

Memories



Barbara looks back over the years she has worn slips and stockings, right back to playing with her sister, a can-can dance, her fiancé and later husband, the wilderness years, rediscovery, the care patient, and the final slip fling with her late husband Arnold.



As Barbara stepped into her blue pleated skirt she revelled in how silky her nylon slip felt sliding over her stockings. She was so glad she had rediscovered her love of nylon lingerie before Arnold had passed away a year ago. She still missed him, and his love of slips, just like hers. But it was her sister Alison that had got her back into slips three years ago.

Barb straightened her skirt and thought back over the last 50 or so years since she had first worn a slip and stockings. Mostly very happy memories. Here is her story.





My Mother had first let me wear stockings and a nylon slip in 1960, when I was 11, just before I went to secondary school. Up to that point I had worn cotton underwear and socks. I felt so grown up in my new silky slip and sheer stockings. That was until Alison, my older sister, had flipped up my skirt and slip at the playground to show her friends that I was a little girl wearing a petticoat, nylon panties, suspenders (which could be seen through my thin Vanity Fair knickers), and sheer stockings.

Alison, and her friends, thought it hilarious and teased me about me wanting to show my knickers to all the boys. I felt humiliated, I swore at my sister that I would never wear stockings and a slip again.

The irony was that in spite of teasing me for wearing grown up lingerie Alison herself loved wearing slips and stockings. It was only many years later that I discovered that Alison had never stopped wearing slips and stockings.

Through my early teenage years, I loved to dance. My dance class was putting on a show in 1965 that involved the Can-Can dance, the frothy dance with petticoats and stockings from Paris in the 1890's. It was going to be finale and I desperately wanted to close the show. But, and it was a big but, I had to go back on my word never to wear stockings and petticoats again. So I swallowed my pride and said I would love to do the dance when asked as only the five oldest girls would do the dance. Getting some practice time in costume proved difficult until my Uncle Bob offered some rehearsal space in his house. He lived alone in a large house just up the road and said I and my friends could use his living room.

So my dance group took our costumes round to Uncle Bob's and got changed in the bedroom. I felt a little strange wearing stockings and a slip again, the first time for five years. There were lots of giggles about trying to get the suspenders done up but in the end we got into our costumes.

We walked downstairs to the living room where there was plenty of space. The girls marked out the steps first and then walked through slightly faster. Finally, Emily the Dance Captain, put a cassette on Bob's brand new Hifi to practice with the traditional music.





As we were marking out the steps Uncle Bob had disappeared into the kitchen to make a cup of tea but when the music started he reappeared and he sat down in an arm chair to enjoy the performance of swirling skirts. This did not go unnoticed by the 15-year-old girls.



Right at the end of the dance we turned our backs on Bob and flipped up our skirts and petticoats to reveal our can-can panties. These were black with rows of frilly white lace sewn across the back of black cotton panties. What a naughty sight they made.



As I let my black pleated skirt fall back into place I glanced back at Uncle Bob. His eyes seemed to have glazed over and he had a large stiff tent in his slacks. As a 15-year-old exploring my sexuality for the first time I began to realise the power I could have over men.

As the girls were leaving I turned back to thank her Uncle and ask if we could practice again next week.

“Sure,” said Bob, “But as you are my niece you can come and have some extra practice, on your own, if you like, in costume of course,” he winked.

“Oh thank you Uncle Bob,” she reached up and gave him a peck on the cheek,” I might just do that.”



I didn't tell my dance friends about the extra practice I did at Uncle Bob's. It wasn't so much a dance practice, I didn't have the music and couldn't ask Emily for the cassette without giving the game away, more a slow walk through of the steps. The final move changed from backs to the audience to facing the audience. As I raised my white slip to show my knickers I could see Bob was tenting his slacks again.

As I held my frilly skirt and petticoats up Bob reached out and stroked me quickly between my legs! "Oops, sorry" he said, but I smiled. I knew what he was doing and so did he. "It's Ok Uncle, I know you like seeing me in my frilly knickers. Why don't you play with yourself while I dance for you without my skirt and blouse? "

I could have said no, but didn't, enjoying the thrill it was giving me.



So I would gyrate around in my Can-can petticoats, seamed stockings and heels while he took his cock out and rubbed it. Slowly at first but then more quickly as my panties came into sight.



Every now and again I would move closer and he would caress my knickered bottom or rub me between my knickered legs over my sheer black stockings. He never once touched me without knickers on, but I could tell he loved the underwear.

The show was a great success; Uncle Bob was sitting in the front row next to his sister in law, my Mum. I knew how successful it had been when I could see the damp spot on his slacks after the five teenage dancers flipped up their skirts and petticoats at the end.



My “dance practice” continued after the show at Uncle Bob’s. Mother never suspected what we were up to. She was so proud of how well I had done in the show but had been grumbled about the young ladies showing their knickers in the Can-Can dance, “It wasn’t proper”, she said. I now loved wearing slips, silky nylon panties (no more cotton), suspenders, stockings and lacy sheer bras.



A few months later I was 16. I had really learnt how to tease Uncle Bob and things moved to another level. He bought me some fashionable new clothes that Mother would never have allowed me to wear, much shorter mini-skirts. I kept these in his spare bedroom and would change when I went round. Oh how I teased him, flashing my nylon clad legs and stocking tops when I lifted my dress or skirt to adjust an errant suspender.



Bob loved to see me wearing French knickers. He had bought me a lovely red pair with matching suspenders, bra and full length slip. It was the first full slip I had ever worn, I loved how it clung to my body under a tight dress.

“Take off the slip and bend over.” Bob would stand behind me with his stiff cock out. I could feel the heat. Then he would rub his cock all over my nylon clad arse. One hand would hold my knickers and the other would grope my tits inside my bra.

Many was the time when he would cum rubbing his stiff cock over my knickers and then quickly recover to slid on a condom, ease the loose leg of the knickers to one side and slide inside my tight wet pussy. He was a beast and I loved the losing my virginity to Uncle Bob but I was terrified of getting pregnant. The relationship couldn't go on for ever.





After about a year, when I was 17, I started dating boys of my own age. Uncle Bob was devastated I wouldn't go round to dance for him anymore. I had to give up dancing as I didn't have a cover story anymore, which was a shame.

I had a few boyfriends but nothing serious. My first proper boyfriend was Arnold. I had a job in an office by then and was buying my own clothes so I splurged on slips, stockings and French knickers. Sex at home was out of the question, even in the early 70's, at least it was in my house. My Mother was such a prude and still lived in the Victorian era. 1968, hippy power and the year of free love passed her by. So it was furtive gropes in the back row of the cinema or if I was feeling naughty I would lift up the hem of my skirt and slip to "adjust" my suspenders when Arnold came to pick me up for a date and my Mother's back was turned. Arnold had to try very hard to not show his excitement, often failing.



Another favourite trick was to lean over, with my back to Arnold and step into my shoes. I could feel Arnold's eyes trace up my legs from my high heels, up the seams of my stockings to the peeping slip under my skirt as I had to "adjust" my shoes.



Arnold and I married in 1975 and I wore a lovely set of white lingerie (ever the blushing virgin) under my wedding dress and then under my going away outfit. This, of course, included French knickers, a petticoat, stockings, suspenders and a lacy bra. Arnold kept feeling my suspender straps in the car to the hotel that evening. It was a memorable night for our first proper sex. He insisted I leave on my lingerie, which I thought was a bit strange but then I thought back to my Uncle Bob. Poor Arnold, he didn't even clock that I wasn't a virgin as he slipped his stiffy under the leg of my Frenchies and into my quim.



Even when stockings went out of fashion in the late sixties as skirts got shorter and tights came in I still wore French knickers for a while. I liked them because Arnold could easily slip his hand under the loose lace. Not quite so easy with French knickers over tights, they were too bulky to wear under tights. So it was back to bikini knickers I had worn as a teenager but under the tights.



I did still wear slips, full and waist slips. I remember one gorgeous green half-slip made by Charnos. They made beautiful slips in a heavy weight nylon with pretty swirling lace. This particular green slip had a split up the side to wear with a tight skirt which had a walking split at the back. You were supposed to position the split in the slip exactly over the split in the skirt so that when you walked the slip would not show. However, it always did, the lacy edge of the split flashing that you were wearing a slip. Arnold often walked behind me when I wore this combination. I was for ever telling him to catch me up.

But then in the mid 1980's skirts started having lining sewn into them and slips went out of fashion. I did not wear stockings or a slip for another 30 years, I call them the "Wilderness Years". Arnold kept asking me if I would wear French knickers, slips and stockings again. I told him, "Women don't wear them anymore love, they have gone out of fashion." Eventually he got the hint and gave up. And so did our sex life. I should have guessed, poor Arnold, he never was very good at expressing his feelings.



I threw out most of my slips at the end of 1980's but not all. Little did I know at the time but instead of me wearing slips Arnold started wearing them instead. And my French knickers, which I knew he always loved, my suspenders, my stockings, my bra's (how he squeezed into them I will never know) and of course my slips. When some of them started wearing out he bought his own and kept a secret stash in an old suitcase in the attic.



He even started buying his own slips in charity shops and then on eBay when it started in the early 2000's. All kept hidden from me, poor thing.



Then, three years ago the “Wilderness Years” came to an abrupt end, all the fault of that bossy older sister of mine. Well mostly Alison’s fault but not entirely.

Before I retired I had a job as a care worker looking after some old folk. One old gentlemen told me he missed the days when his late wife used to wear slips and asked me if I did.

“Ted, I haven’t worn a slip, or stockings, for a very long time, women don’t wear them anymore.”

“I know, I can see that.”

He had dropped a £5 note and I had bent over to pick up thinking he had been careless. Now I wasn’t so sure.

“You can keep that,” he said,” if you wear a slip and stockings next time....I am sure you can find them at the bottom of a draw.”

He was being a bit saucy but it did trigger a memory of bending over for Arnold when we were dating and he ran his eyes up the back of my nylon clad legs. Not quite the same with tights although I was wearing some lacy panties under my black skirt.

“Hmm,” I said, “We will see about that.”

But a slip at the bottom of my lingerie draw? I would have to have a look. There might be one or two lurking around although I had not seen them in years.

A few days later I was having a laugh on the phone with Alison about the old man dropping the £5 note and telling me to wear a slip and stockings next time.

“For goodness sake who still wears slips and stockings these days?”

Suddenly the line went quiet.

“I still do, I never stopped,” said Alison.

“Really Alison?”

“Yes I do. I love a silky slip riding over my nylon stockings. I never got on with tights. You should try them. Arnold might take an interest again; you know....”

“Well, I am not sure if I still have any slips.”

“We will go shopping at the Trafford centre next weekend when you and Arnold come up. We will find you some new slips and some stockings.”





I did have a look for some slips in my lingerie but couldn't find any, which was strange as I was sure I had not thrown out my lovely green Charnos slip.

"Arnold, you haven't seen any of my old slips have you?"

He turned a funny colour and eventually said, "No dear, why?"

"Oh nothing, Alison was asking me if I had any, I was sure there was at least one or two at the bottom of my lingerie draw."

About a month later, at a fancy dress party when Arnold was forced to dress as a woman, I discovered that when I had asked him about my missing slips he was actually wearing under his jeans and t-shirt: a full slip, bra, French knickers, suspenders and stockings. He thought I must have x-ray eyes.

I did go shopping for slips and stockings with Alison about a week later. She leant me a couple of slips and some stockings to get me started again. I also bought some new slips of my own and more hosiery. When we got back to Alison's house we enjoyed showing Arnold and Alison's son all the pretty slips we had bought. They both looked uncomfortable but were secretly enjoying the lingerie show and wished that they had come with us.



The following week I was back visiting Ted, the saucy old man. He asked me if I was wearing a slip and stockings. His eyes went wide as I lifted my skirt to show him my new waist slip as he could see my stocking tops and suspenders through the thin nylon.

“Here’s a £10 if I can touch you up.”

Memories of my Uncle Ted came flooding back. Yes, my panties were getting damp as well.

I thought why not, won’t do any harm and will make an old man happy.





I turned my back on him and lifted my slip, he felt all over my silky panties, slips and seamed stockings. Eventually he started to pull my panties down and reach his stiff old fingers into my wet pussy, giving me an excellent finger fuck until I came. I pulled my silky white panties down, unzipped him (he found that difficult) and tossed him off by wrapping my panties around his semi-erect cock. It didn't become a regular thing as Ted passed away shortly afterwards and my attention turned back to Arnold, my husband.



I mentioned the Fancy Dress party, this took place at Alison's house about a month later. I finally managed to get Arnold into some pretty lingerie as I had "forgotten" his costume and he had to borrow some clothes from Alison. I went as a cow girl and he finally dressed in front of me as a woman. He wore some delightful black French knickers, red topped stockings, a red bra and a black slip under Alison's borrowed dress. We made love for the first time in years that day and it all came out about how he had been wearing my slips and French knickers for years, ever since I had given up. He even had a quite a collection of his own. Arnold was quite relieved that he didn't have to hide all his pretty lingerie from me anymore.



Over the next couple of years, we had many fun lingerie evenings, sometimes even in the day. Both Arnold and I indulged in my renewed slip fetish. I remember one delicious red full slip Arnold wore frequently with my black leather boots. If he pulled it tight I could see his stocking tops, suspenders and black panties. It certainly got me lubricated.



However, his favourite activity was to get both of us dressed in identical lingerie, especially black French knickers and sheer black stockings. He would stand behind me, pull his knickers down and rub his hot cock all over my slip and then ease my Frenchie's to one side and slip his cock in my soaking wet cunt. It took me right back to Uncle Bob and where my sexual adventures as a teenage girl started.



Sadly, Albert passed away from a heart attack a year ago. I really miss him and his nylon fetish but I am glad we enjoyed our last few months together once I had come out of the wilderness. I wore a black dress and stockings to his funeral. What no one knew, not even Alison, was that I wore Arnold's favourite red full slip under my black dress. It was very similar to the first full red slip that I wore for my Uncle Bob.

All those memories of my adventures with nylon lingerie, slips, French knickers, lacy panties, sheer stockings are making me horny. Please excuse me while I lift my skirt and slip and masturbate, just you have been for the last few minutes.

The End

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