

Plumbers Mate



A photo story by Andrea Slip

Andrea is sorting the washing in the bedroom dressed as usual in slip, stockings and boots (what else would you wear to sort the lingerie that has just come out of the tumble drier?), when the doorbell rings. Who could that be? No time to change. A dressing gown would have to do. It turns out it was the plumber, earlier than expected. Although he was supposed to fix the bathroom taps he takes more than a passing interest in the tangle of pretty nylon lingerie on the bed.

I had been up early at 6am that day to put the washing on and then into the tumble drier before my wife went to work. I went back to bed for a while. When my wife got up and dressed she reminded me that the plumber was coming round about 11am to fix the leaking bathroom taps. Then she was off in a rush.

After she had gone I got up and got dressed. As is my want I like to wear some pretty underwear when I am sorting the washing, my lingerie that is, not my wife's. Hers is boring white cotton, mine is not.

I put on dark blue lacy suspender belt, pink panties, with lacy sides, lace top black stockings and a black slip with a built in bra. Much nicer than plain white cotton. Very silky nylon, very sexy.





I sat down on the bed to pull on my high heeled black boots. I looked down at the lacy hem of my slip and how it matched my lacy stocking tops. I love seeing my legs in sheer nylon stockings. These boots are fairly new but I love how they feel, so snug, when I wear them. The boots and the stockings make my legs look (to me) so femme.



I looked in the wardrobe mirror and was pleased with the site of me wearing a pretty black slip, stockings and boots. I decided I had to take a quick photo to save for my pleasure later.



The tumble drier would have finished by now; I stood up to go downstairs but had a quick look in the mirror to check out my ass. Although this black slip from M&S has a modesty panel in the front, the back and sides are semi sheer. It is also very short and does not even cover my lacy stocking tops. I could see my pink panties and dark blue suspender belt. It almost looked as though I wasn't wearing any panties as they are flesh coloured but I could see the waist band and the label. The slip is unusual and has a bra built in. I could see the rear clasp of the bra quite clearly in the mirror. I could feel the excitement rising in my pink panties, as I always do when I am wearing silky feminine undies. Enough of that, I had a job to do to get the washing out of the tumble drier.



I retrieved the washing from the tumble drier and piled it into the white wash basket . I loved handling the warm silky lingerie, my lingerie, all mine, not shared with my wife any more. It was in the dim and distant past until it became clear to both of us that I loved silky undies more than she did.

I took the washing basket back upstairs but before I sorted the washing I did glance in the wardrobe mirror again. I saw before me a man, a man wearing pretty, feminine lingerie. I can't hide the fact that I am a man as I have a beard and do not live most of my life as a woman. I have never felt the desire to wear makeup or a wig. I don't go out dressed as a woman. I am just a man who has a fetish for silky undies and gets very excited seeing and wearing such pretty clothes.

Sometimes I will wear a dress or skirt for some photos but it really is the lingerie that I enjoy the most for my *"little hobby"*, as my wife calls it. Some people might be shocked to see a man wearing feminine lingerie and boots but I am not a paedophile or doing anything illegal. Society is so fixed in allowing women to wear men's clothes but generally disapproving of men in women's.





I tipped the multi coloured lingerie out on to the bed; slips (full and half), panties (bikini and French knickers with the odd thong), bra (full cup and balconette) and suspenders belts (lacy and silky). The lingerie tumbled out on to the bed in a big, colourful heap.



I started to sort the lingerie into separate piles of slips and panties. I picked up a pair of corn blue French knickers. They are one of my favourites with a lacy panel down the side and round the legs. They are made by Marks and Spencer; I have had them a long time and wanked in them many times. As I folded the silky nylon I could feel myself getting hard. I was shaken out of my femme day dream by the door bell ringing.



“Who could that be,” I wondered? “It’s a bit early for the postman, it is only half past nine.”

I didn’t have time to take my boots off and get dressed in jeans. I could ignore it. The doorbell rang again. I looked round the bedroom and saw my wife’s dressing gown on the back of the door. I grabbed it and wrapped it round me. Perhaps if I just poked my head round the door they would only see the dressing gown. I rushed down stairs as fast as I could in my wobbly high heeled boots to open the door.

There was a young man standing on the step with a wrench in his hand. Shit, it was the plumber. I wasn't expecting him until 11am.

"Hello, I am Dave the plumber. Mrs Slip asked me to have a look at your bathroom taps, bit of a leak," he said.

I could have told him he had made a mistake, got the wrong name, wrong house, come back later, or maybe... just let him in. My wife would kill me if the taps weren't fixed. I would just have to brazen it out. It was my home; I could dress as I like in my own home. Dave would have to like it or lump it. Little did I know that he would like it and lump it.

"Oh, I was expecting you a bit later, but you had better come in. I am not dressed properly," I said, hiding behind the door.

"Sorry, my first job cancelled on me," he said in way of an apology for being early.



He stepped inside the front door.

I opened the door and let Dave in.

“Don’t worry about get dressed, I have seen it all.....” His voice trailed off as he looked me up and down, his eyes wide open. “Well I have now.”

“Is there a problem Dave,” I asked? “Have you never seen a man wearing lingerie before?”

I could feel his eyes looking at my chest to see the peep of my lacy black bra slip. And then down to see my sheer black nylons and black shiny leather boots.

I glanced down and realised that my dressing gown had split open, perhaps he could see my lacy stocking tops under my short slip.

“Err, no, I mean, yes, err no problem. You are very brave opening the door like that. I don’t think I could do that,” he stammered. I wasn’t quite sure what he meant by that, but let it pass.

“Well it is what I like to relax in at home. Would you like a cup of tea or coffee now you are here?”

Dave had recovered his composure and said he love a cuppa tea but perhaps he had better look at the taps first.

“Upstairs and turn right, the bathroom is at the front.”

I went to the kitchen as he disappeared upstairs to the bathroom to see the leaky taps.





Dave found the bathroom and fixed the taps quite quickly with a new washer and his wrench. As he came out of the bathroom he could see straight into our bedroom. I had not shut the bedroom door in my haste to answer the front door. On the bed were the piles of clean washing; slips panties, suspender belts and bras. Dave was drawn, as if they were a magnet, to the pretty nylon lingerie on the bed.



Dave just could not stop himself picking up some nylon panties. He had loved seeing Mr (or is it Mrs?) Slip opening the door in his/her nylon tights, boots and dressing gown. It was a surprise but he hoped he had recovered quickly. Then as Mr Slip let him in the dressing gown had parted and he had caught a glimpse of lacy stocking tops, he much preferred it when his own wife wore stockings rather than tights, a lot more fun under a skirt. It looked like Mr Slip was wearing a black slip as well, and oh boy, did he love slips.

Dave's wife had some nice lingerie, including a couple of slips, but this was an amazing retro collection laid out on the bed in front of him. He was holding a very pretty pair of pink bikini panties with lots of lace. They were so soft and silky. Then he found a lovely pair of pale blue French knickers by Warners. He loved French knickers. It was no good he had to go back to the bathroom. He was so stiff he would explode. He dropped the knickers and rushed back to the bathroom, pushed the door to, dropped his trousers and sat down.



I had finished making Dave a “cuppa” and took it upstairs to the bathroom. As I came upstairs I could hear some heavy breathing and grunts from the bathroom, what was going on? I just couldn’t image. I could see our bedroom door was wide open and that the pile of silky lingerie was on view to any visitor. I wondered if any of my panties or slips were missing. There was a pair of blue French knickers on the bedroom floor. I put the cup of tea down on the bookcase on the landing and went into the bedroom to pick up the M&S knickers from the floor.

The bathroom door was not locked; I pushed it open to be surprised, not by Dave wanking with a pair of my delicious panties but with his own! He was sitting on the toilet with his blue jeans around his ankles. I could clearly see he too was wearing silky nylon lingerie and hosiery. He had on a lovely pair of pink panties, tan coloured lace top stockings and a pale pink slip, probably a half-slip. I could not imagine that he would wear a bra or a full slip under his working clothes as they might show. He was rubbing his cock through his nylon slip and panties. Oh I knew how that felt. He looked up in surprise that he had forgotten to lock the door. It was obvious to me that only did he like silky lingerie but he was also lumping his cock as well.

“What is the meaning of this,” I said sternly taking in the sight before me of another man wearing lingerie. No wonder he had said he couldn’t have opened his own front door dressed like this. He was was wearing lingerie himself but didn’t want to show it to the street.

My dressing gown had fallen open. He stared up at me and had his first proper view of my black slip and stockings.

“I see I am not the only man who likes to wear lingerie in this house. “

Dave was looking frightened at being caught wanking in my bathroom in ladies underwear, but whose underwear was it? I had to know more.





“Stand up and take off your shirt and trousers so that I can see your lingerie properly.”

Dave took off his jeans and pulled off his blue t-shirt. As he pulled off his t-shirt the hem of his nylon slip rode up slightly to reveal his stocking tops. It was rather a nice sight; I love the contrast of the lacy hem of a slip with lacy stocking tops. I couldn't see any suspender straps so he must have been wearing hold ups.



I could see his slip properly now. It was a very pretty pale pink full slip, not a half-slip as I suspected, with a gorgeous 3 inch lacy hem and a lacy bust. I could see two pairs of straps on his shoulder, the flat ribbon straps of the slip and the wider straps of a pink bra. The lacy edge of the bra was also peeping above the bust of the slip. He looked so delightful in his pretty feminine slip, stockings and bra.

“That slip looks lovely on you, what brand is it and whose is it?”

“I don’t know what brand it is, it belongs to my wife. I sometimes wear her undies. Please don’t be mad,” he whimpered.

"I see you like slips. " I took off my dressing down. "Now you can see mine as well," I said. I had put my hands on my hips, I loved being in the commanding position and telling Dave what to do. He was being very submissive, but what else could he do? I had caught him wanking into his knickers in my bathroom when he was supposed to be fixing the taps.

"Take off your slip; I want to see what panties and bra you are wearing."





As he pulled the pink slip over his head it revealed his delightful pale pink French knickers and a lacy pink bra. The stockings were sheer hold ups, I was right; he was not wearing a suspender belt. The panties were sporting a rather large bulge and even the hint of a damp spot. I wondered how long he had been wanking his nylon covered cock before I had brought his cup of tea upstairs.

“Your look great in your wife’s lingerie, French knickers, hold ups, slip and even a bra. Aren’t you worried about someone seeing your bra or slip straps at work Dave?”

“I don’t wear it often but I did today. Sometimes the houses I visit the lady is still in her undies and dressing gown, I never take advantage, I might loose my job if I did. But this is the first time I have seen a man wearing lingerie and you have a beautiful collection of nylon slips and panties,” said Dave.



I could feel my own nylon clad cock rising in my own pink panties and starting to tent my short black slip.

"I love the slip you are wearing," said Dave." I can see your pink lacy panties through the sheer black nylon. And the lacy hem of the slip looks fantastic with your lacy stocking tops. I can see your lacy suspender belt as well through he slip. And I love the boots, it's all so sexy."



Dave had his hand inside his pale pink French knickers and was wanking furiously. The lacy panties flapped up and down.

"I am not gay," he stuttered, "but your lingerie really turns me on... agggghh....."

As he spurted his cum into his pretty panties I lifted the hem of my black slip and plunged my hand into my panties.

At this point some of my dear readers may have been saying "Yeah, right!" pulled their panties down and said "Suck on that bitch!", but I didn't.



Instead I rushed into the bedroom and fell back on the bed amongst the clean slips and panties. Dave followed and stood watching as I pulled my panties down and wanked my rigid cock furiously as well until I too had cum into my silky black slip.

“Did you fix the taps Dave?”

“Oh yes,” he said.

“How much do I owe you?”

“Oh nothing mate, I tightened them up for now, but I think you might need to get some new taps. Shall I cum back later,” asked Dave, spurting for the second time into the pair of pale blue M&S French knickers that I had picked up from the floor?

“Thanks, keep the panties if you want, you seem to have taken a shine to them. I will have talk to the missus about the taps. Wear the panties next time.”

The End

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