

Tent

A photo story by Andrea Slip



<http://www.software04.uk/>

Jim and Jenny take a camping holiday in the Somerset. A leaky tent leads to some silky surprises.

Jim and Jenny take a camping holiday in the Somerset. A leaky tent leads to some silky surprises



The rain pitter-pattering on the roof of the tent woke Jim but then he snuggled closer to Jan. Jim liked the sound of the rain on the tent, but then the rain got even heavier. The forecast had been right, heavy rain overnight but clearing away by breakfast. Jim wasn't too worried; the tent was in good condition. The storm lasted a good hour and then eased off. Jim tried to go back to sleep wondering if Jan had brought any nice undies with her on the camping trip. Probably not, she usually wore plain white cotton knickers when they went camping, although dressing for work was a different matter.





Jim really enjoyed making love to Jan best when she was wearing silky nylon panties, slip and stockings. It was kind of a fetish. Sometimes he wondered what it would be like if he tried wearing her panties. He had been tempted a couple of times but never acted on it. Jim went back to sleep with a hard on dreaming of Jan in a sexy white full slip.



A couple of hours later the couple woke up in their tent with sunshine coming through the plastic roof. Jim got up to get changed and put the kettle on the camping stove. As he reached into his blue hold-all for some clean underwear he realised he had a problem. There had been a leak from one of the seams and dirty water had dripped into his bag. All his spare underpants had become soaked. He pulled out a sopping wet pair. "Houston, we have a problem," he said to Jan holding up the wet pants. "I think we have a leak. These are ruined. What am I supposed to wear?"

"Don't let them drip over the groundsheet Jim, they are not ruined, I can wash them when we get home. Put them back in your hold-all for now. Let me have a look in my bag," said Jan. She unzipped her own flowery Cath Kidston bag. "My underwear is fine, it only seems to have leaked on your bag, dear. "

"But what am I supposed to wear today, I am not going commando," asked Jim?



Jan started to rummage around her bag. "Well I think I may be able to help there dear."

"And I am not going to wear pair of your white cotton knickers and that is....., Jim voice tailed off as he could see a flash of pink nylon in Jan's hand.

"Here we are Jim. I threw these in my bag as a spare pair, just in case," said Jan as she held up a pair of pale pink Vanity Fair panties. "Not my usual white cotton knickers Jim, but soft, silky, pink VF panties."

"Oh no..... I.... err couldn't.....," stuttered Jim.

"I know how much you like ME wearing nylon lingerie and stockings. You have been dying to get into my knickers since our first date when I wore a slip and stockings to the cinema. Now's your chance."



“Well I suppose if needs must. “Jim’s mind flashed back to that trip to the cinema on their first date, about a week after meeting at a friend’s party. Under the cover of dark, his wandering hands had discovered Jan’s pale blue lacy slip, stockings, and suspenders under her black skirt. Jan had not tried too hard to resist his advances as he caressed her sheer nylon hosiery, felt her silky slip and played with her suspender straps. It was why she wore the silky lingerie but when he reached her loose legged French knickers she decided that was far enough for a semi-public place and pulled his hand away.



A little later in their relationship Jim cooked a romantic meal at his flat. Jan had worn a lovely semi-sheer skirt and green blouse. This did not go unnoticed by Jim when he complimented Jan on her lovely outfit. "Thank you, I thought you might like this, I love dressing up all girly," said Jan swishing her thin skirt. "Um... Is that a petticoat you are wearing or is it part of the skirt," asked Jim as he spied a pretty band of lace visible through the thin skirt?



“No, it is an under slip as the skirt is a bit sheer. You wouldn’t want the whole world to see my knickers would you, Jim?”

“Well, maybe not the whole world but actually I would very much.....”

“I thought you might,” said Jan as she slid her skirt down and pulled off her green blouse to show Jim her lingerie. As she stood in front of Jim she slowly eased her pretty green slip down over her nylon hosiery.

“I knew from our trip to the cinema that you liked my silky lingerie. Ta da, what do you think” she said as pulled off the green slip.



Jim took in the view of lacy green bra, white lace trimmed French knickers, suspenders, cream topped sheer nylon stockings and the silky green waist slip Jan was holding in her hand. "I like it very much as he could feel his cock getting stiffer and stiffer in his trousers. Jan leant forward and started to undo his belt and drop his trousers. Jim pulled off his shirt, socks and underpants. He was soon naked and pulled Jan into his arms as he gave her long kiss.

He felt a jolt of electricity as his cock pushed up against her pretty French knickers. Jan put her arms around Jim's neck. She was still holding her green silky slip, it flowed down Jim's naked back. He very much liked the feel of the silky nylon slip on his back.





“We can't go all the way yet but I can do this,” said Jan. She moved her hand between their two bodies and wrapped the silky slip around his stiff cock. Jan wanked Jim off to his first nylon orgasm in only a few strokes. Dinner was late that evening but it did seal a new level of commitment in their relationship only a few weeks after meeting.



Jim looked down at the pink panties in his wife's hand in the tent. "You like me being girly, now it's your chance," said Jan holding out the panties.

Jim shucked off his PJ's, took the panties from Jan and stepped into them. As he pulled the pink nylon up his legs his cock started to stiffen. Jan ran her fingers over the bulge in the pink nylon. "I think this gives a new meaning to the word 'tent', Jim. Wait a minute." Jan rummaged around in her Cath Kidston and pulled out a pair of barely black hold up stockings. "Try these as well."

"But someone might see," said Jim trying to put up futile resistance.

"Nonsense, the tent windows are still covered up, no one can see us, we just need to be quiet." She gave Jim the stockings and he pulled the sheer black nylon up his legs. The tops of the nylon stockings had a lovely lacy pattern. Jim's cock got even stiffer as he enjoyed the feeling of the nylon on his skin for the first time. "Are you sure you have not done this before Jim," she asked as she stroked his nylon tent? She pulled her nightie over head to stand naked in front of Jim. Then Jan started wanking Jim through the pink nylon VF panties in almost the same way as she had with the green slip in Jim's flat before they were married.



“No... I have been tempted, but no.” Jim slid his fingers inside his wife’s slit, she was as excited as he was and his fingers slid in easily to the moist opening.

“I know how much silky nylon excites you, no turning back now,” said Jan.

“Oh my god, these panties are so silky, I am going to cum....aghhhhh ...” and he did. They had to suppress their screams due to the close neighbours in the other tents as they both came at the same time. Jan’s juices flowed over Jim’s fingers, still embedded in her vagina and Jim’s thick white cum soaked the pink nylon VF panties.

Jan pulled the panties down, reached for some tissues, wiped up the stains and pulled up the pink nylon knickers up Jim’s stocking clad legs. “There we go, all sorted for today,” said Jan as she patted his diminishing pink tent. “So, am going to have to wear your stockings and knickers all day? And what about the next couple of days, I have no clean underwear and I have no idea if there is a self-service laundry around here,” said Jim.

“Oh, I think I may be able to solve that. I noticed yesterday there was a Matalan on the edge of town. Their clothes are quite cheap. Why don't you do the washing up last night's dinner plates and get breakfast ready while I go to the shops in town, dear?” She was dressed and off in the car before he had a chance to say no.

Jim slid some joggers on over his stockings and pink panties. Most of his socks had got soaked as well so he just slipped his Crocs on over his nylon clad feet. He rather enjoyed the feeling of the panties and stockings sliding over his body as he took the dirty crockery from last night down to the communal washing up sinks. There was just a chance someone might catch a glimpse of his nylon clad ankles but the jogging bottoms were baggy, so he wasn't too worried.



Jan got back to the tent just Jim had started cooking bacon and eggs for breakfast on the little camping stove. She was carrying a white Matalan carrier bag but would not show Jim what she had bought. The couple moved their green camping chairs onto the grass so that they could sit in the sunshine. As they ate their bacon and eggs Jan leaned forward and looked down at Jim's feet. Jim looked down as well. The cuffs on his joggers had caught slightly on Jim's legs and risen up to give a glimpse of his nylon clad ankles.



"I dare you to take your Crocs off," said Jan.

"But someone walking past might see," said Jim.

"Take them off," commanded Jan, showing a more dominant side than she had shown before.

Jim sighed and kicked off the Crocs. They landed on the gravel.

"Good boy."

"The grass is wet, my stockings will get wet," said Jim.

"Well, put the Crocs on the grass and your feet on top, that way they will still keep dry," said Jan brushing aside all his objections.



Jim could hardly eat his breakfast, he was so nervous at displaying his nylon feet. A couple of other campers walked past on the way to the showers but no one paid any attention to Jim or Jan.

They put their dirty plates in the washing up bowl after breakfast. "You can wash up later. Put your shoes back on, I want to make the most of the nice weather," said Jan.

"Where are we going," asked Jim? ". I can't go like this."

"There is a nice National Trust house and garden at Tytensfield, it is about 20 miles away. We can go for a walk and then have something to eat in the café. Let's go. If you are a good boy you will get a treat when we get back to the tent."



Jim didn't realise how much he would enjoy walking around the pretty garden at Tytensfield in his pretty underwear and stockings. He kept getting a hard on rubbing the silky nylon almost the whole morning. It was a new experience and tried hard to not let the cuff of his joggers rise too much to reveal his nylon stockings. Fortunately, it was nice day but not too hot.

At one point, in a quiet part of the garden, Jan reached down inside his joggers and gave his nylon clad cock a little silky rub. That got him hard and he started to leak pre-cum into his panties. "There will be more of that when we get back to the tent," said Jan.



When they did get back to the campsite Jan made Jim sit outside the tent for a whilst she laid out some the contents of her shopping bag on the air bed in the bedroom. She then poked her head out of the door. "Ok, come in now. Go into the bedroom and close the door. Take off all your clothes, including your panties and the stockings. Put on all the clothes on the bed. ".

Jim walked into the separate bedroom, leaving Jan in the living room area. He zipped up the door of the bedroom so Jan could not see him getting dressed. He was slightly sad to have to take off his Vanity Fair panties and the barely black stockings but then his eyes lit up.

On the bed were some clothes from Matalan; a red dress, a white waist slip, a pair of hold up stockings and a matching pink nylon bra and panty set. Jan and really gone to town. Jim sighed but was beginning to get excited. He picked up the pink panties, they were a thong but had a little pretty pink bow on the front and lace on the sides. He slid them up his legs. Next the bra. He had seen Jan put her bra on enough times to know how to put the hooks at the front, clip the bra, spin it round and slid the straps over his shoulders. It was a little tight but felt gorgeous to wear. It had a big pink bow on the front, to match the panties.

Next came the stockings. These were still in the packet. They were sheer black, 20 denier hold ups with lacy tops, very similar to what he had been wearing all day but a darker black. He carefully took them out of the packet. They felt so soft and silky in his hands and even lovelier as he carefully pulled them up his legs. He snapped the silicone bands at the top of the legs. Jim was getting harder by the second and couldn't resist a little feel of his cock inside his panties.





“No wanking whilst you are dressing,” said Jan from the living area.

How did she know, thought Jim. He picked up the waist slip. He was delighted she had got him a slip as these were hard to find in shops these days. He had tried to find some to buy Jan but had failed. He had never even thought of Matalan.

But now she had bought him a lovely white slip, rather than the other way around. He stepped into the waist slip and slid it up over his nylon stockings and pink panties.



It felt so silky and sexy. It had a lovely lacy hem. His cock was getting ever stiffer and starting to make a tent in the white nylon. He looked down at the contrast between the lacy white and the black stockings.



He realised how much he now loved wearing nylon lingerie and wondered why he had not given into temptation at home when he had been alone and seen Jan's slips and panties in the wash basket.



Lastly, he put on the red cheesecloth dress. It was very short; the lacy white hem of the slip might show slightly. Perhaps that is what Jan intended. He loved seeing the hem of one of Jan's slips showing under a skirt.





Jim unzipped the bedroom door and stepped out into the living area. Jan had not opened the covers on the plastic windows of the tent, which was just as well as she had taken off her shirt and shorts and zipped up the outer door of the tent.

Jan had her back to Jim and was just finishing clipping some black seamed stockings to a pink suspender belt. Jim took in the sight of his wife in a new set of pink bra and panties. The bra had a lacy band right round the back and the panties a lacy band around the base. The shiny panties hugged Jan's arse tightly around her curves. The sheer black stockings had a seam up the back and a pink bow at the top of the seam. Jim felt his cock stiffen in his own pink panties.

Jan finished fiddling with the suspenders, leant down to the camping chair and picked up a pink slip. She knew Jim would be enjoying the view. She then turned around with the slip in her hand.

“Oh, very good Jim. Come and sit down.” As Jim sank into the green chair he took his wife’s beautiful new pink lingerie and stockings. He was stiff as a board.

Jan lifted the full slip over her head. The pink nylon slithered down over her new bra and panties. She sat down in her own camping chair.





"I can't call you Jim when you are all girly! Now can I? How about Jenny?" Jenny grunted in agreement. "Is that a slip you are wearing under your dress Jenny? I can see a white lacy hem peeping out. It is so nice to see a lady wearing a slip these days, it is so feminine. Stand up and show me your slip."

Jenny stood up and lifted the shirt red cheesecloth dress slightly so the white slip came into view. Jan clap her hands in delight. "Oh, my days, the white lacy slip looks gorgeous in contrast with your dark nylon hosiery. I bet it feels wonderful to wear, Jenny? "

Jenny nodded. "It feels so silky Jan," said Jenny.

"I think that perhaps you should call me Mistress when you are all girly, Jenny."

"Yes Mistress," said Jenny quietly.



“Good girl. Now tell me, Jenny, I am curious to know if those are black tights or stockings you are wearing. Show me. Lift your dress higher. Your legs look gorgeous in black nylon hosiery, by the way. “

Jenny lifted the dress higher. “Lovely, that is so sexy.” Jan had lifted her own slip slightly and slipped her hand inside her pink panties, making a tent of her own.” Now lift the slip as well so I can see if you are wearing stockings. What colour are your panties Jenny?

“Pink, mistress.”



“Oh, so are mine, we are both pretty in pink. How delightful. Show me, lift the slip out of the way. “ Jenny was now furious sliding her fingers in and out of her quim. The tables had turned. She thought about the number of times Jim had persuaded her to wear a lacy slip under her black skirt to work, with sheer stockings and high heels of course. Jim always wanted a flash of slip and stocking tops as his morning wake up call. Well, maybe she liked looking smart, feminine and sexy as well.



Now Jan was making Jim/Jenny wear a slip and stockings. No high heels, yet. That might come later when they got home. Jan had plans that stretched beyond the tent in front of her.

“Oh yes, they are pink and I love that you chose to wear stockings. They show up your panties so well. Jan was staring at the bulge in Jenny’s little pink panties. “What is that tent in your knickers, Jenny”?

“It is my cock, Mistress, can I touch it?”

“Pull it out but you can't wank it.” Jenny reached into her knickers and eased her stiff cock out. “It is not very big Jenny, even when stiff. I think it is more of a cockette than a cock.”



Jan crouched in front of Jenny, leant forward and started to suck Jenny's cockette. It was just too much for Jenny and she soon exploded in Jan's warm mouth. She swallowed the white cum and licked her lips. Jan stood up and led Jenny by the hand into the bedroom.



“My turn now, my darling Jenny.” She lay down on the air bed. Her pink slip rode up slightly as she laid back to reveal her lacy pink panties, her pink suspenders and her black stocking tops. It was a sight to behold. The panties looked slightly damp. Although Jenny had gone limp when Jan had sucked her cum she was now recovering and so she started wanking her cockette through the two layers of nylon, the pink panties and the white half-slip. Jan was enjoying the view as well. When Jenny was stiff again Jan pushed her knickers down her legs to her ankles giving Jenny full access to her sopping quim. “Fuck me, Jenny, like you have never done before.”



Jenny knelt on the air bed. It was a bit wobbly. She pulled her stiff cockette out of her panties, leant forward and plunged into Jan's vagina. Jan was right it was like they had never made love before. Their nylon stockings and slips rubbed together. They were both in nylon heaven. It took longer this time, but neither cared. Jan came first and had to muffle her desire to scream. Then Jenny exploded inside Jan, a long and satisfying fuck.

Jan grabbed the tissues and cleaned up. As she pulled her knickers. "Just wait till we get home Jenny, there is lot more to cum!"

The End

Copyright Andrea Slip - August 10th 2017

i_love_slips@yahoo.co.uk

Other photo stories are at <http://www.software04.uk/>

Please use the [contact form](#) for comments, positive feed-back and ideas for future stories