

# The Lingerie Salesmen

A photo story by Andrea Slip



*Gary chases his dream job, to become a sales rep for a lingerie wholesaler. The story is set in 1968.*



As Gary Jones sat in the hotel restaurant in Norwich eating his steak and chips he reflected on what had been a good week so far for sales. It was a Thursday night in October 1968. He had secured several big orders from customers in his patch. He had been on the road for three days and was looking forward to getting home and seeing his wife in Peterborough tomorrow. Perhaps he might sit at the bar for a drink after dinner. There only seemed to be one other man at the bar, nursing a beer.

Nine months ago, he had been working for a tractor dealer in Peterborough. Sometimes he had to travel round Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire and Norfolk, selling spare parts. Although he was a successful salesman he found it slightly dull. He had been looking for a new job that paid bonuses based on sales as he knew he would make more money that way. It was his wife who had pointed out the advert in the local paper for a sales rep for a local firm, called Webbers. He had seen the ad but had skipped over it. The sales rep would be selling women's lingerie and hosiery to department stores and family run businesses anywhere in the UK. Although the firm was also based in Peterborough it would probably mean being away from home most weeks.

"But I don't know anything about women's clothes," he said in protest.

"Oh, I think you know what you like," said Samantha Jones, "and what will sell. You insisted I wore my lacy white slip under my new pink blouse last week when we went out for dinner with Tony and Theresa. "

Gary did remember back to the delightful sight of his wife discreetly displaying her pretty slip every time she leaned forward to pick up her glass of BabyCham. When the blouse pulled tight it was very sheer and he could see the lacy bust of her slip underneath. He had a hard on all evening.

"It didn't go unnoticed by Tony or Theresa, you know," said Sam. "Theresa asked me where I got the slip and blouse, when we were powdering our noses. She said she had never seen Tony pay her that much attention for years. He was staring at my tits all evening, just like you, honey."

"I'll think about the Webber's job," he said.

"Will this help you think about it," said Sam coyly as she lifted the hem of her dress and slip to adjust her suspender clip.

Gary felt a bonner rising immediately.

San smoothed her dress back down and the stocking tops, slip and knickers disappeared. "Tell me what I am wearing and what effect it has on my husband."

"Well you are wearing a lovely blue dress with small white dots and a lacy frill at the top. It is semi-sheer, made of bri-nylon, I think.

I can see a dark slip underneath, black hosiery and blue high heels. The slip is the perfect length for your dress, although sometimes a slip slightly longer than the dress can be exciting for a man when he gets a flash of lacy slip. The shoes are perfect for your blue dress and slip."







“And now,” said Sam as she took off her blue dress.

Gary had to concentrate hard on his sales patter

“Well the slip is blue to match the dress. It is a full slip with swirling lace on the hem and lashing of lace on the bust. Looks like you are wearing a blue or a white bra underneath. The hosiery is stockings no tights”

Sam pulled the blue full slip off over her head and dangled it from her right hand.

“This is a lovely set of matching lingerie. You can’t beat a lacy suspender belt tightly pulling up sheer black stockings to please your husband for any social occasion.”

He carried on, warming to his task.

The colours are quite clever as the bra fades from dark blue to white. The knickers are white, and the suspender belt is blue. Although most women wear their knickers over their suspender belt to make it easier to go to the loo, it does look nice when you undress in the bedroom to show your husband how pretty your lacy suspender belt is. “

Gary stood up and pulled Sam closer by putting his hands on her bum. “and the silky nylon lingerie feels wonderful to touch, and be touched, I imagine. “

“Oh yes,” said Sam, “you’ve got it.” She kissed him and yanked down the zip on his trousers to release the huge bonner from his underpants. “Nylon is so much nicer than cotton. “

Sam guided Gary’s stiff cock slid over the front of her silky knickers. “Does that feel nice, Mr Salesman?”

“urghhhh...” was all Gary could manage as Sam rubbed his cock over her thin nylon knickers, which were getting wet from both sides. Then it happened, his cock erupted, cum shot all over her bra, her knickers and her stocking tops.

“When you have recovered it will be my turn to be pleased,” cooed Sam in his ear.





So, Samantha did manage to persuade Gary to apply for the job with Webbers. He emphasised how he regularly exceed his sales targets, had been the top salesman for the last three years and knew the patch of Eastern England well. He also gave some examples of how quick he was at learning about new products and turning this into successful sales.

One thing he noticed about the firm was that, although they represented some big lingerie brands, such Vanity Fair and Charnos, they also owned a stocking manufacturer in Nottingham, it was called Gio, a little-known brand, as well as the better-known brand Pretty Polly

A week after his application went in he got a phone call from a very posh lady asking him to come to an interview, much to his surprise. Although the interview was over a month away Sam gave him a crash course in women's apparel and lingerie. This involved going to an endless number of department stores in Birmingham and even a trip to the West End of London. Gary thought he had better get this new job as these shopping trips were costing him a fortune in buying new clothes for Sam. She bought a pink mini skirt and a blue/black mini dress in a boutique Carnaby Street. Then she bought a psychedelic black and white dress at Biba in Kensington High Street. She found some brown Gio seamed

stockings at Debenhams on Oxford Street. Gary balked at the price, but Sam smiled at him and said "I'm worth it and you will get insider information on the product for your interview."

The shopping trips were all very well, but Sam decided Gary needed a better idea of how to match lingerie, with dresses, hosiery, shoes and accessories.

So, the practical exam started at home as Samantha taught Gary everything she knew about being a lady in the new social revolution that had started with the Beatles and was sweeping Britain in the mid 1960's.





Gary learnt about blouses. Although Gary loved seeing Sam wearing sheer blouses, which showed off pretty lingerie, women didn't always want that. Sometimes a satin blouse was nice, it depended on the skirt, but it had to go with the skirt and shoes. A plain blouse was nice but could match the slip a woman should always wear under a skirt. Sam also showed Gary what a pussy bow was, much to his amusement, it wasn't what he was expecting.



Mini-skirts and mini-dresses were all the rage. Gary was really surprised that Sam had bought one of each when they were in London as he had only noticed younger women in their early 20's wearing them.

Sam told Gary that with the recent rise in hemlines it had brought about a revolution in hosiery with the introduction of tights. A lady didn't want to show her stocking tops under a short skirt, unless of course she was a tart or trying to please her husband. Sam demonstrated this with her new pink mini-skirt, worn with her new Gio brown stockings and a sweet little pink slip that Gary thought was rather fetching as it peeped out from her skirt but did not cover her stocking tops. She then showed him the blue mini-dress with tights. He preferred the brown seamed stockings and the pink slip.





Sam added that although lots of her friends in their late 20's and early 30's were not wearing mini-skirts their dresses were shorter today than they had been even 2 years ago when mini-skirt first came in. Many had switched over to tights, especially for work when everyone was in a rush to get dressed and get out of the house. Friends who were housewives and had young children didn't even bother with hosiery at all any more. Although Sam still liked wearing stockings sometimes, most of her friends thought that stockings and suspenders were fiddly and old fashioned.

Gary thought that might be a threat to a traditional stocking manufacturer like Gio. He would have to have a think about this challenge and how it would affect sales.



Then it was onto dresses. Sam usually wore knee length dresses, she called them tea dresses as it was what women in the 40's and 50's would wear to an afternoon tea dance. Often, they would be button down the front and that gave the chance to give a little flash of a petticoat., usually white. Sometimes the petticoat (or slip as most women called them now) would match the shoes. Sam told Gary that she never got into the bouffant petticoats that some girls wore when she was a teenager in the late 50's. She much preferred having a boyfriend petting a thin nylon half-slip that she would wear under a skirt when on a date. Gary did remember fondling her slip under her dress and having his hand slapped away, on an early date.

"When should you wear a full slip or a half-slip," asked Gary, although he already knew the answer. "Can you show me, Sam," he asked all innocently?

Sam smiled, she knew what he was up to but rather enjoyed showing her outfits and lingerie to Gary as she knew what it would lead to, the best love making they had enjoyed for some time.





“I would wear a full slip under a dress, and often the colour of my slip will match the dress,” said Sam modelling a pale blue full slip under a Chinese style blue silk dress. She then changed into longer black full slip under a black dress with red roses. “Although I am wearing a black slip under this dress, to match the black background, I could wear a red full slip, it would look just as good,” said Sam.

“But nobody would see whether it was a red or black slip,” said Gary.

Sam turned to Gary and started touching his crotch to feel his stiffening cock.



“But you would, darling,” as she unzipped his trousers, pulled out Gary’s cock and started to rub it over her black slip. As Gary spurted his cum over her nylon slip she looked down and said, “Hmmm.... white cum does look good on black nylon.” She lifted her slip to show Gary the black French knickers she was wearing. She eased the loose, lace edged, hem and pulled him by his still stiff cock into her quim.



For the next lesson, a few days later, Sam concentrated on skirts and half-slips.

"I always wear a half-slip with a skirt. It would be a fashion faux-pas to wear a full slip" she said as she stepped into a tartan skirt. "This slip has a split in the back."

"I noticed," said Gary as he sat on the bedroom chair. He didn't wait for Sam to grab his crotch. He already had his zip down and was fondling his stiffening cock.

"This is because the skirt is worn a little tight but has a walking split at the back. The split in the slip matches that but sometimes the edge does show a little." She had pulled the skirt up and then reached under the skirt to pull the slip down. It did indeed show a little lace around the edge of the walking split in the skirt, especially as the slip was cream and the skirt dark red. Gary was now fully masturbating.





Sam noticed what Gary was up to but carried on changing into a blue pleated skirt with a blue half-slip. As she stepped into the blue pleated skirt her blue slip pulled tight and Gary could see her lacy panties, her stocking top and the suspender strap pulling the top of the stocking up into a v shape. Gary, who had quietly been masturbating for the last 10 minutes suddenly spurted cum.

“This pleated skirt is much fuller than my tartan skirt and so the half-slip is longer and fuller as well,” said Sam adjusting the blue skirt. She turned around to look at Gary, sitting on the bedroom chair. He had a big smile on his face and white cum dripping down the cock that was still in his right hand, although now deflating.

“Oh, I see, you didn’t wait for me then, honey,” she smiled at him?

She didn’t mind as she knew that as she slowly undressed that he would recover and get stiff again. When she wore her Gio stockings Gary always wanted her to keep them on and wrap her nylon clad legs around his back as he plunged his stiffy into her love box. Gary loved how silky the Gio’s felt on her legs and on his back. If he got the job Sam might be getting lots of Gio samples.





The next step was a little bit of a surprise to Gary when Sam suggested that it was time he washed and ironed her lingerie.

“But that’s women’s work.....” Gary’s voice tailed off and he realised he had made a big mistake as he saw the scowl on Sam’s face. “Of course, if I got this new job with Webbers I might have to carry samples and they will probably need to be washed and ironed. ”

“Don't worry darling, I will show you what to do. You will need to know about taking care of delicate fabrics. Let's start with my stockings, come to the kitchen with me and you can rinse out these black ones which have become sticky and stiff with all your cum.”



There were more lessons, a few days later, on knickers and bras. It was a bewildering choice, but Gary was taking it all in; lacy, sheer, wired, and that was just the bras. Even with knickers it was just as confusing; French Knickers, bikini, tanga and full cut. Gary decided his favourite were French knickers and lacy bras, which was good, as they were Sam's favourite as well. He particularly liked it when she wore the same colour for her slip, suspender belt, knickers and bra.





His final lesson before his interview was on sheer dresses and what lingerie to wear underneath. Sheer was Ok but not for a lady to show her bra, knickers or even stocking tops. A full slip under a sheer or lacy dress was a must said Sam. Gary just nodded as he masturbated watching Sam open the front of her lacy white dress, pull up her pink full slip, and adjust the tight suspender on the top of her sheer black stocking. She knew exactly what she was doing to excite her husband. It certainly had the desired effect as the splash from his cum landed on her sheer black stockings. She wiped the cum off her stocking and licked her fingers. "I think you might be ready. You have prepared well, darling. Just don't cum in the interview."





On the day of the interview Samantha wished Gary luck, then said, "I have one final question. Why do some women still wear stockings not tights?" Then she leant forward to pick up a cushion from the sofa. Gary, who was sitting in one of the armchairs, nearly split his cup of tea as Sam's stocking tops and frilly brown slip came into view.

"Oh, I think I can handle that question, Sam. It is to please their husband and keep his eyes on the main prize."



The four candidates sat nervously in the waiting room of Webber International. Miss Jenkins and Miss Ransom were young, in their early 20's, "Dolly birds" is what Gary thought. Both were wearing mini-skirts, one with black tights and a bit too much makeup. Miss Ransom was bare legged, no hosiery at all. She was wearing bright pink lipstick, long black eyelashes and black eye shadow. They were very smart and fashionable, but they had not done their research on Webbers. They were twittering away to each other nervously. Miss Jenkins was interviewed first and then Miss Ransom. They were in the interview for about 20 minutes each.



Mrs Slocombe, the other candidate, was older, and looked and sounded like a stuck-up southerner. Her makeup was subtler, more conservative. She was smartly dressed in an, above the knee, black skirt, a white blouse with black accents to match the skirt, black hosiery and black high heeled leather boots. She ignored all the other candidates by reading a fashion magazine.



Whilst she had her head in the magazine it gave Gary a chance to study her in more detail. At first, he couldn't tell if the sheer black hosiery was stockings or the new-fangled tights, like one of the girls was wearing. Gary thought that she had probably done her home-work, unlike the young dolly birds so it was probably stockings, maybe even Gio stockings, if she was smart. Was she wearing a slip? Was that a hint of pink he could see through the white blouse?

When she got called to interview she stood up and her skirt briefly rode up giving Gary a flash of stocking tops, white suspender straps and the hint of a pink lacy slip.





Gary just knew that Mrs Slocombe had worn black stockings with a pink full slip under the skirt and top, not a half-slip, which would have been better. Her interview was longer at about 30 minutes. When she came back into the waiting room she had a smirk on her face. "She thinks she has got this job, hands down," thought Gary. "They won't give it to the two dolly birds. Mrs "stuck-up" Slocombe probably thinks that they won't represent the brand properly and the firm wouldn't dream of giving the job to a man. She thinks she is home and dry."

Then it was Gary's turn to be interviewed.



As Gary walked past Mrs Slocombe she looked up at him and spoke to him for the first time in a slightly fake posh voice.

“Good luck, young man, you are going to need it. I don’t know why they are interviewing a man for selling ladies wear.”

Gary smiled down at her and imagined that she was wearing a pink flowery bra, which showed through a pretty pink nylon full slip with flowery lace. Flowery patterns were all the rage in the year of “Flower Power.”



Gary was spot on. Mary Slocombe had done her research about Webbers and knew what they sold, as her current job was as sales assistant in the Ladies Wear section of a London department store. She had put on her best slip this morning, a pink full slip. She had thought about buying some Gio stockings, but they were too bloody expensive, no-one on her wages could afford them. They would probably be laddered the first time she wore them as they were only 10 denier. But she did put on some cheaper sheer black stockings instead of her usual tights. She fiddled with the suspenders to get them taught. "Give me tights any day," she muttered to herself as he realised she needed to get going for her interview. She finished putting on some slight makeup then put on her matching skirt and blouse. Finally she slid her black leather boots on over her black stockings.





Gary went into the interview with a hard on, which was not what he wanted right now. It did not go down when he got in the interview room. There were two people interviewing, an Asian man, who had been collecting the candidates, and an older grey-haired woman. The man was Mr Ahmed, who turned out to be the accountant and marketing manager. The woman was Miss Webber, the owner and MD. Gary leant over the desk to shake hands with Miss Webber as they did introductions.

As Gary looked down he could see that Miss Webber was wearing a long white, button down the front dress, very like one Sam wore. What really caught his attention was that as the dress must be quite tight and she was sitting down the bottom two buttons had come undone. An extremely pretty lemon coloured slip showed in the split. The slip itself had a split with gorgeous swirling lace in lemon and white. Gary remembered back to Sam telling him about matching a split in a slip to the split in a dress or a skirt. Classy. He also noticed that the split in the slip just revealed the welt at the top of brown stockings. Sexy. Miss Webber had to be wearing Gio's, they were so thin and shiny.

Gary sat down, the interview started. He was glad that he was sitting the other side of the desk, so they could not see his hard on and he would not get distracted by Miss Webber's exposed slip.

Mr Ahmed ran through salary, commissions, bonuses, selling, marketing, ways the firm could diversify and how to improve sales of targeted products. Gary felt very comfortable talking about his experience and track record as an account manager. Mr Ahmed was nodding his head throughout Gary's answers. Mr Ahmed then turned and smiled at Miss Webber. "That is all from me, Miss Webber. And at least he won't disappear to have babies."

"Now, now Mr Ahmed, we cannot ask that in interviews anymore."

Miss Webber glanced at Mr Ahmed and turned back to Gary. She then lifted something out from a draw and placed it on top of the desk. Unlike Mr Ahmed, she was not smiling.

“We are going to move onto some of the products we sell. We are the largest UK importer for some big US brands, such as Vanity Fair, Olga and Vassarette. We are also a large wholesaler for UK lingerie manufacturers like Charnos. We sell also sell hosiery brands like Pretty Polly and manufacture our own. Tell me about what is on the table and how you would sell it to our department stores. “

As Gary picked up the dark green slip first from the desk he gave a silent pray, “Thank you Sam, you have saved me,” he thought about the time she had worn a slip very like this one.

“This is a beautiful half-slip made by Charnos, feel how heavy the nylon feels, that is top quality. The target audience is the woman with discerning taste who is not changing her wardrobe every six months.” He unfolded the slip. “Look at this lovely split, perfect to match a walking split on the back of a skirt or even a button down the front dress, just like the one you are wearing Miss Webber.”

Miss Webber glanced down and blushed. She did up the errant buttons.

He folded the green slip very carefully and put it down on the desk. The other item on the desk was a packet of stockings





"Ah, Gio stockings, the Rolls-Royce of hosiery," purred Gary." I bought a pair for my wife. They are expensive, but she is so worth it."

"We are losing market share to tights. How can we turn that around," asked Miss Webb?

"Well, you sell two different brands, Gio and Pretty Polly, one is stockings and the other tights. They are quite distinct and should be aimed at different consumers. Gio's are for the woman who wants to look elegant and sophisticated. If she is married, maybe she also likes to tease her husband."

"So how should we improve the sales of Gio then Mr Jones?"

"Well I think you could have point of sales advert, a photo cut out of a woman in her seams, heels and a slip. You could also give away some seconds to the sales assistants and encourage them to wear them on the shop floor."

For the first time Miss Webb smiled.

"You don't have to be married woman to enjoy teasing your partner, Mr Jones. Things have moved on in the 60's, you know."

"Of course. You are quite right. Any woman can be sensual if they want to be. Gio's can help them achieve that."

"Thank you, Mr Jones, Mr Ahmed will show you back to the waiting room."

10 minutes later Mr Ahmed was back in the waiting room. "Mr Jones, could you follow me."

Gary got up, as he followed Mr Ahmed out, he glanced at Mrs Slocombe. Her jaw was on the floor in surprise. Now it was Gary's turn to smile. "Never mind love, better luck next time," he said as he walked past.

Miss Webber offered the job to Gary, slightly to his surprise, and he accepted.

"Some of my colleagues were reluctant to interview a man but you handled the intimate items, we sell, with confidence. And your track record for sales is excellent. Welcome to Webbers. When can you start?"





It was a month before Gary could end his contact with the tractor dealer and start with the new job. The first two weeks were spent being introduced to department store buyers by Miss Webber. She had been doing some of this herself, but she wanted increased regular contact with the stores to try and drive up sales and to ensure Webbers products were prominent at point of sales. After the two weeks introduction Gary was on his own. He worked very hard on building client relationships and boosting sales.

Almost all the buyers were women. Many of them were surprised at being sold lingerie by a man but got used to it. There were a sprinkling of male buyers, who were a little trickier to work out as most of them seemed very camp.



Gary was walking round one of the department stores in London, Grace Brothers, with the buyer, a lovely man called Phillip. As they passed through the lingerie section Gary noticed one of the sales assistant tidying up the rack of full slips.

“I see the assistants are wearing the Gio stockings we gave you,” said Gary.

“Yes, although Sheila, here, was very reluctant. I had to insist,” said Phillip.

The sales assistant was wearing a white blouse and a knee length gray pleated skirt, which all the assistants wore. However, what had caught Gary's eye was the hem of a pink lacy slip touching the seams of sheer brown Gio stockings with the Cuban heel. Somehow, she looked familiar. Hearing her name, the assistant turned around.

"Oh, it's you," said Mrs Slocombe and turned her back again.

Phillip guided Gary away before he had a chance to reply.

"Do you know each other," asked Phillip?

"No not really but she was interviewed for my job and was shocked when she didn't get it," said Gary. "She didn't think that men should sell lingerie."

"Well she hates me, because I am gay," said Phillip.

"Err, does that mean, you ...."

"Yes, I like men, is that a problem?"

"No, no..., it's just that I thought gay meant being bright and frivolous"

"Oh, I can be that as well," said Phillip. "I think we are going to get on fine. I will let you into a little secret," said Phillip glancing round to make sure they were not overheard. "I kept some of those Gio's for myself. Oh, my, goodness, they are heaven to wear with my French knickers and petticoat. So silky and sexy. My boyfriend loves me wearing them and lifting my slip to show my seams. You are not shocked, are you," gushed Phillip?

"No, not really, I know what affect it has on me when my wife, Sam, wear them for me."

"Do you ever try the samples yourself?"

"No, I haven't," said Gary, but it did make him think about how hard he got when he rubbed his cock over Sam's slip and knickers. When she wrapped her legs around his back the feeling of her nylon stockings on his bare skin it always made him cum in her warm vagina.

"Well you should, you would love it, and with a skirt and heels. Let me see if I can do a deal and get a staff discount for you on a skirt, blouse and heels before you leave today?"

"Well I ..... "

"That's a deal then. You can supply the stockings and lingerie, Grace Brothers the rest."







Although Gary loved the new job the most difficult part was being on the road so much, sometimes as much as four days a week. He really missed Sam and her pretty lingerie but the offer from Phillip was too good to turn down.

There were times, in his hotel room, after dinner that he did dress up, just like Samantha, in pretty nylon slips, knickers, bras, lacy suspenders and sheer Gio stockings, all supplied by Webbers. The black heels, black skirt and blue top were chosen for him by Phillip, at a discount at Grace Brothers. He had to promise to tell Phillip how he got on next time he came around to Grace Brothers.

The sexual tension to be wearing such silky clothes was unbearable. It just had to be relieved by sliding his skirt and slip up to see his extended dick pushing up the knickers. Oh, how he wished he had a camera and how he wished he had done this before. Gary often stood in front of the long mirror on the back of the wardrobe door and watched as he deposited hot white spunk on the silky knickers and slip.



In many hotel rooms Gary tried lots of the different samples he carried. He wondered how he would tell Sam when he washed all the Webber samples at home. Her eagle eye would notice that the volume of lingerie had increased. In the end he did confess to her as he did not like to hide secrets.

“Sam, can I tell you something? I decided I ought to try on the lingerie samples I take on the sales trips with me. I thought I ought to know how they feel to wear. You are not angry, are you?”

“Honey, what took you so long? I have known for some time the effect that my nylon lingerie and stockings have on you, when we make love. Why do you think I pointed out the advert for your job? I knew you weren’t happy at the dealer and this job, selling silky lingerie was perfect for you. Does Miss Webber know?”

“Oh, I don’t know, I don’t think so. I hardly see her. We are hardly ever in the office at the same time. She mostly does the sales in the north of England.”

“So long as you don’t share your fetish for nylon with her, I don’t mind.”



Gary finished his steak at the hotel in Norwich. Soon he could slip into something slinkier, but maybe he could manage a pint of Guinness first. The bar was at the side of the restaurant. The man he had noticed earlier was still there. He looked like a fellow travelling salesman. Gary glanced down at the man's black shoes and noticed something odd, the man did not appear to be wearing the standard black socks. In fact, it looked like sheer nylon stockings. Maybe he was a fellow traveller in more ways than one.

Gary was not usually very sociable in hotel bars when travelling. He was not the gregarious sort of person who would strike up conversations with anyone, spend the evening getting blind drunk, bragging about how good they were at sales and still get up the next day for work. The man at the bar looked different.



Gary went to the bar and sat on the stool next to the other guest and ordered a half of Guinness, rather than the full pint he had intended. He noticed that the other man was also drinking Guinness, but his pint glass was nearly empty.

“Oh, you like Guinness as well, do you want another,” asked Gary?

That was the start of their conversation. The other man introduced himself as Mike and it turned out he was a travelling salesman who also sold lingerie, but to housewives, door to door. Mike was amazed that they were in the same trade. It also turned out that he knew about the job at Webbers and had applied for it but didn’t get an interview, not that he was surprised about that.

They got on to the products that they sold. Mike tended to go for the lower end of the market as the housewives he sold to didn’t usually want to pay for the more expensive slips that Gary sold to the department stores.



“I do have one Charnos slip that is very popular with the ladies, at the moment. It is white with lovely lacy detail on the bust,” said Mike., “Very silky. I tell them they should have at least one luxury slip to make them feel like a Hollywood star.”

Gary leaned across to Mike and whispered in his ear, “Are you wearing it now, Mike?”

“Well no, of course not, what do you take me for, a poof,” asked Mike angrily? Mike sat back and his jacket swung open.

“Well,” said Gary, “I can a lovely lacy Charnos slip peeping through your white shirt and your trouser leg has ridden up to reveal some sheer stockings. I am getting a hard on. I have some samples in my room you might like to drop by and see. Meet me in room 4 in about 15 minutes. I need to slip into something more suitable.”

Gary finished his half pint and left Mike in a state of astonishment.



Gary chose some pretty black and red lingerie with a pair of stappy black sandals he had just bought recently. He stepped into the red half-slip and pulled it up over his black stockings. He thought about putting on a black skirt and red blouse, but this encounter was about nylon lingerie. Gary sat down on the sofa to wait.

Gary wondered if he had gone too far in the bar. Would Mike would drop by, or had Gary scared him off? There was a gently knock on the door.



Gary walked across the floor, his heels tapping on the wooden floor. He carefully opened the door and peered out into the corridor. Mike was standing nervously in the corridor, fiddling with his tie.

“Ah Gary, glad I found the right room, were you serious about meeting up?”

“Yes, come in,” said Gary as he opened the door just enough to let Mike in. He did not want anyone passing down the corridor to see him dressed en-femme. People still had funny ideas about two men being together, even though the law banning homosexual acts between consenting adults had been repealed the previous year, not that Gary considered himself a homosexual.



Mike open his eyes wide as he looked at Gary in his red lingerie, black stockings and strappy heels.

“Oh my God, you look amazing. I love the wide lace on the slip and the colour. Is it Charnos,” asked Mike?

“No it is Vanity Fair, a US brand.”

“I have heard of them, it looks gorgeous. Oh, I love your bra, your tits are practically falling out, they look so real, what are they are they made of? “

“It’s a new line we have just introduced. One of the buyers told me that some women who have had their breasts removed because of cancer are reluctant to buy pretty bras. She knew because she was one. I saw a gap in the market and found some breasts made of silicone in the States. So, Webbers started to import them. A few of the lingerie departments now sell them. The buyer was so grateful that she could feel good about herself again and wear pretty bras. She bought this bra for me to give to my wife. But I kept it and bought some of the fake breasts.”





Gary sat down on the sofa to appraise his fellow salesman.

“Only one rule, no touching,” said Gary.

“OK, I have never done this before,” said a shaky Mike. “That’s all right, neither have I. Now take off your jacket and shoes.”



Mike took off his jacket and hung it on the back of the door, then kicked off his black shoes to reveal his stocking clad feet.

"Very nice, you are brave to wear hosiery without socks," said Gary. "Are you wearing stockings or tights? Take off your trousers."





The hem of a lacy white slip came into view and the faint hint of stocking tops as Mike took off his grey suit trousers.

“Now the shirt and tie, I want to see your Charnos slip,” said Gary.



After starting out sitting all lady like with his legs together, Mike had now parted his legs and pulled his red slip up so that he could massage his hardening cock in his black nylon knickers.



“I mostly sell tights these days, but I think stockings and suspenders are so much sexier, especially stockings with seams,” said Mike as he lifted the hem of his Charnos slip to reveal his dark stockings held up a thin suspender strap.”

“Looks like you are into stockings and suspenders as well,” said Mike looking up Gary’s red slip.  
“They really are so much sexier than tights.”





Mike stood up and lifted his slip to reveal a matching lacy red suspender belt, black lacy knickers and sheer black stocking tops. He continued to rub the protuberance in his knickers. He turned around to show his arse to Mike.

“Oh my God,” said Mike,” I love seamed stockings and silky knickers”

Gary turned around again and sat down.

“Take off the slip,” commanded Gary.





Mike took off his slip to reveal the rest of his lingerie.

“Nice to see you wear a bra as well as a slip under your suit. I must try that. It all looks gorgeous, I love the lacy suspender belt. I can see you getting excited, you can wank if you want to,” said Gary.



As Gary had sat down on the sofa his fake breasts popped out of the flimsy red bra. He now had his stiff cock out of his black knickers and was masturbating furiously at the sight of Mike in his beige bra, knickers, lacy suspender belt and taught stockings.





Mike meanwhile had picked up his white slip and was furiously wanking into the white nylon. The slip flapped about as Mike rubbed his stiff cock with the slip.



Then the inevitable happened. Gary spurted strings of white cum onto his black stockings just as Mike came at the same time.. Mike sat down on the bed, exhausted. Cum dripped down onto his stocking tops as well.



Gary wiped up the sticky white mess with his fingers. "You know, my wife said that white cum looks so good on black nylon, she is so right. Looks pretty good on any coloured nylon actually."

## The End

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