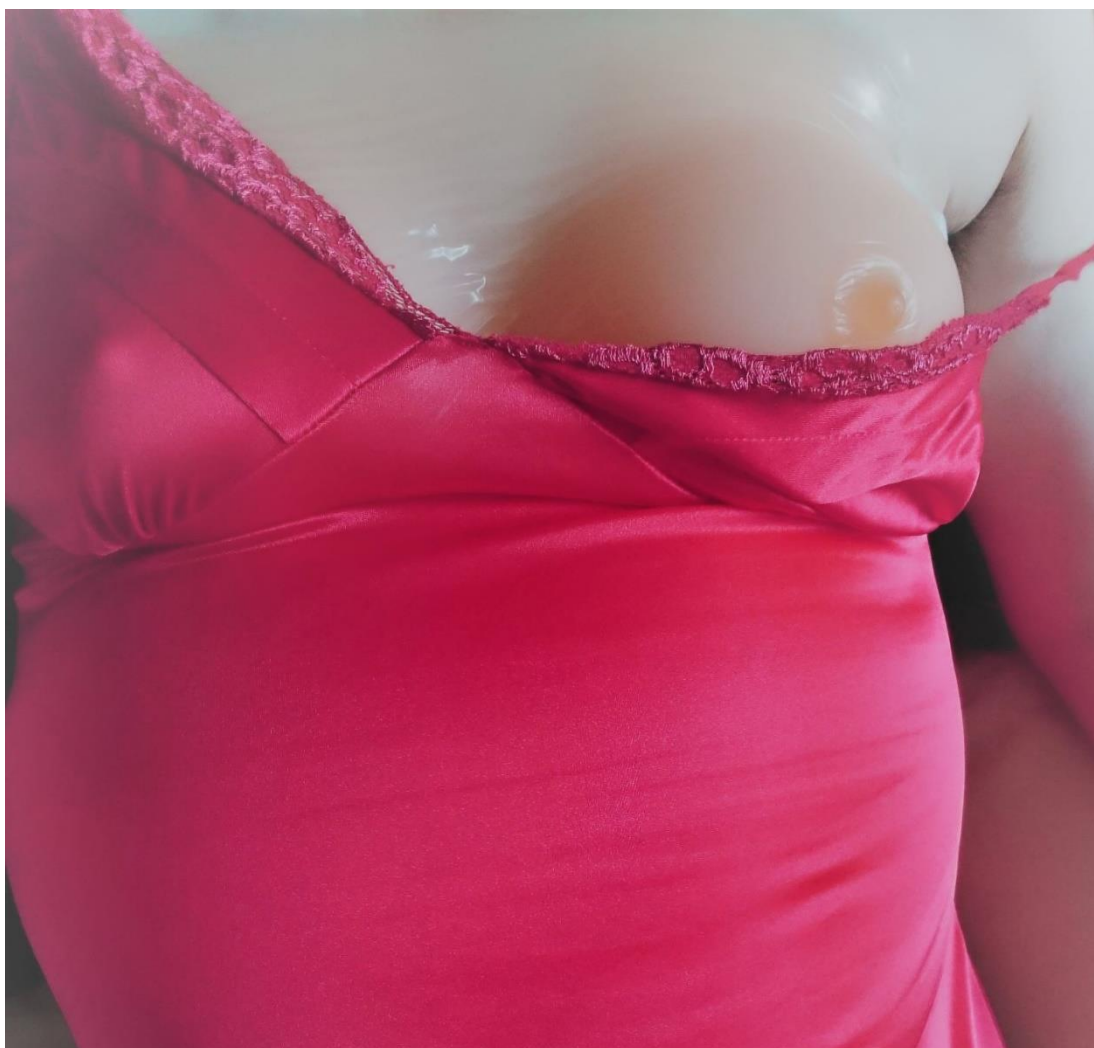


Walk in the Woods

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Andrea is going away on holiday to Norfolk with her husband, Charles. They stop for lunch at Ickworth House, in Suffolk. As they walk through the woods, Andrea's brown slip creates static when it rubs against her nylon hosiery. She has to stop and sort it by lifting her skirt. Charles gets an instant hard on as he helps free her slip. Little does Charles know what silky lingerie Andrea has packed in the suitcase, for him.



I didn't hear Charles get up, he often got earlier than me to put the kettle on. He woke me with a mug of coffee. I sat up in bed and took the mug from him. My hands were cold, so I held the mug with both hands to get some warmth in them.

"Oh, thank you, Charles" I said.

"Lots to do before we go away," he said as he sat down on my side of the bed.

My nightie had slipped slightly revealing quite a lot of my left breast. As I had both my hands on the coffee mug, I couldn't adjust the strap easily. Charles lent over and eased the silky red nylon back over my breasts but copped a feel of my tits through the silky nylon at the same time.

"Hey, enough of that. I have got to go work this morning whilst you pack the car. I just need to pop my make-up and wash bag in my Kath Kidston holdall then everything will be ready to go. The big suitcase is at the foot of the bed, I packed most of it last night. Now off you go and make breakfast while I have a shower. I will be ready in about 20 minutes."



I work part time, mornings only, as a Special Needs teacher in a large girls' secondary school. Charles and I were going to Norfolk for the autumn half term holiday. The complication was that the change-over day for the cottage we were renting was Friday, not Saturday. The plan was that I would do a normal morning at school. Charles, who had taken the whole day off, would pack the car and then come and pick me up from school when I finished work at lunch time. We would then drive to Norfolk. We planned to stop for a late lunch at a lovely National Trust house called Ickworth, near Bury St Edmunds in Suffolk.

I took a few sips of my coffee, it was too hot to finish, and got out of bed. I didn't want to wash my hair so I was able to whizz through my shower, moisturising and brush my hair in 15 minutes, which must have been a record. I popped my phone charger, make-up and wash bag in my holdall and opened the big suitcase on the bed to put in a clean nightie.

I started to think about what I would wear to work that would then be also be suitable to take away on holiday. I usually wore flat shoes, black trousers and a plain blouse for work, like most of the female staff, but decided I would wear a skirt and boots today. I got out of the wardrobe a brown skirt, green blouse and some long brown leather boots with high heels. As I was looking through my underwear draw I thought it might be a nice treat for Charles if I wore some nice silky undies and sheer hosiery instead of my usual plain white cotton knickers and opaque black socks or thick tights.

I sometimes wore a slip with the brown skirt as it was unlined. I hunted through my lingerie draw until I found a nice black half-slip with a very frilly edge and lovely split. Charles loves seeing, and feeling me, in black lingerie, he would get his treat when we got to the holiday cottage. I found some matching black panties, bra, suspender belt and stockings and put them on the bed.

When I checked the black slip against the skirt, it was too long. I tossed it on the bed with the other black lingerie. Then I remember that I had an old brown half-slip that would go well with the skirt and boots. I found it at the bottom of the draw. It was a little bit frayed, but it was be the perfect length and colour for the skirt.





I looked through the draw and found some matching brown lingerie; a new sheer lacy brown bra, brown French knickers and a brown and cream lace suspender belt. The first stockings I had picked were sheer black with a seam, nice for me and Charles but maybe not for work. Then I found some brown stockings with a wide lacy band and no seam. So long as the lacy tops didn't show under my skirt they would look like tights, which was fine for work.

I stepped in into the brown, silky French knickers, perfect for having some fun with Charles when we got to the cottage in Norfolk. He just loves fucking me with all my lingerie on. If my teasing goes to plan, Charles will want to rip my skirt and blouse off as soon as we get through the door. I attached the lacy suspender belt and drew my stockings up my legs. I should have given them a shave as I was wearing sheer stockings, but I didn't have time for that this morning. Everyone will have to look at my hairy legs.

I attached the bra at the front, span it round and pulled the lacy cups over my tits.



As I dressed I could as I could smell bacon and eggs wafting up from downstairs.

"I will be down in a minute darling," I shouted down stairs. "OK, love, nearly ready," replied Charles.

It was rare that I wore a skirt to work, even rarer that I wore stockings and a slip. I wondered if the kids would notice, probably not. Most of my students were in their own little world. Charles was sure to notice though that I was not in my usual work wear, but not what lay beneath. He would love seeing my boobs through the new sheer lacy bra.



As I slid the silky brown slip up over my stockings and French knickers a naughty thought entered my head about finding out just how much did Charles like silky underwear? I imagined Charles wearing black French knickers and black stockings staring down at the silky slip lying on the bed. He would be anticipating sliding the silky slip over his nylon stockings and knickers. The slip might be a bit tight on him, would he be able to pull it over the big bulge in his Frenchies? Perhaps I would find out this holiday



Instead of putting the black lingerie back in my draw I made some space in the big suitcase and squeezed the lingerie in. There was still some space so I threw a few other items in as well. I shut the suitcase and strapped it up.



I stepped into my brown skirt and dropped my green top over my head. On with my brown fur lined boots.



I sometimes had trouble zipping up these boots up and had to find a big paper clip to help me get hold of the zipper.



I did a quick check that my suspenders were clipped tightly to my stocking tops. I didn't want my stockings falling down in the classroom at school.



“You took your time, darling” said Charles, with his back to me as I sat down at the kitchen table, “Your eggs might be a bit cold.” He dished up the bacon and eggs onto a plate. “Good job I warmed the plates, eh?”

I looked at the clock and saw that I was running nearly 10 minutes late.

“Oh god, look at the time. Charles could you be a sweetie and drop me at school this morning as you are here?” Normally Charles would have gone to work in the car by this time and I would walk to school. The walk was 20 minutes but by car it only took about 7 or 8 minutes.

“Ok. My, you are looking smart today, darling, meeting someone special,” asked Charles glancing at my skirt, blouse and leather boots?



"Only you at 12.30 by the main gate." I managed to eat my bacon and eggs quickly and was ready to go in 5 minutes. It was a bit chilly that October morning, so I put on my long coat to keep warm and to hide my sheer nylon legs from Charles's roving hands. He has a habit of playing with my skirt and hosiery when we are driving. If he realised I was wearing a slip and stockings to work, not my usual tights or socks, he might crash the car.



Charles dropped me at school promising he would load all the suitcases and bags carefully. He would be back at 12.30pm to pick me up, ready to go straight off on our holiday.

The morning went quickly with the kids, as it usually did. I was wrong about none of them noticing about my change of dress code.

"You look nice Miss," said Alicia, a very small girl in Year 10. She was the first student to arrive and was sitting at the front table. "You should wear a skirt more often. I love your brown leather boots. My Mum won't let me wear high heels yet. She said I must wait until I am 16. I am going to ask her to get me some like yours for my 16th birthday present."

"Oh, thank you, Alicia, that would be a nice present" I said as I turned away.

"I can see some lace peeping out from the back of your skirt. Is that a petticoat, Miss? Mum doesn't wear them but my granny does. She gave me a nice white half-slip, with a lacy hem, to wear under my sheer white skirt. I know it's old fashioned, but I think they look pretty."

I might have to revise my opinion of Alicia, she is more articulate and perceptive than her test scores showed. That was the end of the conversation as some of the other girls came into the classroom.

I rushed out of school at 12.30, just after the bell went and met Charles by the main gate. It had warmed up by then, so I put my handbag, school bag and coat on the back seat. I got into the front seat, "Let's go Tonto," I said to Charles as I gave him a peck on the cheek.

"Yes, Mam," said Charles.



The sat nav said we would get to Ickworth at about 2pm, depending on traffic. It was quite warm in the car and I must have dosed off. My skirt had rucked up as I sat in the front seat. The lacy hem of my brown half-slip was peeping out from under my skirt. I was woken up by Charles's hand playing with my slip, rubbing it over my sheer stockings. Although it was nice a feeling I patted his hand away. "Concentrate on your driving, Chauffeur, not my underwear," I said.

"Ohhh, that felt nice," he said putting his left hand back on the steering wheel. I didn't know you were wearing a slip to work today, you don't usually and sheer brown **tights**."

I knew what he was hinting at. He had emphasised the word **tights** as a challenge. Charles had realised that my hosiery was sheer brown nylon as soon as I had sat down in the front passenger seat, a view that had been obscured by my coat on the way to work. Not only was he feeling up my brown slip when it had started peeping out but also trying to work out if I was wearing hold up stockings or possibly even stockings and suspenders. Fortunately, I had swatted his hand in time before he found out. I just smiled at him and said, "Eyes on the road." My secret was safe, for a while.



Traffic was a little slow, so we didn't get to Ickworth until about 2.30pm. Charles and I went straight to the restaurant as we were both starving. Fortunately, it was still serving hot food although we only had a sandwich and a cold drink. It was surprising busy, so we ate in the Orangery, an overspill area next to the restaurant. I made sure that my skirt stayed down as we ate lunch. This didn't stop Charles glancing at my nylon clad legs from time to time.

As soon as we had finished lunch we did a tour of the house. We had been there before some years before, but I didn't remember much about it except the very distinct rotunda in the centre of the house and long curving wings which had curved floor boards. Like many National Trust houses it is very grand and very impressive with the furniture and paintings.

It was a lovely warm autumn day, so we decided we would have a walk round the gardens, although much of the garden was wooded, so it was more like a walk in the woods. I didn't need my coat, I had left it in the car.



As we were walking through the woods I realised that although some of my newer half-slips were anti-static the one I was wearing was quite old. It was generating static against my stockings, making it twist round my legs. Bother, it was making walking difficult. I was going to have to do something. I waited until we were deeper in the woods, some distance from the house. Although the restaurant had been busy it was very quiet out in the woods.

“My slip is twisting round my legs. I am going to have to adjust it. Should have worn my short white anti-static slip, the black one was too long,” I said to Charles, who was now paying close attention. I lifted my skirt to reveal the white lacy hem of my brown slip.



"Here, let me help," said Charles, ever the gentlemen. "There is no one around to see your pretty slip, except me," he said with a leer. I knew what he was going to do, and I let him do it, why?

As I held up my skirt he pulled the slip from its twists around my legs and up enough to reveal my lacy stocking tops, suspenders and even my lace edged French knickers.

"Aha," he said, "just as I suspected, you were wearing stockings and suspenders today to work, not tights. Very nice and sexy. I hope you didn't give an accidental flash to that young PE teacher you like?"



He smoothed my slip down over my stockings but took his time, enjoying the feel of the silky nylon slip over the sheer stockings. I knew why I had let him adjust my slip, it was because I enjoyed the attention and the look of delight on his face when he discovered that I was wearing stockings and suspenders, not tights. At least he didn't try to touch my pussy through the nylon French knickers, that would have been a step too far in public.

"No, I didn't flash my stockings and slip to Mark at school, I didn't see him, or any of the other staff" I said as I dropped my skirt back in place. I did wonder though if Alicia, the year 9 student, had spotted I was wearing stockings. "Lucky there is no one else around here getting a free show, just you." I gave Charles a kiss, took his arm, and we started walking back to the car. It was another 90-minute drive to the holiday cottage on the North Norfolk coast at Holt.



We picked up the keys from a key box outside the cottage and opened the front door. As soon as we were through the front door and into the living room Charles said, "So off with that skirt and top. I have had a raging hard on since Ickworth." We hadn't even unpacked the car yet.

I unzipped my skirt and belt and let it fall down over my boots. I lifted my green blouse up over my bra. "Like this, Charles?"

"Oh my god," said Charles unzipping his trousers. "I can see your tits through your bra, is it new?"

"I thought you would like it," I said as I shucked off my blouse and skirt.



“Do you want me to keep my lingerie on?” Silly question really as I knew what he wanted.

Charles had taken off his shirt, trousers and shoes. He knelt before me and worshipped my silky brown lingerie by running his hands all over my slip and stockings. Then he started kissing my boobs through the sheer bra. There was a big bulge, and a huge wet patch in his underpants. I pulled them down and his stiff cock popped out, it was dripping pre-cum. Charles leant forward and rubbed his cock over my sheer stockings, leaving a sticky trail, and over my silky brown slip. With his hands he massaged my tits encased in my lacy, sheer bra. I shuffled forward and pulled my slip up. Charles knelt again and lifted the leg of my French knickers and rammed his stiffie into my dripping, moist cunt. Oh, the pleasure of wearing loosed legged nylon panties, perfect for front loading.



After we had finished Charles got dressed and unpacked the car. "I need some clean underwear," he said. We both needed clean underwear, my French knickers, slip and stocking tops were drenched with sweat and cum juices. He put the big suitcase on the bed and undid the straps. As he started to unpack the suitcase he called to me in the living room," Andrea, I cannot find any of my clean underpants, I am sure I gave you at least 8 pairs to pack. All I can find is your frilly lingerie and stockings, lots of it. What's going on?"

I got up off the sofa and walked into the bedroom. Charles was very carefully holding up a pair of black French knickers and a black lacy bra. Other lingerie was spilling out of the suitcase.

"Darling, you know how much you love the look and feel of me in my nylon lingerie?"

"Hmm," he grunted, he knew where this was going.

"Well, I thought it was time this week, with just the two of us, to see what it would be like for you to try wearing some of my lingerie. I know how much you love it, especially, silky, black, lingerie"

"No way," he said, dropping the knickers and bra.



It was easier than I expected. His resistance was futile. An hour later Charles was dressed in my black slip, bra, French knickers, stockings, suspenders and even heels whilst I was in the kitchen making dinner.

I came back into the bedroom to see how he was getting on in his pretty lingerie. I could see it was having the desired effect as there was a bulge in his black slip and even maybe the hint of a wet spot.



I had changed too after the mess in my brown French knickers. I had put on some beige knickers, black stockings and a beige full slip.



“Excellent, Charles, prove to me you are wearing the black French knickers I brought just for you.” Charles lifted the slip carefully. “I can’t call you Charles now, when you are looking so femme. I shall call you Charlene. Very good, Charlene, I can see you are enjoying wearing the silky black French knickers as much as the slip. You need to adjust your stockings darling. Adjust the straps, there’s a good girl.” The bulge in his French knickers was just as I had imagined that morning at home.



Charlene looked at me quizzically as I used her new femme name but did as she was told and lifted her slip. She adjusted her suspender strap as she had seen me do many times when I had wanted to tease my husband. The tables were turned now. I could feel my clean panties getting juiced up. "So that's what it looks like," I said, "very sexy."



I could see the unladylike bulge in his panties. Charlene dropped the slip back down. I leant forward and started to wank her bulge through two layers of nylon. "Is that nice, Charlene?" I asked as I rubbed the nylon slowly over her cockette. There was a damp spot on the slip. I wondered if she had already been indulging in a little nylon play on her own before I came into the bedroom.

She tipped her head back and started to make strange noises, "aghhhhh...."



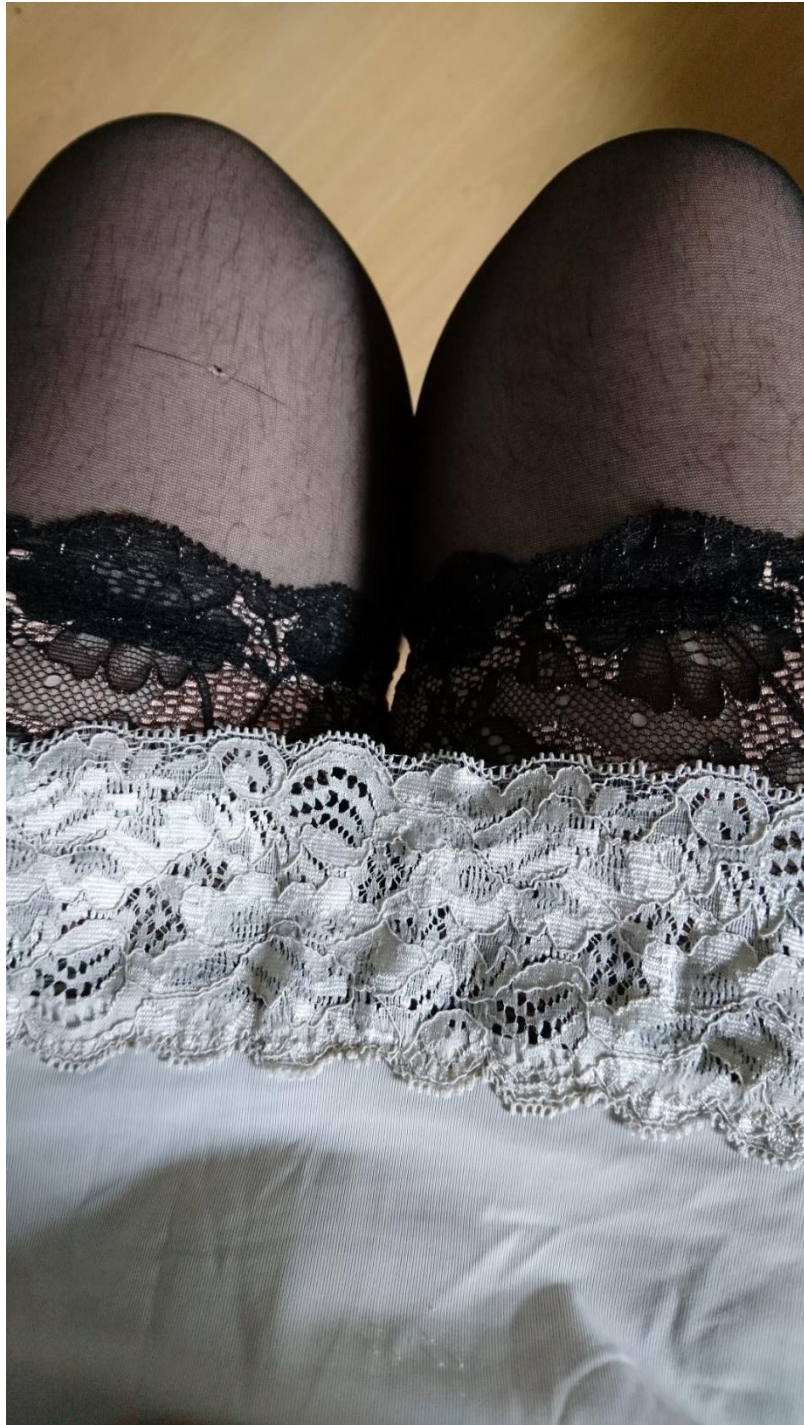
I pulled the black slip right down over Charlene's French knickers and stockings until it caught on her lower legs. .



Then I eased the French knickers down as well and knelt on the floor in front of her



Chalene's dripping cockette popped out, framed by a lacy suspender belt and taught black stockings. I gently took the stiff protuberance in my mouth and ran my hands up and down her silky stockings. Charlene put her hands on my head and pulled me closer.



She was so hot and dripping in my mouth, then suddenly spurting. Finally, I let go of her cockette as Charlene spurted strings of cum over my slip and stockings.



“And to think you didn’t want to wear my black knickers an hour ago, Charlene. Silly girl. Are you glad you changed your mind?”

“Ahhhhh...,” mumbled Charlene, as cum dripped from her cockette onto her sheer black stockings.

“We are going to have such fun this week, my dear. I brought lots of lingerie but we can go shopping in Norwich for a dress. Maybe a black dress that you can wear with your black lingerie. It will have to be quite short so that we see your sexy legs in sheer black nylon stockings and a peep of your lacy black slip. A peeping slip gets you noticed, Charlene, as I found out this morning. Won’t that be fun?”

The End

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Author’s note:

This is based on a true story. My wife did wear a skirt, boots and nylon hosiery some years ago when we visited Ickworth. She did complain about the static causing her slip to ruck up as it rubbed against her tights whilst we were walking round the garden. She lifted her skirt and adjust her silky black slip, the very slip shown in the pictures above. I was the only person he saw her pretty slip exposed. I was reminded of this story when we went back to Ickworth this summer. I remembered the incident but my wife did not.

