

Air Trans – part 4 – Flight to Berlin

A photo story by Andrea Slip

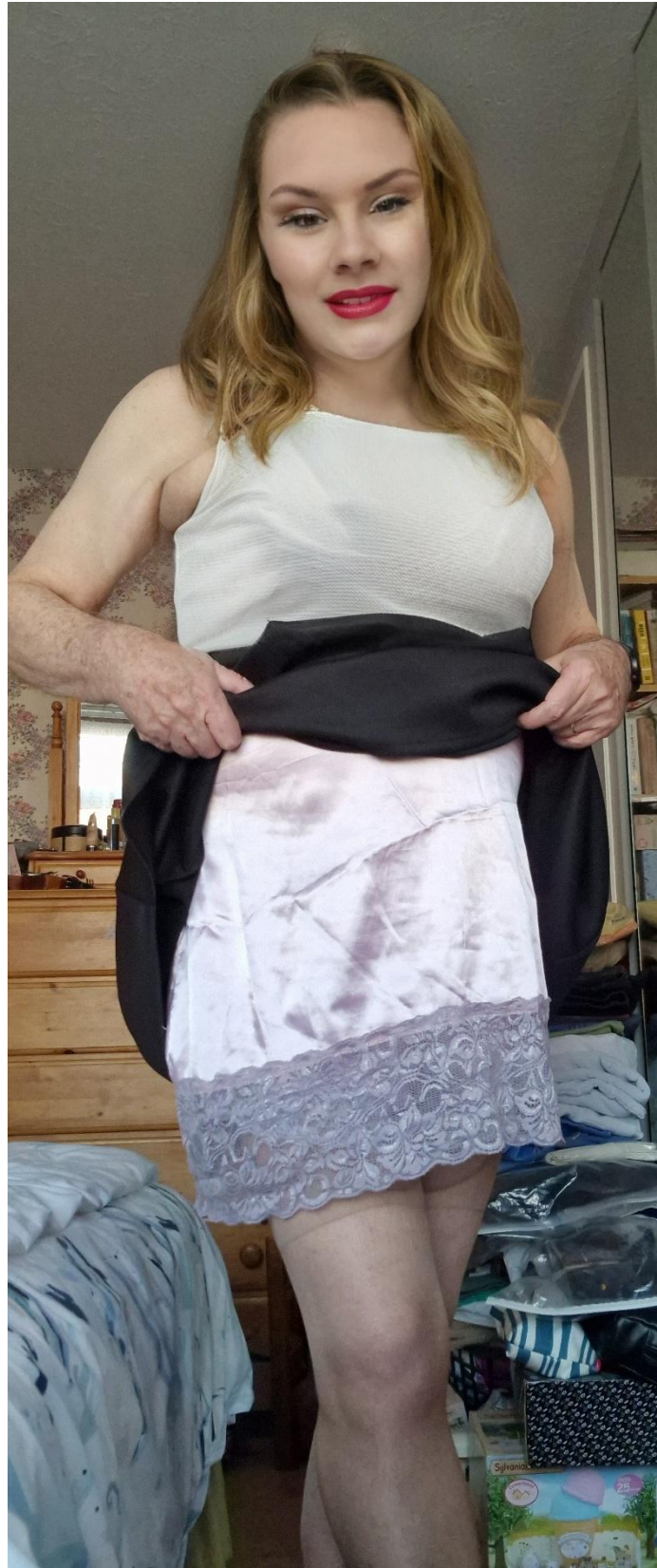




Over the summer Anthea worked on Alison and showed her the basics of makeup. Andy would put on some lingerie but still look like a boy. Then it was on with the makeup. It several practices but he got better.



Andy was transformed into the pretty femme version of himself called Alison. She was delighted, a wig from Jess really helped as well, although did start growing her hair longer.



Then it would be on with a dress. Alison (and Anthea) were delighted with the results. As Alison's hair grew out Anthea showed her how to style it. Anthea decided that it was time to let Alison out into the real world.



Later that summer Andy got his A-level results, AAB, it was good enough to get into Royal Holloway to study modern history. Anthea was delighted.

“Well done darling, as a reward Jess and I are going to take you to Berlin for the weekend.”

“Oh thank you mum, that’s a nice surprise, I have always wanted to go to Berlin, because of its history.”

“I know but there is one condition, you have to go dressed as Alison.”



“Oh, I am not sure I am ready.”

“Have a look in the mirror, do you see a boy or a beautiful young woman.”

Alison did look in the mirror; her hair and makeup were immaculate. She looked so like her mum, then looked down.



A very lacy white slip peeped out from under a black skirt and caressed her sheer black stockings. She wore black heels and a silky patterned white blouse. It was a picture of pure femininity.

“Yes, I suppose so.”

Alison stood up and gave her mum a hug. Her slip and seamed stockings showed from under the black skirt. The only clue to discord was that the seamed stockings did not actually match, they were both discards from Anthea.

“Thank you, mum, I would love to go to Berlin with you and Jess. When are we going?”

“This weekend, we have 2 rooms booked in Hotel Motel One at City West, so you had better start packing.”

“But what about my passport, my appearance has changed, it won’t work on the new e-gates, will it?”

Anthea picked up a new passport from the sideboard behind her.

“Ta da! Don’t you remember, we applied for a new passport with some new photos? You are now Mx A Jones.”

“Of course, I didn’t know it had arrived.”

“When you pack put some spare panties in your hand luggage, just in case of emergencies.”





Anthea remembered the time a passenger put his hand up her skirt to feel if she was wearing stockings. She spilt coffee all over her bouse and slip. Jess had to lend a slip for the next day. After that she always carried a spare slip and panties with her in her handbag.



“Is it alright to wear stockings and suspenders through airport security or are tights better? Don’t the metal clips on suspenders set off the alarms?”

Alison did sometimes wear sheer tights. She loved the way they held up her stiff clitty and it made wonderful sexy photos that got lots of comments on Flickr, but she felt more girly wearing stockings and suspenders.

“No, you will be fine wearing suspenders, Jess and I probably will. We never had any problem when we were air crew, although there wasn’t the security back then there is now.”

“Oh OK. Better go pack.”



Alison had great fun picking out some pretty lingerie and a dress to wear plus what she wanted to put in the suitcase. She was relieved that she would have her own room. Although she loved seeing Jess and mum revealing their undies it would have been awkward.



In the end Alison decided to wear her big boobs with a lacy blue bra and a full blue slip. Panties, stockings and suspenders underneath a lacy blue dress. They would have to walk some way in the airport, so she chose low heeled blue shoes. The lingerie and dress would surely make an impression; she just wasn't sure on who.

They got the train down to London and then on the DLR out to London City Airport. They were flying with Wizz Air, which had bought out Air Trans, the airline that Jess and Anthea used to work. When they got to the check in desk Anthea and Jess got a free upgrade as ex-employees. They were delighted to be in premium class and would be first on and off. Alison had to sit on her own a bit further back. She didn't mind as she could listen to some music.

When they boarded a hostess greeted Jess and Anthea and showed them to their seats in the front row.

"The uniform is a bit more conservative than our was, Jess," said Anthea as they settled into their seats.

"Not see through or short. But I think the hostess might be wearing a blue slip. Perhaps they still have to wear a slip?"

A couple of minutes later, Alison was able to board and find her seat. The plane was only half full.





Alison reached up to put her small suitcase in the overhead locker, then crouched down to push her handbag under the seat in front of her and then settled into her seat. The hostess was just behind her as she sat down, checking the overhead lockers were shut.



Alison had decided on a blue lacy dress and black stockings (with suspenders). Mum was right, she had passed through security without setting off any alarms. It might have been fun being patted down through her dress and lingerie as she was stiff in her panties at that point. No one had spotted her as trans. Anthea had reassured Alison that Berlin was a very liberal city, no one cares if you are gender fluid or trans.

When the hostess who had greeted them walked down the aisle just before take-off to close the overhead lockers Alison noticed that she was wearing a lacy blue slip that was peeping out from under her pleated navy-blue skirt. Her tights were navy-blue and she wore blue high heels. The hostess had a name tag in gold, it said Molly. Molly smiled at Alison as she went past and checked Alison had her seat belt on.

Just before Molly went past Alison to check the passengers behind her she lifted her skirt and slip to adjust her hosiery. It was not tights, Molly was wearing stockings and suspenders, just like Alison.

“Oh, my goodness,” thought Alison, who was now stiff in her panties again.



About 10 minutes after take-off the hostess served drinks and snacks from a trolley.

“A drink sir,” asked the hostess. Alison had been rumbled.”

“Orange juice, please,” squeaked Alison.

“There you are sir, oh sorry, I should say madam. You look gorgeous today in your lovely dress. Don’t worry your secret is safe with me.”

Alison looked a Molly on amazement. Her skirt was quite sheer, the navy-blue slip had vanished, and Alison could see lacy blue panties, a suspender belt and stocking tops showing through the skirt. Alison was hard again but couldn’t do anything about it.

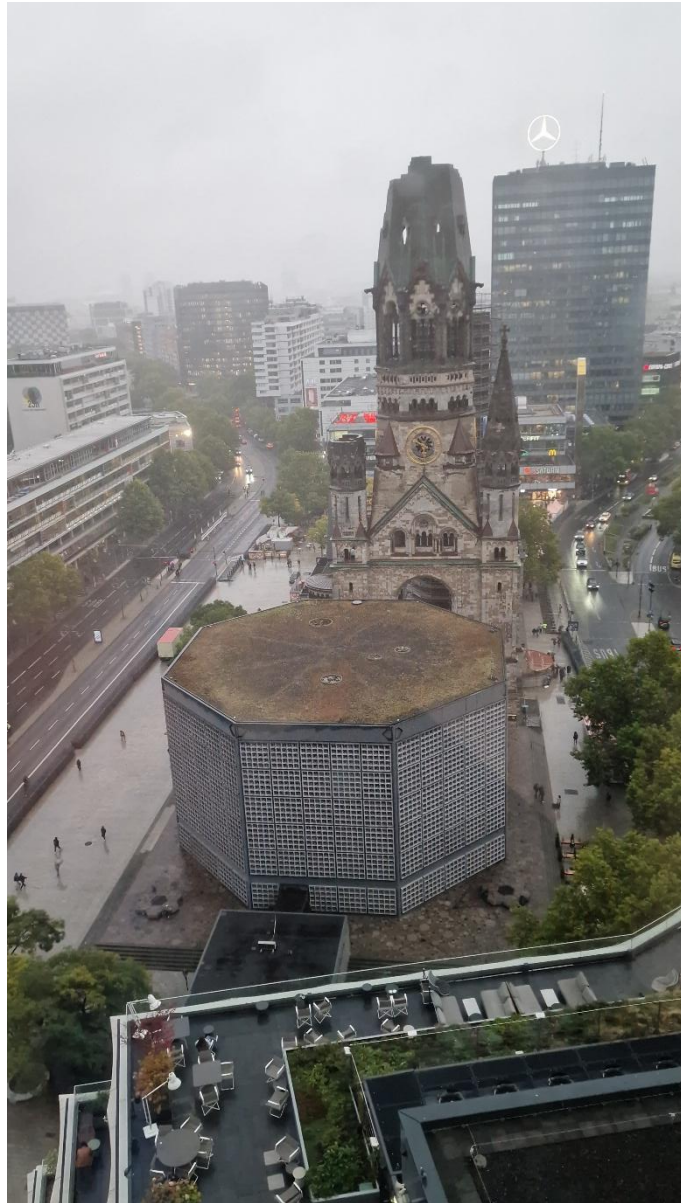
As Molly served the orange juice she leaned over and said quietly to Alison,

“You are beautiful and I think we both like slips and stockings.”

“How did you know....”

“When you put your handbag under your seat your dress rode up and showed your stockings, suspenders and slip. Perhaps we could meet up in Berlin tonight. Where are you staying Alison?”





“Motel One City West. I think it is near the Zoo,” said Alison.

“I know it, that it a tall white building on Kurf’damm, next to the Kaiser Willhelm ruined church. I need to go clothes shopping there after work, I will meet you in the lobby at 6pm.” With that she pushed the trolley further down the aisle.

Alison was taken aback but was happy to meet up with Molly later. Alison was curious to know what lingerie Molly was wearing under uniform. She was about to find out.

A bit later Molly appeared at Alison side.

“Can you help me, Alison?” she whispered. She produced a pair of navy-blue panties as she leant over Alison.

“My panties fell down, I need to put my panties and slip back on, can you cum and help me put them back on?”

Alison eyes were wide open; she could see a stiff cock tenting the skirt.

Alison looked round. Her mum and Jess were at the front of the cabin and could not see back here, a couple of rows behind were empty until further back in the plane. No one could see what Molly was up to.

“Perhaps you could show me where the toilet is, Molly?”

“Cum this way. You can join the Mile high club.”





Alison has heard about the mile high club. The toilet was small for two people having sex, but possible. Molly lifted her skirt and her stiff clitty was nicely framed by a lacy blue suspender belt and navy-blue stockings. Alison leant forward and took Molly stiff protuberance in her mouth, she kissed, licked and sucked, just like Jess had taught her. Molly spurted into Alison's mouth; she swallowed it all.



They wriggled around, in the confined space. Alison lifted her lacy blue dress to reveal to Molly that she was wearing a navy-blue full slip and stockings.

Molly rubbed Alison's stiff clitty through her panties and slip as they kissed. That was enough for Alison, she pumped cum into her panties.

Before Alison could change her own panties, she had to help Molly put on her blue panties, which were not covered in cum.

Molly's panties, lacy bra and panties all matched. Alison thought Molly looked really sexy wearing them.

"Are those M&S undies," asked Alison?

Molly lifted her blouse to show her lacy bra.

"Yes, they are new, do you like them?"

"So sexy, my mum has the same set."

Alison remembered that she had worn them too.



Molly put her blue slip on to cover up her stockings and suspenders.

“Is that your mum and her friend at the front of the plane?”

“Yes, Anthea, mu mum and her lover, Jess.”

“I thought so. I know they are ex-air crew as they got a seat upgrade. They were watching to make sure I didn’t make any mistakes.





“Anthea is your mum wearing a black dress?”

Alison nodded

“She is wearing pale blue panties and a lacy slip with black lace top stockings.”

Alison didn’t know this but was not surprised.

“Jess in the flowery skirt is wearing pink satin panties, a very lacy pink slip, a pink satin bra and sheer black stockings.”

Alison nodded again, so they both had worn stockings and suspenders as Anthea had said they probably would.



“After the drinks they had their hands up each other’s skirts. That is when I got hard, took off my panties and needed a wank”

“How did you know what undies they are wearing?”

“We now have a discrete TV camera at the front of the cabin; they didn’t have that when they were air crew. They were in the front row and thought that no one could see them. I could see what they were up to when I looked at the CCTV in the crew area.”

Molly dropped her skirt back down. No one else would know what she wore under her uniform.

“I need to change my panties,” said Alison.

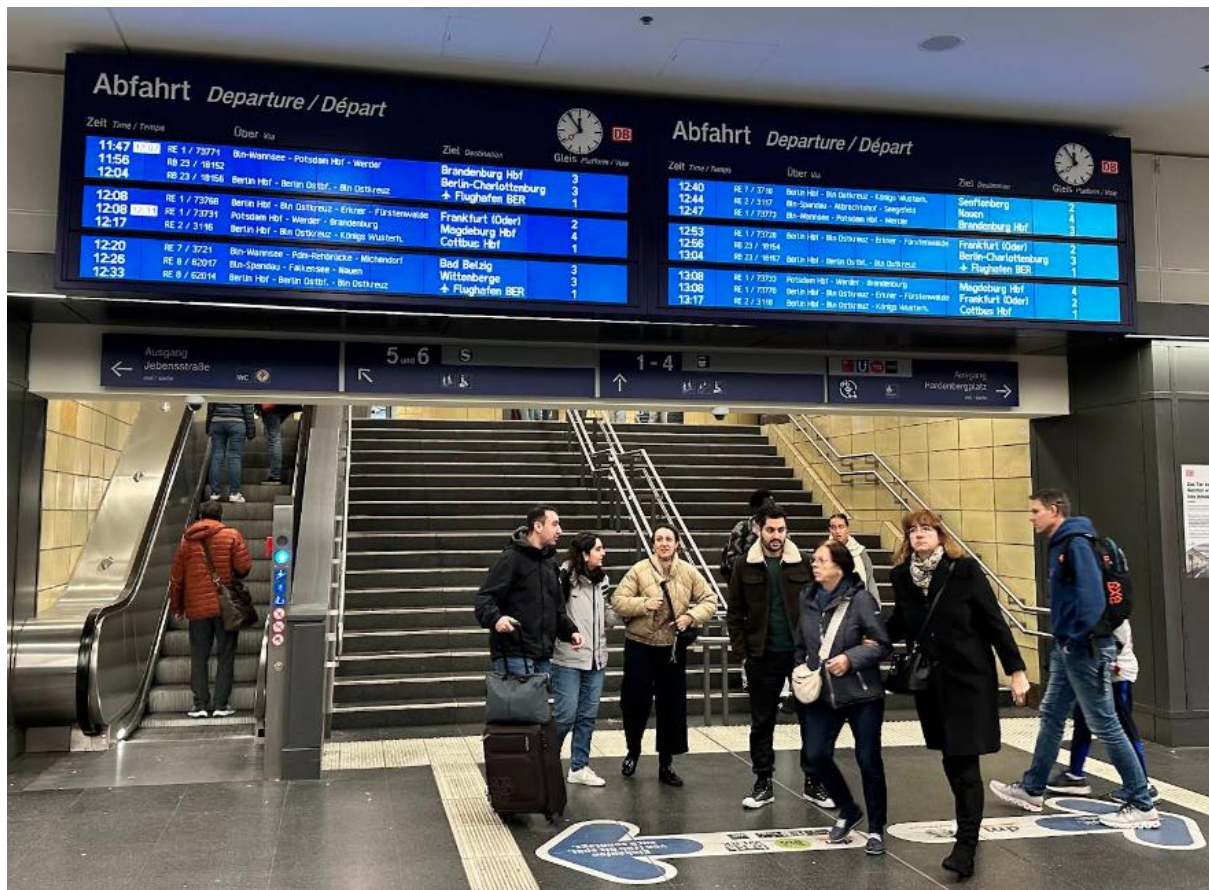
It was a good job her mum had told her to carry some spare panties in her hand luggage as she would have to change before they landed at Brandenburg airport.

“Don’t take long as the seatbelt sign will come on in about ten minutes. Or you could just keep wearing them knowing you just joined the mile high club. Must go back to work, I will see you at 5pm.”

Alison went back to her seat to retrieve the spare panties from her handbag. She was so glad she had thrown these panties in at the last minute when she had packed. They were pale blue with lots of white lace. They were real sissy panties she had found on a web site.

Fortunately, the toilet was free and Alison was able to take off the cum soaked dark blue panties and pull on the sissy blue panties. The only problem was it made her stiff again. As soon as she got back to her seat the seatbelt sign came on and they were descending into Berlin.





Getting through the airport was fine.

As they got the regional train from Berlin Brandenburg Airport to the Zoologischer Garten station, Anthea leaned over to Alison.

“You seemed to be very friendly with Molly, the airhostess. Did she introduce you to the mile high club?”

Alison blushed.

“Yes, I am meeting her at 6pm, is that OK?”

“That’s fine, you are an adult now. Just text me when you are back in your room.”



After checking into the hotel and putting her bags in the room it was just gone 5pm. . She had time to have a shower and change into some new clean lingerie after her surprise entry into the mile high club. She decided to wear a purple set of lingerie. This included a lacy bra, a bright purple satin half-slip and purple lace top stockings.



On top she wore a grey chequered skirt that mum had worn to work, a purple blouse and some new black boots.



Alison was pleased with this outfit, especially as her slip and stockings showed. She thought that Molly would appreciate that.



Just before 6pm she went down to the lobby. It was film themed with an old camera and other film props. Molly wasn't there yet so she sat down to wait.



Alison looked down. The short chequer skirt had ridden up and showed her purple satin slip and even her purple lace top stockings. Alison didn't try to tug her skirt down like she had seen a lot of women do.

“Well you do like flaunting your lingerie and stockings then Alison,” said Molly, who had just arrived.

Alison stood up and her skirt did fall back into place. They kissed on the cheek. Molly had changed and was now wearing a long blue dress with tiny white flowers, pale blue hosiery and blue high heels. She looked gorgeous.





“Now let’s go to the Bikini Mall across the road and see if we can find some bikini panties,” Molly giggled. “Then we can get something to eat in a lovely Italian restaurant.”

The shopping centre was indeed called the Bikini Mall. They crossed the road and walked through the shopping centre. They paused to take in the view of the monkeys at Berlin Zoo next door. Alison was hoping that they would go to the Zoo tomorrow.





There were several pop-up units in the Bikini Mall that were let to new and upcoming businesses on a short term let. Molly thought that there was one that sold lingerie, indeed there was.



Both Alison and Molly chose a new matching set of panties (bikini style) and bra, Molly chose red and Alison black. They were both very lacy and feminine. Alison was disappointed, but not surprised that there were no slips. However her new black lingerie set did include a very lacy suspender belt that would look sexy with black stockings.

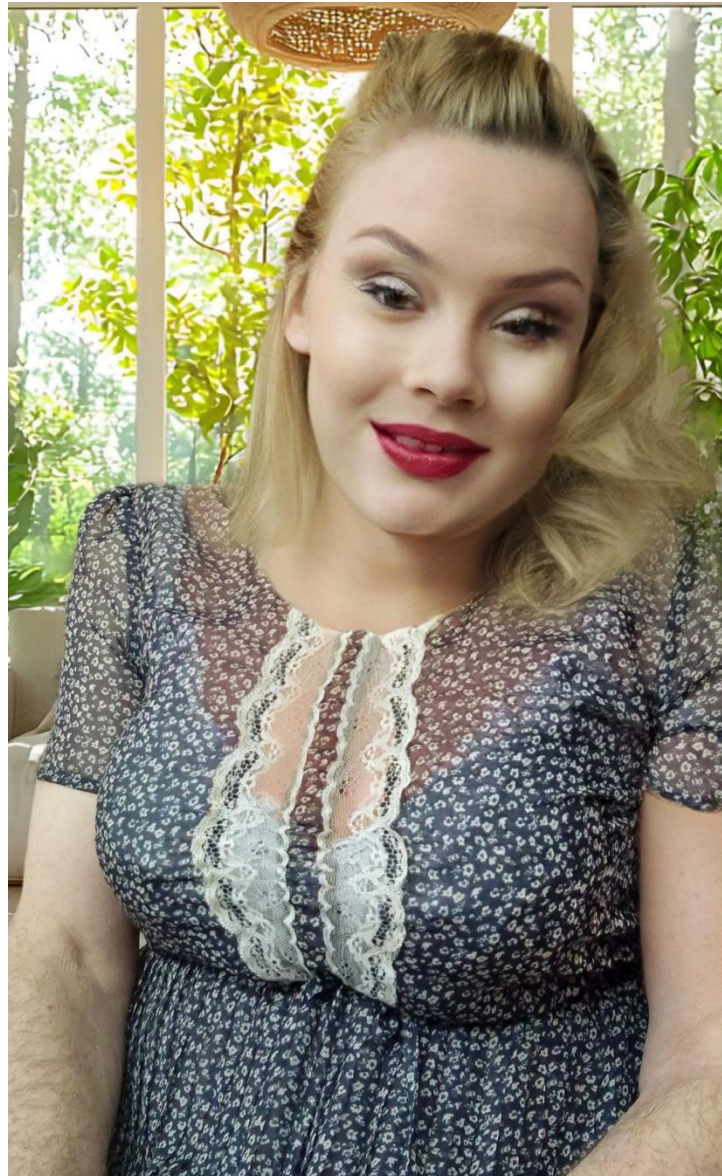


Then it was on to the L'Osteria, an Italian restaurant at the end of the Mall. The pasta was lovely and enjoyed by both gurls.

Alison felt so grown up in her sexy skirt, blouse and boots. Nobody had bothered them as trannies out in public. She also thought that Molly looked sexy in her blue frilly blue dress but was she wearing a pretty slip underneath?

Molly's blue dress was quite thin and almost sheer under the white lace that ran down from the neck to the bust. Alison thought that there was a hint of a lacy bra or possibly a full slip showing through the thin dress.

But what about stockings?





After they had paid for the meal, Molly leaned over and said to Alison,

“We could go the Monkey bar for a drink or maybe catch the new Bruce Springsteen film at Zoo Palast (the cinema next door)



As Molly crouched down to retrieve her purse from her handbag, she opened her legs and gave Alison a quick upskirt flash of blue panties, a blue slip and pale blue stocking tops.

Alison was hard immediately in her own panties. She wanted to see more.



Alison stood up.

“What I really want to do now is see more of your lingerie. Let’s go back to my room for a while,” said Alison. “Maybe we can go out again later.”



As Molly picked up her bag Alison could see the back of Molly's dress. A full slip showed through the thin material. This subtle display of lingerie made Alison hard again.

The gurls walked back across the road to the hotel in the white tower block holding hands and a stiff clitty in their panties.



As soon as they were in the room on the 18th floor Molly said,

“You have seen my panties, now I want to see yours.”

Alison slowly raised her secretary’s skirt to reveal her purple satin slip.

“So sexy said Molly. “Now lift the slip.

Alison lifted the slip to reveal her tiny panties.

“So, so sexy, now the bra.”



Alison sat down on the bed and lifted her purple blouse. Her lacy purple bra and big tits came into view.

“Do you like it,” asked Alison?

“I don’t like it,” said Molly slowly,” I love it.



“I want to see you slip now,” said Alison.

Molly lifted her dress up and over her head.

“That’s beautiful,” said Alison as she looked at Molly standing in her pale blue full slip. There was lots of lace on both the bust and the hem. It looked so sexy.



Molly sat down on the bed while she watched Alison undress. She was enjoying this, delighted to find another gurl who loved slips and lingerie as much as she did. Not all trannies, especially the younger ones, did not seem to appreciate the silky lingerie from .the last century but Alison certainly did



Alison stood up and took off her blouse. Her purple slip slowly came into view as Alison unzipped her skirt and slowly pulled it down.



Alison carefully folded her blouse and skirt. She always took great care of her girly clothes.



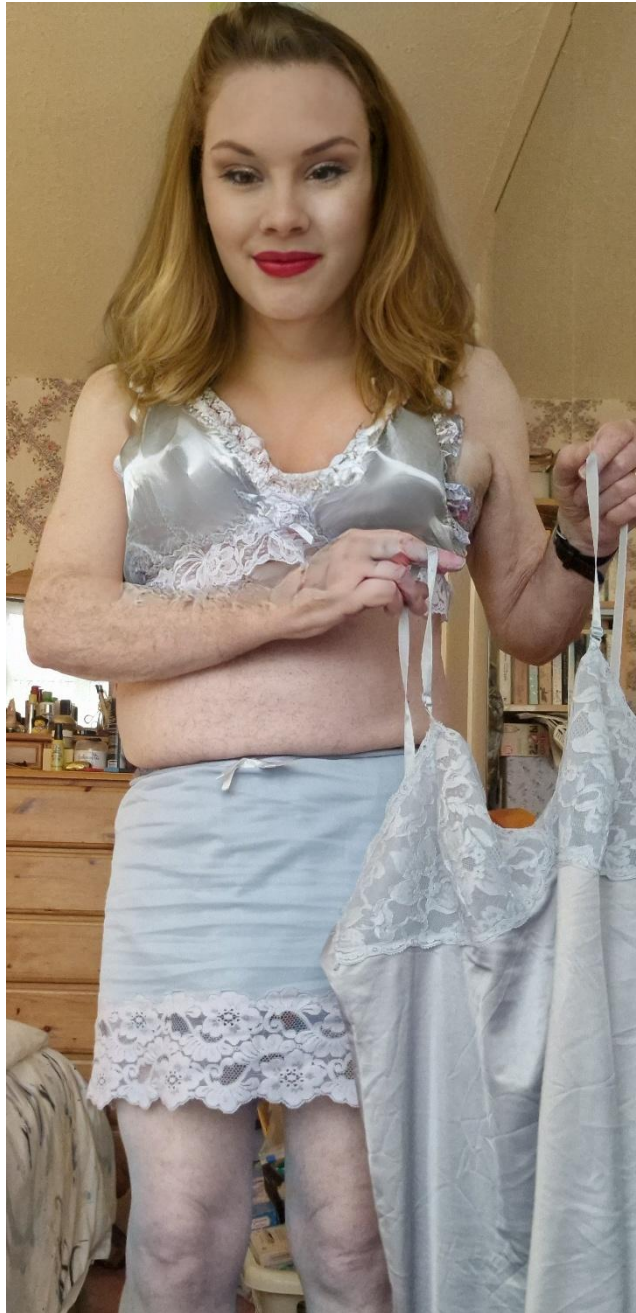
She then cuddled Molly in her slip. Alison's stiff clitty tented her slip and she rubbed this against the tent in Molly's slip. Nylon tent against nylon tent felt wonderful to the two gurls as they wanked each other's stiffy through the nylon. The slips were getting damp.

Then Molly stood back and eased the top of her slip down to reveal a pale blue satin bra. Alison kissed Molly's big boobs through the satin bra.

“I am not wearing a slip,” said Molly.
Alison looked confused.

Molly pulled the full slip down even
further and then stepped out of it.





“Not **A** slip but two slips.”

Molly was also wearing a cute little half slip in pale blue with lots of white lace on the hem. It was an excellent match for the bra (and indeed the full slip)

Alison still looked confused.

“Have you never worn two slips, Alison?”

“No, why?”

“When I got changed at the crew hotel, I couldn’t decide which pale blue slip to wear, so I wore both. They feel wonderful together, nylon sliding over nylon. You should try it.”



Molly then took off the half-slip and showed Alison the pale blue satin panties that Alison only had a quick glimpse of when they were at the Italian restaurant. They were full bum knickers.



Alison knelt down to get a close look. As she did so her stiff clitty fell out of her tiny panties, they were not big enough to hold her. She pushed her clitty back into the little thong as best as she could.



Molly's satin panties matched the satin bra. There were two lovely strips of white lace down the front. There was a big bulge in the panties. However these panties were big enough to hold Molly, they were very roomy, specially made for sissies like Molly and Alison.



Alison pulled down the pretty satin panties. Molly's stiff clitty was very small but beautifully framed by a lacy blue suspender belt and the pale blue sheer stockings. Alison carefully handled the clitty before taking it in her mouth. She sucked, and kissed and licked until Molly spurted into her mouth.



Molly sat down on the bed and pulled her bra down to expose her tits.

“I am going to suck you but tell me when you think you are going to cum as I want to see you cum all over my tits and stockings. I love seeing white cum on nylon stockings.”

Alison nodded. She pulled her bra down so that Molly could appreciate her won big tits.

Before Molly started she took in what skimpy undies Alison was wearing. The lacy thong was very sheer and only just holding Alison's clitty. Just like with what Molly was wearing, it was beautifully framed by a matching purple suspender belt and the purple lace top stockings.

Molly was hard again faced with the sight of a beautiful gurl wearing sexy lingerie. As she leant forward to pull down Alison's tiny panties and release her clitty, Molly started masturbating with her own stiff clitty.

She took Alison's stiffy in her mouth, it felt so warm and salty. Some pre-cum leaked into Molly's mouth. It felt so warm. After some intense licking Alison felt close to ejaculation.

"I am going to cum," said Alison.

Molly let go and leant back. Alison then exploded a rope of cum. She sprayed it all over Molly's big tits. With a second rope Alison lowered her penis and sprayed hot white cum all over Molly's nylon stockings, as requested.



After they recovered, Molly said,

“A good job I carry spare panties in my handbag, just like you. These ones are a bit sticky. Now let’s freshen up and we still have time to hit the legendary Berlin nightlife on Kurf’damm.”

The End

Thanks to Paul for inspiring this story

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