

The Conference

conf01



A story in 24 parts, about a visit to a conference by Andrea

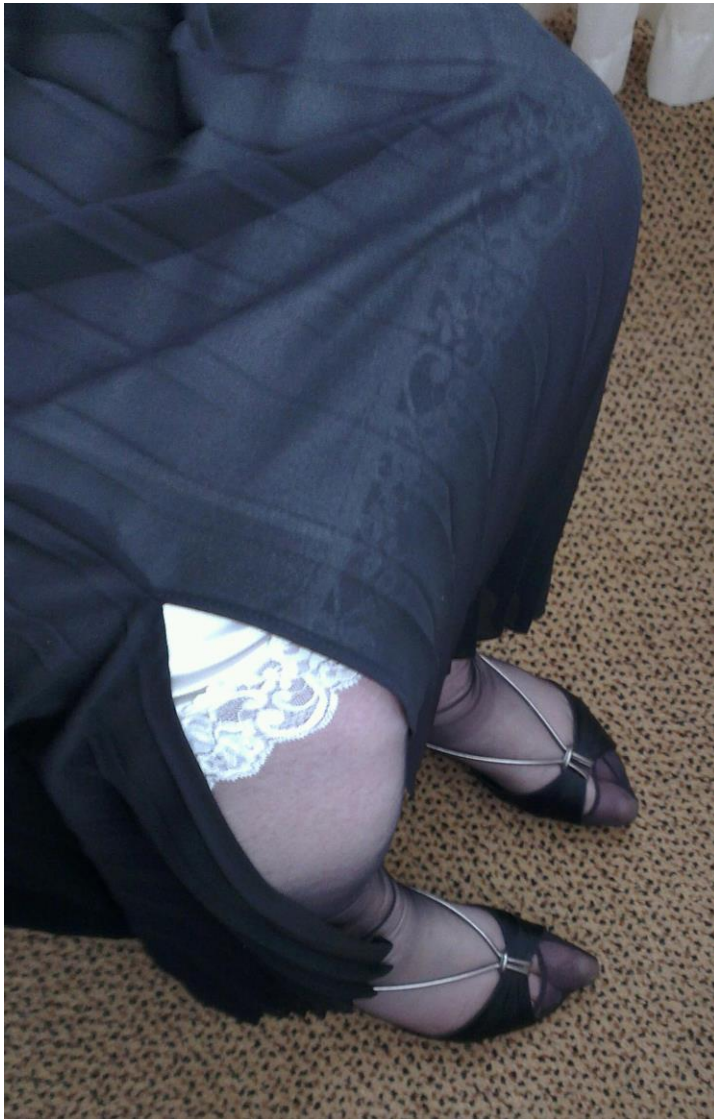
Alan eased into his chair, glad to have arrived at the conference in Birmingham after a long drive down the motorway from Leeds. It was his first chance to attend this particular IT conference now that he was an independent IT consultant. His previous boss had never given him permission to go as the boss always took the one placed available. He was looking forward to relaxing that evening in his usual fashion in his hotel room. There was plenty of time before the formal proceedings started.

Sophie worked for a large IT outsource company in London as an account manager. Although she was always looking for new clients at this conference she also sometimes met new friends who shared her passion for lingerie. Time to test the water.

Conf02 -



Sophie lent forward to pick up her iPad from her handbag and could feel the eyes of the middle aged man next to her boring into her. She had landed her first fish. She knew that her lacy bra would show through her semi sheer cream blouse. As she sat up he glanced away and she allowed the split on her black wrap over skirt to open a little.



Sophie turned to Alan and introduced herself. They exchanged professional experiences but their paths had never crossed before. The split in Sophie's skirt opened even further. As hard as he might try Alan could not help staring at the lacy hem of a silky cream slip now on view only inches away. Not only could he see the silky slip peeping from the split in his fellow delegates skirt he could also see the lacy hem right through the thin black pleated material. What a delightful feminine sight. He loved slip sightings, rare as they are today, and even better when a lacy hem appeared to be caressing sheer black nylons. Stockings or tights? He couldn't tell. Little did Alan know that he would find out very soon. He was beginning to get uncomfortable in his trousers. He discretely adjusted his trousers, conscious of not showing the lacy waist band of his pretty nylon panties. He began to wish he had not been so rash and had worn socks.

Conf04



Sophie loved the reaction she was getting from her new friend. She knew he was a friend as she could sense his great interest in her increasingly exposed silky slip. Unbeknownst to Alan his trouser leg had risen slightly to reveal a glimpse of a nylon clad ankle.



"Do you like my slip? Not many men take much interest in slips these days." Sophie said as she brushed her silky nylon cream slip. Alan could feel his face flushing and his hands were starting to shake.

"I .. err. love your slip, so few women seem to wear them but I think they are so.... so feminine," Alan eventually managed to get out.

"Don't worry, I think we share the same interests." she said pointing at his nylon clad ankles. He pulled his trouser leg down quickly. Sophie's slip had risen slightly and her lacy stocking tops were just visible below the rising slip.

Conf06



As Sophie brushed her slip her iPad slipped out of her hand. She bent down to pick up her iPad well aware of the view up her skirt she was giving Alan, and maybe even some of the other delegates. Alan now knew that he also had found a new friend as he gazed at Sophie's pretty panties, suspenders, lacy stocking tops and a silky slip, winking at him from under Sophie's pleated black skirt. There was no doubt she was a stockings girl.

As the conference was ready to start Sophie sat back in her chair and leant over to Alan to invite him to meet up at dinner, but he had to dress up as well as she was sure he would have brought some silkies with him. He was so glad he had signed up for this IT conference, even although he had to pay for it himself; it looked like it was going to be worth every penny.

Conf07



When Sophie eventually got into her room she dropped her bags and then started to change. She unclipped her skirt, folded it carefully on her chair and took off her sheer blouse. She stood in front of the mirror and admired the view of her pretty slip and bra, with sheer black stockings and black kitten heels. She felt dam sexy in her silky lingerie and looked forward to meeting up with Alan later. She wondered if he would go through with dressing up as he had agreed earlier.

conf08



Alan was also getting changed in his own room. After a shower, and a shave, Alan took out his pretty silky lingerie, heels, skirt, and blouse. He had been looking forward to this moment all day. He clipped his pale green bra and suspenders on. Apple green French knickers next, oh he loved wearing these with the pretty lacy hem. He slid his black stockings up his recently shaved legs, the sheer nylon felt lovely on his smooth legs. Alan then pulled on a delightful pale green full slip and stepped into his black high heels. He admired the view in the mirror. He felt dam sexy in his pretty lingerie.



As he was putting on his white blouse, remarkably similar to the sheer one he had seen Sophie wearing earlier and a short black skirt, there was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?"

"It's Sophie; I have come to see how you are getting on."

"I am not ready, I haven't done my make up or put my wig on yet," said Alan.

"Doesn't matter, let me see you as you are now."

Conf10



Alan opened the door cautiously and Sophie walked in, noticing the little hint of a petticoat peeping out from under the black skirt. Alan shut the door quickly so none of the other delegates in the corridor would see him in drag.

Conf11



Sophie stepped confidently into the room. She had changed into a lovely pale peach and black skirt with a matching peach blouse from Matalan. Her black bra showed through the blouse.

Cont12



Sophie turned and sat down on the bed, letting her skirt ride up a little to expose her stocking tops.
"Let's look at you then."



Alan was a little nervous and dropped his key. It was Sophie's turn to get the full upskirt view. Sophie smiled as she noticed Alan's stocking tops, panties and slip. "Stand up then and give us a twirl."



Alan stood up and turned round slowly. Sophie nodded appreciatively as she could see the pretty lacy slip showing through the sheer cream blouse, very like the one she had worn earlier.

"Is the top from Tesco?" asked Sophie.

"Yes, I bought both the skirt and top yesterday to wear tonight when I dressed up."

"I thought the blouse was the same as mine. I love seeing your pretty lacy slip through the top."

"That's why I bought it," said Alan, "I love seeing lacy slips and bra straps through a ladies sheer blouse."

Conf15



Alan sat down on the bed next to Sophie, trying hard to be ladylike and not reveal his stocking tops again, well not too readily. He loved the way his legs looked clad in sheer black nylons and with his saddle toes peeping through the front of his black high heels.



"Stay there, I want to take a photo, you look lovely."

"So do you, Sophie, " as Alan could see that Sophie had changed to brown lace top stockings under her pink skirt. He could not quite work out if she was wearing a slip or not as the pink skirt seemed to have a pink lining that would negate the need for a slip. Sophie was much less inhibited about revealing her stocking tops, and indeed her panties.

Conf17



Alan's curiosity about whether Sophie was wearing a slip was soon resolved as Sophie stood up, unzipped her skirt and stepped out of it revealing a rather nice cream mini slip. "Gosh it is hot in here", said Sophie

Conf18



As Sophie removed her skirt and blouse Alan could not help notice a rather unladylike bulge in Sophie's slip. Sophie looked down.

"Oh don't worry about that, we are quite alike, aren't we Alan?"

"I suppose so", said Alan as his own bulge was growing quickly at the sight of Sophie's pretty nylon lingerie.

" Now, why don't you show me your pretty green slip properly?"

Conf19



Alan stepped out of his little black skirt and cream top to reveal his full green slip.
"Very nice Alan, you have done an excellent job. That's a Vanity Fair slip if I am not mistaken?"
Alan smiled, Sophie was even more of an expert on lingerie than him



Sophie turned her back to Alan and removed her little cream waist slip with the pretty lace on both the waist band and hem. She stepped into the bathroom as if to start running a bath but that was not her intention. She only had one thing on her mind, the triple mirrors meant she could see Alan fucking her from behind.

Conf21



Alan followed Sophie into the bathroom, she lent over the bath pushing her delightful pale pink panties towards Alan. "Fuck me Alan."

Conf22



Alan did not need another invitation and lifted his slip up reveal his own pretty French knickers.

Conf23



His slip was soon discarded on the bathroom floor as he pulled his rampant prick from his knickers and slid it over Sophie's silky French knickers whilst he took a firm grip of her waist with his hands. Oh, it was divine.

Conf24



It was not long before Alan was spurting cum over Sophie's knickers. As he recovered Sophie turned round and slipped down the pink French knickers to reveal her own small, but stiff cock. Alan knelt on the bath mat to suck Sophie delightful little tool, both for his own pleasure and to return the favour. Well worth the money thought Alan, as Sophie came warmly inside his soft mouth. A conference to remember.

The End

Bonus material







I wrote this story at a real conference and then shot all the photos in my bedroom. All the shoes, skirts, tops and lingerie are my own. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did creating it for you. Email me if you want pdf versions of my other stories.

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Andrea

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