Wearing Sexy Stockings Can Lead to Wonderful Surprises

By hotvicky

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My love for sexy stockings leads to my first lesbian experience

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As long as I can remember I have loved wearing sexy lingerie. I felt that being able to wear sexy lacy items was part of my right as a sexy woman. I especially love stockings and garter belts. Although I wear pantyhose at times, I prefer stockings. My favorite brand is Wolford but I wear others. I love the feel of wearing them and the looks I get from men and some women. I love the stares I get when someone sees the garter bumps in my skirts or a little bit of stocking top. It works especially well as I usually wear heels at least four inches in height. I knew showing off my sexy legs helped me attract the men but I did not think it would lead to my first girl on girl experience.

When I first graduated from college I took a job in an office attached to a warehouse. Although the business was shipping, the office area was very neat and clean. The office workers dressed professionally and I was excited to see the ladies dressed in nice pencil skirts above the knee and tops that showed some cleavage. It was a little surprising considering the office was in a conservative state. This gave me a chance to work on my accounting experience and show off my sexy legs and stimulating hosiery.

I usually wore knee-length, or shorter, skirts and a blouse with a low top button. I always had on hosiery, usually stockings. I prefer sheer tan colors as they make my legs very shimmery. I will also wear off black or different shades of brown. Although I love more erotic hosiery such as fishnet and full fashioned with seams, and have an extensive collection of them, I saved those for after work hours.

I had been working there about six months, and one Friday I returned from lunch and noticed a letter on my desk with my name on it. The letter was anonymous, but it said it was from another lady in the office. She had noticed how I dressed in sexy stockings and thought my legs were some of the hottest she had ever seen. She said that she was a lesbian but kept it quiet due to the stigma she would receive. (This was in the '80s in a rural state.) She said she was very interested in having a relationship with me and wondered if I would consider having sex with another woman. I had thought and fantasized about other women before, but I had never taken it any further. The letter went on to

say that what I wore for stockings on Monday would be my answer to her. If I was not interested, I was to wear my regular tan stockings. If I wanted to meet her and possibly make love, then she wanted me to wear black stockings, fully fashioned with a seam down the back of the leg.

This letter sent a wave of thoughts running through my head. I was not in a relationship at the time. Although I wanted to be with another woman, I was afraid of possible consequences. I tried to think who it was in my office. I had never noticed any woman looking at me lustfully. I did not fully decide until Monday morning, when I found myself dressing in a pair of very sexy black stockings with a seam.

I went to work that day and planned to see who was paying particular attention to me. Obviously, because of the erotic stockings I wore, everyone noticed. I even got called into my boss's office and was told to tone down my dressing. I then waited for a response from my mystery admirer. I waited all week and nothing happened. I started to think it was a joke someone played on me.

When Friday came, I arrived at my desk to find another note. The letter said that she was very happy I was interested in meeting her. She asked if I would meet her in the storage room at lunch time. For four hours, I waited in anticipation. My heart was leaping every minute. Would I be attracted to her? Would I actually go through with having sex with a woman? I got no work done all morning, and my panties were dripping wet.

Lunch time came, and almost everyone left the office. I entered the storage room, my heart feeling like it would burst through my chest. It was a little dark, like some of the lights were not working. When I went in, I did not see anyone there. I looked around through the piles of extra desks and office equipment, but did not notice anyone. Then I heard a voice in the back ask if I was ready to meet my secret admirer. I managed to say yes, though my mouth was dry.

From the back stepped Pamela. Although I had met her before, I did not see her often. As a purchasing agent, she was usually out of the office. I had noticed her because she liked to wear sexy hosiery like myself. She was about forty years old and very well kept. She had long auburn hair and very beautiful legs. She was wearing a lovely skirt suit with a slit in the front. I could see she was wearing stockings with a garter belt. She approached me with a sultry look and asked if I was ready to make love to a woman. All I could do was nod my head.

She wrapped her arms around me and kissed me. I hungrily returned the kiss, reaching out with my tongue probing her lips. As we kissed, her hands started to caress my legs, feeling the smoothness of my stockings. She took her mouth from mine and kissed my neck. My hands moved towards her ass and squeezed her cheeks. Slowly, she started unbuttoning my blouse, kissing her way to my heaving breasts. My blouse fell to the floor, and my bra soon after it. She started licking my nipples and it

made me jump in pleasure. I could feel my pussy getting wetter and wetter.

I removed her jacket, and started to unbutton her blouse. She stopped me and said no, she was here to pleasure me today. If I could not accept that, she would leave. Although I longed to taste another pussy, I was ok to take things one step at a time.

Pamela then reached behind me and unzipped my skirt. I was standing there in nothing but my garter belt, soaking thong, stockings and heels. She pushed me back against a desk and encouraged me to sit on the edge. Pamela then resumed her tongue exploration of my body. She started sucking my nipples. Her hands continued to caress my inner thighs and moved slowly towards my pussy. After giving me another long sensuous kiss, she pushed me back on the desk.

As I was laying there I started to feel her breath between my legs. She started kissing my pussy through my soaking panties. She remarked that I was soaking wet. After licking my pussy juices through the nylon, she moved my thong to one side. My heart was beating wildly as I anticipated her tongue on my soaking pussy. I was sure the moment she first licked me, I would explode in orgasm.

Sure enough, as soon as her hot tongue touched my tender clitoris, I let out a loud squeal. She stopped and told me to keep it down, as we did not want to get caught. She resumed licking my clit, making waves of pleasure pass through my body. She then started to push a slender finger inside me. I could feel her finger slowly penetrate my pussy, while her tongue continued to massage my clit.

It did not take long for wave after wave of pleasure to overtake me. I was cringing, trying to stay quiet as a huge orgasm swept through my body. Finally, after what seemed several minutes, my body started to relax. I sat up and looked at Pamela. Her face was covered with my pussy juices, and I had never seen anything sexier in my life.

I reached down and pulled her up, and kissed her passionately. I almost came again as I tasted my pussy juice on her lips and face. I asked her when I could return the favor, and she said soon, but not now. It was almost one o’clock.

Pamela took me to a small bathroom in the storage area, and we cleaned ourselves up. She explained that we must keep this quiet, as she was married and this could cost us both our careers. She said if I was willing to do that, we could continue to have sex often. At that time, I was so overcome with pleasure, I would have agreed with almost anything.

Pamela and I continued our secret relationship, and she showed me many things, and gave me a variety of experiences. Perhaps I will share some others with you sometime. That is, if you are interested.