

Fashion Faux Pas – A photo story by Andrea Slip



“Oh, what a fashion faux pas”, said Jackie, my wife, as she looked at the newspaper.

“What is?” I asked.

“Prince Charles has got a new girlfriend; she is called Lady Diana Spencer. The press have tracked her down to a children’s nursery in Kensington where she is working. Look.”

Jackie showed me a photo of Lady Diana Spencer holding two children.

“What is wrong with it?”

“She is wearing a lovely white summer skirt, but you can see her bare legs with the sun behind her. She should have worn a slip under such a thin skirt.”

“Really?” I asked.



“Yes, an underskirt, it would not have shown her legs, she is not wearing stockings either, probably too hot.”

Now I am interested. I looked at the picture more closely. Jackie was right, you could see her bare legs through the thin skirt. I would have loved to have seen her wearing a slip though, and stockings.

“It is a pretty skirt though; I might go into Winchester on Thursday after work to see if I can get it.”

This was a time when women still wore slips most of the time, a half-slip under a skirt or full slip under a dress. (or not in Lady Diana’s case). The future Princess of Wales had made the headlines in June 1980 for all the wrong reasons.



I offered to go with Jackie next weekend, I loved seeing pretty underwear in the lingerie sections of shops like Littlewoods, BHS, Topshop and even Marks and Spencer. She said no she would go straight there from her office job near Winchester station that finished at 5pm. The shops would still be open until 6pm.

When Jackie got back home, she said the Lady Di skirt had sold out straight away.

“No surprise really. But I did get a new pink pleated skirt in BHS. I could wear it on our wedding anniversary next month when we go out,” said Jackie.

It will be our 1st wedding anniversary on 1st July. I can’t believe we have been married for almost a year.

“Let us see it then,” I said.

She got the skirt out of her shopping bag.

Jackie held the skirt up in front of her.

“That looks nice,” I said, although I prefer seeing Jackie in short skirts, like the black one she had worn to work.





“It is quite sheer, like Lady Di’s skirt in the paper.”

“Is it?” I asked, naively.

“Yes, look.” Jackie put her hand inside the skirt. It was very thin crepe material. I could see her hand and even her wedding ring through the thin skirt.

“So does that need a slip as well, then?” I asked hopefully.

“Of course, I haven’t got a slip of the right length or colour.”

I did wonder if Jackie had worn a slip under her black skirt for work. I thought I could see a hint of a lace edged slip peeping out.

“I had real trouble finding any slips, let alone the right colour. I found this one at M&S, none of the other shops had anything like this.

“Well, I like slips,” I said.

“I know you do. Most skirts and dresses are lined now and slips are falling out of favour.”

“Did you get anything else?”



“Yes, a yellow bra to go with my yellow panties and slip. I might wear them to work under a dress” She pulled a lemon-coloured bra out of her shopping bag. I was starting to get stiff at this display of lingerie. I had never known Jackie to go out and buy a new slip in the 3 years I had known her.

“That looks very lacy, I like it.”

“I thought that you would.”

“So how will the slip stop you making a fashion faux pas, as you put it?”

“I will put the skirt and slip on and show you. Wait there,” said Jackie.

I was hoping that she might change in the living room, right in front of me, so that I could ogle the slip she had worn to work. Not to be. Whilst Jackie went upstairs, I had a rub of my stiff cock. She didn’t take long. I pulled my hand out of my shorts when I heard her coming back downstairs.





Jackie was wearing the long pink skirt. I could just about see the lacy hem of the slip under the skirt.”

“How does the slip stop anyone seeing your legs?” I asked.

“It is when I am against the light.” Jackie said as she walked over to the patio window.

The evening sunlight was streaming into our living room from the south facing window.

Jackie was silhouetted against the sunshine from the window. I could see now how the light came through the thin pleated skirt. I could also see how the slip was opaquer than the skirt and obscured a woman's legs. The lace edged slip was now clear in silhouette. I really liked what I could see, I was getting hard again. I swallowed.

"Yes, I see now, I can see your lacy slip as the back light does make the skirt look quite sheer."

"Of course, it is a bit old fashioned, but Lady Di should have known it too," said Jackie.

Seeing the slip reminded me of a previous girlfriend, Sasha, who liked to tease me with her lingerie.





It was Sasha that cemented my love of women wearing pretty slips, stockings and suspenders. She would sit on the sofa after she got home from work and if she wanted something she would let me see her lacy slip peeping out from under her skirt. I would be wondering if the lacy hem was caressing silky black tights or stockings. I always hoped it would be stockings and suspenders.



If she wanted a fuck, she would move her legs apart and let me see right up her skirt to see her sheer panties, stockings (not tights) and that lacy slip. To make the message even stronger she would lift her silky blouse to reveal her cleavage supported by a lacy bra with her stiff nipples showing through the nylon. I was so stiff, I would dive straight in and feel her legs and tits. I would pull her panties down and we would fuck right there on the sofa. I was hooked on a woman wearing pretty lingerie. I now realize that it was a fetish.



Sasha knew how to push my buttons with lacy panties, pretty slips and lacy bras. I was really upset when Sasha told me she wanted to split up. We had been together for 18 months. She said something about needing her own head space. In retrospect, I had probably been too intense with my fetish for lingerie.

About a year later I met Jackie at a dance. I held back on my desire to see her wearing slips and lingerie as I decided early on that I wanted to marry Jackie. Fortunately, so did Jackie. We didn't even start having sex until we were engaged and she did not move in with me until we were married. Things were different back for some in the 70's and 80's.

Her family were religious and quite old-fashioned. Jackie told me that her mum, Joan, had never got on with tights and miniskirts, she still wore the stockings that she grew up with in the 50's and 60's. That piqued my interest. I never confirmed that Joan wore stockings as she dressed conservatively in long skirts or long dresses. However, I do remember one time she sat down in the armchair, her skirt rode up to reveal a very lacy white silky slip.

The slip quickly disappeared as Joan tugged her black skirt down over her slip. Her hosiery was sheer black nylon; it could have been stockings or tights. I would have liked to ask,

“Oh Joan, that is a gorgeous slip, are you wearing stockings and suspenders as well? Jackie said you still prefer stockings.” If I had

asked that impertinent question, I would have been thrown out on my ear by her dad, who was a policeman. Our relationship would have been over.

But it did mean that I found out after we got engaged that Jackie did sometimes wear stockings and slips, following in her mum's footsteps. I think Joan would have been horrified if she had found out that we had sex before marriage.





When I went to bed, I noticed that Jackie had hung the skirt and the new slip up to air before she put it away in the wardrobe. I got changed and had a quick wank looking at the slip.



I carried on wanking when Jackie came to bed and started to undress. She took off her black skirt to reveal that she was wearing a silky slip. It was just like the one that Sasha had teased me with a few years previously.



Jackie took off her blouse to reveal that her tan bra matched her slip. I was so hard now and wanking under the duvet.



Then she took off her slip to reveal that not only was she wearing stockings and suspenders but also tan French knickers. Jackie did not often wear stockings and suspenders to work. I nearly spurted then but somehow held back.



“Why don’t you leave the slip on and come to bed in your lingerie, darling?”

“Really?” she asked surprised.

“Yes, I like it, look how hard it makes me.” I pulled the bedcover back to reveal my stiff cock pointing up at the ceiling.

“You are so kinky, but I can see the effect it is having.”

Jackie kicked off her black high heels and stepped back into the slip; she pulled it up. Jackie clambered on to the bed to snuggle up to me. Her slip rubbed against my legs and her lacy bra and cleavage rubbed against my chest. I felt her slip and stocking clad legs.

We kissed as she took hold of my cock and started to wank it with her slip. This was delightful. After a few minutes of this I flipped her over onto her back, pushed up her slip and felt her pussy through the loose leg of her French knickers, she was so wet already.

She lifted her hips as I pulled her knickers down over stockings and plunged in. Jackie wrapped her stockings around my back. I loved it, I was addicted to the feeling of nylon. My balls slapped against her legs and then exploded cum into her pussy.



About 2 weeks later it was our 1st wedding anniversary. Jackie was going to wear her new skirt and more importantly for me, her new slip. I was also hoping that she would wear stockings and suspenders. I had booked a table at a posh hotel in town. She had been to the hairdressers the day before our anniversary and looked quite different with a new hair style.

In the late afternoon Jackie had run a bath. I was sitting on the bed hoping to see her dress in her lingerie. When she came back from the bathroom, she was wearing a bathrobe and would not let me see what lingerie she was going to put on.

“Martin, go and have a bath so I can get ready in peace without you wanking over me.”

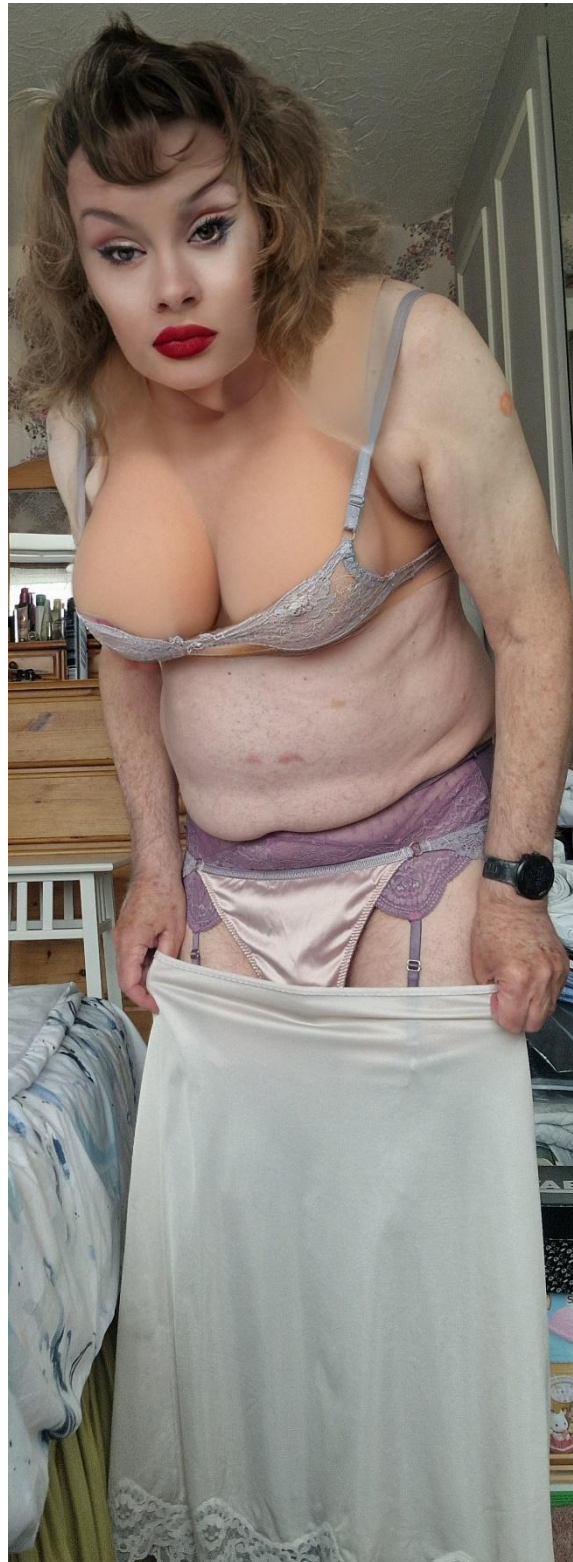


Reluctantly I went to the bathroom and ran a fresh bath. Jackie got dressed and finished her makeup.

She had chosen to match pink panties with a pink lacy bra, pink suspenders and lace top stocking with some pink flecks. Not that I knew about any of this. I would find out later when we got home.



The back of the panties were very lacy. Jackie knew that I would like that, as she had worn these before.



Then she stepped into the new pink slip and pulled it up over her stockings and panties.



She decided to match the new skirt with an old pink blouse. It was a good job that her mum could not see this, Joan would have pursed her lips and said it was a bit slutty. The blouse was quite thin; you could see her bra and nipples through the thin material. Jackie thought about putting a camisole over her bra but knew that I would enjoy the view in the restaurant.



By the time I had finished my bath and got dressed in my best suit, Jackie was ready.

“Wow, you look fantastic,” I said.

“Thank you, we had better get downstairs, the taxi will be here soon.”



When we were in the taxi, I could see the lacy hem of her new pink slip showing through the thin material of the skirt. I put my hand on the skirt to try and feel if I could detect a suspender strap, Jackie batted my hand away.

The meal at the hotel was lovely, I had a bit too much to drink, which was unusual for me. I had a hard on during the meal watching Jackie's tits and bra on show through her sheer blouse. We were back home by 9.30 and went straight up to the bedroom. It was still light as it was only just past mid summer's day.



“Do you want to see my slip?” she asked. I think she was a little bit tipsy as well.

“Of course,” I said as I took off my suite jacket and flopped on the bed. Why had I had so much to drink? I hoped it would not affect my libido.

It did not. As Jackie lifted her skirt her slip came into view. Oh joy, she wore stockings as well. The stocking tops were very lacy and had pink flecks, they were new as well.

“More?” Jackie asked.

She didn’t wait for an answer as she lifted the slip even higher to reveal she wore pink satin panties and pink suspenders. Her bra and nipples showed through the thin pink blouse.

I stood up and undressed quickly.



Jackie dropped her skirt and slip down. Then she started to take off her blouse. As her bra came into view I started wanking my stiff cock. Her bra was so skimpy. I don't know how the bra held up her big boobs. It made her cleavage look huge. It was so sexy.





Jackie took off her pink skirt; I could now see the new pink slip. The lace on the hem swirled all-round the bottom of the slip. It was so pretty. I was so stiff, I wondered for the first time, what it would be like to wear the slip,



Jackie climbed onto the bed and cuddled up to me, rubbing the slip over my cock. She pulled her bra down, and her big tits rubbed against my chest. I sucked on her tits as I felt her slip and her black stockings. I put my hand under her slip and felt her silky pink panties. As I pushed it into her quim, they became very damp with her juices. Precum from my cock dripped onto her slip.

Jackie lifted her hips and pulled her pink panties down. I lifted her slip and pushed my fingers into her pussy. Her hairy pussy was framed by her lacy suspender belt and her stocking tops. She pulled me closer; I took my fingers away and replaced it with my stiff cock. I was so hard and so sexed up it only took a few pushes before I exploded cum right inside her.



I did wonder if I would see Jackie wearing her other new item of lingerie, the yellow bra. She said she got it to match some yellow panties. I didn't know she had some yellow panties. About 2 weeks after our anniversary I noticed that she had put it on for work that day.



She wore it with some black fashion tights that had little dots.

Not as sexy as stockings and suspenders but I do like looking at women in sheer black tights. Jackie usually wore tights to work, the day she went shopping for a new skirt in Winchester was an exception.





I then discovered that she also had a matching yellow full-length slip that I had not seen before. Now Jackie really did look sexy and as I was still in bed had to start wanking.

“You look nice,” I said as I looked at her in her pretty navy-blue dress, sheer tights and heels. Her hair and makeup were perfect.

“And you can stop wanking, save your cum for tonight when I get home.”

I was looking forward to that, but it did not happen. Mid-morning Jackie threw up at work and got sent home. She retired to bed and I had to look after her.

Two weeks later, about a month after our wedding anniversary, we were both delighted to discover that Jackie was pregnant. We had been trying ever since we got married. Phillip was born 6 months later, much to the delight of her mum Joan, and my parents as well. They were all grandparents for the first time.

2 years later Martin Junior was born. Jackie was a great mother, but the boys took almost all of her energy and not so much for me. She did not buy any more new slips.





About a year after Martin Junior was born, I visited a model shop in Portsmouth. It was much further away than the one I usually went to but my local one in Winchester had recently closed. I picked up some bits and pieces and as I came out of the shop, I noticed that across the road was a lingerie shop. It had mannequins wearing lingerie in the window. I had to stop and take it in. I thought for a moment. It was Jackie's birthday soon, if she didn't want to buy new slips perhaps I could? I was a bit nervous but summoned up some courage and crossed the road.

As I opened the door into a lobby an older lady came forward. She was wearing a lovely blue dress with two vertical stripes of white lace on the bust, sheer black tights and black heels. She looked like Mrs Slocombe from “Are you being served?”, a TV comedy that was running at that time. I thought that she would take one look at me and throw me out on my ear, but she didn’t.

“Welcome to Lacy Lingerie. I am the owner, Lacy. We don’t get many gentlemen, but all are welcome. Come in.”

She led me into the shop.





It looked very old-fashioned. It reminded me more of Bentall's Department store in Kingston that my mother dragged me round when I was a child.



My mother bought all her slips, lingerie and stockings at Bentall's, not anywhere else. I think it was a snob thing. Marks and Spencer's was too common she said.



Maybe it was seeing my mum buying slips that had started my love of lingerie and not much later when I met Sasha.

I was brought back to reality by Lacy.

“How can we help. Something for your wife perhaps?”

“Well, yes,” I stammered.

“No need to be nervous.”

There was another lady serving a customer, then the cash machine rang, the customer picked up her bags and left me as the only customer.

Lacy took me over to a counter that had a display stool just in front of a mirror.

“It’s my wife’s birthday; I thought I would get her a slip.”

“Well, you have come to the right place. You won’t find slips in the model shop across the road.”

Had she seen me crossing the road? Then I realized I was carrying a plastic bag with the name “Portsmouth Models” above a picture of an Airfix model Vulcan bomber.

“What size is your wife?”

“Oh, umm, she is a 16.”



“Half-slip or full slip?”

I must have looked confused.

“A lady wears a full slip under a dress, like I am today or a half-slip like Meg is wearing under a skirt and blouse,” she said pointing to her assistant and then at some photos of models on the wall above the counters.

One of the models was wearing a blue half-slip and matching blue bra. She was holding a blue denim skirt and dark blue flowery blouse; Jackie often dressed like this.

The other model was opening a button front blue and white dress to reveal that she was wearing a very pretty pale blue slip with lots of lace on the bust and on the hem. I could imagine that it was more Joan’s, style.



I could indeed see that Meg was wearing a skirt and blouse with boots. She was much younger than Lacy. I also through I could detect the lacy hem of a half-slip peeping out from under her skirt. I would love to have seen more but looked back at Lacy.

“Oh, a half-slip, please.”

“Now we are getting somewhere. What colour?”

“I am not sure.” I hadn’t planned this.

“You seem to like the colour of Meg’s peeping slip.”



Indeed, I did, I was briefly hoping that Lacy would ask Meg to lift her skirt to show me her cream slip properly.



Or perhaps to bend over and pick up something from a low draw. That would reveal that not only was Meg wearing a lovely lacy slip but also brown seamed sheer stockings, suspenders and cream panties that match her slip. But that didn't happen.



Lacy (was that really her name?) picked up a slip and put it on the display. It was gorgeous. It was gold satin with lots of swirling lace.



She then picked up the slip and held it in front of her dress. It was quite a short half-slip.

“Isn’t this cute? Your **wife** would look gorgeous wearing this. She seemed to emphasize the word wife. Did she doubt me?

“Yes, that is what I was thinking about. It is pretty, Jackie would look lovely wearing it.”

“This is a satin half-slip by Etam, 18” long, in gold with gorgeous white lace on the hem. This slip costs £13.99. Oh, we have a matching item that you, your wife might like.”



Lacy turned away from me to get something else. I realized that I could not see a slip peeping out from under her dress. However, her blue dress was quite thin. I could see she was wearing a full-length lemon slip under her dress. I was getting stiff



“These are some matching gold French knickers”

I was torn as these looked very pretty as well. I had only intended to get a slip, but I did love Jackie wearing French knickers as well. It took me back to when she had been shopping for her new pink skirt.

Lacy held up the French knickers.
They were very silky.

“These would look perfect with the slip. These sell for £9.99 but I could give you a new customer discount for both items, £20 for both silky items. Would you like that?”

“Yes please, cash?”

“That is fine. Can I add you to our mailing list? We often have special offers or news of new items.”

“Well, I ... I suppose so.”

“Let me give these items to Meg. Would you like them gift wrapped? No extra charge.”

“Yes please.”

“Now what is your name? I will need to get your details.

“Smith”

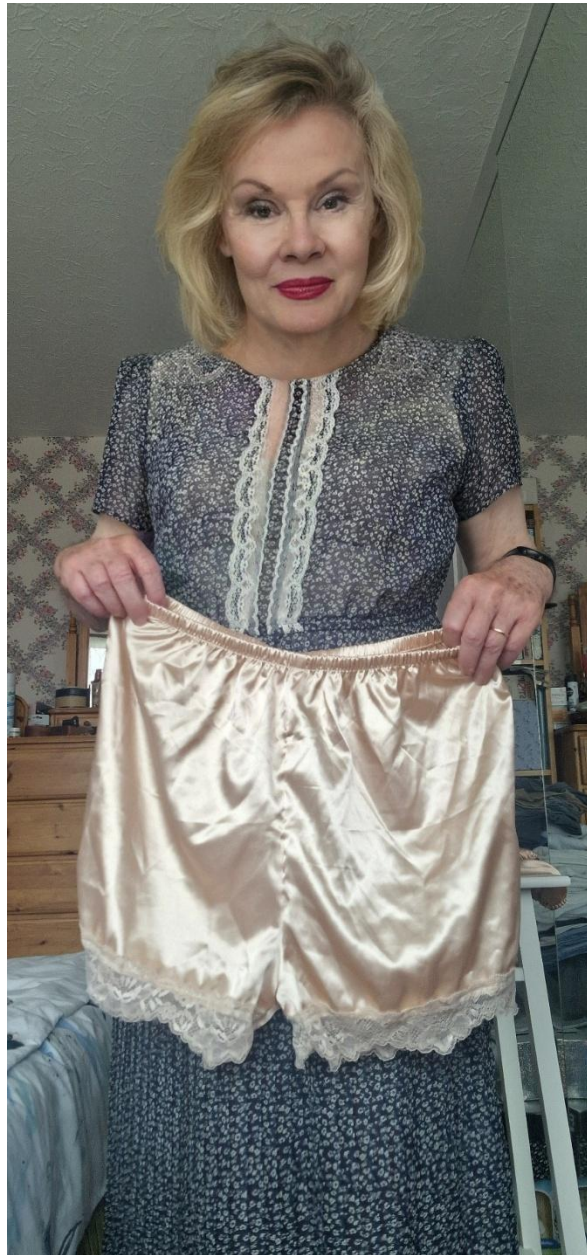
“Initial?”

“M”

Lacy was writing down my details.

“Address?”

I thought about Jackie seeing a letter coming through our letter box with the name Lacy Lingerie on it, addressed to me, not her, that might be a problem. I gave my mother's address instead; she was M. Smith as well. I picked up my bag and just hoped that Jackie would like the slip and panties.



When Jackie opened her birthday presents, she did not seem quite as thrilled as I had hoped when she opened the gift-wrapped slip and French knickers.

“Oh, what a surprise,” she said slightly sarcastically.

“Do you not like them?” I asked

“They are pretty, but I have got plenty of slips and knickers. If you like slips so much, why don’t you wear them?”

That was a bit of a surprise.

However, she did wear the new gold slip a couple of times for work. She even lifted her skirt to show me the slip one time she had been to see her parents. Underneath she wore plain knickers and tan tights. I don’t think she ever wore the matching French knickers,





but I did, I had to wait a couple of months for a chance to have the house to myself as she was home almost all the time looking after the children.

And her slip.

Of course I had to wear her bra, stockings, suspenders and heels as well. They were a tight fit but OMG I was so hard, why had I not done this before. I had been tempted but not give in until now. I had the best wank ever when I wrapped my stiff cock in two layers of silky nylon. Then I came. Like an express. Without thinking I tossed the lingerie in the wash basket.

I had not given up on getting Jackie to wear new slips. It will be Christmas soon; I might pay another visit to Lacy Lingerie in Portsmouth.



“Welcome back Mr. Smith. Something for Christmas this time?”

Lacy was wearing a silky black and white dress, white hosiery and black sandals. She looked so sexy. This time there was an obvious white slip showing from under the dress with lashings of lace on the hem. What an advert for the lacy lingerie that she sold.

“Yes, another slip. The last one went done so well.”

“You have come at just the right time; we have some new slips just in from Charnos and some special pre-Christmas offers at the moment. Meg has only just unpacked the Charnos order, haven’t you Meg?”





Meg smiled and said “Yes”. Meg had quite a deep voice, was she a man pretty clothes? She was wearing a two-tone black and white dress with sheer black hosiery. I thought I could see stocking tops and another peeping slip. Was the slip by Charnos?

I hoped that Lacy would tell Meg to show the gentleman her Charnos slip by lifting her skirt to reveal the pretty white that would show her suspenders through the thin white nylon, maybe with a little bulge in the slip.

Perhaps if I had been female she might have done, but I was a man and ladies didn't do that to men, unless they are showing their slip to their husband in the bedroom, or were a tranny showing off their excitement.

Instead, Lacy said, "Meg, get me out a medium Charnos half-slip, size 16, if I remember correctly?"

"Actually, perhaps size 18, I think my wife has put on a little weight since her birthday. I think she ate too much birthday cake." I laughed.

"Here is a large," said Meg, there was that deep voice again. She looked so convincing in drag, so pretty.

The gold slip, a 16, was a little tight on me. Although the new slip was intended as a Christmas present for Jackie, a larger size would probably be ok, and I would like to try it on as well at some point. I could say they didn't have a size 16.





Meg handed a green Charnos slip to Lacy who put it on the display stand. It was beautiful.

“This is a Charnos half-slip, 30” long. It has a split with swirling lace on both sides of the split and of course on the hem. The nylon is much heavier than most slips. Feel the quality, Mr Smith, go on touch.”

I leant forward and felt the slip. It was much thicker and heavier than Jackie’s other slips. I was getting hard. I hope it didn’t show in my trousers.

“Yes, it is lovely.”

“It is the Rolls Royce of slips but is more expensive. It looks and feels luxurious. It sells for £24.99.”

This was a bit more than I had bargained for, but it was the most beautiful slip I had ever seen.

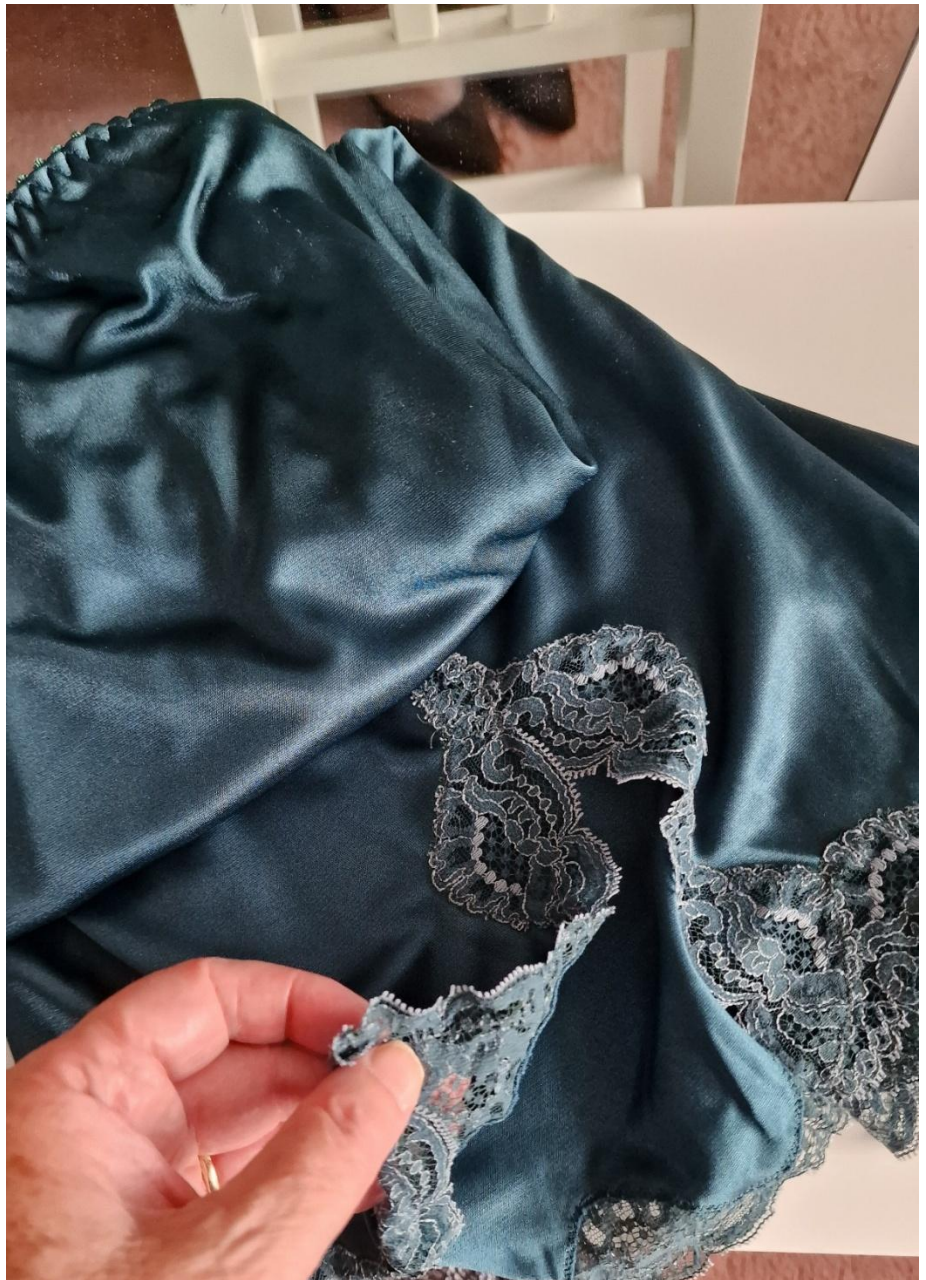
“That’s ok, I will take it.”

Lacy lent forward.

“Would you like to try it on. You seem a little excited. Our changing room is just there; no one will disturb you, perhaps Meg can help you.” Was my hard on showing?

I was shocked.

“Err, no..... it is a present for my wife.....”





I very much wanted to try it on, and I very much wanted Meg to help me.



And for Meg to confirm to me that I was not the only man in the world who wanted to wear a slip and pretty lingerie, but I was not brave enough.

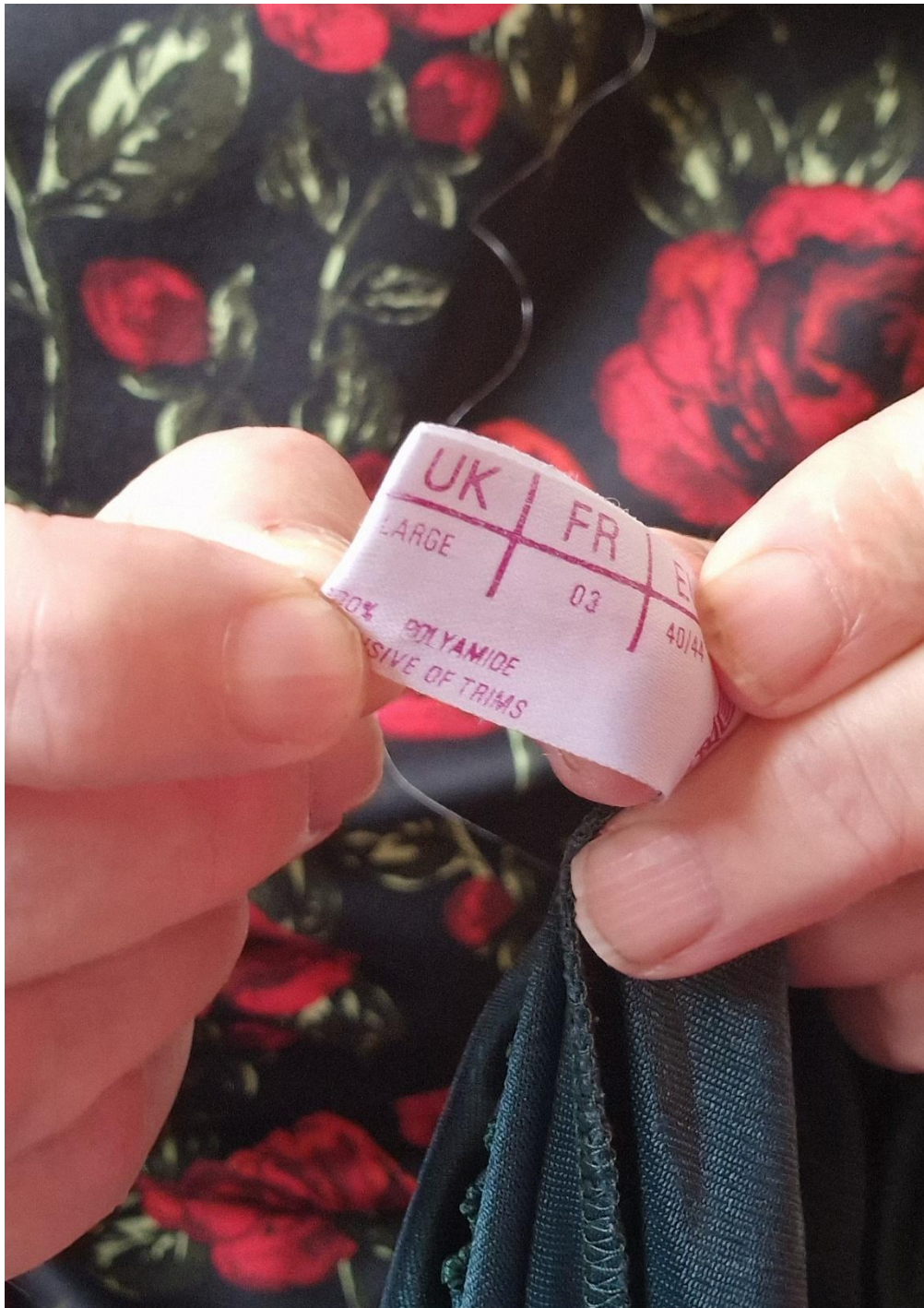


When Christmas came around, we let the kids open their presents first. They were happily playing on the floor in front of the Christmas tree and ignoring what Jackie and I were doing with our presents.

When Jackie opened the green Charnos slip, she said, “Another lovely slip, you should stop buying me so many slips. Is it Charnos?” She held up the slip in front of her, just like Lacy had done in the shop.



I nodded. She looked inside the slip at the label.



“It is Charnos, that must have been expensive. A large size, hmm.” I was hoping that she would not notice the size label. Before I had chance to say they were out of size 16 Jackie butted in.

“It is gorgeous, but it is too big for me. She passed me the slip. I took it reluctantly.

“Enjoy wearing it but perhaps buy your own panties and bra, not wear mine,” She smiled.



I was shocked, but perhaps also delighted. She was giving me permission to wear the silky lingerie that I had always loved. She must have found my spunk stains on her gold slip when she did the washing but had not said anything at the time. She would also have known that she didn't wear the slip, panties and bra that week. She knew how much I loved slips so perhaps not been surprised that I had worn her gold slip, panties, bra and stockings.

What was I going to do about panties and bra, not to mention stockings and suspenders? I love stockings, seeing and now wearing them.

Fortunately, some optional matching items had come up at Lacy Lingerie when I was buying the green Charnos slip.



Back at the shop Lacy had given the green Charnos slip to Meg to gift wrap and set out some more lingerie.

“These lovely green and black panties and bra will be perfect to go with the slip. This is by Bali. The bra is a low cut 40” bra and the panties are a thong, these are my best sellers now. French knickers are falling out of fashion.”



“We also have a lovely matching black and green lacy suspender belt,” Lacy carried on showing me the new items.

“Of course, **you** will need a nice pair of stockings like these by Artistoc,” she said, seeming to emphasis the word **you**. The stockings had black tops. She knew they were really for me.

I just couldn’t resist, even although the whole set cost me a fortune. I paid for them all and left the shop happy. I decided that the panties, bra, stockings and suspenders were just for me. The slip was nominally for Jackie as a Christmas present.

A couple of days after Christmas Jackie announced she was going to take the children to see her mum and dad for a couple of days in Cheltenham. I was back at work so would have the house to myself for at least one night.



I rushed home from work and tried on my new lingerie. It felt wonderful. I was instantly hard,



The one thing I still borrowed from Jackie was a pair of black high heels. They only just fitted me; I would have to get some of my own from the supermarket. I stepped into the green slip, the one that Jackie had given me permission to wear. They felt wonderful sliding the heavy nylon over the stockings.



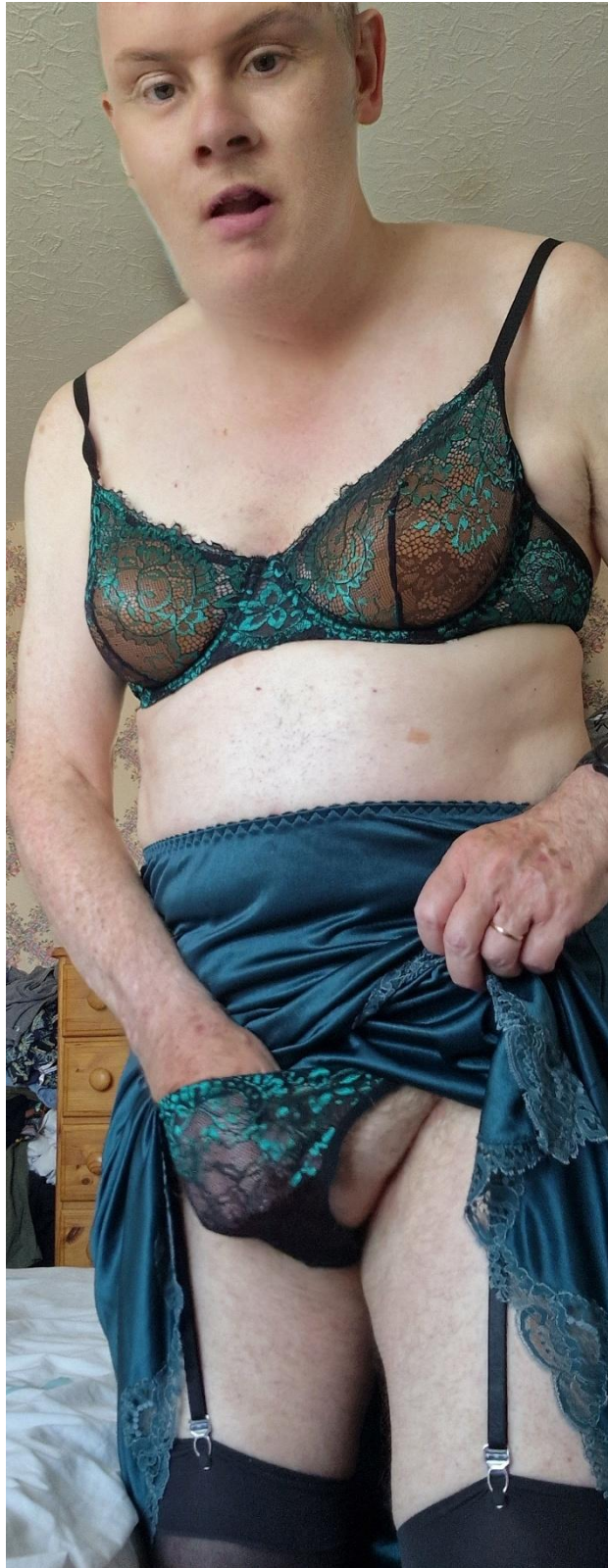
I found some fake boobs in a medical supplies shop in Southampton. I had to pretend they were for my wife after an operation. They looked fantastic, inserted in the lacy green bra



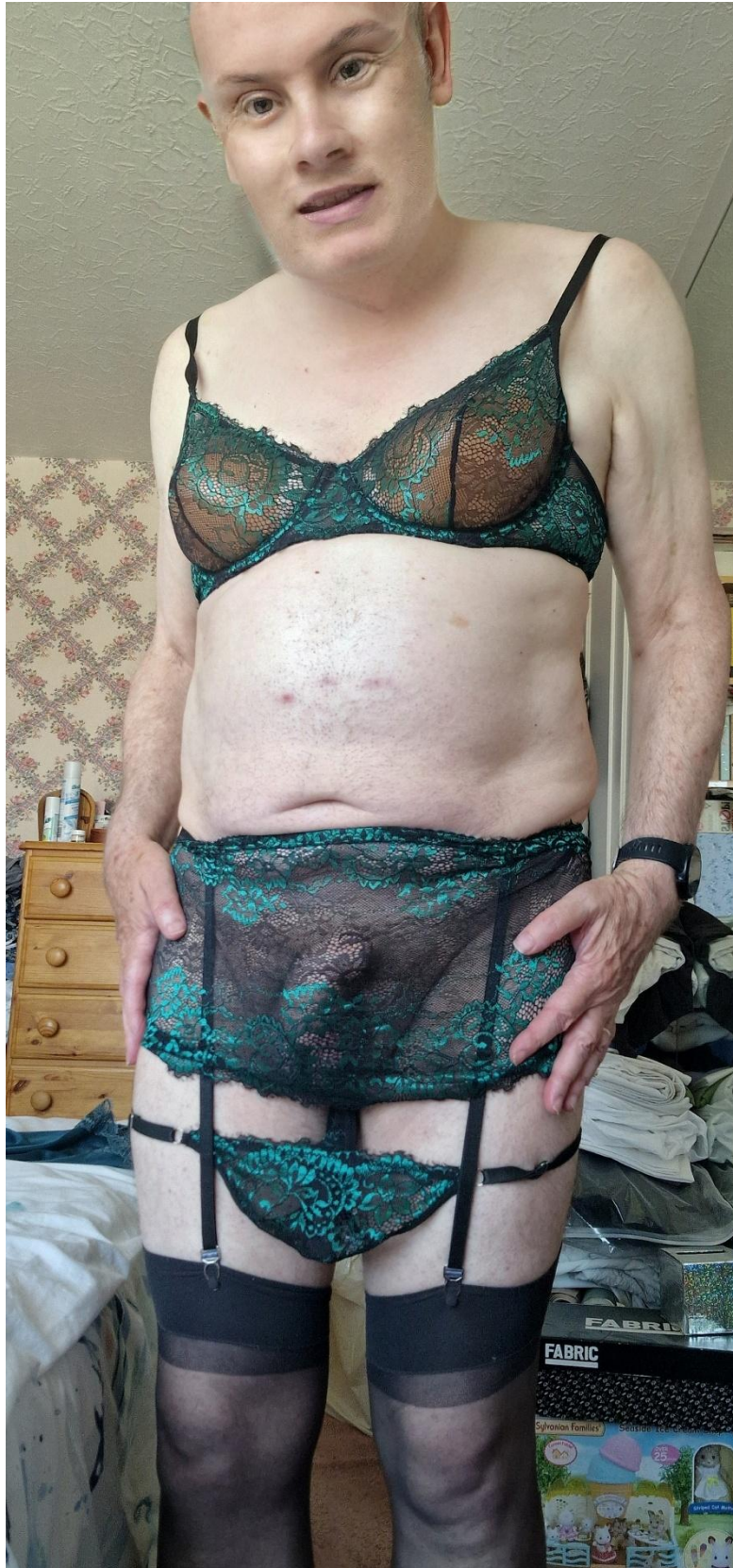
I posed in front of the mirror; I loved the look. I felt so feminine and sexy. How I wished I had a camera, like a Polaroid instant camera, to take a photo. I had a regular Pentax camera, but the film was expensive and someone at a photo shop would have to process the film and print the photos. That would have been too embarrassing.



I felt weak at the knees and had to sit down. The split in the slip revealed my stocking top and the strap of my suspenders. I wanked my cock with the slip.



Then I lifted the slip and plunged my hand into the lacy panties to get hold of stiff cock.



I pulled the slip down and then the knickers. My cock exploded ropes of cum all over the lacy suspender belt and down onto the stockings. It felt wonderful

These events took place a very long time ago, over 30 years ago. This was before the internet, mobile phones with excellent cameras, emails and sites like Flickr that share photos of trannies of getting stiff wearing pink lingerie. That includes me. I am still wearing pretty slips that started with the slips that I bought for Jackie.

Jackie has just reminded me that Martin Jnr is dropping his children off. We are grandparents now. Better slip out of my pretty pink slip and back to normal, boring men's clothes.

The End

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