

# Clinic



A photo story by Andrea Slip

*Andrea Slip is heading to the surgery for a blood test with the nurse. As it is not a full examination Andrea decides to wear her usually stockings and pretty lingerie. Oh what a mistake, or was it as Andrea had a surprise when she met the nurse at her diabetes clinic?*



It was only a fasting blood test as a follow up to my diagnosis of diabetes, so it didn't matter too much what I wore today for my visit to see the practice nurse.



So I picked out some nice underwear, well lingerie, in fact, silky lingerie; panties, bra, a lacy suspender belt, all matching in creamy nylon. Of course I always wear nylon stockings and a silky slip, I should have known it was a mistake.



I pulled on my beige slip, it has a lovey walking split with lace up and down the split. As I sat down on the bed the split opened to reveal my stocking tops. I love seeing the lacy hem of a slip against sheer nylons, but why did I have to do it today?



I looked in the mirror and liked what I could see, a middle aged man enjoying wearing his pretty lingerie. The half-slip split so that I could see right up to my nylon panties. What was wrong with that, men aren't supposed to wear pretty lingerie and stockings, women can wear what the heck they like with regards to underwear. So I had to cover it all up with drab male clothes and shoes to visit the clinic for my blood test, I would much rather wear some heels, so much sexier. Little did I know that shortly I would be wearing some sexy heels, but not my own.

My name came up on the board and I walked towards room 3, where the practice nurse ran her diabetes clinic at my local GP surgery. The nurse opened the door to room and peered down the corridor.

“Come in Mr Smith,” said the nurse smiling. Why is it that health professionals never say ‘How are you?’ I suppose most patients are not well and that is why they are there so it is a bit of a redundant question. I felt fine, it was only a routine blood test after all.

The nurse wasn’t wearing a nurse’s uniform, as they do in a hospital but a rather elegant black dress, black tights, heels and a coloured scarf to liven up the black. Just like I sometimes wear, a LBD if you like, and I do like, very much. I began to wonder if those really were tights she was wearing as they looked very sheer and shiny, high quality. She turned away from the door and went towards her chair.

“Shut the door behind you please Mr Smith.”

The door seemed to click as I pulled it to a close.





As she turned away my heart jumped as I could see she was wearing seams, they had to be stockings and probably RHT's. My heart jumped again as I thought that I got a flash of a lacy hem of a pink petticoat peeping out from under the hem of her long black dress. I could feel stirrings in my nylon panties. Not now, please not now.



I sat down on the chair in front of the nurse. Would she notice I was wearing stockings as well?





“OK, blood first, Mr Smith, which arm?”

I lifted up my left arm. What did she mean blood first? That was all I was having done, wasn't I? I began to feel nervous and wondered if perhaps this was the wrong day to visit the surgery dressed in pretty lingerie. As the needle went into the inside of my left elbow I looked down and realised with horror that the ankle cuff of my jogging bottoms had ridden up to expose my nylon clad ankles.

“I thought I was only having a blood test today,” I managed to stammer as the nurse pressed some cotton wool into the puncture wound left by the three needles for the blood samples.



“Oh, did the Doctor not tell you? Since you have had your diagnosis for diabetes I need to do a full check-up. Blood pressure next.”

The colour must have drained out of my face because she said my blood pressure was a little low. “We will do it again a bit later,” she said. ‘ Later, after what,” I thought?



“Right, shoes and socks off then.”

“Err what,” I said?

“I need to check the circulation in your feet. Are those nylon pop socks you are wearing? They are quite thin, you could leave them on if you like?”

“Yes,” I said feeling my face go red and my blood pressure go up, “if I could leave them on please,”

“Don’t worry, I know lots of men like to wear nylon, as I do actually. Put your feet on my chair so that I can examine them and test whether the diabetes is affecting your extremities.”

I took my shoes off and exposed my nylon clad feet. She smiled, but an even bigger smile than when she had greeted me at the door.



The nurse swung round slightly to stand up and she did so her black dress rode up a little, exposing her slip even more. It had a very pretty lacy hem and seemed to be a pale pink.



I put my nylon clad feet on her chair as she stood beside me and prodded my feet with a pencil checking the sensitivity of my feet and blood circulation. I was feeling very sensitive and my heart was pumping. It was very sensual having someone feel your nylon clad feet.

“Oh, you have a little run in your left sock, you might need a new pair. That’s the problem with wearing thin nylon hosiery, don’t you think? Your feet are fine but we need to keep an eye on them. You can put your feet down now. “

“I need to check your erectile function now with an examination, so take your trousers off, please.”

“What?”

“Trousers off please Mr Smith, now.”

“But.....I .....

She looked at me over the top of her glasses and raised one eye brow. How do women do that, give you the look that brooks no argument?

Nervously I slid my jogging bottoms down and put them on the chair. My slip and stockings were now in full view of the nurse.

“I thought so, those aren’t ‘pop socks’ are they Mr Smith? Full nylon stockings, with suspenders and a very pretty slip. I love the lacy split. It shows your stocking tops and suspender belt so nicely. I can spot a cross dresser a mile away. Don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone, believe me”





“Perhaps this test would be better if you took off your t-shirt and slipped into some heels, don’t you think? I have a spare pair here, I think they will probably fit you, we can always adjust the back strap if we need to.”

I could only nod as I looked at the gorgeous brown heels, I slipped one on and loved how my nylon clad toe peeped out of the front of the shoe. The strap was actually a little loose.



“Here let me tighten these up, you must have smaller feet than me,” she said.

The nurse bobbed down in front of me to tighten the heel strap. I got a lovely view up her skirt. Yes, yes, yes, she was wearing nylon panties and stockings.





I took off my t-shirt, there didn't seem much point in hiding the rest of my lingerie.

"Oh a nice bra as well, lovely, I like your bravery in wearing the full lingerie outfit to come to the surgery today, very brave," she said as she straightened up and pulling her black dress down again as she sat back down in her chair. She seemed to take a long time looking up down my lingerie clad body, from my heels, up my stockings, the bulge in my panties, over my slip and up to my lacy bra.



The nurse reached down to a bottom draw to retrieve something. I couldn't quite see but I could see up her dress. I could see her stocking tops again. Was she doing this deliberately to push my blood pressure up?



I stood up in the heels, they felt lovely to wear but what was this erectile function test going to be?



“Lift your slip, I want to see if wearing silky lingerie has an effect on your circulation to your penis.

I lifted my slip so that she could see the growing bulge in my panties.

“I can see the outline of your cock... I mean your penis in your panties. Is that as stiff it goes, is that full erectile function, Mr Smith?”



“Well I guess I could make it stiffer if I rub it.”

“Go ahead, Mr Smith.”

“You mean, you want me to masturbate in my panties, in front of you?”

“Well yes, it is called an erectile function test. Johnson and Masters researched this in the 1950’s, it is a perfectly normal body function and we need to check that your diabetes is not affecting the circulation to all your extremities. Go ahead.”

So I slid my hand into my panties and started to wank, in front of the nurse.



As I looked down at the nurse sitting in her chair her dress and slip rode up, her legs parted and she slipped her hand into her own panties. The lacy hem of her slip spread out underneath her. What a sight, it only encouraged me to wank even harder.



“It has got very hot in here, do you mind if I take my dress of as well? I know that answer to that as you have been trying to look up my skirt at my pretty slip and hosiery since you came in Mr Smith.”

She stood up and removed her black drees to reveal a see through half -slip and a matching pink camisole.



“And I bet you have been trying to guess whether I am wearing sheer black tights or RHT stockings,” said the nurse looking me in the eye as she pulled her slip tight to reveal her suspender straps and stocking tops through the thin pink nylon slip.

“And now you know I love wearing stockings and slips, just like you,” she said as she grabbed her slip.





“Errrrr. Well yes,” I spluttered as I continued my wank.



As the nurse slid her silky slip down a very pretty pair of pink panties and suspender belt came into view. There was a rather large bulge in the pink panties that you would not expect a lady to have. I should have seen the signs, especially when she tightened up the straps of the brown heels on my feet and when she grabbed at her slip just a moment ago.



The nurse turned to put her slip on her desk. I revelled in seeing her lacy panties, the seams of her black stockings, her pink suspender belt and her lovely pink camisole.



“Now for your erectile function test Mr Smith.”

She leant forward, lifted my slip and yanked my panties down, I pulled my slip up higher.

The nurse put a firm hand on my cock. “Much better,” she said as she wanked my cock. I was close to cumming now. “Now that is a full erection.”



The nurse reached behind her and picked up her slip. She slid her pretty pink panties down to her stocking tops. A small cock popped into view. As she started to masturbate herself with the slip she leant forward and took my cock in her mouth.

“Aggh.” It only took a few sucks of her soft warm mouth to tip me over the edge to make me cum.



My cock plopped out of her moth, she collapsed back in her chair, dropped her slip and started spurting her own seed all over her panties and stocking tops.

After some heavy breaths she said, " Well that is all working correctly Mr Smith, let's do that blood test now."

The End

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