

Kilt

A Photo Story by Andrea Slip





“Look at this Masey,” said Sam, talking to her colleague.

Paul could hear his colleagues chattering away at the desk in front of him. He didn’t pay much attention.

“The summer ball is going to be fancy dress this year. What should I wear?” said Sam.

“Oh, my goodness, you could go as Super Woman, with you juggling your family, your work and your Park runs you are Superwoman,” said Maisey standing up behind Sam staring at her screen.

“You should go as Madonna, you have got the looks,” said Sam.

They both giggled.



Now Paul was paying attention. He flicked from his spreadsheet to the company emails. There was an invite to all staff to attend the Summer Ball at Woodlands Park Hotel on June 6th. They were right, this year, for the first time it was fancy dress, “The character who you want to be” was the theme. Perfect for an in the closet tranny.

Paul stared at Maisey’s black satin skirt that had pulled tight over her rear as she leaned over Sam’s computer. Her thin white blouse showed a plain white camisole and a black bra. Below her skirt he could see barely black tights. This was who Paul wanted to be, a sexy secretary., although they were called admin these days, not secretaries.

What if Paul had been a fly on the wall watching Masie getting dressed that morning. Would he discover that it she was not wearing a plain cotton cami under her blouse but a full white nylon slip with a lacy hem. Could the office black tights in fact be sheer black stockings held up by suspenders. Perhaps he might even get a glimpse of her white panties as she stepped into her black satin skirt.





His imagination ran riot. Perhaps her white slip would have lots of lace on the bust that would show through the front of Masie's thin blouse. As she adjusted her skirt the lacy hem of the slip would peep out as it caressed the tops of her stockings. On no, he was getting stiff in his panties.



Paul would have to go to the toilet to make some adjustment. He was of course wearing lingerie at the office. In the toilet he closed the door, dropped his trousers and undid his work shirt, lifted his slip and shoved his hand in his blue panties to massage his stiff clitty. Soon he was spurting cum into the pretty panties. Wearing lingerie always had this effect.

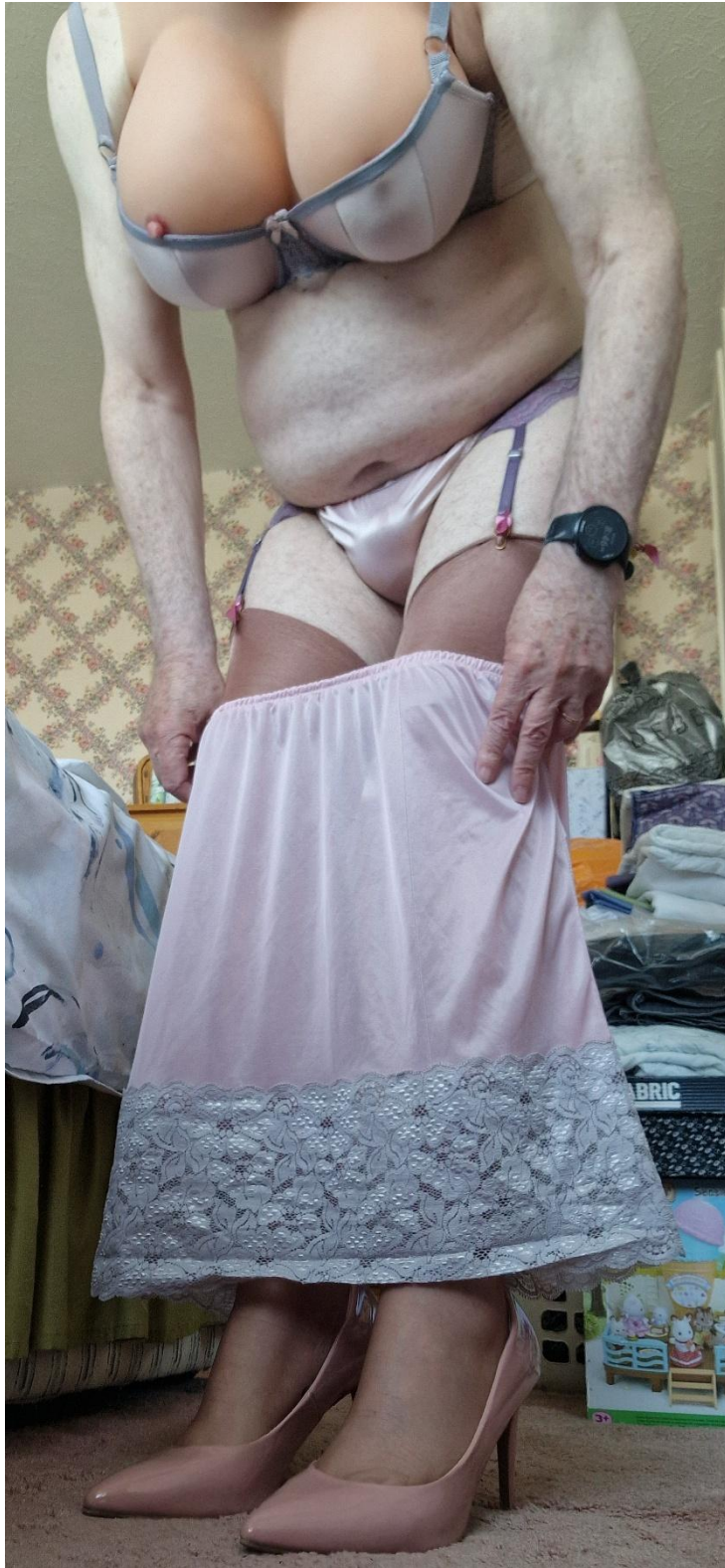
What if somebody noticed what underwear he wore? If they did, they never said anything to him.

Back home that evening he wanted to try out some outfits for a sexy secretary look. Perhaps pink would work.

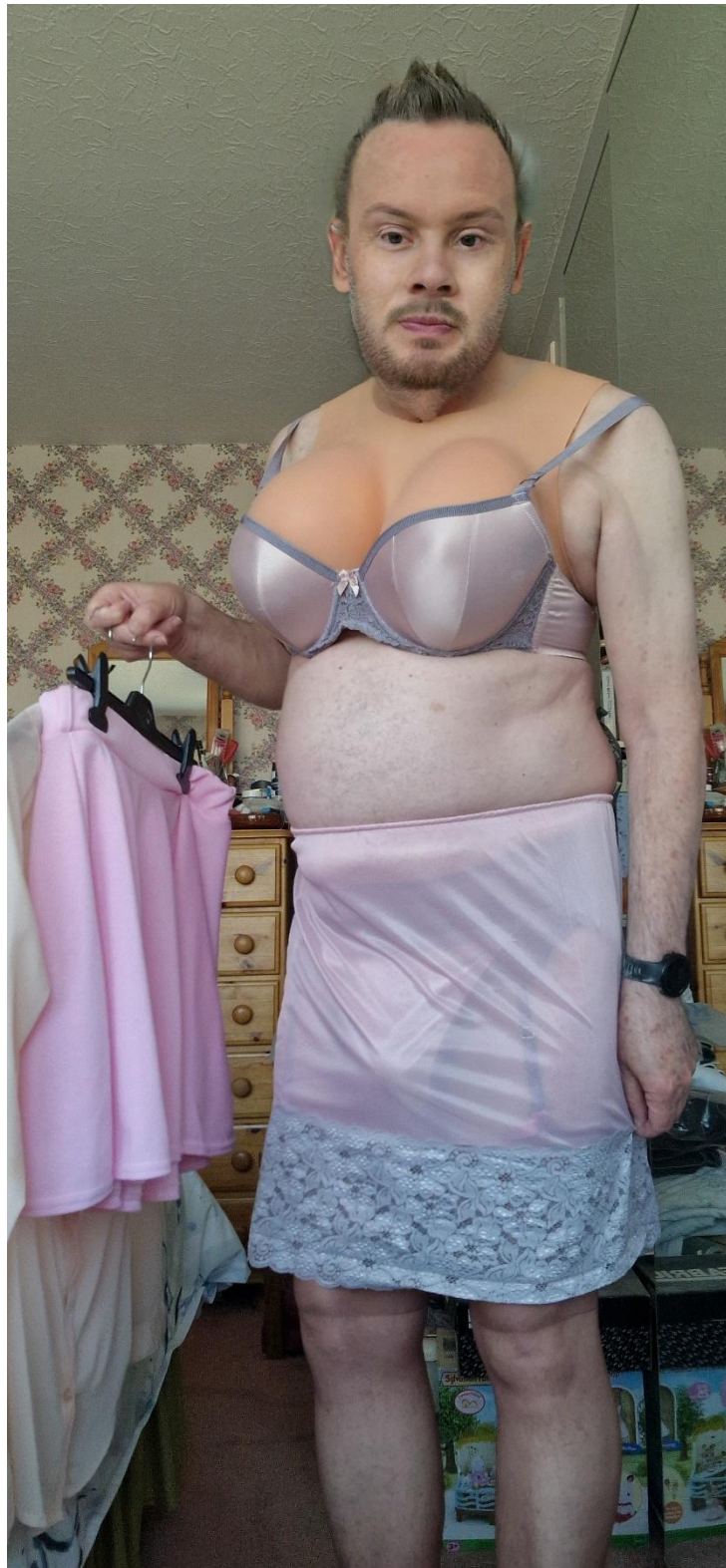




He started with pink lacy panties, pink bra, big tits, pink suspenders and brown seamed stockings.



Paul then put on some pink high heels and stepped into a pink half-slip with lashings of white lace on the hem.



The pink slip was very thin. He could see his panties and suspenders through the slip. This was making him hard. Paul picked out a new pink skirt and a sheer pink blouse.



The blouse was very low cut and would show his cleavage and his pink bra. Paul took a quick photo on his mobile as he lifted the skirt and slip to “adjust” his suspenders. OMG he was so hard, there was a big bulge in his pink satin panties.

He dropped the skirt down and looked to see if the lacy hem of the slip was peeping out, it was a bit, so he pulled the skirt up a bit higher to make sure the lacy hem was more obvious and took another photo for his Flickr page.

The only problem with this sexy outfit was that his rampant erection was making a tent in his panties, slip and skirt, it was very un-lady like.

Time for another wank. He lifted the skirt and wanked his stiffy through the slip and panties as he watched in the mirror. Perhaps he should make a video of him masturbating with his silky lingerie. That thought made him cum and soak the second pair of panties of the day. Oh well, more washing to hang on the rack on the balcony of his flat. It was good that he could afford to live on his own and no one would see his pink lingerie drying.





Later that evening he thought that perhaps his fancy dress needed to be more of a distinct character rather than a “Sexy Secretary,” but one that would still allow him to get away with wearing a slip and lingerie.

Paul turned on the TV and watched a travel documentary about Scotland. It featured the Forth Railway Bridge, an iconic symbol of Scotland. He remembered being taken to Scotland about 11 or 12 years previously, when he was a teenager, to visit his granny in Linlithgow. His uncle had taken the family down to South Queensferry one evening to see the famous bridges.



There was more than one bridge, there was also the old road bridge, and, in the distance, they could see a new road bridge, still being built.



The other memory Paul had of that trip to South Queensferry was that there was a kilt shop right next to their viewpoint. He had always wanted a kilt because of his Scottish heritage, but the shop was closed that evening. They never went back.



That was it, he could wear a kilt. He could wear a kilt and get away with a slip underneath, not traditional but still sexy. Nobody would know. But where could he get a kilt? South Queens Ferry was too far away. He could hire one but that might be too expensive. Perhaps he could find a cheap one on eBay or even Temu.

It was Temu that was the cheapest, a black watch green tartan for under £20. Paul ordered it. He knew exactly what slip he was going to wear under the kilt. A green Charnos half slip with matching French knickers, and bra. Paul had worn this slip and matching panties and bra many times with a matching suspender belt and black stockings. He had posted many photos on Flickr of this outfit.

Black stockings might be too obvious, perhaps tan tights might work or possibly tan stockings. Paul really did like wearing stockings. If they were pale nobody would notice, would they?

Masie and Sam asked him in the office if he was going to the staff Summer Ball and if so, what character he was going to be. Peter said he had a ticket but was very vague about his character or his costume.

“I know Masie,” said Sam, “He is going to be Mr Bean,” exclaimed Sam bursting in to fits of giggles. The two women thought that was a

hilarious suggestion, Peter did not. They calmed down when they saw his stoney face

“Sorry Peter, I didn’t mean to offend you,” said Sam, “We will see you there.”

He would show them. He couldn’t wait for June 6th.



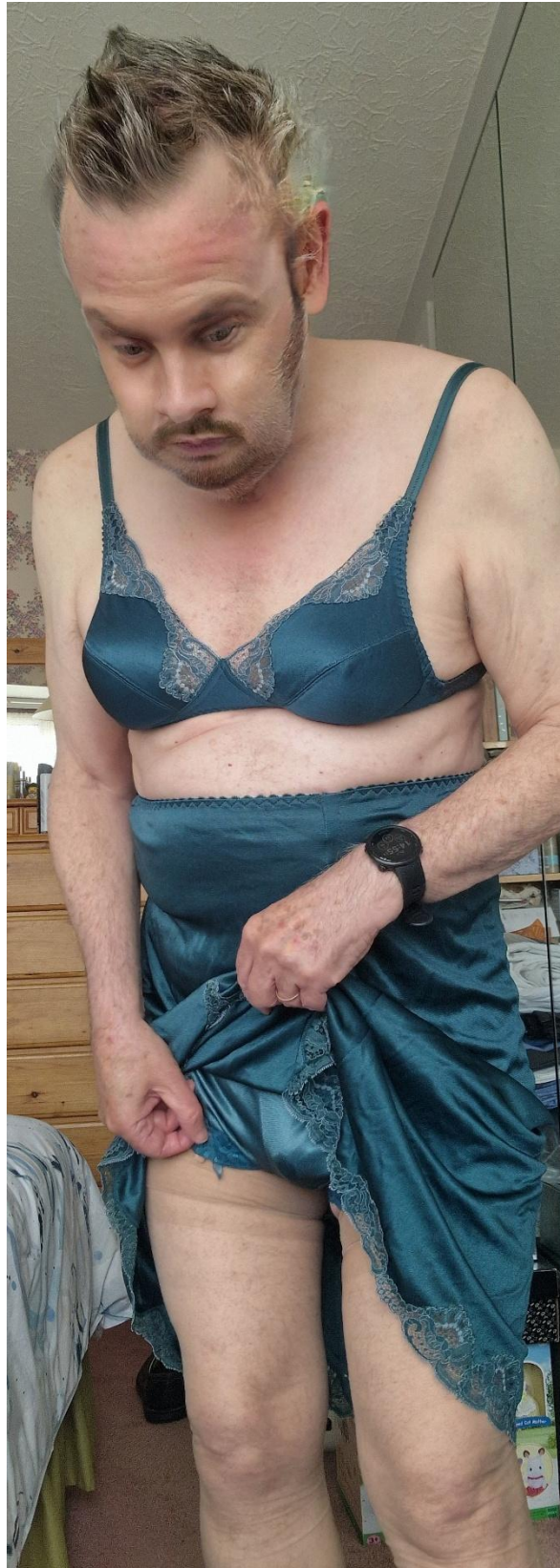


When the kilt arrived a couple of weeks later, he laid it out on his bed and found the green lingerie he was going to wear. It was time for a test run.

Paul started with the green suspender belt and then attached the very pale stockings. Next, he pulled the green French knickers up over the stockings, he started to get stiff as he tucked his clitty into the silky panties. Next was the matching green bra.

Then he had a problem, should he pad the bra with his small fake breasts that he had put out. His big breasts were a definite no no, but would these small ones be too much as well or should he even wear the bra at all. Paul did not feel completely feminine without a bra, so he put that on as well.





Paul stepped into the green half slip and slowly slid it up over his stockings and panties. It felt so good.



What about shoes? Paul always wore high heels with his pretty lingerie. He had put his favorite black heels out with his lingerie, but that might not work with a kilt. He put the heels on hold.



Next was a white shirt although this was actually a sheer white blouse. Paul wondered if his green bra would show through the thin shirt, it did. Another pause for thought.



Then it was the green kilt. This proved to be more complicated to put on than he expected. It had buckles and Velcro.



Eventually he got it wrapped around but needed a proper belt to stay up, it was a little too big.



Paul wondered what it would look like with his heels. He slipped them on and took a couple of pictures, front and back. It looked so sexy with the lacy green hem of the slip peeping out from under the kilt, but it would not work as fancy dress. Reluctantly he took the heels off and looked for his men's black dress shoes. He decided he would put his heels in the bag he was going to take with him for his waterproof and water bottle. You never know when he might have a chance to slip them on. Nobody would be able to tell he was wearing stockings and suspenders, would they?



Now what about the bra? It did show very clearly. Perhaps he should get a jacket to cover it up. Then he had a brainwave, a waistcoat might do and keep his costume in character.



That worked. As much as he wanted to show off his love for pretty lingerie he would have to make sure the lacy slip did not show too much at the bottom of the kilt. Oh God he was so hard now.



It was time for a good wank.



Paul decided he would go by train to Cobham and get an Uber from there to the hotel. He would probably have a drink or two, maybe even a wee dram of Scotch, as his granny used to say.

The Uber dropped Paul at the hotel. It looked very grand. There was a sign at the main door for the firm's Summer Ball.

Paul had allowed plenty of time and was one of the first to arrive. He headed for the bar to get a drink but before he got there, he was intercepted by a photographer who had been told to take photos of all the guests in their fancy dress.



The photographer made Paul do some poses. He then showed Paul a computer screen that showed some different backgrounds. He chose the garden of a grand Scottish castle whilst doing the Highland fling. That was quite fun.

He got a pint from the bar and found a table to sit and enjoy his drink whilst watching everyone else coming in. The buffet wasn't ready yet. There were cowboys, princesses, action man and the like. People had really tried and looked great.



Paul saw his colleagues Maisey and Sam come in. Sam was indeed dressed as Wonder woman and Maisey as Madonna. They chose a background and then spotted Paul, who was sitting down at a table enjoying his beer.

They complimented each other on their costumes.

“A kilt, Paul, so what are you wearing underneath?” Maisie asked and then giggled as she knew the tradition of men wearing kilts with nothing underneath to scare their enemies.

Paul was caught off guard and had to think quickly.

“Oh, err, just boxers you know,”

“You look great,” said Sam.”

“Let’s get a drink,” said Maisie.

Paul pointed to the bar to their left.

“Over there,” he said

What he wanted to do, but was not brave enough, was lift his kilt to show his green slip, matching green French knickers and his stocking tops. There was a bulge in the French knickers as this thought of flashing his lingerie was making him hard.





Maisie and Sam got their drinks and came to sit with Paul at his table to have a nice chat. Well, they chatted, he listened.

It was a good idea he was sitting down at a table as anyone who bent over to pick up a napkin from the floor would also have seen right up his kilt expecting to see men's dangly bits. They would have been surprised to see green panties, a lacy green slip and stocking tops instead.

Paul kept an eye on people arriving and having their photo taken. He knew most of the staff but there was one person dressed as a witch he didn't recognize. Maisie and Sam had their backs to the photo booth.

The witch was wearing a black witch's hat, a long black velour cape, black gloves, black tights and black high heeled sandals. She was keeping the dress tightly wrapped around her.





The photographer asked the witch to do another pose. She briefly opened the cape to reveal she was wearing a short black dress underneath. This made Paul jump, she looked so sexy. She did look familiar, but he couldn't place her.



As she walked away from the photographer, he heard Maisie and Sam chattering away. They had turned round to see the new arrivals

“Oh look, Jen is the Wicked Witch of the West,” said Maisie.

Then Paul realized the Witch must be Jenny from HR. He also realized that she was probably wearing stockings as he could see thin seams on the back of her sheer black nylons as she walked over to the bar.

“Well, a witch at least,” said Sam, “The Wicked Witch of the West has a green face.”

“Oh yes, of course,” said Maisie, “We must go and see Wicked again.”

Paul ignored them and stared at the retreating figure of the witch in seamed stockings and high heels. OMG, he was so hard thinking that she might be wearing stockings, just like him. One of the hotel staff announced that the buffet was open. Paul got up and headed over to the food.



Paul queued up, then loaded his plate with some lovely food.

“It’s snowing in Paris,” said a voice behind him, he recognized it was Jen, from HR, standing directly behind him in the queue.

“Your slip is showing, do you know that phrase, Paul,” asked Jen quietly?”

Paul turned round and realized that maybe his green slip was showing and secondly that Jen was not wearing a black dress. Under her witches cape she was wearing a black slip with lots of lace on her ample bosom and a very lacy hem. OMG, hard again. He wished he was that brave to openly wear a slip. Part of the reason he did not recognize Jen was because she was wearing a black wig.

“Hello Jen. Yes, maybe I have read that online.” He was desperately trying to think of where that was. Then he remembered.

“Oh yes, I think it was in a story about Paris.”

“It was called [Snowing in Paris](#). It was one of my late husband’s favourite stories. He showed it to me on the Software04 site.

Paul and Jen moved along the buffet table. He remembered that Jen had lost her husband John a couple of years before. Was John a cross-dresser as well, and Jen approved?





“The phrase came from the 60’s and 70’s when a lady was not supposed to show her lacy slip. A friend would lean over and whisper to the lady that it was snowing in Paris. It was women’s secret code that the friend was showing too much lace and slip. That is what I can see under your kilt, the lacy hem of your green slip was peeping out when you were picking up the potato salad.”

Paul was a bit embarrassed at being caught, although secretly this is exactly what he had hoped for.

“Is it all right if I share your table with you, Paul?” They took their full plates and a drink over to the table.

“Oh yes, please do.” Maisie and Sam were still in the queue for the food but then went and sat with some other friends when they saw the witch sitting with the Scotsman.



They kept their voices down as they ate their food.

“I can see you love slips as much as John did and I do too. He loved all sorts of pretty lingerie. I think you are wearing stockings as well, aren’t you?”

John looked down. His kilt had flipped up. His slip was showing. He left it as it was.

“Yes, I couldn’t resist,” said Paul. “I didn’t think anyone would notice.”



“I think you are as well,” said Paul looking down at Jen’s legs as she sat down, her slip had ridden up to reveal her stocking tops under the lacy hem.

“Of course. I was hoping you would be here and would wear something..... interesting, just like me. You wear lingerie, stockings and suspenders to the office, don’t you?”



“I have seen you hide your feet under the desk, if you take your shoes off, your sheer black stockings show. No mistaking sheer black nylon for men’s cotton socks.”



“You need to keep you jacket on if you are wearing a thin shirt. Your lacy topped slip and bra showed through the blouse one time I came into your office, and you didn’t hear me.”



“And if you want to wear stockings perhaps try hold ups. Sometimes the bumps and straps of your suspenders shows when your trousers are pulled tight.”

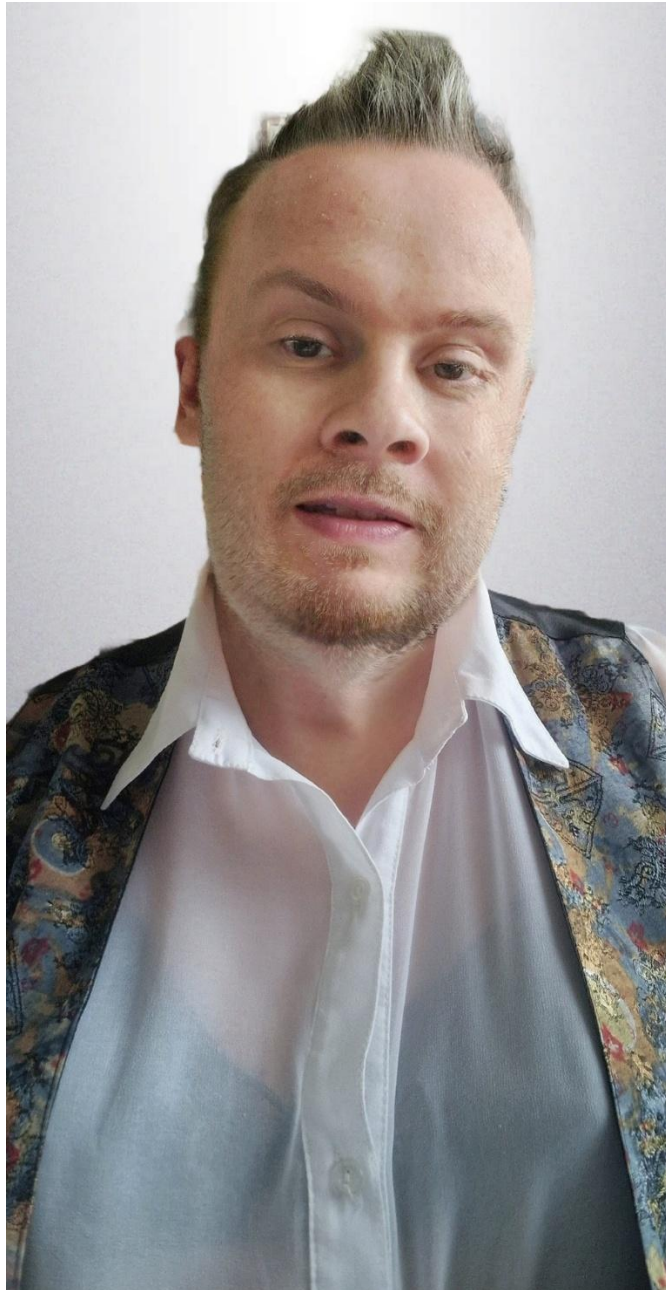
Paul was busted and went pink.

“Have you told anyone?”

“Of course not. John did the same, he often wore slips and stockings to work under his suit, but he had to be careful. I would check his appearance every day to make sure there were no tell-tale signs. I made him wear socks although I suspect he may have sometimes taken them off when he got to work and put them on again before he got on the tube in the evening. I would then enjoy undressing him when he got home.



“He got so hard in slips and panties. I loved seeing his hard cock through a thin slip. I would pull his panties down and then wank him off. Then I would pull his slip out of the way and gobble him up.”



Paul was getting hot and bothered about this description by Jen. He loosened his waistcoat.

“Is that a Charnos bra I can see through your blouse? I think it matches your Charnos slip, if I am not mistaken.”

“Yes, all my lingerie is by Charnos.”

“Lovely said Jen,” as she fingered his slip. “Such good quality.”



“When we were at home John loved wearing a sheer black blouse with a lacy black bra showing through. He would wear a black half-slip that peeped out from under his black skirt



“I would wear something similar. It was always exciting.



“I do miss him and his lingerie, but now I have found you. How did you start?”



“My mum always wore nice clothes. Sometimes she wandered around the house in a slip and stockings. When I was 14 and puberty kicked in, I really started to notice her lingerie. I wanted to try it on but was too scared.”

“By 16 I had a girlfriend, but she never wore anything like my mum. Then my mum and dad were away for a few days visiting my granny in Scotland. I didn’t want to go as I had exams coming up.

I kept looking at her lingerie drawer and finally caved in and tried on her panties, bra, suspenders and stockings. I was so hard and had a fantastic wank. I had to be really, really careful to not get cum on her stockings or panties.





“The next day I tried on some blue panties with lots of lace, stockings, suspenders and a pink satin slip. I even managed to squeeze my feet into her pink high heels. I was so stoked and so hard. I came like a train. I was hooked. “

“Did she ever catch you,” asked Jen?

“No, but I think she knew and turned a blind eye. I have been wearing my own lingerie since then.”



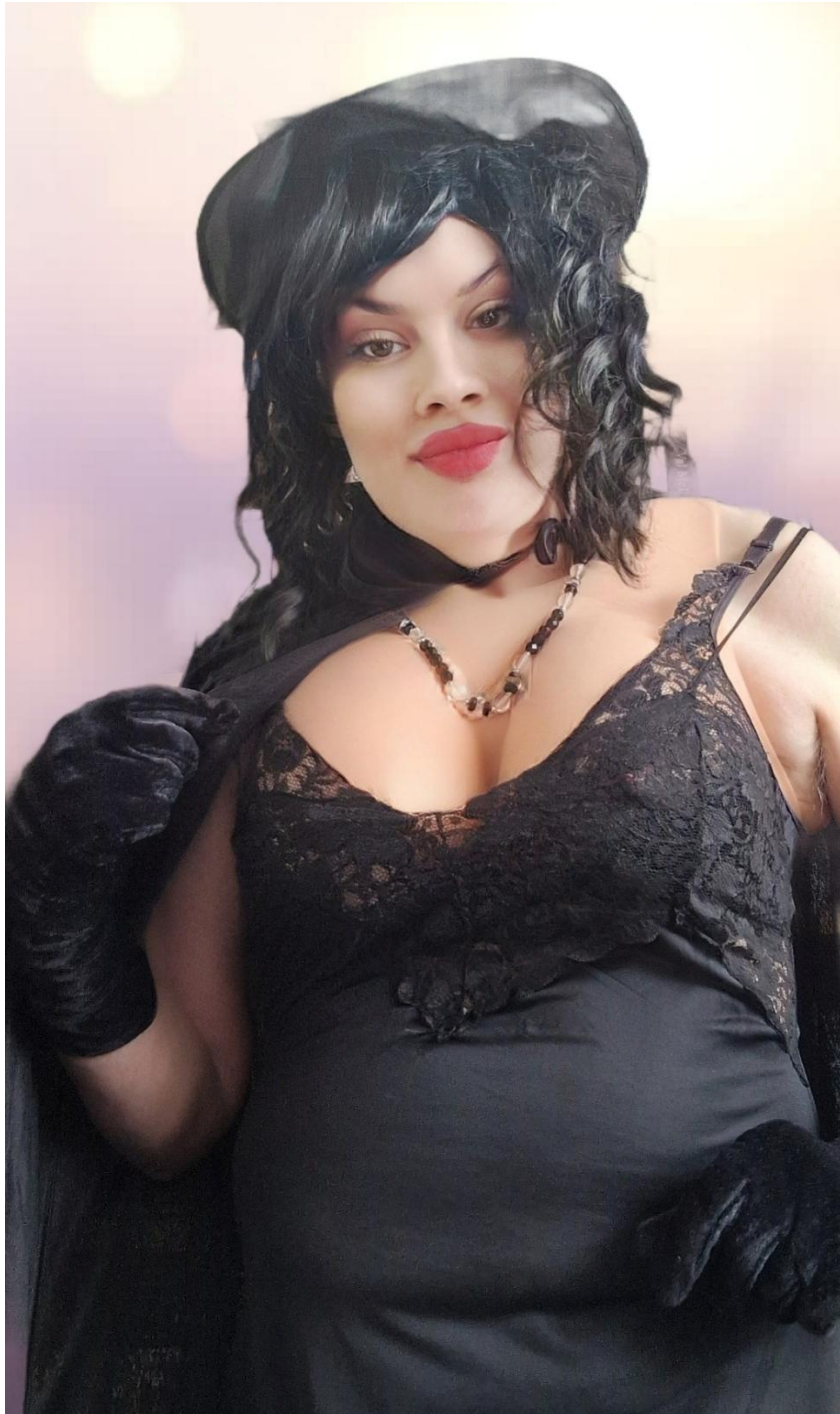
“John got caught by his mum once when she came home early. He was wearing a sheer black blouse that showed his pale blue bra. His lacy black skirt was also sheer and showed his pale blue half-slip. She made him show her all his clothes, then she threw them all out. He was devastated.”



“John didn’t start again until I met him. I could tell he was always so hard when I wore pretty lingerie and stockings. I asked him if he wanted to wear my panties, just as he had taken them off me. He was a bit reluctant but agreed.



“There was no turning back then for him either. He started wearing my stockings, suspenders and slips. He loved sheer, and so did I.”



They had finished their food, a waitress cleared away their plates.

“I don’t know about you Paul, but all this talk is making me horny. I thought I might have too much to drink this evening, so I booked a room. Now something else has come up,” Jen said looking down as she tented in Paul’s kilt and slip.

“I have checked in and got the key. Why don’t we go upstairs and explore our lingerie.”

This was a real surprise, but Paul readily agreed. He picked up his bag and followed Jen up the grand staircase.



When they got to the room Jen took off her witch's hat and long black gloves. Paul admired her outfit, especially the silky black slip and sheer black stockings. Then she took off her black wig and ran her fingers through her blond hair.



“That’s better, the wig was cheap, but it is quite itchy. Now let’s see what is under that kilt.” Jen took off her witch’s cape.



Paul took off his waistcoat and lifted the kilt.

“Lovely slip,” said Jen.



Paul took off the kilt.

“And that your green bra shows through your blouse. So sexy. It is a shame you didn’t wear heels”

“Oh , I brought some, just in case.”



Paul slipped off his boring men's dress shoes and pulled out his black heels from his bag. The vision toes was the only clue that he was wearing sheer tan stockings.



He put on the heels, then straightened up and took off his white blouse.



The sight of Jen sitting on the bed in her silky black slip was making Paul really hard. The lace on the bust only just covered her lacy black bra and large cleavage. Her makeup was still immaculate. She was so sexy.



“All Scotsmen should try wearing a slip under their kilt,” said Jen.



“Show me your panties, I assume they match,” asked Jen.

Paul lifted the slip.

“French knickers.”



“Take off the slip,” commanded Jen.

“Lovely French knickers and now I can see your stocking tops. I wasn’t sure you were wearing stockings under your kilt when I queued behind you at the buffet. but I am so glad you did.”



“I love wearing stockings as well, look.”

Jen stood up and took off her slip to reveal her lacy black bra, black lacy suspender belt, black knickers and sheer black stockings.

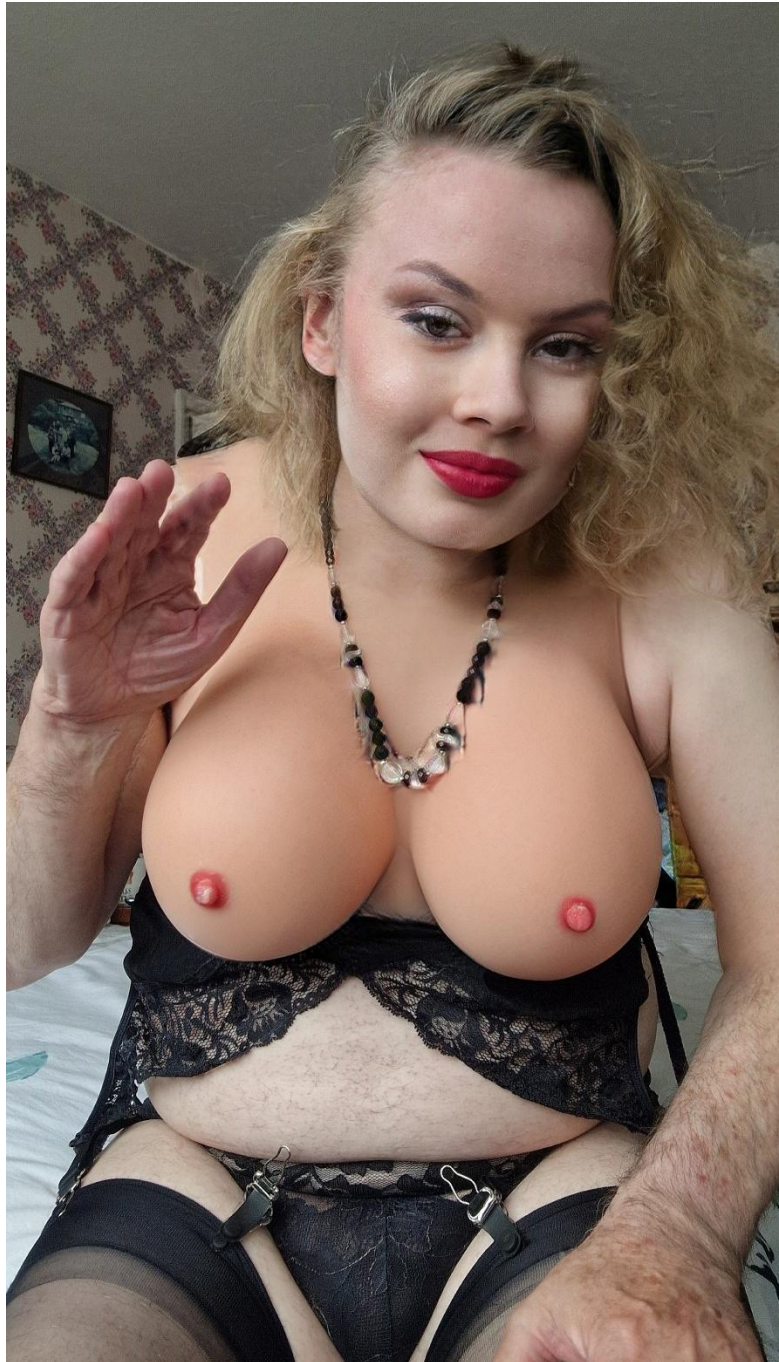


Paul showed his hand in the loose leg of the knickers and started to masturbate his stiff clitty.



Jen turned round, picked up the slip and put it on the bed.

Paul wanked even harder at the sight of the back of Jen's black panties, they were very lacy. The suspender belt held up Jen's black seamed stockings. What a sight. Paul was ready to cum.



Jen sat down on the bed.

“Do you want to see my tits?”

Paul could only grunt.

She pulled her bra down, not even bothering to take it off. They were magnificent big tits.

Jen reached out.



She took control of Paul's stiff clitty and started to wank him. Paul threw his head back, he must have died and gone to heaven.

"Don't cum yet, I want you inside my pussy."



Jen eased her knickers down and lay back on the bed. Paul didn't even bother to take off his French knickers he leant forward and plunged into Jen. She was so wet. She ran her hands over his French knickers and rubbed her black stockings over his tan nylons. It was sensational, he had never done anything like this with a woman. When she wrapped her legs around his back and he could feel her nylons on his skin he came like a train, so did she as she pulled him close.

The next morning before they went to breakfast Jen pulled some things out of her overnight bag.

“I brought some spare clothes. You can try them on as your green set might be a bit sticky after last night.”

Paul was delighted to put on a pink set of lingerie, the slip had lots of lace. There were some black stockings and pink heels. He was instantly hard again.

They didn't make it to breakfast.



The End

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