

Nylon

A photo story by Andrea Slip



An autobiography of my life
in nylon over the last 50+
years.

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I have a confession, I have a fetish for silky nylon, a sexual fetish for silky nylon slips, stockings and lingerie. How did my love of nylon start? Let me take you back over 50 years to the early 1960's. This is my story of how I became a lover of nylon.



I was born in Manchester, England, in the mid 50's. My Mum was a housewife at the time, my Dad a civil servant. It all started, my love of nylon that is, with my Mum, when I was about 5 or 6 years old. Like a lot of housewives of that generation she liked to wear pretty feminine, clothes, even when doing domestic duties. I don't remember my Mum wearing trousers until many years later, it was almost always skirts, sometimes a dress for a posh do, during the 50's and 60's.

I often played on the kitchen floor with my toy cars whilst she was washing up or cooking. As I pushed my toy cars across the floor I remember looking up at my Mum, who had her back to me. I could see some lace just about level with her skirt but from a low angle I could see more than perhaps she was expecting someone to be able to see. What was that lace? I just didn't know.



As a curious child I wondered what it was. I quietly edged my car closer to get a better look. I didn't want to scare my Mum. As I came closer I could see right up my Mum's skirt to the top of her stockings (no tights for most women until the late 60's) and the folds of a lace edged slip. It was pale cream or possibly beige. I rather liked the view of what was to be my first slip (that I can remember). I was hooked, I wanted to see more. Over 50 years later I am still hooked, my love of slips, and nylon, is un-diminished.



Just imagine if my Mum had turned around suddenly and she would suddenly have had to step over me lying on the floor.

"Oh I didn't see you there you, what are you doing Andy?"

"Just playing with my cars, Mum."

Would I have seen right up her skirt to see her panties? Bit of fantasy here, but it is a nice memory.



My Mum would probably have used the term petticoat in the early 60's rather than slip but I prefer the concept of a silky slip sliding over nylon panties and stockings, so slip it is. I always thought of petticoats as being more bouffant with lots of frothy layers of net that went with rock and roll. I don't think I ever saw my Mum wearing anything like that. Certainly the slips I remember were thin silky nylon with wide lacy hems.

Over the next couple of years, I realised that the Dutch airer (drying racks on pulleys in the ceiling of the kitchen) and in the airing cupboard in the bathroom were good places to see slips. Not only did my Mum have some lovely half-slips but also some beautiful French knickers with lots of pretty lace on the legs.

It was some years later that my Mum mentioned that my Dad, who had passed away in the mid 1960's when I was still quite young, had often bought her some lovely lingerie as he liked to see her wearing it, especially French knickers. Like father like son, maybe he liked wearing her lingerie as well? She continued to wear French knickers the rest of her life. She had a lovely navy blue waist slip made by Charnos. I could not help but pick it up from the airing cupboard and feel the silky nylon and touch the swirling lace. She also had a lovely pale pink pair of French knickers which I rather liked.



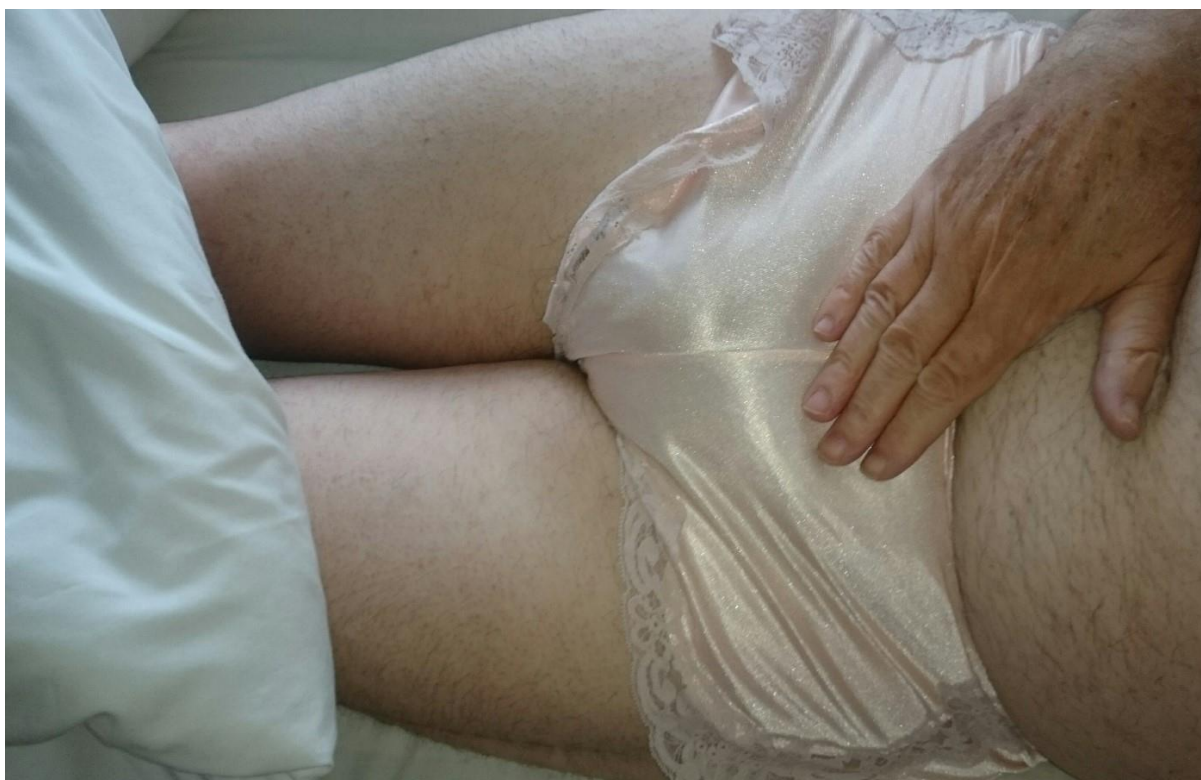
They looked so pretty lying on top of the navy blue slip. So inviting, so pretty. I picked them up and slid them up my legs. Should boys be doing this? Probably not but I was driven by how nice they felt on me. Was it sexually, was I imagining I would have sex with my Mother? I don't remember thinking or feeling that, I was probably only about 8 years old by this point. But those pretty French knickers did make an impression. If you look through my photos I still love wearing French knickers today, although they are hard to buy now.



Did I try the blue slip on as well, of course I did, I loved it? It would have been too big for me but that didn't stop me. I wore them for a while and took them off and put them back. I tried to be careful but what does a boy of that age know about folding slips and panties? My Mum never said anything to me but she must have known someone had been fiddling with her pretty lingerie. I had two older brothers, no sisters, so she might have thought it was them.



I don't remember ever seeing my Mum dressing, no bedroom doors left open accidentally. So no lovely views of French knickers, sheer seamed stockings, silky bras or slips with lashings of lace and the suspenders attached to her stockings showing through the thin nylon. Oh well, we can fantasize about this. Perhaps this is why I love dressing up like this now. I also don't remember ever seeing any full slips. Perhaps she had some, most women in this period would have done, but she may have worn a full length slip with a dress. I suppose I could have explored her lingerie draws but I never remember doing that, perhaps my parent's bedroom was off limits.



I distinctly remember wearing her pink French knickers under my trousers when we went out for a walk with my Uncle Bernie, my Mum's youngest brother. I was aged about 8 or 9 by then. That evening I didn't want to take them off so I wore them to bed. Fortunately, I had a separate bedroom from my brothers so I could get away with it, or so I thought.

The next morning, I was having a bit of lie in and my Uncle was sent upstairs to get me out of bed. I would not get up, Uncle Bernie yanked the bedcovers back to reveal me wearing his sister's pink knickers. I was shocked. He didn't say anything but turned and left the room. Looking back now I wondered what would have happened if he had been a Paedophile. Would he have touched me through the silky pink nylon, inappropriately? But he wasn't, he was a very kind man, and he left me alone. I don't know if he told my Mum, maybe not as I was not punished or spoken to. Perhaps my Mum had looked for the pink French knickers, not found them and sent Bernie to find me to confirm her suspicions that I was the secret knicker wearer? Unlikely but just maybe, nothing was ever said about it. It put me off going anywhere near my Mum's lingerie ever again.

I do remember when I was about 10 or 11 in my last year of primary school, some of the older girls in my year were being seen as more grown up and were allowed to wear stockings and suspenders for the first time just before we all went to secondary school. One playtime one of the girls in my class showed me her stocking tops and suspenders. Even then it was a thrill to see stocking tops. I don't think it would happen now. I ended up at a boys' secondary school, so no nylon fun there for many years.

A couple of years after leaving primary school, I overheard my Mum and my Aunt Lisa talking about these new tights that were coming in to replace stockings. This would probably have been the late 60's when shorter skirts were starting to make a major impact on hosiery. Tights were starting to be worn for everyday wear even by older women. Stockings and suspenders were consigned to Spick and Span magazine, a fetish item, which for me it was.

My Aunt Lisa gave my Mum some old clothing to take to the charity shop, these were just starting up then. I sneaked a peek in the bag, there were no stockings but there was a rather nice bluey green waist slip. I had a feel of the slip, probably remembering the blue slip of my Mum's I had worn some years earlier. I quickly shoved it back in the bag.

As I became a teenager my interest in nylon came back, not that I had any girlfriends at this time and no sisters.

I do remember my female cousins coming to stay when I was about 15, they would have been about 16. One morning I could hear Erica going past my bedroom and downstairs, as she walked downstairs I could hear the distinct sounds of her shiny nylon tights rubbing together. I liked that swoosh.





My Uncle Bernie had married a teacher called Jackie. My Aunt Jackie and Uncle Bernie came to stay with us in the early 70's. I walked past their bedroom when they were all out and could see her open suitcase on a chair. On the top of the suitcase were some brown tights. I couldn't resist picking them up, they felt soft and silky. I had to have them, so I sneaked them back to my room to try them on. My love of nylon came flooding back. I kept those tights for a while and often wondered if my Aunt Jackie missed them.

To my shame, I then stole a couple of pairs of tights from a local shop. They were on a low rack and I was able to shove them up and under my jacket when the shop keeper turned around to get down a sweet jar for me. No CCTV in those days, just dishonest children. I probably only did this a couple of times and realised I might get caught. By the time I was 18 I had a job and little of my own money so I could now buy my own tights and lingerie. My love of nylon was getting stronger.



I found a shop, some distance from my house, which I could cycle to in order to buy some lingerie of my own. It was far enough away that I would probably not be recognised by anyone. I remember buying a couple of little nylon waist slips, one in yellow and one in blue. I also bought some brown tights, like the ones I had lifted from my Auntie Jackie. Then I bought some little bikini knickers in pale lilac at Woolworths, who had some lovely nylon lingerie very cheap. I had not at this point got into bra's or suspender belts and stockings. As a growing lad I started to masturbate whilst wearing such pretty nylon lingerie. My sexual fetish for nylon was set.

I was never embarrassed at buying lingerie as I know some men can be and pretend it is for their wife or sister. A sale was a sale. I was only ever asked once who a slip was for, I can't remember what I said. I started to buying a few other items of lingerie. I kept them in an old black kit bag hidden at the back of a large cupboard in bedroom.



Disaster struck when I accidentally left my old kit bag open on my bed. My Mum had gone into my room, wondered why that was on the bed as we had not used the kit bag for years. Out tumbled all my pretty slips, panties, tights and may be even a bra. For the first time she confronted me about the lingerie but it must have confirmed her suspicions over the years. I was so embarrassed. I don't remember exactly what I said but I promised I would get rid of it. So it became my first lingerie purge, it wouldn't be the last.



I went to University in the mid 70's and my nylon desires were suppressed for a while I do remember one girlfriend had a lovely purple wool dress. I thought it would look nice with a purple slip which I could give her to as a birthday present.

I walked into the local town and found a large department store with a good lingerie section. In those days you could still buy lots of nice slips, full or half-slips in lots of different colours. I found a full slip in a burgundy colour, it was perfect.

I gave it to my girlfriend all wrapped up. She was a little surprised. I told her it was to wear under her purple dress. Well she did wear it one evening. I enjoyed taking off her dress and making love to her whilst she was still wearing the slip. it was the first time I had done that.

Sadly, she dumped me shortly afterwards but kept the slip.



The next year at Uni the Student Union organised a student ball when there would be a Rag Queen and Drag Queen. For some strange reason I decided to enter the Drag Queen competition. Some of my friends thought it was a great idea and rallied around and found some suitable clothes to wear. I can't remember exactly what they were but I think it did include some tights and a lovely slip. I must have looked terrible but everyone thought it was a great laugh. To my amazement I won. My prize was to travel on a float around the town the next day, all dressed up, with the newly elected Rag Queen. What a thrill that was. Sadly, I had to give the clothes back to the girls. Although I am very shy, quiet person (probably like a lot of cross-dressers) being on that float, parading around town in drag, awoke an exhibitionist streak in me. I think this is why I love showing photos of me in my feminine clothes today for sexual pleasure.



To my surprise someone, I never knew who, left a bag hanging on my door with a new pair of black tights a couple of days after my drag Queen ride. I didn't have any panties, slip or bra but just to wear the sheer tights was lovely.



A couple of months later I do remember seeing a lovely pair of pale blue French knickers on a drying rack in my shared kitchen in hall. It was shame no one had offered me those to wear with my drag Queen costume. I did have a sneaky feel but then left them alone. I didn't steal them as I realised everyone would think I was the knicker thief.



There was another girlfriend I had who lived in Newcastle. I gave her a cream full slip and some black nylon knickers which I had bought in Mark's and Spencer's. I never saw her wear them. She said her mother would think it weird if she put them in the washing basket as she never wore that sort of thing. She broke up with me and gave them back to me. So I wore them instead and started a new collection of lingerie in the early 80's.



I had a couple of girlfriends during my early 20's after I left Uni but they never came to anything. I was never tempted by the other side. A gay work colleague, did invite me for dinner and made a pass at me after we had eaten. I decided it was not for me, so I left. As I was leaving I did notice a pair of nylon panties in the top of a cardboard box in his flat. Oh the possibilities, what if I had ended dressed in the nylon panties and black stockings, being sucked off by my gay colleague. Perhaps he would have splattered his cum all over my sheer nylon clad legs. Although that is a sexy fantasy, my view has not changed since then. I have never wanted to engage in a gay relationship, dressed up in silky lingerie or not, particularly because I am still married.

The 1980's was a period when it was still easy to buy all sorts of slips and nice knickers. I started adding suspender belts and bras. Shops like Littlewoods, C&A, British Home Stores, Debenhams and Mark's and Spencer's were my favourites. By the end of the 1980's the choice of colours of slips in shops was starting to diminish as slips fell out of fashion for women.



By the mid 1980'S I was married to Sara and I still am. She is a lovely lady, still my best friend. I did tell her about my lingerie collection before we married, she wasn't too impressed so I promised to get rid of it. Hence my second lingerie purge. My wife did not have much pretty lingerie, although she did wear a nice pale green slip on our first date to the cinema. Instead of me buying lingerie for myself I started to buying it for her. This included her first suspender belt which I bought in Kendal for her and her first stockings. She wasn't sure about these but she did wear them and we did make love. Some slips followed, including a lovely white waist slip which showed her suspenders and stocking tops through.

It was from Mark's and Spencer's; it has a lovely swirling pattern through the lace that is distinctive of the 80's. Recently my wife threw the slip out, with some other even older slips and asked me to take it to rag bank. When I checked what was in the bag I suddenly remembered the slip and when I had bought it for her in about 1985. I just couldn't throw it away. I checked the size and it still fits me, so I kept it.



None of the other slips fitted so, regrettably, they had to go. There was one lovely black full slip I remember Sara wearing to her sister's wedding under a fairly sheer black dress. She hated the attention as I, and everyone else, could see her lacy edged black slip through the dress. I did try the black slip on but it would not fit me so it made the journey to the rag bank, I was sad but I do have her white waist slip still to play with.



She didn't often wear slips and stockings but I do remember one occasion we went to have dinner with my brother. She had got dressed whilst I was having a bath so I didn't know what lingerie she had put on. We sat on the sofa after dinner and I put my hand on her skirt. To my delight I felt her suspender strap and distinct feel of a sliding slip. That night was good when we got home but it was rarity.



There was one Christmas, not long after we were married, when my Mother in Law asked me if I could provide a present that could be to my wife from her Dad, Sara's grandad. I had been thinking about giving her some lingerie so I said yes. I wrapped some skimpy lacy red panties, bra and suspender belt in Christmas wrapping. In another parcel I wrapped a matching red waist slip and wrote on the label it was from Grandad. I gave it to my Mother in Law and she even paid for the slip.

When Sara opened the presents her face was as red as her new lingerie. Although I loved buying her lingerie I had made a mistake in under estimating how embarrassed she would be in front of her family. I think her Grandad didn't mind. However, she did wear the red lingerie several times.

An opportunity arose at work to play in a Red Nose charity netball match, the only catch was we all had to wear netball skirts, tops and whatever else spectators found entertaining.

I decided to give it a go. I borrowed the red lacy suspender belt my wife had been given for Christmas a few years before but decided I would buy a bra or camisole, a little waist slip and some stockings. I also borrowed a lovely cream pair of silky Charnos panties I had bought for my wife that I thought would probably fit me. I sneaked off to a department store, possibly Littlewoods, and purchased a cream slip, camisole and barely black stockings.

I tried the costume on at home to make sure it all fitted and then had to dress in the toilet at work on the allotted Red Nose day. I made sure that my lacy little cream slip was showing under my red netball skirt. I can't remember who won but we all went to the pub afterwards, still in costume. I loved it. When I left that job a few years later they gave me a pair of stockings as one of my leaving gifts. Somebody remembered seeing me in the little netball skirt, flashing my stockings and slip as I threw the ball.





That was the start of my current lingerie collection, about 25 years ago. It started small and I hid it from my wife but gradually I was wearing nylon lingerie more than my wife and I couldn't keep it hidden any more as it was getting bigger and it needed washing. I had to confess to her. She knew I had worn it before we were married but was not entirely happy. She didn't like to see me wearing silky slips and still doesn't. It could have been divorce, but it didn't lead to that. She accepts it is how I get my kicks from nylon and not from making love to her.

So I was able to keep my lingerie in a draw and not have to hide it. I was also able to wash my lingerie and put it through the tumble drier but I couldn't put it out to dry because of our children. As the years have gone by I have gradually bought more silky slips and other lingerie to build up my collection.



By the late 90's it was hard to find nice slips in major retail stores as fashion was changing and women were not wearing slips any more. However, I discovered lots still available in charity shops, or thrift shops as the American's call them. I also sometimes found some nice stockings as well, still in the original packaging and only about £1 or even 50p. really good value.



I did also find lots of nice slips in the charity shops, they were much cheaper than new ones from stores. Wearing them was a little difficult to arrange so I started to wear slips, panties, stockings and even bra's to work under my suit. I often used to have a quick wank in the staff toilet. By the late 2000's I had a mobile phone which had a camera and I could take photos of myself in my pretty slips and stockings.



I often wore a dark shirt for work but occasionally I wore a white shirt which you could see my lacy slip and bra through. I would wear a jacket over this so you would have to be pretty eagle eyed to spot the lace through the gap. I got braver and stopped wearing socks. As I sat in a meeting, or even at my desk, my trouser leg may have ridden up slightly and revealed my black nylon covered legs. Would anyone wonder if I was wearing strange sheer socks. I often thought that I was almost certainly wearing the prettiest lingerie and hosiery in the office that day. It was exciting to take the risk of someone asking me what I was wearing. If anyone in my office did notice they were too polite to say anything.




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By the mid 2000's it was getting harder to find slips and panties in charity shops. Slips which had gone out fashion by the late 90's may have languished at the bottom of women's draws for a few years were gradually cast out to the charity shops. Then that supply became exhausted. There were no more slips to clear out. There seemed to be about a 5-year gap, maybe even less, between something going out of fashion and then disappearing from charity shops as well.

In 2004 I discovered Ebay was a good source for buying and selling slips online, without having to scour shops for a dwindling supply of the classic vintage lingerie I grew up with. I chose my name as Software04 as the year I started and the double meaning of software, as I was in IT at the time. I did for a while sell some slips as well but finding time to take photos was difficult. I also wanted to show the slips being worn but didn't want to be too obvious that I was male and put off potential customers, even although I suspect almost all the buyers are cross dressers like me. I have bought hundreds of slips, panties, bra's, suspenders and stockings from Ebay over the last 12 years. I don't know where sellers get them from now, it can't all be from their own private collections. I suppose I could go back to selling some of my slips, I have so many now, I don't even know how many, must be well over 100.



Today I still love buying pretty lingerie on Ebay, especially pretty bra and panty sets, not so may slips although there are still lots still for sale.



In the last 6 years I have started buying skirts, blouses and heels from Ebay as well. This was triggered when I joined Flickr in about 2005 about a year after Ebay. I just watched other users post photos of lovely slips for several years then in about 2010 I started to take my own photos and posting them. Phones on mobiles had got better and it was easy to take and post photos directly from my phone., especially at work.



This was my first ever picture on Flickr, posted on October 23rd 2007. It was not very revealing but is a close up of short black waist slip with a lovely split to reveal a lacy stocking top and suspender strap. Sexy, but discrete. I started posting photos more regularly in 2011, just lingerie and stockings at first as I was mostly restricted to taking the photos in the toilet at work.



I bought my first shoes from Tesco's supermarket in about 2010. I made sure it was quiet, slipped off my shoes and slipped on a lovely pair of brown leather heels. Of course I was wearing stockings as I wanted to see whether they would slide over my thin nylon hosiery. They did, I bought them and still love wearing them today. I love how they make my legs, dressed in stockings, look so femme. Even better when there is a lovely lacy slip at the top of the legs to caress the silky nylon stockings.



I have never wanted to meet up with anyone I have talked to on Flickr. I love showing off my lingerie and even sometimes my cock as well but I have never found any appeal in what would be a gay affair. However, it has been interesting talking to other cross dressers and finding out their stories. In 2012 I lost my job and started up as a freelance. This has meant more time on my hands and allowed me to start explore more options.

I started to write and illustrate some photo stories. Flickr is not the place for these so I published in PDF on my web site. I really enjoyed this but it was time consuming. I wanted to add some different characters and this need some dresses and skirts. I also bought my first high heeled boots.

I just love how they feel to wear, I feel powerful in them in the reaction I can get out of men and I love how they look with stockings, especially black sheer stockings.



I gradually bought more top clothes. I found supermarkets like Tesco and Sainsbury have things I like at a reasonable price. It is easy to hide a skirt or a top in the trolley when you have a hand scanner to register all your shopping as it does not have to go on the conveyor belt, unless you get a rescan.



I love wearing all my lovely dresses and skirts but they are only an excuse to show my pretty feminine lingerie underneath as I strip off or to give an “accidental” flash view up my skirt. Half of my wardrobe space is dresses, skirts and tops, much to the annoyance of my wife. But now if I want to get anything new I have to get rid of something.



I do sometimes pop into a charity shop and buy something, like this lovely skirt with a black lacy hem. It didn't fit me very well so it had to go back in the charity shop pile. What I found strange about this skirt is that if you want to flash a lovely bit of lace under a skirt why not do it with a lovely silky slip with a pretty lacy hem? Oh well, I must just be old fashioned.



I do also sometimes find a few retail stores with some nice silky lingerie. This silky slip came from Mark's and Spencer's in autumn 2015. It was sold as a cami top but is long enough to be a slip and looks great with tights. I don't often wear tights as I usually wear stockings but a change is sometimes nice. This is what I am wearing as I write this story. Matalan also sometimes still have some nice silky slips and panties.



I recently bought a lovely set from Matalan in Worksop. This consisted of a matching pink bra and panties, sheer black hold ups, a silky white half-slip and a short red summer dress. I think the total was under £30. The sales assistant didn't bat an eye and even managed to persuade me to take a store card in case I wanted to call again. As you can see I enjoyed my new outfit.



Photo stories for the lovers of vintage lingerie by Andrea Slip

In 2016 I had to move my web site so it forced me to give it a new look. I currently have 45 photos stories published, heading for 50. I suspect that 50 might be my limit as I am finding it more difficult to come up with ideas. A lot of my stories are the same but I do like to try and give a little twist to the stories. My feedback comments have all been so nice. It is not to everyone's taste but there are some people out there who like cross dressing and get the same sexual thrill as me from wearing vintage silky lingerie. So long as children do not access the images I can't see that it does any harm. I hope you, dear reader, are one of those who enjoy my stories and postings on Flickr. If you do have some ideas for a story do fill in my contact form.

The End

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