

Sliding Doors – Part 1 by Andrea Slip



**Sliding doors
Part 1**

A Photo story by Andrea Slip

Andrea loved getting dressed for work. Wearing the prettiest lingerie in the office always made the start of the week more bearable. Today, a Monday, would be a pink and purple outfit.

She nestled her boobs into a pink lacy bra that matched her lacy pink panties. Her suspender belt, however, was purple and very lacy. The straps of the suspender belt were attached to purple lace top stockings; the rest of the stockings were sheer black nylon.

Her makeup and hair were perfect. She felt so sexy when she looked in the mirror.



Andrea picked up a purple satin half-slip, oh how she loved slips. She always had, right back to when she was growing up as a little girl.





Andrea's mum had always worn slips. She liked to dress smartly, especially when she went to church on Sunday's, this included wearing a lacy edged slip that sometimes peeped out from under her dress. Andrea always noticed the peeping slips.



Often it would be when she sat down and her skirt had rucked up, her pink lace edged slip would quickly disappear as mum tugged her skirt down.



Sometimes it was when she bent over to tidy up cushions. Andrea remembered her mum wearing a brown slip with white lace on the hem under a brown skirt. Her nylon hosiery was often wrinkled.



Andrea remembered it on a particular Saturday evening, just before she went out for dinner with dad, that Mum was wearing a navy-blue knee length dress with sheer black tights and black high heels. Red lace peeped out from under the hem.

Then Andrea noticed that mum's hosiery had seams. Andrea asked her mum about the vertical line up the back of her leg.

"Aw, how sweet of you to notice, my love. These are seamed stockings rather than my usual tights.

"How do they stay up then?"



“I am wearing a suspender belt to hold up my stockings.”

“Can I wear stockings and suspenders, mum?”

“No, love. This is for grown up ladies.”

“What is that red lacy thing peeping out under your dress?”

Mum looked round. “Oh, that’s my slip, thanks for noticing, that shouldn’t show. It would be a fashion faux pas.”

Mum took hold of the waist band of her red half slip through her dress and wriggled the errant slip higher up her waist.

The lacy hem disappeared, Andrea was disappointed, the lacy slip looked so pretty peeping out. Andrea thought about asking if she could wear a slip, but she knew the answer would probably be the same, it would be no.

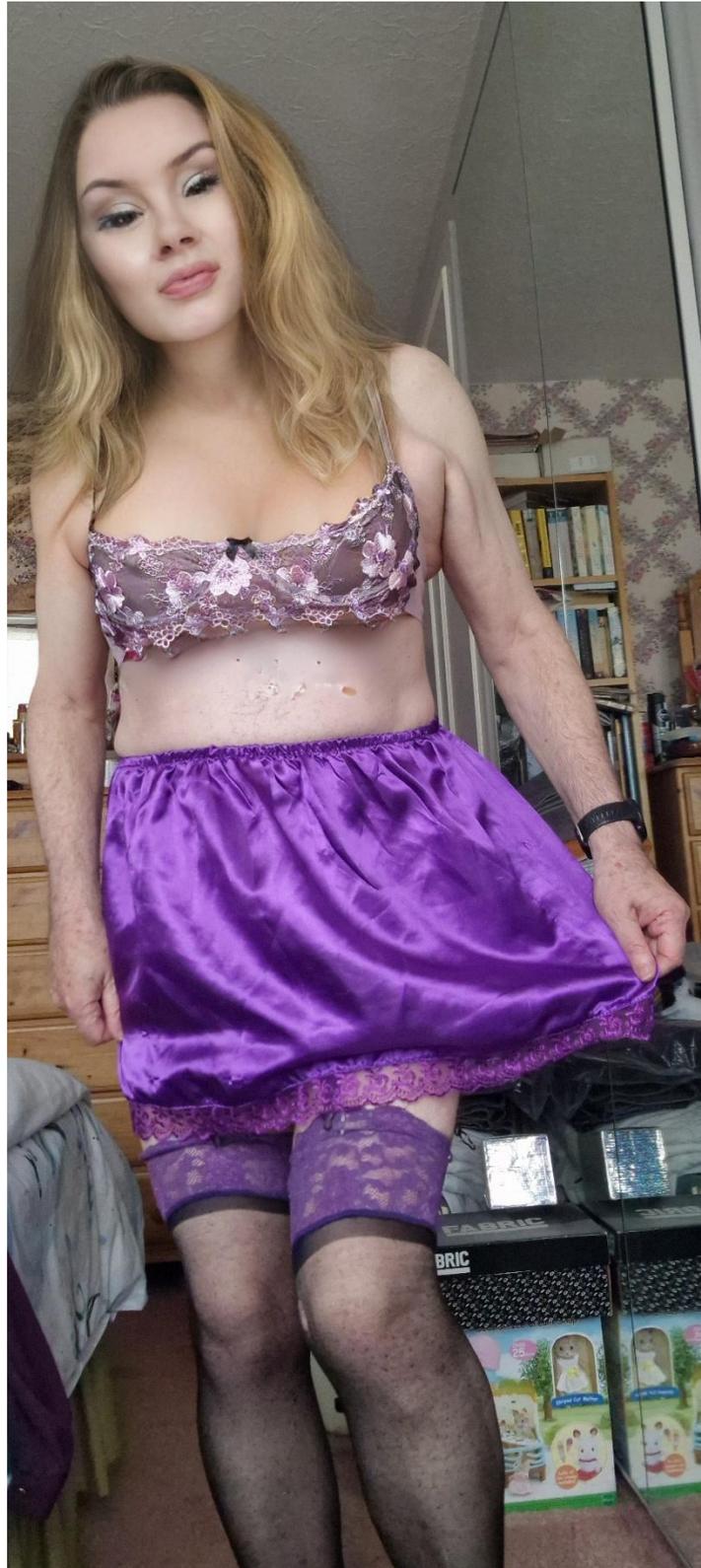




As Andrea stepped into the purple slip and pulled it up over her stockings, she remembered that conversation with her mum, many years ago. Mum had passed away and now it was Andrea wearing the stockings, suspenders and a slip. She certainly felt like a lady wearing her pretty lingerie and stockings.



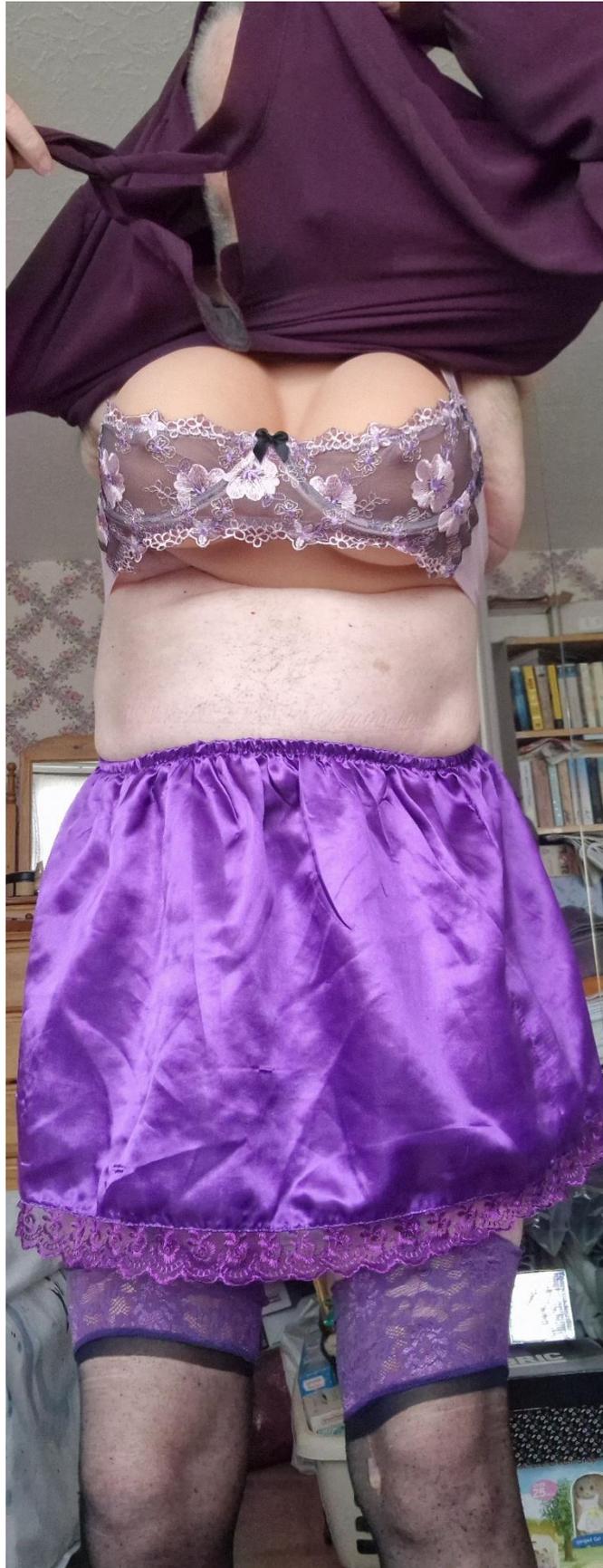
She checked that the stockings were pulled up tight.



Then she checked whether the stocking tops would show under the slip. Not quite enough. She pulled the slip a bit higher up her waist. Now they showed, the purple lace of the stocking tops matched the purple satin slip perfectly.



Andrea bent over and slipped on some pink high heels; these matched her panties and bra.



Andrea's blouse was purple, to match her slip and stocking tops.



Andrea recalled the first time she tried on one of her mum's slips. She was about 10. It was pale blue and had lots of blue lace on the hem. It was hanging up to dry from a hanger in the bathroom. It was not warm enough to dry outside; there were no tumble driers or even washing machines back then. Andrea touched it, it was so silky. It looked so pretty. She thought she has seen some matching French knickers hanging up the previous day next to the slip. Perhaps they were now in the airing cupboard.



She opened the cupboard to have a look.



She was right, she had seen the knickers hanging on the rail above the bath, next to the matching slip. Andrea reached up and found the knickers folded up on top of a pile of towels on the middle shelf. She picked them up and quickly slipped them up her legs. The French knickers matched the slip perfectly. Then she unpegged the slip and pulled that up over the slippers. Andrea was in heaven, the slippers and knickers felt so slippery, she got all tingly.

Then she could hear mum coming upstairs. She quickly took off the slippers and attached them to the hanger again and hung it up and took off the French knickers, folded them just like she had found them and put them back in the cupboard.

“Are you alright, love,” asked mum, as she got to the landing.

“Yes mum,” said Andrea and flushed the toilet. She hoped mum would not notice she had tried on her lingerie. What little girl had not tried on her mum’s panties (that would probably be too big for her) or her high heeled shoes at some point.



Andrea had that tingling feeling again as she looked down at her purple satin slip.



You might have expected Andrea to wear a purple skirt, but you would be wrong. She had chosen a short pink skirt. She stepped into the skirt and pulled it up to her waist.



Andrea lifted the skirt and adjusted her slip.



Did the edge of the purple slip show? No, it didn't. Andrea pulled the skirt up a bit higher to make sure it did. Even her stocking tops showed as well as her peeping slip. Perfect.



What about if she had to bend over at the photo copier? She checked in the mirror. Perfect. Everyone would see she was wearing lace top stockings and a purple slip. If she bent over far enough, they might catch a glimpse of her pink lacy panties.



Or they might notice as Andrea lifted her skirt and slip to adjust that “naughty” stocking that had come undone.



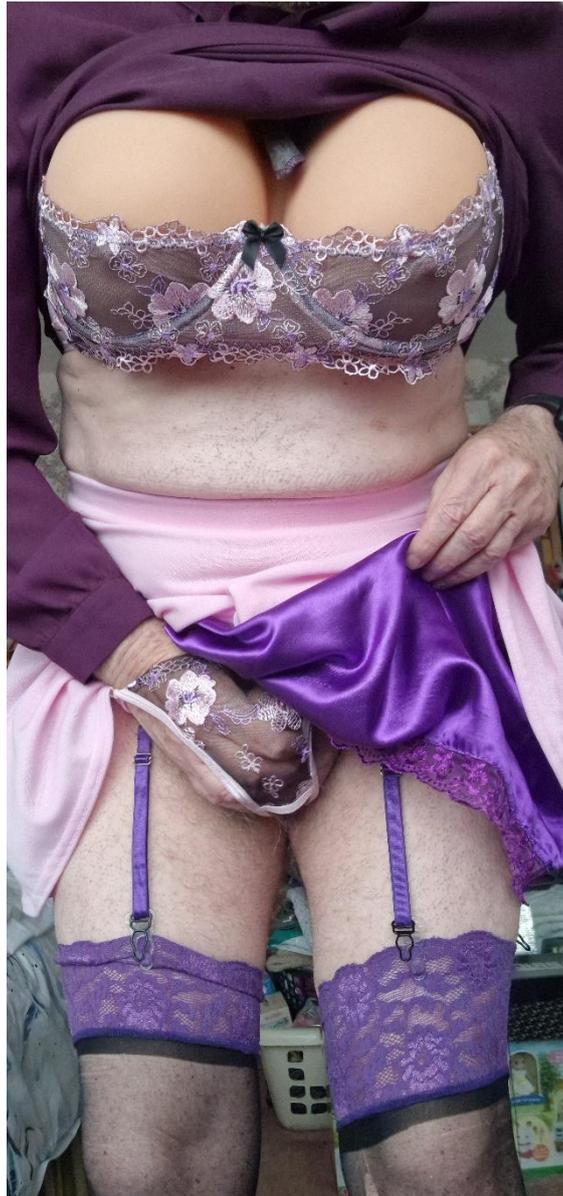
Andrea had to sit down because she was starting to feel weak at the knees as the sight in the mirror showing her sexy office outfit was making that tingling feeling spreading through her loins, as it did every time she dressed like this.



She just had about time to do something about it. She lifted the skirt and imagined a determined hand stroking her satin slip to feel her suspender tabs through the slip.



Andrea stood up and lifted both her purple blouse and her pink skirt to expose, to anyone watching, her big tits, her pink lacy bra and her stiff clitty in her sheer lacy panties.



Andrea shoved her hand into the panties and started to masturbate. Her genitals were already slimy with pre-cum. After several strokes Andrea suddenly exploded her fluids into her hand. Dressing in sexy clothes always ended like this.



Then reality struck as Andrea transformed back to Andy. There was no way that Andy could dress like this in the office. Off came the purple blouse, the pink skirt, the bra and the big tits. The bra would go back on as Andy did like to wear the lingerie to work under his male suit, but not with his big tits. If only he could come out and be free to dress the way he wanted, if only.



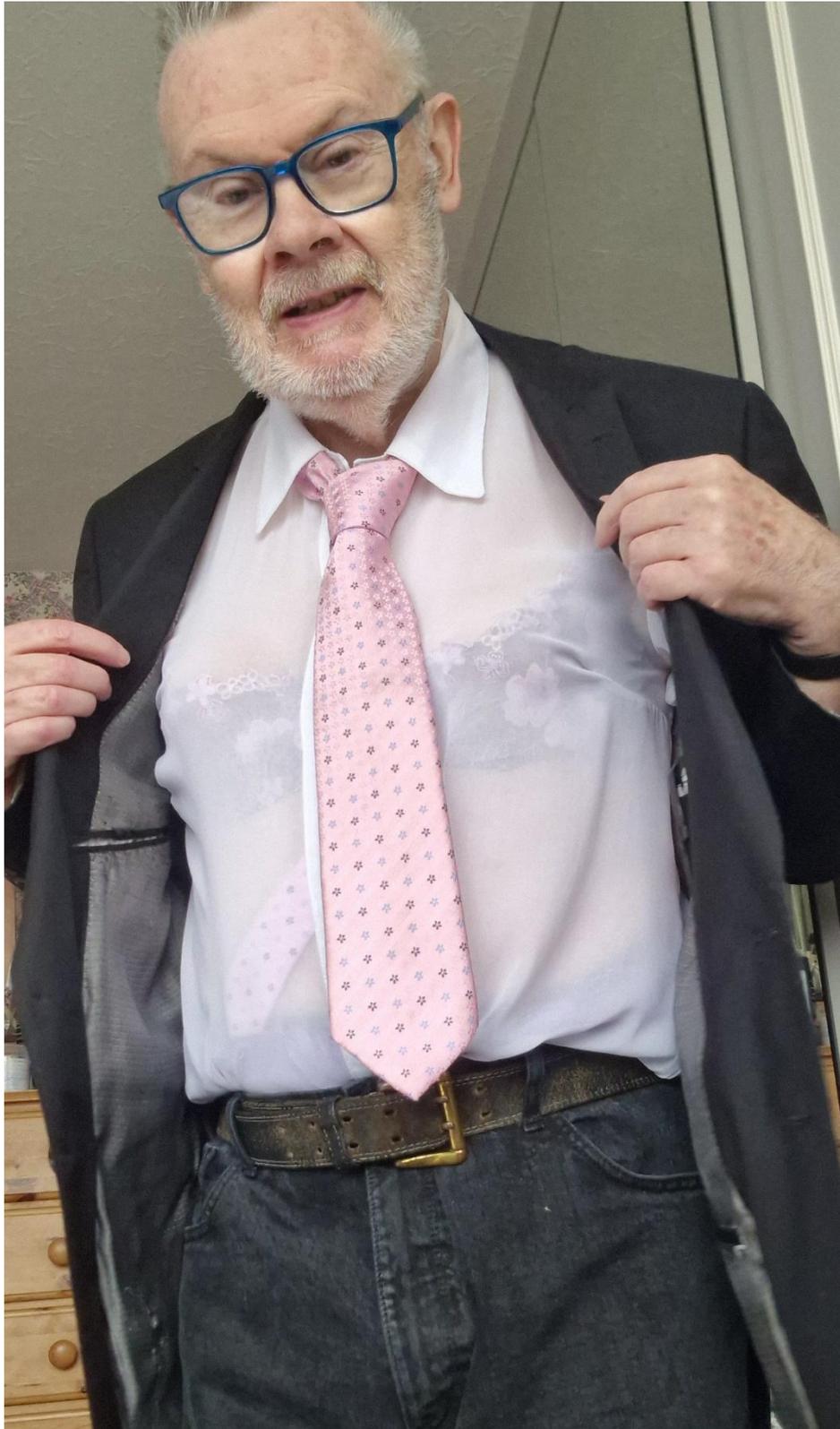
So, it was on with a white shirt, it was quite thin so the bra Andy was wearing might show.



Andy stepped into his black trousers. The stockings, suspenders, lacy panties and purple slip disappeared, but not completely.



From behind you could just make out that Andy was wearing a bra (with an extender) and even the top of his purple half-slip. The shirt was quite sheer.



The bra and slip that showed through the thin shirt disappeared when Andy put on his pink tie and his black jacket. The tie usually matched the colour of his unseen lingerie. Time for breakfast. What if he had been free to live his whole life as a sexy woman?

As Andy ate his porridge he speculated about whether there had been a sliding door moment that meant that his life could have gone in a completely different direction. He thought about when he was 10 years old and had asked his mum whether he could wear stockings and suspenders. What she had actually said was, “No, love. This is for ladies. Little boys don’t wear stockings and suspenders.”

The End

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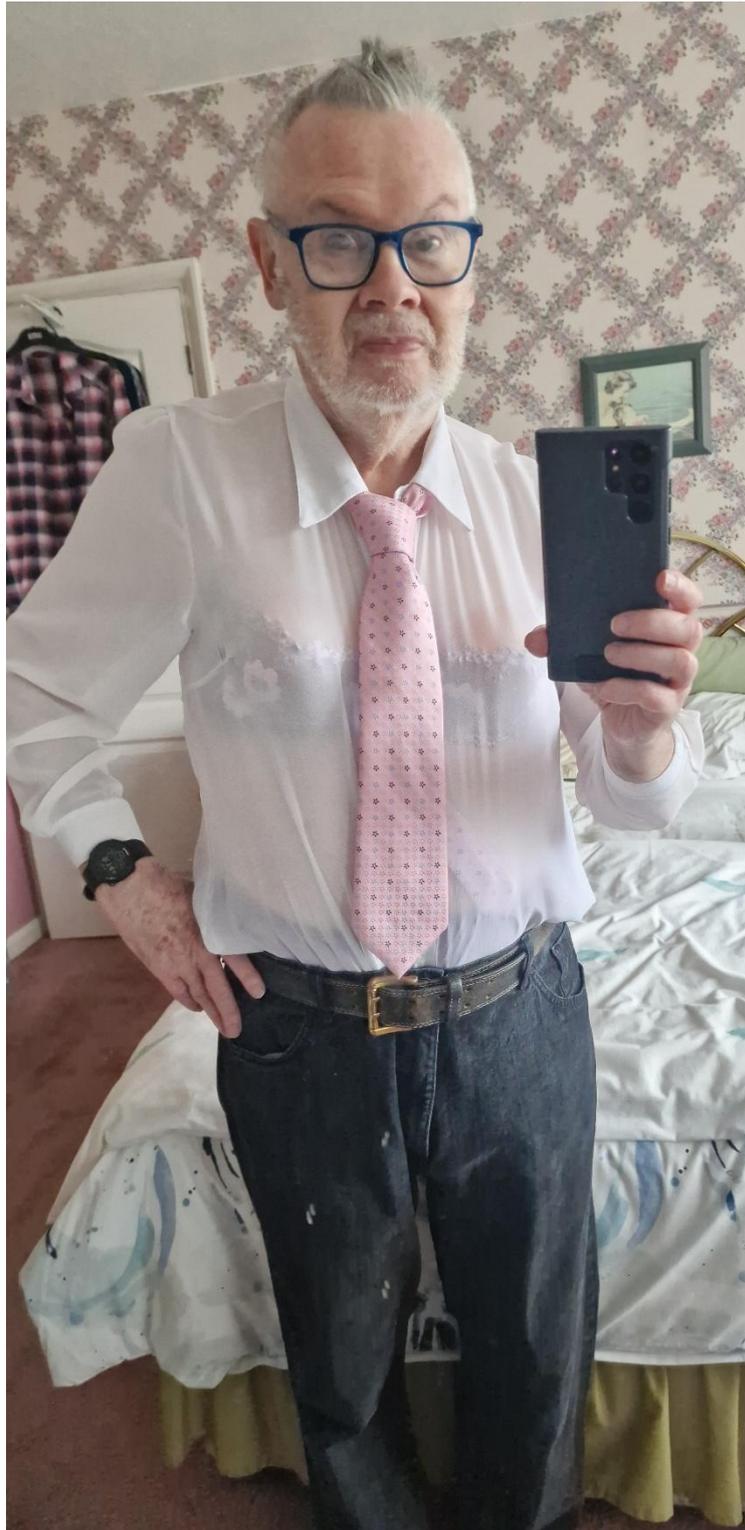
With thanks to Paul for the idea for this story

[See Sliding Doors Part 2](#) for the conclusion of this story

i_love_slips@yahoo.co.uk

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Sliding Doors (1998) was a romantic comedy, starring Gwyneth Paltrow, when a woman just missed a tube train in London, the doors sliding closed just as she got on the platform. If she had been a few seconds earlier, she would have got on the train and her life would have turned out completely differently.