

The Parcel



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A photo story by Andrea Slip

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I often give my wife a lift to work and then come home to have some dressing up fun before I start work in my home office. As usual I had dressed in my silky undies after my wife had got up but this time I added the dress I was going to wear later. I thought I might have some fun on the way home.

My lingerie and dress was all covered up by my rugby shirt and joggers. The only clue my wife would have about what I was up to was seeing my nylon clad feet as I came down to breakfast. I had not yet put my shoes and don't bother with socks. I wondered if she might mention I had some holes in my tights, she has in the past, or even ask if I was wearing stockings. That would have been a thrill, but although she would have noticed, she pretends not to and said nothing.



After dropping my wife at work I pulled out into traffic and soon came to a standstill in the queue for the roundabout. This was my chance to slid my loose joggers to my knees to reveal my pretty dress and lace hemmed slip. I was excited to be able to look down and see my pretty dress and my slip. The slip was really too long for the dress but I love wearing full slips under a dress. There was no way of adjusting the length, unlike a half-slip which you can just pull higher up your waist. It was a little risky as this was semi-public, perhaps that is part of the thrill.

The traffic moved forward slowly. I lifted my slip a little more so that I could see the lacy top of my barely black sheer nylon stockings and coped a little feel of my cockette nestling inside my matching French knickers. As I crept forward I realised that there was a builder's van parked on my left and the man was getting out of the van to go to the café on the slip road for breakfast. He turned and looked at my car, and stood still, looking down into my car. I froze, he must be able to see my dress riding up and my pretty slip, maybe even my stocking tops. I realised that he could not see my face but I could sense that he had a smile on his face as he gave me a thumbs up and turned back towards the door of his van to lock it. Phew, that was close but a little exciting as well as someone had appreciated my pretty lingerie and hose. I wondered what it would be like to be with a real man.



I drove home without further incident but did enjoy the feeling of sliding my hand inside my dress and over my nylon panties. Women are so lucky that can do this when wearing a dress or a skirt. When I got home I pulled my joggers back up over my slip and dress. I reached behind me and tucked my dress and slip in at the back. Or at least I thought I had.



I locked the car and walked back to my front door thinking about my black heeled boots that I was about to slip on and the fun I would soon have. I was startled from my day dream.

“Hi,” said a voice from behind me. It made me jump. It was my neighbour John from across the road.



“Glad I caught you, someone tried to deliver this parcel while you were out. I was just leaving my house when I noticed the delivery guy looking around so I said I would give to you as I only lived opposite you. Actually, I have wanted to catch you for a while. “

He leaned in closer with what looked like a small parcel of car parts I had ordered. “That’s a nice slip hanging out of your trousers.”

I felt my face going bright red as I put my hand on my bottom and could feel my slip hanging out. I wasn’t used to having to tuck both a dress and slip into my joggers and had missed some of my slip.

John, leant even closer. “Shall I come and make a deliver? I have seen you dressing in your bedroom after your wife gets up. These dark mornings I can see right through your net curtains from my bedroom when you have the light on. I love what you wear, can I see more?”

Although I was somewhat surprised by this turn of events I thought back to seeing the builder looking at my slip in the car earlier. Why not see where this goes? I opened the door and let John in.



We walked into the living room. He sat on the sofa. He noticed my black boots under the table, ready for my return, where I had hidden them from my wife at breakfast.

“Those look nice. Take off your outer clothes so I can see what you are wearing and put the boots on,” he commanded.

I took off my shoes, pulled off my rugby shirt up and dropped my joggers. My dress and slip came into view.



I tugged my multi coloured silk dress down but it still would not cover my full slip.

“Lovely dress,” said John admiring me from the sofa, “I love how your slip shows under the dress. I have a thing about slips.”

“It’s not long?” I asked.

“Oh no, I love seeing a flash of slip under a dress, but it is so rare now. My wife, before she died, used to wear slips sometimes. Please put your boots on.”



I sat down on the chair and slid the boots on. They are quite tight but make me feel very sexy. I zipped up the boots and realised I must be giving a John a flash of my pink knickers but it was my stocking tops that grabbed his attention.

“Oh stockings, I have often watched you putting stockings on from across the road.” I heard him unzip and pull his cock out of his pants to start masturbating.



I finished zipping my boots. This was much more fun than dressing on my own. I pushed my knees together to end the free show. However, I could feel some dampness in my panties. I was getting stiff too.



I stood up so that John could enjoy the sight of me in my boots, sheer black nylon hosiery, my lacy slip and my silk patterned dress.

“What do you think John, do like me with the boots on,” I asked?

“Oh yes, I love it,” he said. “Come closer”



"Lift up you dress, I want to see your knickers properly."

He had noticed my pink knickers when I was putting my boots on. I eased up my short dress to reveal the frothy lingerie hidden underneath.

"I am wearing an M&S full slip with matching French knickers and barely black lace top hold up stockings, do you like it John."

"Oh yes, errrr. What shall I call you?"

"Andrea."

"Yes Andrea, I love it all. I am so excited," he said as he wanked his cock sticking out of his trousers.

"Looks like you have a damp patch and are getting excited as well. Come and sit next to me. I want to have a feel."



I went and sat on the arm of the chair next to him but making sure he could see up my dress.



He gently pulled up my dress and started to rub my nylon slip with his fingers. The slip bunched up and showed my lace top stockings.

"The white lace on the slip is so pretty and so sexy," said as he rubbed the nylon with one hand and masturbated with the other.



He pulled the slip higher and moved on to my panties. I moved my legs apart so he had better access. His hand gently ran across my bulging erection, trapped in the silky nylon of my French knickers.

John started moaning." Oh..... I haven't felt up nylon knickers like this for years...."

I do this every day, but it was a nice change to feel someone else's hand doing the rubbing on my panty. My bulge was getting bigger.



Suddenly he stopped. “Stand up and take off your dress I want to see your slip.

I stood up and pulled my silk dress over my head. I felt very sexy standing in front of this man, John, my neighbour. I couldn’t believe this was happening, it was so sudden and so quick.

“Very nice, I love full slips. I haven’t seen some one wearing one since my wife died 5 years ago. It looks gorgeous with your nylons and boots. Are you wearing a bra under the slip?”

“What do you think,” I asked?



I eased the straps of my slip down to show him my silky and lacy grey bra with pink flecks.

“I thought so, gorgeous,” he said.



I eased the cups of my slip and the thin spaghetti straps back up over my bra and knelt in front of John.

“Suck me,” he commanded.



I knelt in front of him and put my hands either side of his legs and leant forward. I kissed his throbbing member and then sucked it into my mouth. It was big and salty but I loved what I was doing. He put his hands on my back and rubbed my nylon slip. John was so excited by the sight and feel of my nylon that he was soon coming. As he started to cum I let go of his cock so that he sprayed his cum over my nylon covered breasts.

“Agghhhhh, “ exclaimed John.

After a few moments I stood up and pulled up my slip.

“Look what you have done to me,” my own hard cock was sticking out of the loose leg of my French knicker. “Now my turn,” as I stood right in front of John.

He leaned forward and ran his hands all over my stockings and silky panties. He wanked my cock to make it even harder and slipped it into his mouth. I dropped my slip down and it partly fell over his head. I was so hard now as he played with my slip, panties and nylon stockings.

I was soon ready to cum. He kept sucking as I spewed my cum down his throat. It was my turn to say “agggggghhhhhh,” as I shook with pleasure.

“We must do this again”, said John.

“Did you keep any of your wife’s slips and panties after she passed away?”

“A few.”

“Well next time you have to wear them so I can wank you off in nylon as well.”

“Oh yes, I would love that. It’s a deal”

The End



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