

## Results

A photo story by Andrea Slip



<http://www.trimble.pwp.blueyonder.co.uk/stories/entrance.htm>

*A day off for Sophie. Nothing exciting planned, just time to catch up on washing and domestic chores. However for Sasha it was a very special day, A-level results day. Her very future was hanging in the balance, depending on the contents of a white envelope. How would these two very different days overlap?*



Sophie Loren had chosen to take this Thursday in August off in lieu of working at a trade show the previous weekend. In the morning she planned to catch up with some domestic chores and perhaps go shopping in the afternoon. She had done her hair and makeup and was ready to get dressed. Even although it was a casual day Sophie always dressed in the prettiest lingerie. So today it was a brown retro theme; lacy brown bra, granny style brown nylon knickers with a darling band of cream lace, a brown and cream suspender belt and lace top brown Levant stockings. Sophie loved her vintage style lingerie and stockings. It was always stockings and suspenders for Sophie, never tights, even hold ups were a rarity. The tug of suspender straps as she walked never failed to get Sophie excited, sometimes very excited.



Now I haven't mentioned a slip, or perhaps you prefer the term petticoat? Above all else Sophie loved wearing slips. She loved the silky feel of the nylon as she stepped into the matching waist slip that went with the brown knickers. This half-slip from the 1960's by St Michael (the old label for Marks and Spencer) also had a darling band of creamy lace on the hem. Sophie picked up the hem of the slip to admire the pretty lace. It looked so feminine, it made her feel and look like a woman





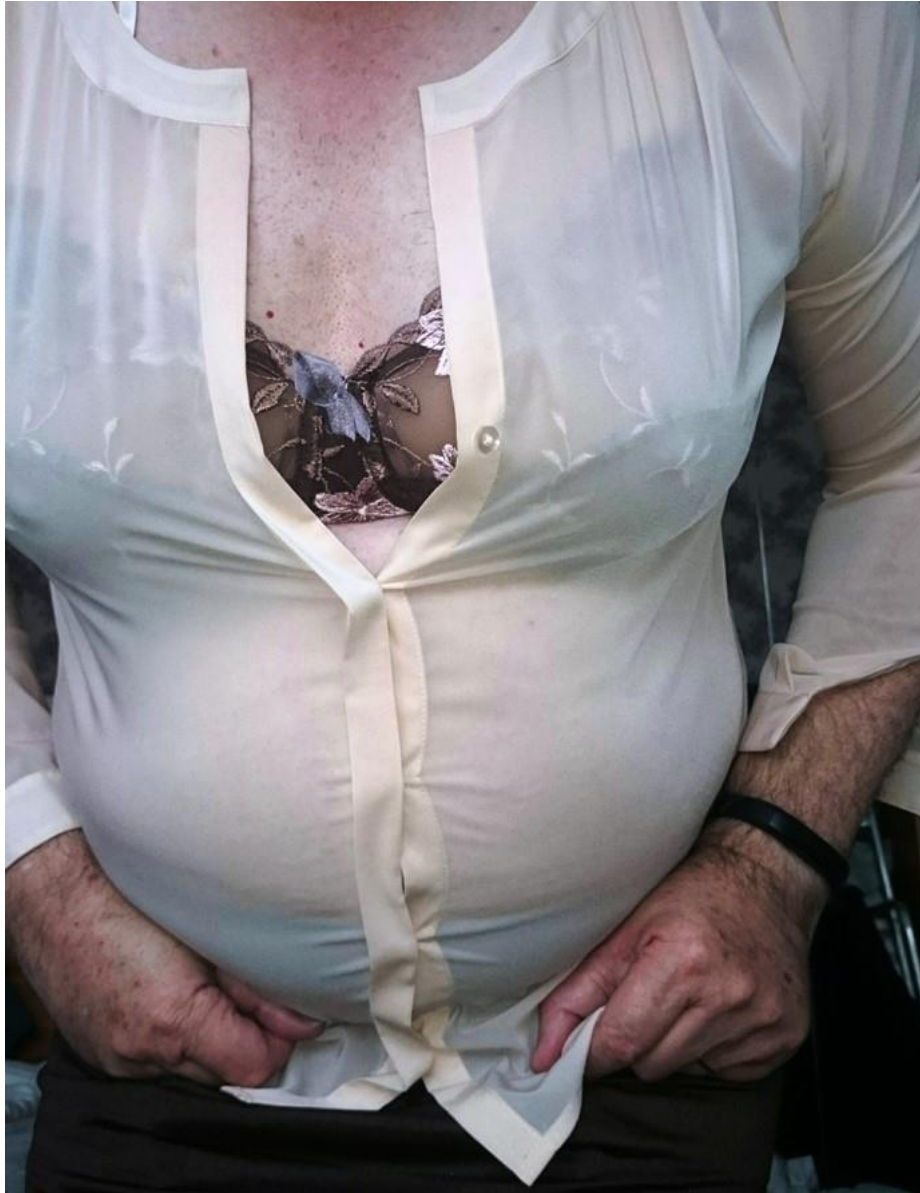
Sophie slipped her stocking clad feet into some brown heels. These were her oldest pair of heels, she remembered buying these in her local Tesco Super Store. She had, of course, been wearing stockings, ready for the test. And it was a test as she stood next to the shoe rack and nervously slipped her trainers off, exposing her sheer nylons for anyone wanted to see and quickly slipped into the brown shoes, size 8, the largest size the shop had on display. They were perfect, Sophie slipped them off, put them in her basket, put her trainers back on and headed to the tills. Of course, no one did notice a man trying on a pair of women's shoes, except perhaps a security guard, watching on CCTV. Sophie didn't mind that, perhaps he even had a quiet wank at the flash of sheer black nylon stocking.



So that was lingerie, stockings and shoes on, but what would she wear on top? It might seem strange that Sophie would choose her lingerie first, almost every day, and then decide what would wear with it. Her first love was silky nylon lingerie and stockings and always would be. She opened her wardrobe door. She wouldn't need for a more formal skirt or dress that she wore for work so chose a short denim skirt and pink silky blouse.



Sophie pulled the blouse over her head and down over her brown lacy bra.



As she looked down, Sophie wondered what the Postman would make of her appearing at the door with her lacy bra so much on show. She giggled as she thought that he might quite like it. However, she felt that she had better at least do the top button up.





Sophie stepped into her denim skirt being careful with her brown heels not to catch her skirt.





She wriggled the skirt into place and did up the short zip. To make sure her brown slip was not bunched up she lifted the front of the skirt and pulled the slip down to smooth it out.



She dropped the skirt hem back hoping that a little bit of lace would be showing. She had seen this style recently on other women at the local shops and had got every excited thinking that slips might be coming back. Without trying to be too obvious, Sophie looked more closely at the lacy hem peeping out from one young woman's skirt and realised that it was just a thin frill sewn onto the bottom of a blue denim skirt, not a slip at all. If you want to excite people with a little flash of lace, why not wear a proper nylon slip with a lacy hem that sometimes shows and sometimes not? Much more alluring and mysterious. Sophie would not be buying a denim skirt with a fake lace hem, she had the real deal, and would wear it with pride.



Sophie sat down on the bed to look in the mirror and to take a selfie which she might post later on Flickr for her friends who admired her large collection of silky vintage lingerie. She liked what she could see with her real lacy slip peeping out from under her blue denim skirt. She looked and felt so feminine with her gorgeous nylon clad legs, heels, her brown lacy bra peeping through her silky brown blouse. Ready and dressed it was time for domestic duties, a rather ordinary day.





For Sasha Pierce, an 18-year-old student, it was anything but an ordinary day. For this day in mid-August was results day. Today she would pick up her A-level results from school. She needed 240 UCAS points to turn a provisional offer of a place on a photography degree at South Bank University into a firm place. CCC grades were drilled on her brain. She really wanted to get the place to allow her pursue her dream of being a professional photographer.





Sasha liked to dress nicely at sixth form college, she was always the most feminine of the girls. A couple of her friends had noticed that she wore stockings under long skirts if she sat carelessly letting the split open just a little too much. Sasha didn't mind the teasing about wearing stockings. What the other girls did not know was that at her previous school Sasha had been Simon and had changed to dressing full time as Sasha when she switched schools at 16.

Although today was quite warm she wanted to wear stockings as usual but had been saving up a new skater style skirt to wear for this special day. It was quite a bit shorter than the long floaty skirts she normally wore to sixth form college. The skirt was blue so she decided on matching pale blue panties and bra. Sasha wanted no problems with falling down stockings showing under the short skirt so she wore a pale blue suspender belt as well, even although the stockings were a long pair of Marks and Spencer hold ups. She also had a lovely pair of blue heels that would go with her new skirt. Sasha slid her nylon covered feet in her blue heels.



As she looked in the mirror she liked what she saw, “Hello Boys”. She had to fill her padded bra with some inserts to give her a bust. The only problem was she did not have a short enough slip to wear with the skater skirt. She had some longer waist slips given to her by her granny but no short ones or even a short length full slip.

That made her think of Sophie Loren, who had promised her some slips. Sophie had been the [invigilator](#) at one of Sasha’s A level exams. Perhaps she might pop in and see if Sophie was at her flat on her way home from picking up her results. The memory of Sophie exploring Sasha’s slip after the exam came flooding back. Sasha couldn’t help sliding her hand inside her pale blue nylon panties and having a quick wank at the memory of Sophie’s cockette sliding up and down Sasha’s silky arse. Today, the pale blue panties bulged with Sasha’s fingers, as she thought about returning the favour and sliding her own cockette up and down Sophie’s nylon slip from behind.



There was no time for that, she had to be at school to get her results, so with some reluctance she had to stop feeling herself up and finish dressing. It was on with a blue t-shirt, one she used to wear she dressed as a boy, but now showed a nice bust, and on with the blue skater skirt which was loose and flared enough not show another bulge.

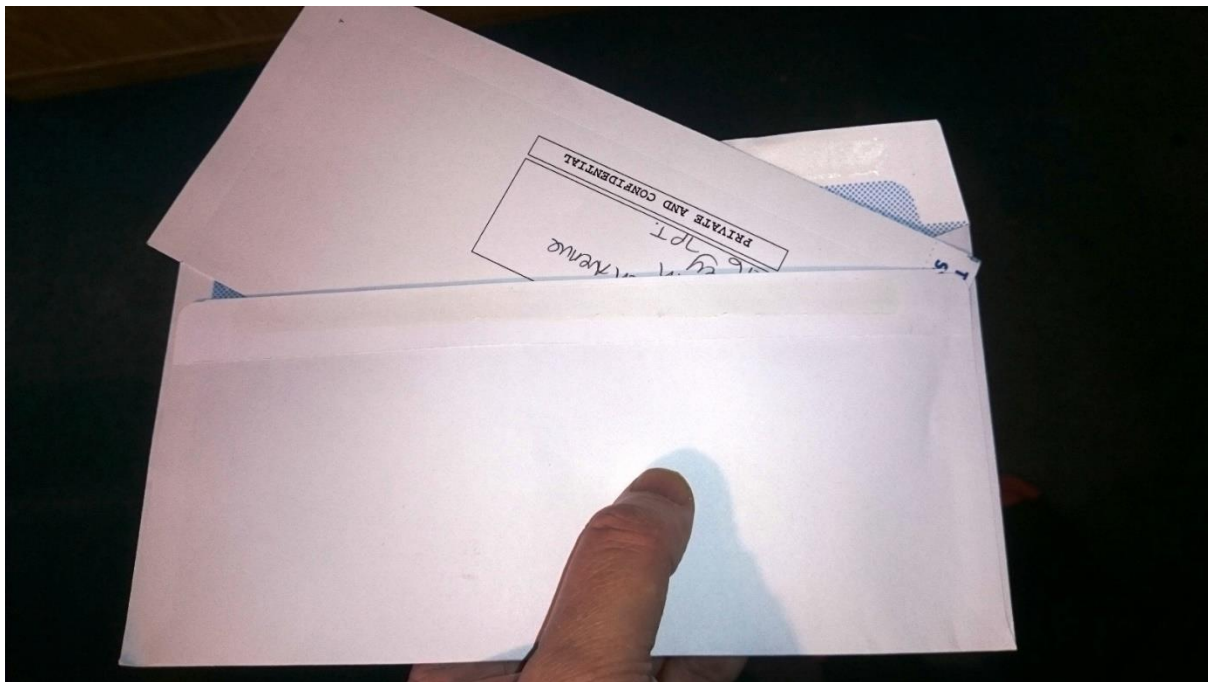


Sasha checked in the mirror that her stockings were done up tight and that the suspender straps and stocking tops were not showing. Pleased that she wasn't dressed too outrageously, Sasha was good to go.





For Sophie It was on with domestic duties. Washing first. She hadn't washed her lingerie for a couple of weeks, she got through a lot of stockings, slips (full and half-slips), panties, bras and suspender belts in that time, but she did have a large lingerie collection. So today it would be a dark wash. She sorted out the washing into a wash basket and took it to her kitchen to load into the washing machine.



Sasha's hands were shaking as she took the white envelope with her name on the front from Mr Jones, the Exams Officer. With some hesitation she started to open the envelope, fearful for what it contained. There was a white piece of paper inside which said "Private and Confidential". She had to tear the sides off the paper to reveal her grades. A and two CC's; the A in photography and the two C's in history and English. She cried out "Yes" just as some of the other girls around her were doing so as well, but perhaps not all, as there were a few glum faces. Nadia, who Sasha did not particularly like for some reason, was one of them. Nadia crouched down behind Sasha to ram her envelope in her hand bag at her feet.

Sasha looked at her friend Tag, who was beaming as well. They gave each other a big hug. Tag was somewhat taller than Sasha so she had to reach up for the hug.

“Oh what pretty lacy stockings and frilly knickers you have on Sasha, there was no need to dress up so girly today,” growled Nadia from behind, looking up Sasha’s short skirt. Sasha turned and scowled at her. Secretly, she was pleased that someone had noticed her panties trimmed with white lace and lacy stocking tops even though it wasn’t a deliberate flash. She was especially thrilled being outed as being **too** girly.

If only Nadia had known what this meant to Sasha and how different it had been from getting GCSE results two years before at her previous school. That was the last time Sasha had gone to school wearing pretty lingerie under boy’s clothes. Now she was free to express who she really felt she was, a woman who loved to wear pretty lingerie and stockings.

“Ignore her,” said Tag,” She always handed her essays in late with some lame excuse. I am not surprised she failed to get her grades.”

Promising to meet up that evening with Tag and her friends for a celebratory drink Sasha phoned her Mum with the good news and headed for home.

As the successful student walked home she would walk past Sophie’s flat. Sasha wondered if there was a chance that Sophie would be in. She would love to wear a slip with this new skirt and Sophie just might have a short one she could borrow. Sasha could feel the excitement rising, good job this was a flared skirt and not a tight mini skirt. Was that little red car in the car park in front of the block of flats Sophie’s?







Sophie's tumble drier beeped. She opened the door and put the warm lingerie in the wash basket. In her bedroom she tipped the silky lingerie out on the bed. Slips, panties, bras, suspenders and stockings (in a white net bag) all tumbled out onto the bed. The lingerie was still warm and smelt fragrant. She loved touching clothes just out of the tumble drier. Sophie picked up one grey slip from the pile of silkies and touched it to her top lip.

"Mmmm, so delicious I could eat it," she said out loud to herself.





Just as she was folding the pretty grey waist slip the doorbell rang.

“Must be the postman,” said Sophie looking down at the top buttons of her blouse to check that she wasn’t revealing too much of her bra.



Sophie left the lingerie on the bed and headed for the front door of her flat.

It wasn't the postman as Sophie expected. He had already been and there were a couple of letters on the doormat, which Sophie scooped up and then opened the front door to find Sasha on her doorstep.

"Oh, Sasha, how lovely to see you, have you got some good news," asked Sophie looking at Sasha's smiling face? "Come in and tell me."

They had a big hug then Sophie took Sasha into the living room. Sasha told Sophie about her grades and that she had got into Uni to study photography in London.

"I am so pleased for you, you will love Uni Sasha, I certainly did. Oh please forgive me, where are my manners, would you like a drink, tea or coffee....?"

"No thanks, I am fine, I want to ask you a favour actually."

"Yes of course," said Sophie wondering what was coming next, although she had an inkling that it might be about slips, as Sophie remembered their last exciting encounter in nylon slips.

"You said I could try some more of your slips. I have some long ones that my granny gave me but no short ones. I was kind of hoping you might have a shorter half-slip I could wear with this skirt. Would that be possible?"

"Of course, my dear, it would be a pleasure. Come with me." Sophie took the young student by the hand and led her across the hall and into the bedroom.







“This is really good timing; I have just washed some of my slips. How about this one?” Sophie picked up a short gold coloured half-slip with swirly white lace and showed it to Sasha.

“That looks lovely but do you have a blue one? I like to colour match with my panties and bra,” said Sasha.

Sophie leant forward and touched Sasha on the arm. Both felt the electricity between them, “Oh my dear, so do I, so do I” said Sophie affectionately.





“How about this pale blue one, it has very pretty white lacy hem,” said Sophie picking up another short half-slip.

“Oh yes, there is so much lace, can I try it on please,” said Sasha, who could feel her cockette getting very excited.

“Of course,” said Sophie was equally getting excited, handing the slip to Sasha.



Sasha stepped into the little blue slip and eased it up over her stocking clad legs. She lifted her blue skirt and pulled the slip over her pale blue panties.

This erotic display of Sasha's stocking tops and panties was having a profound effect on Sophie, who just could not stop herself from sliding a hand under own skirt.





Sasha looked down at the pretty slip with its wide white lacy hem and how pretty it looked against her long, black, nylon stockings. As she dropped the skirt back down over the slip she looked at Sophie.

“Show me your slip, properly,” said Sasha. She was surprised by how firm she sounded.



“That is sick\*, matching brown panties and slip and I love those lacy stocking tops. Lift your slip higher so I can see your panties properly.

Sophie was under the spell of the gorgeous young student. She lifted her denim skirt and brown slip higher.

“Is that an un-lady like bulge I can see in your knickers,” asked Sasha?

“Yes, my cockette got hard seeing you putting the little slip on over your stockings. Did you wear those to school to get your results?” asked Sophie.

*\*sick – an ironic phrase used by young people (if you didn’t already know)*



“Yes I did wear my stockings to school, is that a problem?”

Sophie shook her head. “No, but you were brave to wear them to school with a short skirt. Did anyone notice?”

“One girl made a snide comment. I want to see your bra, undo your blouse,” commanded Sasha, not sure where this profound confidence was coming from.





Sophie loosened the buttons of her pink blouse to reveal her pretty brown lacy bra.

"I can see your breasts through the lace, I like that," said Sasha. "Now start rubbing that nylon covered cockette."

Sophie lifted her slip and started caressing, gently at first but then more vigorously her nylon clad cockette.



Sasha felt overdressed and took off her blue t-shirt and skirt to reveal to Sophie what she looked like in her mini slip, bra and stockings. Sophie admired Sasha's pale blue bra matched the borrowed slip with a trim of white lace. It looked perfect, apart from the fact that one of Sasha's breast inserts had slipped out of one side of her padded bra.

“Now you take your skirt off,” said Sasha to Sophie. Sophie undid the button at the front of her blue denim skirt and let it fall to the floor.







Sasha lifted her slip and pulled her rampant cockette out of her pale blue panties.

“Last time I was here you did me from behind, that’s what I am going to do to you now, Sophie. I am going to slid my cock up and down your silky slip covered arse until I pump cum all over your brown slip, panties and stockings. Turn round with your back to me and bend over”



Sophie did as she was told and immediately felt Sasha hot rod running up and down her silky slip for what seemed like ages. Sophie then reached round the front, lifted the brown slip and pulled down the matching brown panties. The rear end frotting continued as Sasha took hold of her hard cock with her left hand and skimmed it up and down over Sophie's brown nylon slip whilst feeling Sophie's slip and stocking tops with her right hand. She then wrapped the brown slip around her own cockette as she could feel the pressure building. She was nearly ready to cum.

Then Sasha reached round the front again, lifted the brown slip at the front and took hold of Sophie's cockette with her right hand, a double wank action. Sasha had never wanked two cockettes at the same time. She could feel how hard and throbbing Sophie's cockette was, nearly ready for take-off.

Then it happened, at the same time. Sasha came in buckets, and as promised earlier, all over Sophie's silky brown slip, the tail of her pink blouse, her brown panties and even over her silky brown stockings. For Sophie the explosion was into her own hand and nearly onto the clean slips on the bed.

"What a result," said Sophie after a while.

"Oh yes," said Sophie, "that was wonderful."

**The End**



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