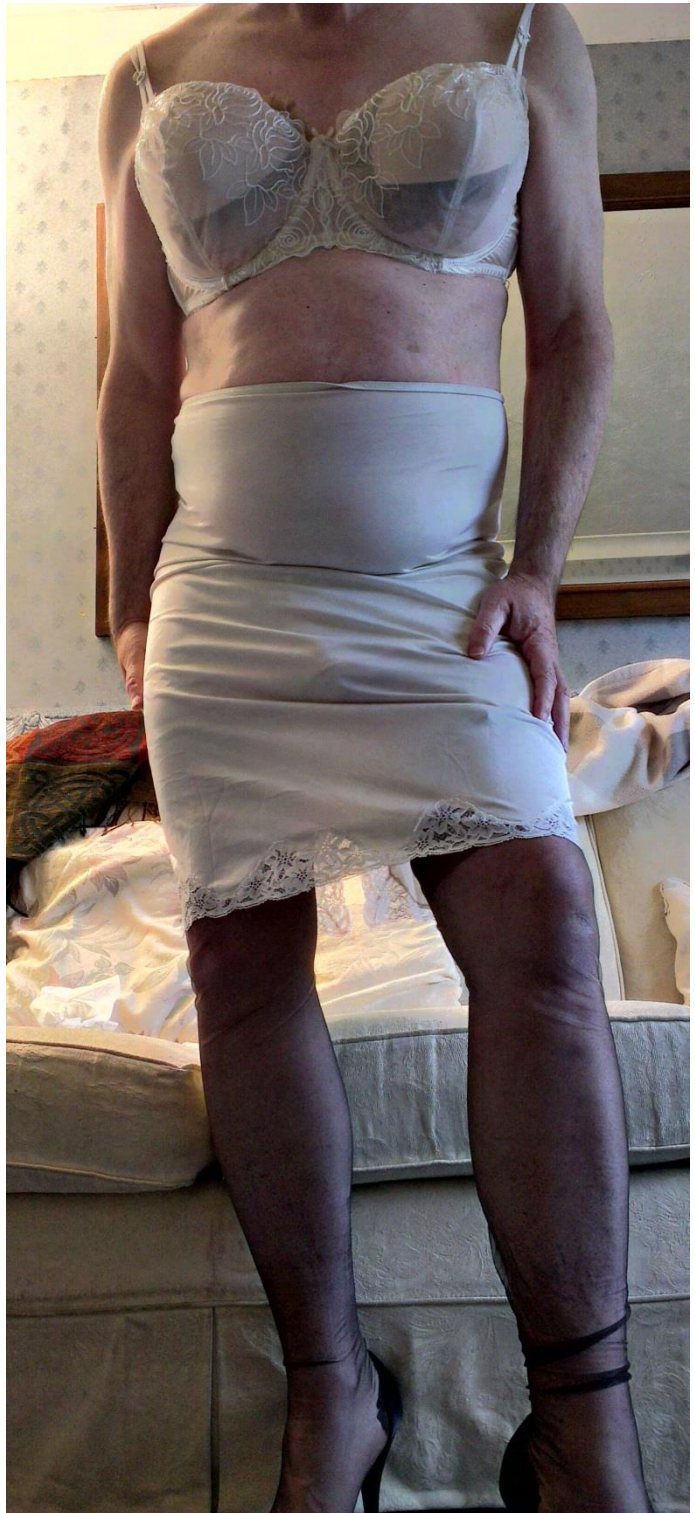
To my surprise she too had entered her bedroom, directly opposite me. Although it had a lace curtain she pulled this back. Although some distance away across the road I could see her clearly into her bedroom.



She undid the buttons of her blouse to reveal her lovely black cami. As she turned away she bent forward to pick something up.



My neighbour took off the black half slip and the cami came off next. She started walking around the bedroom with a duster and started to do some cleaning. I unzipped as my protrusion was getting too big.





The vision in white lingerie sat down on the bed for a moment and looked lovely in her white half-slip and white lacy bra holding up her milky orbs.



She stood again and started to step out of her white slip, being careful not catch her high heels on the delicate lace edge slip.



Her pretty French knickers, that I had glanced in the shop doorway earlier, where now on full view as looked straight across the road to where I was trying hide behind my bedroom curtains. Did she knowing put on this performance for my benefit?

By now I was wanking madly as she turned her back to me and pushed out her pert arse, clad in her pretty white French knickers, surrounded by the straining white straps of her lacy suspender belt. Her black high heels pushed the seams on her sheer black fully fashioned stockings into a feminine straight line. I could even see the wrinkles on her sheer stockings.





I could hold back no more. I pulled back the lacy hem of my pink slip back from my nylon clad cock and spurted through my satin pink French knickers onto my barely black sheer stockings. Like minds think alike.

The End (or was it the beginning?)

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