

The Bank



*Alan enjoys dressing in his new beige waist slip for work but any pleasure will have to be deferred.
How it is achieved is something of a surprise to Alan as he has to take some cheques to the Bank*

Alan was dressing for work. He had decided to wear a white lace dress with some beige lingerie and brown stockings. Software04, the firm he works for has a rather unusual [dress code](#) that celebrates vintage lingerie and requires **all** employees to adopt a feminine way of dressing, without discrimination.

Alan had already got his silky beige nylon bra on. He pulled on his silky beige French knickers over his dark brown suspender belt and brown sheer stockings. He was so glad that he was able to dress this way as he got rather excited wearing silky feminine slips, panties and stockings. Provided he could get his work done he loved having the freedom to dress this way at both home and at work.





Alan had a new beige waist slip he wanted to wear today. It was so silky, had lots of lace and most important of all a lovely split which was also lace edged. It would look perfect with his front opening white dress.



He picked up the half-slip, stepped into it and slowly pulled the slip up over his nylon clad legs, revelling in the feeling of the thin silky slip slide over his nylon stockings. He could begin to feel his excitement rising but he didn't have time for a wank, he had to get to work.



When he had pulled the slip up to his waist he adjusted the split round to the front and made sure that his suspender tabs were tight on his stockings. He buttoned up his white broderie anglaise dress but left a couple of buttons undone at the bottom.



He looked in the bedroom mirror, front and back. As he looked over his shoulder he could see the slip was a little too long and was showing at the back. "Oh well, whatever," he thought. "Maybe not be a bad thing if Sophie or Alison, his colleagues, see his new slip!"



Alison, his colleague and boss, was also dressing at that same moment. As the instigator of the office [dress code](#) she felt obliged to dress in vintage lingerie as well. Today she was wearing pink French knickers, a lacy pink and white bra, pink suspenders and brown sheer stockings. Alison put on a pink half-slip and then finished dressing in a pink skirt with black Dalmatian blobs and a semi sheer pink blouse.



Alison pulled up her skirt and slip to make a final adjustment to her stocking tops. As she did this she glanced in the wardrobe mirror and realised that her stockings tops, suspender strap, lacy slip and even her lacy French knickers were all on view and would be enough to make a nylon fetishist or cross-dresser cum on the spot. Is that not right dear readers?



Alan sat at his computer in the office working on the next advert for a new publication. He looked down and loved his choice of split slip under the white dress. The split in the lacy slip framed perfectly his stocking tops and just looked so pretty and feminine. He was starting to get hard again but could hear Alison approaching so he had no time to slip his hand under the skirt and slip to feel the protuberance in his panties.



As Alison approached Alan swung his swivel chair round to greet her, "Good morning Alison."

Alison said, "And good morning to you." She looked down at Alan's nylon clad legs and the little bit of slip peeping out from under Alan's white dress. "Oh, nice slip is that new, I don't think I have seen you wearing it before? It goes nicely with your sling back heels. Stockings today I see as well, so much nicer than tights."

Alan couldn't help smiling.



“Alan, I have a favour to ask. I need to pay some cheques into the bank this morning but I can’t go as I have to meet a new client. Would you be able to go? Your dress looks lovely but I realise you may not want to go to the bank in your dress and heels. Do you have something to change into?”

“Oh,” said Alan thinking. “I would love to go dressed like this but it might raise a few eyebrows. I have some jeans and a t-shirt in my locker just in case I am going somewhere straight from work rather than home. I will keep my lingerie on, no one will know and I will put my dress back on when I get back.” Little did Alan know but someone else would find out about his lingerie that day.

Alan glanced at Sophie and could see a very pretty lacy bra showing through her sheer pink blouse. He could feel that erection coming on again and wondered if she was wearing a half-slip as she was obviously not wearing a full slip or a camisole under the thin pink blouse.



Alison gave Alan the cheques and paying in book. "Thank you Alan that would be a real help." She told him where the bank was and turned to go back to her own office. As she walked away Alan got his answer about whether Alison was wearing a half-slip as he could see a lacy hem peeping out from under her pink and black skirt. Not only was that but Alison wearing seamed classic stockings as well. Alan was now bulging in his French knickers but a wank would have to wait as he had to go the bank.

When Alan got to the bank there was a short queue in front of him. He could not help but notice a lady in a red dress in front of him who appeared to be wearing seamed stockings and some lovely heels. He pondered whether they might be tights with a seam or real stockings. He could feel his erection rising again.





Suddenly there was shouting from the door as two men burst into the bank. They were wearing stockings over their faces. The stockings, probably 20 or maybe 30 denier, distorted the faces of the men. The men started shouting, "This is a raid, no one move, and no one set off the alarm or someone will die," said one man waving a hand gun at the cashier and then at the customers.

Alan was shocked but could not help noticing that the stockings were hold ups with an unusually wiggly black and white pattern on the lace tops and a wiggly seam down the back of the stocking. He knew he had seen those stockings somewhere recently.

One robber shouted at the cashiers and the other growled at Alan and the lady in the red dress as they were the only customers left, "Take your top clothes and shoes off. You can't run away then" The lady in the red dress was shaking but complied with the request.



The lady slipped off her shoes and started to take off her dress. Alan could see she was wearing fully fashioned nude stockings with a black seam. A full length white slip came into view. The slip was very short and revealed her stocking tops and suspender straps. The robber leered at the lady's lingerie, "Very nice love, very pretty, now sit down on the floor."



The lady sat on the floor leaning against a sofa.

“And you too mate, take your trousers and t-shirt off,” said one of the robbers to Alan.

“But I can’t,” said Alan realising what a predicament he was in, “I... just can’t.”



The robber shoved the hand gun under Alan's jaw. "What's the matter, are you wearing pretty lingerie as well," growled the robber through the stocking mask? Alan suddenly remembered where he had seen those hold ups before. They were not the usual M&S hold ups. He had seen them online at [Stockings HQ](#) and thought they were Italian, Fiore Melita or something like that.

"Ok, Ok," said Alan taking off his t-shirt and trousers, he too was shaking by now but strangely excited.



Alan took off his shoes, unbuckled his belt and dropped his trousers. His pretty slip and stockings came into view. He felt both embarrassed and excited to be exposing his lingerie to strangers, although of course he had been doing that for some time on Flickr. Perhaps he was a bit of an exhibitionist at heart. Both the lady and the robber closest to him stared at his choice of underwear under his male clothes.



He took off his t-shirt and now they could see the whole works, slip, stockings and bra.

“Well, well, well, you really are wearing ladies underwear, what a pervert,” said the robber (who was also wearing a nylon stocking, but on his head). Alan didn’t feel like pointing out this irony. “Sit on the floor and keep quiet.” The other robber was trying to get the till open but there was a time delay. The robbers were getting agitated, shouting and waving their guns in the air.



Alan was now sitting down on the floor with his back to a sofa right next to the lady in her slip, both had their legs flat on the floor. She shuffled closer to Alan, perhaps for protection, and raised her knees so that her legs were no longer flat on the floor, making herself into a ball. He could feel her nylon slip and hosiery touching his slip and stockings. He put his arm around her to reassure her and was touching the back and side of her nylon slip. Despite the tension in the situation he was getting more and more excited.



The robber who was supposed to be keeping an eye on the customers had turned away and was more concerned with how his colleague getting money out of the till. If he had turned back he would have a treat and been able to look right up the slips of the two customers, one male and one female, to see their panties and stocking tops.



“Sue,” whispered the lady in the white slip as she introduced herself.

“Alan,” whispered Alan back.

Alan could feel his male genitals engorging with blood and making a rise in his panties and in his slip. This did not go unnoticed by Sue who had put her hand on his slip covered leg and was sliding the slip up and down in a silent whisper of nylon.



Alan slid his free left hand onto her nylon clad breast and started squeezing her small soft breasts through her silky slip and bra. The breast felt very soft and forgiving.



Sue responded by sliding her hand between his thighs and through the split in Alan's half-slip and onto his nylon stockings. It slid up the stockings, over his suspender tabs and onto his panties. She could feel the heat of his solid erection through the thin French knickers.



Alan continued to massage her breast with his left hand but could not reach between her legs with his other hand as it was around her shoulders. He dropped his right hand and started to rub her lower back through the top of her full slip, feeling the clasps of her bra through the silky nylon slip. He loved the sight of a bra strap through the back of a thin full slip where the top of the slip sat higher up the back than the horizontal thin strap of the bra. Now he was feeling that on Sue and although he could not see he knew exactly what it looked like in his mind.



He did notice that Sue had slipped her free right hand under her own slip at the same time as she had slipped her left hand inside the loose leg of Alan's French knickers.



Sue was now masturbating both Alan and herself at the same time, right behind the back of the robber who was oblivious of this little free sex show going on behind him. Sue and Alan kept their eyes on the robber and held their breath as Sue wanked them both off.

By this point the robbers had failed to grab any cash and decided to run for it. "Come on, let's go," said one of the robbers."

"I am coming," said the one who been watching over the Alan and Sue.

"Aargh, so am I," whispered Alan as he splurged into his panties and Sue did the same.



For a moment there was silence after the robbers had run out of the bank empty handed, Alan and Sue could only hear their own heavy breathing as they began to relax that their ordeal was over. Then all hell let loose outside the bank as they could hear people shouting, “Police, put down your weapons or we will shoot. “ An alarm had brought the armed police unit out quicker than the robbers had realised, but their approach to the bank had gone unnoticed by those inside.



Sue and Alan stood up. They could see the bank staff behind the tills still shaking, three ladies in bra, panties and tights, although one was wearing a pink slip with mock suspenders. They looked as shocked as Sue and Alan probably were. Alan and Sue hugged each other their silky slips rubbing against other. Sue reached into her bag for a tissue and her business card, she offered it to Alan. "Us gurls must stick together!" she whispered in a low voice. Alan was somewhat surprised but was more concerned about getting dressed. The armed police came into the bank to see if there were any other robbers and to find out what had happened. Alan was spared any blushes about showing the police his lingerie as he had his jeans and t-shirt back on by then, although he suspected that the whole event had been recorded from CCTV cameras inside the bank. What a video that would be!

Alan described to the police, in great detail, the black hold stockings the robbers were wearing as stocking masks. The detective that interviewed Alan thought it unusual that they had worn stockings as most robbers bought plastic Halloween or fright masks these days. Alan told the detective it might be worth checking who had bought the Itallian Fiore stockings in the area from Stockings HQ as they were probably the only supplier in the UK.

This turned out to be a good tip as a lady about a mile away had bought the stockings from Stockings HQ about six weeks ago and then had them stolen in a burglary whilst still in the packet. She had wanted to claim for them on her insurance as they were quite expensive. Perhaps the robbers were too mean to buy a plastic mask and thought that these stockings would do for their planned bank raid. Unfortunately for them the stockings were so unusual it tied them to a string of burglaries and they went down for not only the bank raid but also for 14 burglaries, which had been unsolved.

The End

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