

## School uniform

A photo story by Andrea Slip



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Daniel handed his Mum the letter from school about a change to the policy on student uniform.

Sara read the letter and then laughed out loud. "Oh for goodness sake, whatever next? What boy in his right mind would want to wear a skirt and black tights?"

"I do," said Daniel in a small voice, not sure how his Mum would react.

"Good joke Daniel."

"I am not joking, I don't think it's fair that girls can choose either a skirt or trousers, why shouldn't boys?"

Sara took a long hard look at her 14-year-old son, standing in front of her in shirt, tie and black trousers. "Are you telling me you actually want to wear girls uniform to school? You'll get teased or even bullied."

"It's not girls uniform any more, the letter says it is gender neutral, and it says bullying will be dealt with "

June 1, 2016

Dear Parents,

The Governing Body has agreed some new school uniform rules which are gender neutral. The Governors feel that this is the right way forward. Any bullying or teasing regarding what students choose to wear will be dealt with severely. Uniform is available from the uniform shop in the foyer or from approved suppliers.

**2016 Uniform Rules - Years 7 to 11**

- Black trousers or black skirt (skirt no more than 3" above the knee)
- White button up shirt or white button up blouse
- Black sheer hosiery (tights or stockings) or black socks
- School tie
- A white slip (full or half) may be worn under the black skirt
- White or flesh tone bra (not dark) (not optional for girls)
- School blazer or Leavers hoody (Y11 only)
- Black shoes (heels no bigger than three inches)

Warm regards,



“Have you been wearing my knickers, Daniel?”, said Sara trying a different tack.

“Maybe.”

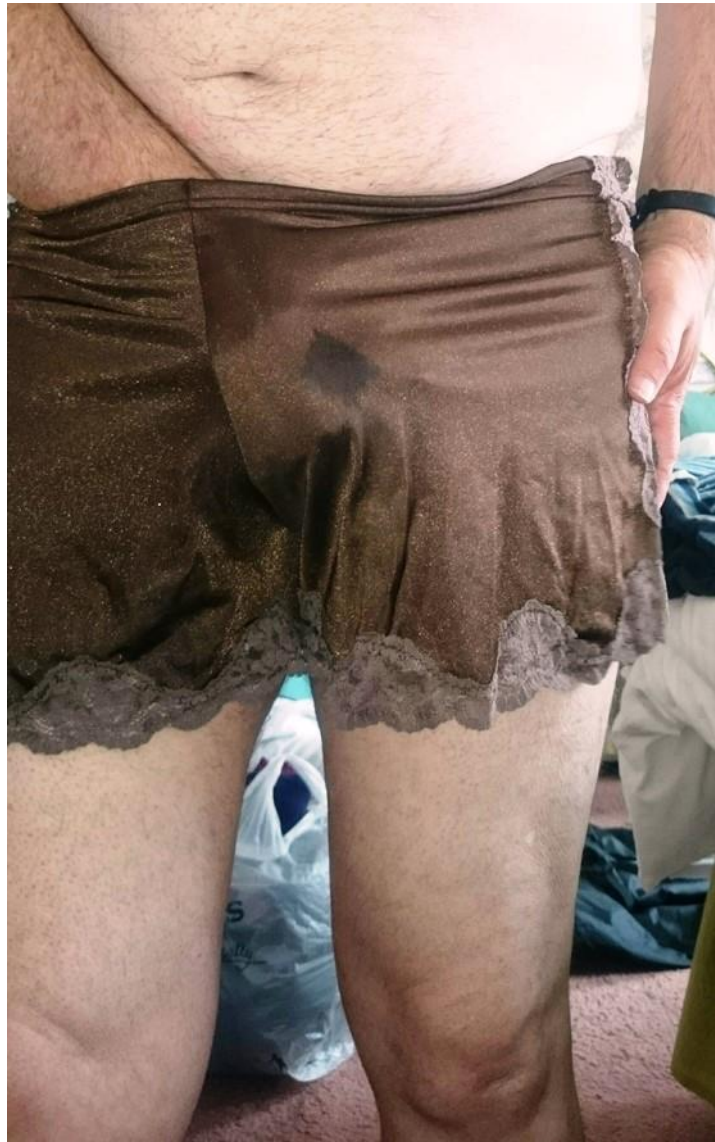
“How often.”

“Once or twice.”

“It's been more often that hasn't it? You have been wearing my bra and tights, haven't you? I knew someone had been through my underwear draw in the last six months. At first I thought it was the cleaner, but then I had a suspicion that it was you. What is with men and lingerie? Your Dad always wanted me to wear stockings and suspenders, ridiculously uncomfortable.”

Daniel thought back to the times he had raided his Mum's lingerie draw to pick out some nice lacy panties, a matching bra and even a pair of sheer black tights he had found in the wash basket. He swore he would never do it again but the sexual satisfaction as he jerked himself off in the lingerie drew him back at least once a month. He was careful not to get any of his cum on the underwear.

He realised it was the silky nylon underwear and tights that he liked the most. His Mum didn't have many pairs of nylon knickers but he did find a brown pair right at the bottom of her undies draw. They were much larger than her other knickers, with pretty lace on the legs, which were very loose. The knickers were made of silky nylon and felt just wonderful to step into and slid up his legs. He didn't need a bra or silky tights; his cock was instantly hard as it came into contact with the silky nylon. Daniel's hand slipped inside the large knickers and as he worked his cock a wet spot appeared on the front. Soon his cock exploded and shot hot white cum all over the brown knickers.



On no, what was he going to do? When his cock had stopped spewing ropes of white cum he stripped of the knickers and grabbed some tissues. He wiped most of the cum off and then used his sports towel to try and dry off the wet spot. Finally, he folded the knickers and slid them back into the bottom of the pile. He thought he had got away with it but Mothers know these things, they always know.

"Yes, sorry." He was going to tell his Mum but never had the courage until the letter about uniform had given him an opening.

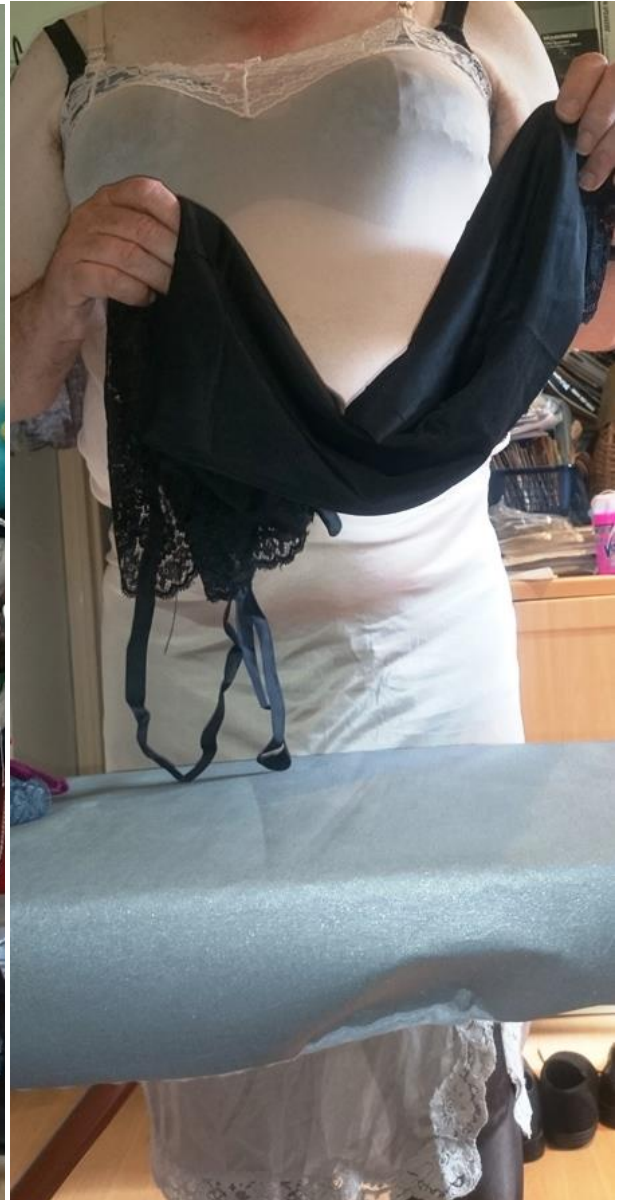
"Well you can stop that right now, I am not going through that again. You are not to wear my things, it's disgusting. And there is no way I am going to buy you a skirt and tights, I can't afford it."

Daniel was upset at this set back. "Well, I will just go and ask Dad then", he grabbed the school letter back from his Mum, stormed out the front door and slammed it behind him.





Andrea was catching up on ironing. She loved ironing her silky slips, she loved silky slips full stop. There were several to get through, full slips and half-slips. She wore one every day, sometimes two, so there were always lots in the wash.



She wasn't expecting anyone so she was dressed just in her lingerie, slip, camisole, bra, panties, stockings, suspenders and heels of course. The bra and panties were black but the slip, cami and suspenders were pale pink. The stockings were black lace top sheers. You could see her black stocking tops, black knickers and black bra through the thin slip and cami. That's how Andrea liked it.

Andrea picked up a black full slip with lashings of lace. It was an old Mark's and Spencer's slip that her granny had often wore around the house instead of a house coat and then given it to Andrea. It was a little worn but Andrea could never throw it away. She checked the iron was not too hot for the nylon, fitting the long slip to the ironing board, then started to carefully iron the lacy bust of the slip.



As Andrea was turning the slip on the ironing board the doorbell rang. It was 5pm. Who could that be at the door? Andrea wasn't expecting any visitors and it probably wasn't a delivery this late in the day, unless it was Amazon. She grabbed a dressing gown, just in case, as she headed to the front door, her pink heels clattering on the wooden floor.





Andrea opened the door carefully, hiding behind the door slightly. “Daniel, what are you doing here?” The door swung open as Andrea straightened up, surprised to see her son. Daniel wasn't due until Saturday.





“Dad????” said Daniel in surprise as the door swung open and so did Andrea’s dressing gown revealing her pretty pink slip.” I..... I don't know what to say.”

“I think you had better come in,” said Andrea regaining her composure and pulling her silk dressing gown together.” We need to talk.”

Andrea had kept secret her cross dressing from her son for many years. She had tried to keep it secret from Sara, and failed, it led to their divorce three years ago. There had been an occasion, about five years ago, when Andrea had forgotten that she had a check-up at the Doctor after work instead of before. Andrea had gone to work at the office in dark red panties, bra and stockings that day, as she did most days. Sometime she wore a slip to work, but only if the weather wasn't too hot. A reminder popped up on her phone at lunch time. Andrea swore under breath. She wasn't brave enough to face the doctor in silky lingerie, should an examination be necessary. She decided she would have to go as drab Andy without any underwear.

So Andy found a carrier bag, went to the toilet and removed the set of silky red panties, bra and black stockings. He put his socks back on, popped the lingerie into the bag and tossed it into the back of the car. Andy did not want to leave it behind in the office for any of his colleagues to find about Andrea.





Unfortunately for Andy, Sara got to the car looking for an umbrella as showers were forecast, before Andy had time to remove the bag.



Sara stormed back into the house and confronted her husband. “Who is she, how long has this been going on? I knew you were having an affair behind my back. You never want to make love to me anymore,” said Sara waving the silky red panties under her husband’s nose.

“It’s not what you think,” spluttered Andy, his face as red as the panties.

“Who’s are they, is it that trollop Joanna at the office,”

“No, they are mine. I wear them to work under my suit. Satisfied?”

It was Sara’s turn to look stunned. “I don’t believe you.” She said in a small voice.

“Well I do; I find wearing nylon lingerie exciting. I have a suitcase at the back of the garage, under my tools.”





“Show me,” said Sara not quite taking in what had happened. Andy did show her his hidden collection of panties, slips, stockings, fake boobs, bras etc. It hadn’t gone well. They were divorced with 18 months. Sara could not stand her husband preferring to wear silky lingerie more than she did. She thought that he was a pervert and it made her feel sick. Fortunately, Daniel, their only child had not seen any of this unpleasant confrontation, he was out at football practice. Andy had moved out, to a small two bed flat just around the corner, Daniel stayed with his Mum. Daniel wasn’t happy about the divorce as he got on really well with his Dad. The divorce went through quite quickly. Daniel still saw his Dad regularly, but not in his frilly underwear when dressed as Andrea, until now.

Andrea and Daniel sat on the sofa in Andrea's flat. "I have this thing for dressing up as a woman. Can you understand that Daniel?"

"Well yes, thing is I do too," said Daniel. Now it was Andrea's turn to be stunned. "I have been wearing Mum's underwear for the last six months. I tried to stop, but I couldn't. I found it really exciting, especially nylon. She hasn't got many nylon knickers, mostly white cotton."

Andrea laughed, "She hasn't changed much then."

"I did find one large brown pair, I don't know what they are called, they were very silky and very pretty. I think she found out I had been wearing them," said Daniel.

"They are called French knickers. Did they have a wide band of lace down the side?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Ahh, I bought those for your Mum when we were first married, but I don't think she ever wore them. I am surprised she still has them. "





Daniel then looked properly at his Dad in his lingerie and pink heels. Both felt comfortable with this. "What are you wearing, it looks much silkier and more feminine than what Mum usually wears."

"This is a half-slip, Daniel."

"Can I touch it, is that OK," asked Daniel tentatively?

"Yes, of course, ask anything you want, there are no more secrets between us," said Andrea with some relief."

Andrea picked up the split in the slip and let Daniel feel the silky nylon between his fingers and thumb.

"That is so pretty and so silky. I love the lacy split, what else are you wearing," asked Daniel? He seemed fascinated by Andrea's silky lingerie.





Andrea stood up and took off her cream dressing gown.

"I am wearing a pink half-slip on my bottom half, a pink camisole on top, black hosiery and bright pink heels. Do you like it?"

"Oh yes, are those tights?"

Andrea wasn't quite sure were this was going. She didn't want her son getting too excited but couldn't hide the tent in her half-slip.



Slowly she lifted her slip to show Daniel that her “hosiery”, as she described it, was a pair of black lace top stockings.

“No, I prefer stockings to tights,” said Andrea.

“What’s that,” asked Daniel pointing to the strap attached to the stocking top and disappearing inside Andrea’s knickers?

“Oh, I am wearing a suspender belt to hold up the stockings. You can get hold up stockings that have a band of silicone on the inside to stop them falling down but I prefer stockings and suspenders. “

“They look nicer than tights,” said Daniel.  
“What else?”





“Haven’t I gone far enough,” asked Andrea, who secretly was enjoying sharing her knowledge of lingerie with Daniel, a new recruit to the world of nylon.

“No, I want to see what bra and knickers you are wearing.” Daniel was like a soft sponge soaking up knowledge.

Andrea stood up and took off her slip with her back towards Daniel and then took off the camisole and turned back round.

“Sometimes I wear a full slip which goes from bust to hem but this is a half-slip so I can wear a camisole over my bra. “

“Your bra looks amazing, how do you get the shape, it looks so real.”



“I have some fake boobs.” Andrea pulled one her bra cups down to show Daniel. “I insert them in the cups to fill them out. Sometimes I just use stockings to pad out a small bra.”

“Amazing, I want to wear slips, and stockings and lacy knickers and suspenders.”

“Well, we will get to that if you want to. I am not going to force you. But tell me first why did you suddenly come round today, you are not supposed to be here until tomorrow? Does your Mum know you are here?”

“Yes, I told her. “

“Did she catch you wearing her underwear,” asked Andrea as she put her slip and cami back on. She then sat back down on the chair.





“No, it was this letter from school. I want to wear a skirt and tights to school, like the girls, and Mum said no.”

“I see, and if Mum said no, you thought you would try Dad next?”

Daniel hung his head.

“Show me the letter, then I will talk to your Mum about it,” Daniel pulled it from his pocket and passed it over to his Dad.



- 2016 Uniform Rules - Year 11**
- Black trousers or black skirt (skirt no more than 3" above the knee)
  - White button up shirt or white button up blouse
  - Black sheer hosiery (tights or stockings) or black socks
  - School tie
  - A white slip (full or half) may be worn under the skirt
  - White or flesh tone bra (not dark) (not optional)
  - No hoodies or Leavers hoody (Y11 only)

Andrea read the letter. "Well this takes me back to my school days. When I went to secondary school at the end of the sixties this was almost exactly the same uniform rules except just for girls, not gender neutral. They had to wear a slip under their skirt, although my granny called it a petticoat, and it was stockings not tights in those days, even for eleven-year-old girls. Tights had started becoming popular for women wearing miniskirts but my school was a bit old fashioned and was slow to change. Some of the girls were proud to show that they were wearing stockings and suspenders by flipping up their skirts and petticoats when the teachers weren't looking to tease the boys. I think the rules had changed to tights by the time I left school. "

Daniel was fascinated by this story." Was that when you started wearing slips, err petticoats, Dad?"

"Oh no, much earlier."



“My Mum, and Granny Jones, who lived with us for a few years after Grandad died, were always elegantly dressed. When I was about seven or eight I used to play on the floor with my toy cars whilst Mum and Granny sat on the sofa watching TV. I often could see a little bit of slip peeping out but then got caught looking by Granny,” said Andrea, recalling the events some years before.

“Andy, you seem to be staring at my pink petticoat,” said Granny smiling down at her grandson playing on the floor. “You always seem fascinated by my petticoat and your Mother’s. What do you like about them? “

Andy certainly was fascinated by the petticoats, and by the sheer nylon stockings that both his Mum and Granny wore. His mum was showing a navy blue slip with a white lacy hem just peeping out from under green check skirt, sheer black hosiery and black high heels. Granny was wearing a longer brown skirt which seemed to have rucked up to reveal the flap of a pink slip, brown stockings which appeared to have a seam up the back and glimpse of stocking top.

Andy was startled by his Grannies question. “Yes, I err..... I suppose I do, they look so pretty. Can I wear one,” he suddenly blurted out, “and a skirt?”



Granny stood up lifted her skirt slightly so that Andy could get a better view of her petticoat. "This is all a bit girly, Andy, boys don't really wear skirts and petticoats, do they Mary," she said looking at Andy's Mum.

"Well, no," said Andy's Mum, Mary.

"But I want to," said Andy with some force.

"Well .... Perhaps Granny could you make you a little skirt and a slip, she did for me when I was your age. She is much better at sewing and making clothes than I am, isn't that right Mum?"

"Oh yes, I would love to make some little skirts and dresses again. I could probably cut down one of my old petticoats to fit you, if you are sure. Is that OK Mary?"

"Yes, but you can only wear them at home, people might not like seeing a boy in the street in girls' clothes, you know what people round here are like."

“So that settled it,” said Andrea to Daniel. “My Granny, made me some wonderful girls clothes, dresses, skirts, blouses, half-slips and full slips. She could make anything. She even made your Mum’s wedding dress and the hooped petticoat to go underneath, just before she passed away. Wonderful woman. When I wore my first slip and skirt I became Andrea for the first time. “

“I never knew Granny, she sounds wonderful,” said Daniel. “Were you still wear slips and skirts at home when you went to secondary school?”

“Yes, I was, but the time I got to 13 I wanted to dress like the girls were allowed to. They wore cream blouses and tartan skirts. There was one girl called Vivien, who was a friend of mine, who would try and get away with hiking her skirt up as high as possible. I noticed that I could see the hem of her cream slip and the tops of her stockings showing one day. I told her she would get caught, and she was.

The Deputy Head noticed when we were walking to lessons . She produced a ruler to measure the gap between her knees and the hem. It was five inches. DH told Vivien that nobody wanted to see her petticoat and to pull her skirt down to no more than two inches above the knee.

I told her she was lucky that she was able to wear a skirt, stockings and a petticoat. She looked at me and told me to make an excuse to my Mum about having to do some homework with me the next day. I asked why. She said I could find out what it felt like to wear her uniform at her house. I was gobsmacked but readily agreed. “





“Was she your girlfriend,” asked Daniel?

“No, we were too young for that we were good friends.”

“Did you go to her house the next day.”

“Yes, I had been there before so my Mum was cool with it.”

“What happened,” asked Daniel?

“I thought I was just going to wear her skirt and blouse, maybe her petticoat, just like I dressed up at home. But she insisted that I had to put on all her underwear as well. She went to her underwear draws and got out a cream bra, a suspender belt, silky panties and the most gorgeous sheer brown stockings. She put them on her bed. She told me to strip and put them on whilst she went to the toilet.

I turned my back and took off my boy's clothes. I slid into the full lingerie and stockings for the first time. I had never felt so wonderful. When she came back from the loo she got some more stockings out and padded my bra. Then she handed me a cream full slip. It was so silky. The she found me some heels to put on that fitted perfectly. Finally, she found me a spare school skirt and blouse to put on. We looked like sisters, both in school uniform.”



“How did that feel,” asked Daniel.

“Amazing. I had been wearing a slip since I was seven but had never tried a bra, panties, suspenders and stockings underneath the slip. I was starting to get very excited. Vivien insisted on me lifting my skirt to see how I should straighten out my petticoat. “

“Did anything happen?”

“Yes, we sat down at her desk and did some history homework, “said Andrea.

“That’s not what I meant,” said Daniel.

“I know, but we very young. Vivien did ask me if I had done this before as she had expected me to at least make some protest. I said no, of course not, but I don’t think she believed me. At one point her Mum came into the room. Vivien introduced me as And... I whispered Andrea to her. Her Mum saw me in the school uniform and thought I was just one of the girls from school. It was the first time someone other than my family had seen me dressed en-femme and I got away with it as my hair was quite long. Her Mum said Hi and asked if we wanted some tea and cake. We said yes and so her Mum brought some up for us. I was being treated just like a girl.”





“Dad, can I wear one of your slips, Mum hasn’t got any of those,” asked Daniel.

“Yes of course you can. Let me get the slips from the ironing board and I can see what else we can find. “

Andrea went over to the ironing board and collected the ironed slips and led Daniel to the bedroom. He opened one of his lingerie draws.

“Let’s find you some nice panties to wear with a slip. How about this Vanity Fair pair? They are very silky and slide nicely with a slip. They have this gorgeous little triangle of lace on the side. Isn’t the colour wonderful?”

Daniel’s eyes were wide open as he saw not only the beautiful VF panties (as his Dad called them) but all the other multi-coloured nylon treasures in the draw. I think you should wear this black full slip, it was my grannies, she gave it to me and I can give it you if you like it. It can be a family heirloom that passes down through the generations,” Andrea giggled.

“Would you like some stockings? I know some people prefer to feel the nylon slip brushing their bare legs but I love the feel and look of sheer stockings.”

Daniel said, “Yes.” He could feel his excitement rising at this unexpected turn of events.

“Do you want hold ups or stockings with suspenders,” asked Andrea.

Daniel remembered the lesson about different types of hosiery. “Can I try stockings and suspenders like you are wearing.”



“Good choice,” said Andrea fetching a pale lacy suspender belt and some lace stop stockings from another draw. She told Daniel how to put on the suspender belt and thread the straps through the panties.

“I’ll leave these on the bed for you and go back to the living room. Take your time, enjoy the lingerie in private but don’t take them off, come back into the living room to show me what they look like.” Andrea quietly shut the bedroom door and left Daniel to his own devices.

Daniel took off his school clothes and slowly dressed in the suspender belt, a bit tricky but remembered that his dad said put it on with the clip at the front and then move it round. When he pulled up the purple VF panties he was fully hard. Slowly he pulled up the stockings and managed to get the straps attached after a bit of fiddling. Then he slid the black slip over his head. He loved the fact that it had been his great-grannies and that it had become a family heirloom.







It all felt so silky. Daniel sat down on the bed and marvelled at the look and feel of all the pretty black lace.



He lifted the slip and slid his hand inside the purple VF panties and started to massage his stiff cock. Then he took it out again and carried on the massage through two layers of silky nylon.

“Ahhh.....,” Daniel came suddenly in the panties.

Andrea had gone back to the living room. Whilst there he phoned his ex to let her know that Daniel was with him and he was safe. It was a slightly uncomfortable conversation as they had to discuss the school uniform issue. Sara made it clear she would have nothing to do with Daniel wearing a skirt or anything else girly, “Just like you, you weirdo,” she said. Andrea promised to sort out the uniform so that Sara was not troubled by it.

Just then Andrea heard a cry from the bedroom and smiled remembering his own journey into nylon. Andrea would let Daniel make his own decisions, not pressurise him or interrupt his privacy.



A couple of days later Andrea sat in the living room at her laptop. She went online to find the official school supplier for Belton Academy, Daniel's secondary school. She had done some measurements of Daniel and took a gamble that ordering on line would be Ok. She didn't think that either Daniel or herself were ready to visit a shop to try on a skirt. The rest of the items that Andrea was accumulating were from Andrea's own collection, not all quite the right size but a visit online to eBay and Etsy sorted that out.

Andrea had contacted the school and spoke to Mrs Johnston, a Deputy Head (what is it about Deputies and school uniform?) to confirm the new gender neutral uniform rules. The woman was very nice and understood that Daniel wanted to wear a skirt. The DH also confirmed that slips and stockings were Ok provided that the welt of the stockings did not show.



"Does it have to be a white slip, or would pale colours be OK, like the bra," asked Andrea.

"Well I suppose pale would be OK, perhaps a pale pink or a cream slip would be OK. I used to call them petticoats and it was my idea to allow them as I still wear one sometimes. A little lacy hem showing looks so feminine, don't you think Mr Slip? It was my idea to put that in the new regulations. "

Andrea had a flash back to her own school days and her friend Vivien wearing her skirt too short to show her stocking tops. "Oh yes, you are a woman after my own heart, Mrs Johnson," said Andrea.

Mrs Johnson promised that if Daniel was teased in any way that he should speak to her and it would be squashed immediately.





A couple of weeks later Andrea told Sara that he had sorted out Daniel wearing a skirt with the school and had bought the uniform. Sara still wasn't happy about it but couldn't stop it. They agreed that Daniel would keep his uniform in the spare bedroom of Andrea's flat and that he could come there before school to change.

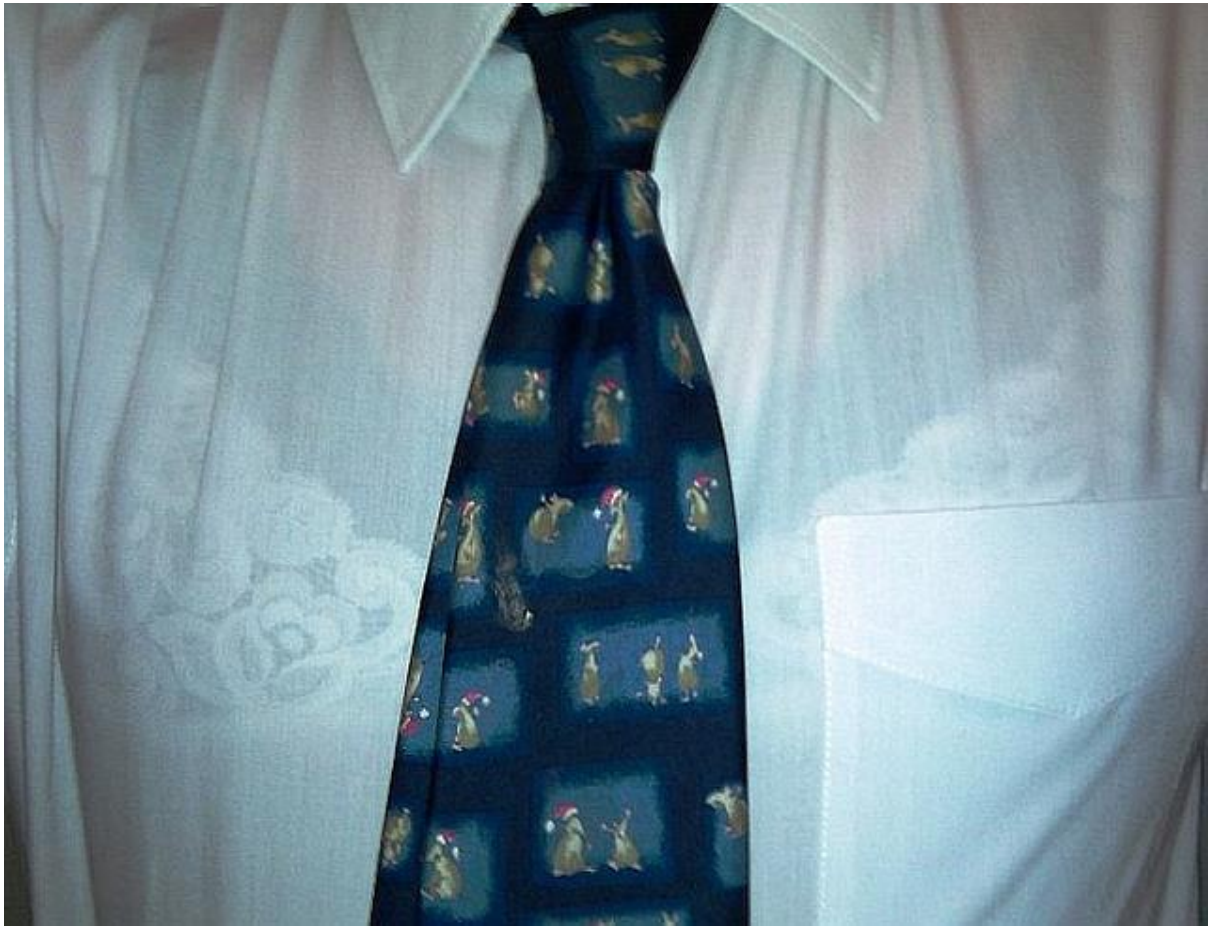
Daniel couldn't believe that this was going to happen. He was so excited that he arrived at the flat a good 45 minutes before school started. It was then only a ten-minute walk to the school although Andrea had agreed with the school that for the first week or so he would drive Daniel to school so that the rest of the school could get used to a boy in a skirt.

Andrea laid all the clothing out on the bed for Daniel and went through what was there so he could choose from some different options.

There were some lovely choices for Daniel in the lingerie he could wear. He could chose hold up stockings or a suspender belt with lace top stockings. There were no tights on the pile.

There was a choice between a lovely pair of cream French knickers and a pretty bikini pair. The two slips were both white but one was a full length slip and the other a pretty little half-slip. The bra was creamy lace. So many choices.





Andrea was going to work straight from dropping Daniel at School so she was already dressed for work. She told Daniel he had about 20 minutes to get ready. "When you are ready come and show me in the living room." Andrea left the bedroom.





Daniel took a deep breath and looked at all the pretty lingerie laid out on the bed. He decided he would wear the suspender belt, he attached the clips at the front and span it round to the back. Then he slid the lace top stockings up his legs, it felt amazing as the sheer nylon slid up his leg. Although he looked at the hold ups he didn't want them falling down in the middle of a maths lesson.

Next it was the French knickers, he loved the loose leg and they looked so pretty with the lacy hem. Daniel slid his arms in to the straps of the bra, and then put in the breast forms Andrea had lent him. There were some black shoes on the floor so he stepped into the heels. How did he look? He turned to face the mirror.



Daniel nearly fainted at how sexy he looked, and he was going to wear this to school!  
There was only one problem, the bra.



The white bra was very lacy and very see through. He could clearly see the breast forms through the lace. They could show through his school blouse. That wouldn't be allowed.



He hadn't yet decided which slip to wear, half or full. The see through bra made the decision easier so he went for the full slip which made the tits on display less obvious. He wasn't sure of the lacy slip would show through the blouse. The slip felt wonderful as he pulled it down over his other lingerie. He was so glad that the option for slips on the new rules was full or half-slip.





Daniel stepped into the school black skirt, zipped it up the back. Then he put on the blouse and buttoned it up. It felt strange doing the buttons up on the other side from what he was used to but he would get used to it.



Then it was the tie. Daniel looked in the mirror. He could just see the lacy top of the slip but no tits. The shirt did not give much away. It was time to show his Dad.



Andrea was sitting in an arm chair in the living room and was so pleased to see Daniel in his school uniform.

“Your slip is showing a bit but that is Ok. Do a twirl Daniel.”



“Hmm, I can see a little bit of your slip but that slip has a split in the back so it does reveal your lacy stocking tops a bit. Either pull the skirt down a bit or try the half-slip instead.”

“The bra is a bit see through so the full slip covers that up,” said Daniel.

“Ok, stay with the full slip then we can try a different bra with the half-slip tomorrow, but pull the skirt down a bit. Mrs Johnson said that you are not allowed to show your stocking tops.”

Daniel wiggled the skirt a little lower.





“Do a bunny crouch,” said Andrea.

“What?”

“Sit on your heels.”

“OK,” said Daniel as he crouched down.

“Keep your legs together otherwise everyone is going to see that you are not only wearing a slip but also lace top stockings and white panties.”

“Oh, I see,” said Daniel bringing his knees together.

“Now sit on the chair,” said Andrea.

Daniel sat down.

“Keep your legs together and pull your skirt down a bit more. That’s better. You have to learn the art of sitting and crouching in a tight skirt. I nearly said young lady. Maybe you will be one day, if you want to be,” Andrea sighed. “I am not sure about those shoes; the heels might be too high. You will need to wear the ordinary school shoes you wore over here from your Mum’s until I can get something more suitable “

Daniel looked disappointed but not surprised, he had never seen any of the girls at school in these type of shoes. He did think they looked sexy though.

“Dad, what about PE, I have a lesson in the Gym tomorrow? I can’t let the boys see me in my slip and bra. And what about using the toilet? “

“Mrs Johnson sent me an email about that as she thought about that as well after our phone conversation. She said that you could use the PE staff changing room and the staff toilet. When you change for PE you can leave your panties and bra on but take off the slip, stockings and suspenders. You can wear your normal PE shorts and polo shirt on top as the girls all wear the same as the boys. Now get your blazer and let’s go. “





Andrea dropped Daniel at school and then picked Daniel up again at the end of school.

“So how did it go,” asked Andrea?

“It was fine. Mrs Johnson met me in the lobby. She is really nice. I had not really talked to her before. She noticed I was showing a little bit of slip, but said that was OK, as she was probably showing a little of her blue slip as well under her blue pleated skirt. She said she had worn a slip today to give me some support. “

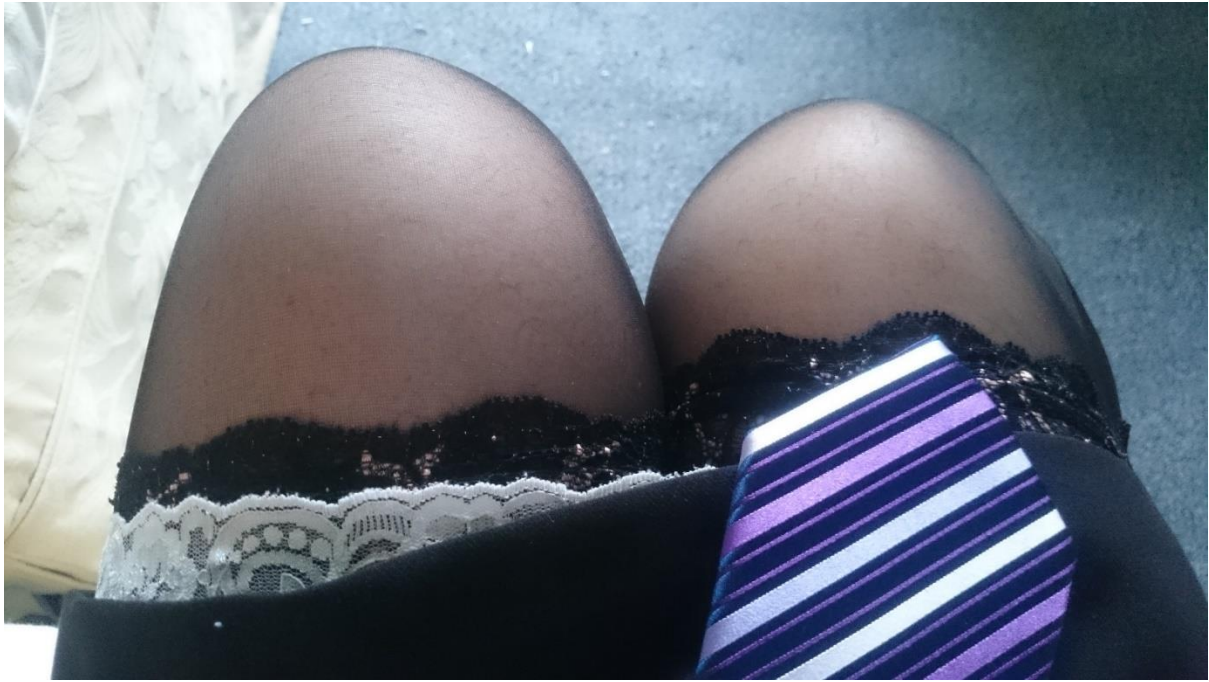
“That was nice of her. Did anyone tease you?”

“It was only really some of the mean girls that glared at me. One of the boys snapped my bra, which really hurt but I know that he does that to the girls as well. “

“Did you tell Mrs Johnson?”

“No, I didn’t mind as it showed I was allowed to wear a bra, just like the girls. Most of the boys tried to look the other way but one said I looked lovely and very brave to be the first. He then asked me where I bought my slip as he wouldn’t mind trying one as well. I had to promise that I wouldn’t tell anyone he had asked. He thought that the peeping lace looked really pretty,” said Daniel





Daniel's skirt had risen up slightly as they sat in the car.

"Yes a peeing lacy hem does look pretty," said Andrea glancing down at the white lace of the slip caressing the sheer black stockings. "I hope you sat more carefully than that Daniel, I can see you lacy stocking tops. Doesn't matter in the car but you will have to be careful when sitting."

Daniel wriggled his skirt down and the stocking tops disappeared.

"Dad? Can I ask you a question?"

"Of course."

"Do you not get hard wearing all this frilly nylon and show a bulge under your skirt? I had to really concentrate to stop it happening today. Does it happen to you and how do you stop it?"



“Andrea sighed. Well.... I do sometimes I do get a bulge in my slip and panties. ....”

“But, Dad what do you do?”





“Well, you should have some relief, you know, masturbate when you get dressed in the morning so you start the day limp. But if you get excited later during the day you will have to go to the staff toilet, lift up your skirt and pull your panties down. Take hold of your thingy and rub it in the nylon slip. You will soon get some relief and no more bulge in your skirt.”

Daniel nodded, knowing that he already had a bulge in his panties, slip and skirt that needed urgent relief.

“We are home now,” said Andrea as they pulled up outside her flat. “You can go to the spare bedroom and have some fun. I will leave you to do it in private.”



Daniel rushed into the second bedroom, shut the door, dropped his bag on the floor and took off his blazer. He then spotted the white half-slip on the bed, the one he had not worn today, perhaps he might wear it tomorrow if his Dad could find a less see through bra. The thought of all this lingerie was making him really, really hard.

He took his Dad's advice and lifted his skirt and slip but didn't have time to pull his cream French knickers down to rub his cock in the slip. His hand went straight to the silky knickers and the stiffy inside. Three rubs from his hand and he exploded in his knickers. Soon there would be no bulge in his knickers, slip or skirt. His Dad was right, a quick wank in nylon solved everything.



**The End**

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