

# Adult Education



A photo story by Andrea Slip

*This is a follow up to the [Interview](#) and the [Neighbour](#). We follow Mike Schmitt's side of the interview and what led him to apply for the job. We also find out how he copes with the strict uniform code by going to a private adult education class to learn how to sew and make women's clothing. This story involves cross dressing and is adult in nature.*



Alan Schmitt had been made redundant about 18 months ago when his firm had gone into administration. Financially, life was a struggle. The up side was that he had plenty of time to indulge in his hobby of dressing in silky lingerie as often as he wanted. He had only really got into wearing lingerie after his wife had passed away a few years before. He had loved it when she had dressed up in pretty slips and stockings under a silky dress. It had led to many nights of passion. But she was gone now and he had never remarried or even had another meaningful relationship.



Although he had given most of her clothes away to charity the wrench of parting with her silky lingerie had been too much and he had hung to some of it, and some of her shoes. At first he had just held her slips but found himself getting excited, it did not take long to progress to wearing her panties, bras and stockings. Oh how he loved looking at himself in the mirror, posing in his wife's old lingerie, especially French knickers, the loose legs were so comfortable.





From there it did not take long to wearing her slips as well and even some heels. He got very excited wearing silky lingerie and wore it almost every day, even under his male clothes. Alan felt that it was a tribute to his late wife that kept her memory alive.



Following his redundancy he had applied for admin jobs and thought that his many years of experience and qualifications would make it easy to find another job, he was wrong. Alan had been to a few interviews but he got the feeling, although no one had said it, that being in his mid-50's he was too old and too expensive. There was another possible factor.

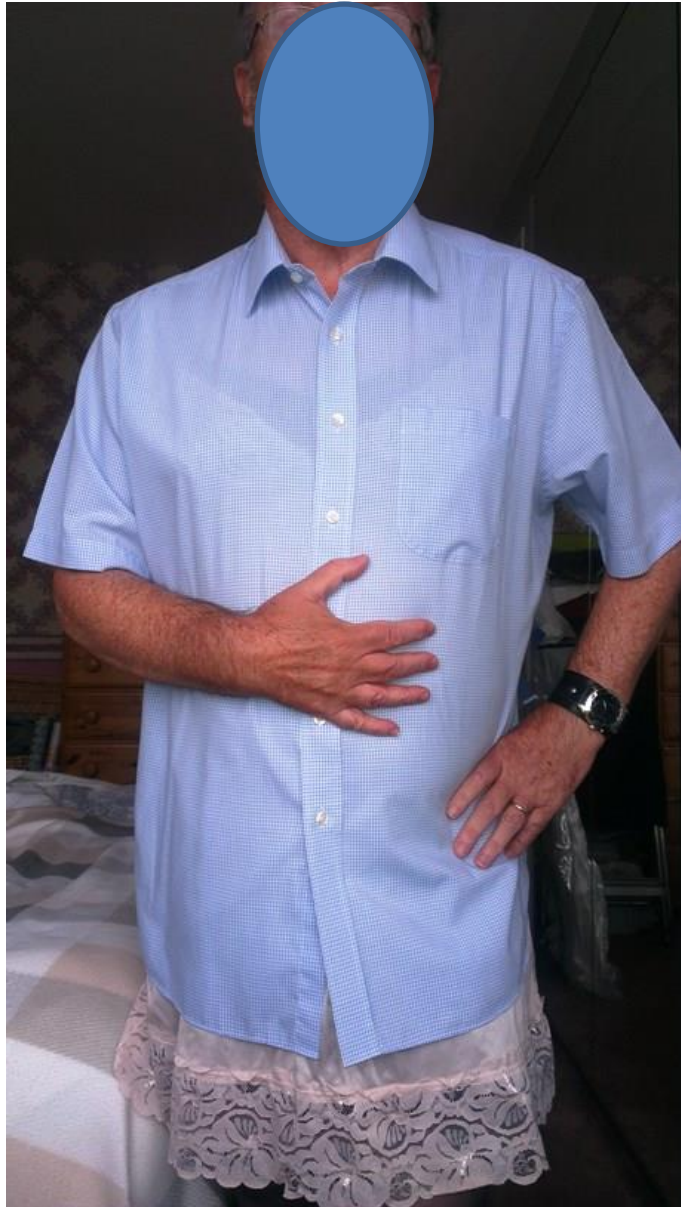
Although he wore a shirt, tie and suit to interviews he just could not resist wearing his wife's, well his now, silky underwear, under his male work wear. He always kept his jacket on but maybe somebody might just spot his lacy bra and slip showing through his shirt (he avoided white but you never knew what could be seen under a thin work shirt). Or maybe the fact that he did not wear socks and there could be a flash of black nylon just showing below his suit trouser leg. Alan's view was: take my lifestyle choice as I am. Maybe they did notice and didn't approve. Whatever the reason he didn't get the jobs.





That was until he saw the advert for an admin / account management post at a small local firm, Software04. He had the right experience and fulfilled the essential job requirements regarding qualifications, but it was when he saw the optional skills that his eyes lit up: “Feminine style of dress preferred.” Did that mean they would only employ women? That couldn’t be right in this day and age of equal opportunities so did it mean you could wear feminine clothes regardless of whether you were born male or female? He hoped so and decided to test the water when he found out that he had got an interview.

He was really excited on the morning of [the interview](#) when he put on his black French knickers, bra, and suspender belt. He gently pulled on his sheer black stockings and attached them to his lacy suspender strap. He tried on his silver sandals, he loved how they looked with the black stockings, and he really would wear them to the interview.



Alan slid into a silky pink full slip over his black panties and bra. He then tried on a pale blue work shirt and decided to go without a tie or a jacket. He could see his lacy slip and bra through the thin shirt, but that was what he wanted, boom or bust. The lady interviewing him at 10am was a Mrs Brown, what would she think? He wondered if he would be wearing prettier lingerie than she was. He was certain that in his previous job that he had always been wearing silkiest and sexiest lingerie in an office mainly composed of female admin staff.



Alan was wrong about that as Alison Brown was, at the very moment, sliding a very pretty cream nylon half-slip up over her matching panties, suspender belt, lacy bra and sheer brown stockings, as she prepared for the [interview](#) she was running at work later that day. Her lingerie was just as silky and pretty as Alan's.



The interview had been a real surprise, it had gone better than Alan could have dared imagined. When he was asked if he could say how he met the optional requirements about feminine dress, he felt brave enough to undo his shirt and show Mrs Brown his slip.

She had approved and soon he was standing in front of her in his slip and stockings with a huge boner in his French knickers. It was noticeable that Mrs Brown had lost all sense of professionalism and had her hand in her pretty cream knickers showing Alan her own slip and stocking tops.

Alan took his signal from Mrs Brown and started to massage his nylon covered cock to an explosion of cum.

When he had calmed down, cleaned up and sat down again on a chair he put his hand on her nylon clad knee and asked the question, "So have I got the job?"

"Oh, yes," said Alison Brown. "You are the perfect candidate and you will fit in a treat to our small firm. You could wear a dress or a skirt over your pretty lingerie if you like. It could be our new uniform code."

"Oh, I don't usually cross-dress fully and I don't have any dresses. I got rid of most of my wife's clothes when she died," said Alan.

"Oh I am sorry about that. You did say on your application that you are a widower. Perhaps I could find you a couple of my old ones but they may not fit. How about buying some new dresses," asked Alison?

"I am a bit strapped for cash at the moment. Even with this job I will have some debts to pay off, said Alan."

"Leave it with me, I'll think of something to help you get started," said Alison.





A few days later Alison was having a coffee with Brenda, her new [neighbour](#). Brenda said that now she had retired that she was looking for a new hobby and her eye had been taken by an advert in the local free paper for some sewing and dress making classes at a lady's house. It was a private adult education class aimed at beginners.

"Oh really," said Alison, "that gives me an idea for someone else I know who might be interested, especially if it is a private class."

When Alan Schmitt started work for Alison a week later she asked him if he might be interested in going to a dress making class.

"But they wouldn't take a man, and how would I pay, I can't afford a dress let alone the tuition fees," stammered Alan trying desperately to think of an excuse.



“We will see about that,” said Alison. “Are you conforming to the new staff uniform code we have just introduced into the firm?”

“Well, I .....” said Alan.

“Take off your shirt and trousers. I know it is only your first day but I think it is time for a uniform inspection.

Alan shucked off his outer male clothes to reveal a very pretty white slip and black stockings. Underneath the full slip he was wearing a black waist slip.

“Oh two slips, very nice, let me feel,” said Alison as she ran her fingers through the silky nylon and over the bulge in Alan’s panties. This was just too much for Alan and he spurted into the panties. Some leaked out over Alison’s hand. He was putty in her hands.

“Now about that dress making class,” said Alison after washing her hands, “I think that we could regard it as part of your induction. We could fund it from the firm’s training budget, and pay for any materials you might need. How does that sound Alan?”

“rghhhhh, yes,” mumbled Alan, who would agree to anything at this point.





Later that evening, Alan took off his two slips and began to wonder to what he had just agreed to. Dress making indeed; he would stand out like a saw thumb in a class of women. That was not the only think that was standing out as he thought back to how Alison had wanked him off earlier in the office. The bulge in his black panties was too much and he had to release his nylon covered cock for the second wank of the day, albeit the first one that involved his hands.



Alan need not have worried about sticking out as the lone male in a large group of women. It turned out that he was 50% of the class, the other 50% being Alison's neighbour Brenda. The sewing class was run by a lovely old lady called Madame Sybil Dupont in her own house. In her youth she had been a seamstress at a fashion house in Paris and then come to London in the swinging 60's. Every Tuesday afternoon Alan was allowed out of the office at 3.30pm, drove to pick up Brenda and then on a short way to the House of Dupont for a two hour lesson from 4 to 6, all expenses paid by the new firm. Alan wasn't quite sure why he deserved this but Alison, who was the office manager, said that their accountant encouraged them to have a training budget which could be written off against tax.

There was one memorable occasion for Alan when he was a little late getting out of the office due to having to deal with a difficult customer on the phone. Brenda was a little flustered that they would be late for their lesson and got into Alan's car in a bit of a rush. She was wearing a black wrap over skirt, which she had forgotten parted at the front at the drop of a hat. As she flopped onto the front seat of the car a gust of wind blew in the car door and flipped open her skirt to reveal a very pretty pale pink slip with a split to match the split in the wrap over skirt. However she also revealed the lacy tops of her stockings and even a hint of lacy edged brown French knickers. As soon as she realised how much slip she was showing she pulled the skirt together as best she could and shut the car door.

Although Alan found Madame Dupont a little scary at first but he was soon put at his ease. He also found Brenda very easy to talk to and did not worry that he was mainly working on women's clothes. Over several months he learnt the basics of different stitches and how to do darn socks or take up trouser legs. All this was by hand. Alan was a little surprised that Brenda did not know how to sew either. She said she had done some as a young girl but when her career as a PA had taken off she had gone all round the world. She could afford for someone else to sew for her, especially in the Far East, as she never seemed to have time. Madame Dupont gave them homework to do research on patterns and textiles to do as well so Alan bought several books and searched the internet to improve his knowledge.



After some months Madame Dupont, it was always Madame never Sybil, started Alan and Brenda on cutting material from patterns and how to use a sewing machine to stitch it together.

“Alan, I want you to make a skirt,” said the old lady. Although she had lived in England, London at first and now Birmingham, she still had a slight French accent.

Alan realised that it was a statement and not a question.

“Oh, well. Err ...,” he managed to stumble his words, somewhat surprised but also delighted.

“My expertise is in tailoring beautiful feminine dresses and skirts so that is what you will learn, no,” asked Madame Dupont? “We will start with an A-line skirt as it is simpler, no?”

Alan didn’t dare contradict Madame Dupont. Brenda just smiled.

“I don’t know why you are smiling Brenda because we are going to measure you to be the model,” said Madame Dupont, “Arms up and let me put this tape measure round.”

The smile was wiped off Brenda’s face. Alan had to take notes on all the measurements that Madame Dupont called out to him, he was surprised just how many there were for a simple skirt.



So Alan (and Brenda) learned to how choose the right pattern, find a suitable cotton fabric, pin the paper pattern to the material, adjust for Brenda's size and then carefully cut the material for the skirt and the lining on the bias. Finally the pieces had to be fitted together on a red tailor's dummy. This it took several weeks to achieve as both Alan and Brenda were a little slow and made some mistakes in their cutting. Madame Dupont was very tolerant with them as some of the material was wasted. The top of the skirt was elasticated, no complicated zips, Madame Dupont said they could do that another time.

"OK, Brenda, time to try it on as our model," said Madame Dupont, "We may need to make some adjustments."

"Oh, well, what now," asked Brenda?

"Yes, take off your own skirt and put it on Brenda. Is there a problem? Are you wearing not any lingerie?"

"Yes I am wearing a slip but... Alan might see," said Brenda.

"Yes," said Madame Dupont. This time it was Alan's turn to smile. "He helped make it, no? Do you think that fashion designers don't see their models in their underwear at the big shows? Perhaps we could learn to make a petticoat next."

Brenda sighed as she unzipped her own blue and black skirt and let it fall to the ground but kept her black blouse on. It was not as if Alan was seeing her slip for the first time. She suspected that he rather liked slips from the furtive glances he had kept making at her split skirt in the car a couple of weeks earlier.



Alan could not help but admire Brenda's very pretty black slip, with lots of lace. There was a lovely split in the half-slip with the lace running all the way up to the waist band from the hem. The way the split opened when Brenda went to pick up the new skirt made it clear why she had been reluctant to show Alan her slip. It was clear that she was wearing sheer black stockings and the stocking tops could be seen in the split. He could also see her white lacy panties through the thin black nylon. He was starting to get excited.

"Oh it is lovely to see a lady wearing stockings and a petticoat these days," said Madame Dupont. "Bravo Brenda. What do you think Alan?"

"Oh, yes, I rather think it is a shame so few ladies wear slips anymore, they are so feminine," confessed Alan.







As Brenda prepared to step into the lovely brown skirt, which she and Alan had made, she turned her back, perhaps in a vain attempt to preserve her modesty. It was a little late for that. Alan had not noticed, because of the length of her black skirt, that her stockings were not only very sheer black but were classic seamed stockings with a reinforced heel and toe (RHT). Alan was not the first person to enjoy seeing the sharp black line running from the top of her jet black high heels all the way up inside her silky black slip. Brenda bent at the waist and stepped into the skirt, as she bent forward her black slip rode up a little. Alan could see her stocking tops with the distinct key hole under the lacy hem of the silky black nylon slip. His pecker was as stiff as a board as he looked at feminine vision in black nylon before him.





“No, no, no,” exclaimed Madame Dupont.” The petticoat is too long, although I remember when “*Snowing in Paris*” meant that your petticoat was showing. I rather enjoyed flashing a little lace; men seemed to rather like it. It was always the women who said that it was snowing, never once did a man tell me that. Oh well, the old days, and now we put a lining in skirts. Perhaps the next skirt you two make can be without a lining and the slip can show through, no?”

Alan rather liked that idea. Brenda wasn’t so sure.

“We need to adjust Brenda’s pretty black petticoat under this skirt,” said Madame Dupont.



Without any ceremony, Madame lifted the brown skirt and started tugging Brenda's slip this way and that. As Alan was standing right in front of Brenda he got a grandstand view of her slip, stocking tops, suspenders and even a flash of lacy white panties. Maybe not French knickers this time but a very nice view anyway. Alan was glad he didn't have to show his panties as his pecker was stiff and starting to leak into the lacy yellow panties he had worn to the office. Although the strange thing about this was that he did not mind showing his manager, Alison, his panties when she wanted to do the weekly uniform inspection, as she had done that morning and then proceeded to wank him off through the little yellow slip he was wearing. Seems like she enjoyed it as well as she always seemed to wear pretty skirts with sheer stockings and sometimes even showed a flash of a lacy hem.

He was in for several surprises about not showing his knickers at the sewing class.

Unknown to Alan, Brenda, despite her protests, was quite enjoying flashing her knickers, slip and stocking tops to both Madame and Alan, something she had not done for a long time but had enjoyed in the past. Her frilly white panties were getting a little damp.



Madame Dupont made some minor adjustments to the skirt and then declared herself satisfied, "Voila! We are finished. What do you think Alan?"

"Oh yes, perfect, the colour and shape really suits you Brenda," said Alan looking at Brenda's seams running from her high heels up the back of legs and under the skirt. No slip or stocking tops were on view, she was very lady like now.

Brenda went and had a look in the long mirror and was pleased as well.

"Please, can I keep it Madame Dupont," asked Brenda.

"Oh yes, you can keep everything we make. It was made for your measurements"



“So Alan, go and choose some fabric for our next skirt and Brenda choose a pattern. It will be a mini skirt, just like I used to make when I first came to London in 1964. I think we will make without a lining so we can show a pretty petticoat through. Alan, choose a sheer fabric, please. “

Alan smiled as he sorted through Madame’s bales of material in her stock room and found a pretty black print with white bows printed over the black fabric.

“Ok Alan, arms up so we can measure you,” said Madame.

“But, I am a man. I can’t wear a skirt,” said Alan.

“Oh don’t be ridiculous. Your boss told me why she sent you to these lessons.”

Madame started to put her fabric tape measure round his waist. “No, this will not do, your bulky trousers are nothing like a thin skirt. Take off your trousers and your shirt, the shirt tails will get in the way. “

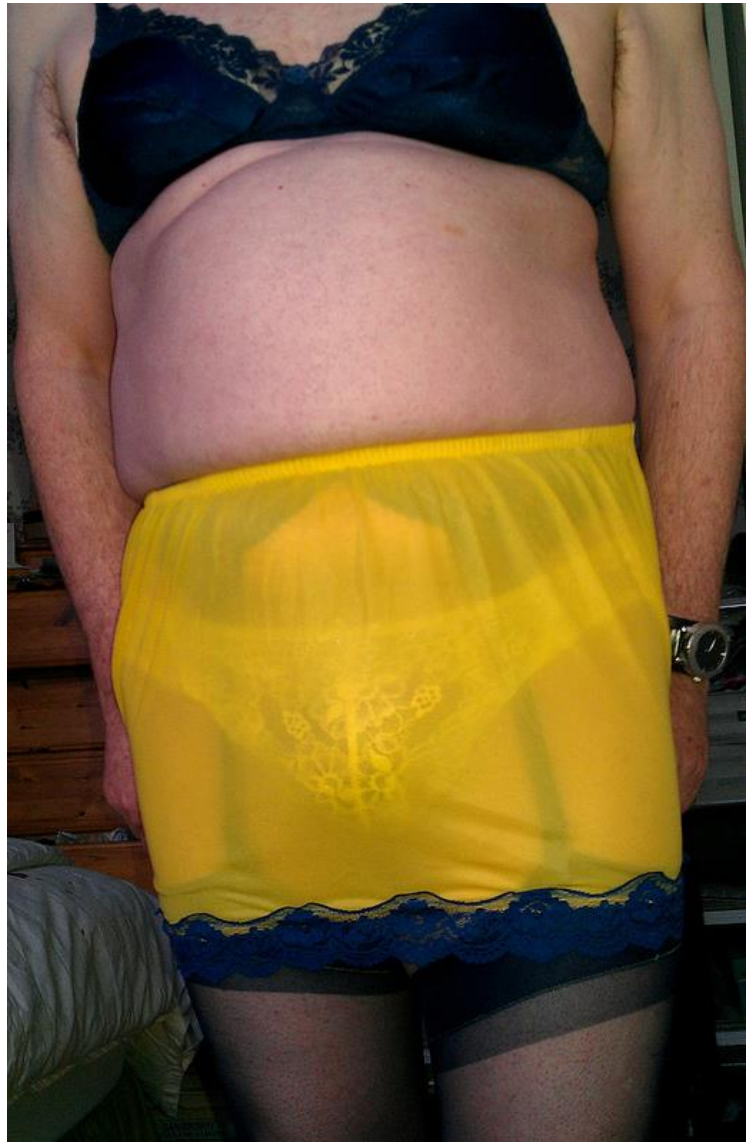
“But I....,” protested Alan. Both women glared at him.

“You were happy looking at my slip and we both know that you like slips and stockings. I bet you are wearing one right now,” remonstrated Brenda.

Alan gave in to the inevitable and with a little embarrassment soon stood in front of the two women in his yellow and blue lingerie.

Madame told him that she liked his two tone slip and how well the blue lacy hem went with his navy blue bra and stockings. His lacy yellow panties and navy blue suspenders could be seen through the thin yellow nylon of his mini slip.

“Now let’s get you measured up for your new skirt. That petticoat will be perfect to wear underneath,” said Madame.



Madame ran the fabric tape measure round his waist and up and down Alan's nylon clad legs. Madame Dupont called out the measurements and Brenda wrote them down

The attention from Madam's hands running over his nylon clad body was having a profound effect on Alan's cock. Brenda was just smiling at seeing a man wearing pretty lingerie, just as pretty as hers.

"Lift up your slip," commanded Madame. "I thought so," she said as she stared at the bulge in the lacy yellow panties.

Madame was a no nonsense type of woman and so without warning she pulled Alan's lacy panties down to the tops of his stockings and proceeded to toss him off.

"You're not the first. When I was in Paris there were several famous male designers who needed this attention in their pretty lingerie, which they designed to go with their haute couture, but they just couldn't resist wearing for themselves. And before you ask I don't give head!"

At the thought of this Alan spurted cum into her hand. His second wank of the day, would it ever end?

Brenda had been watching this surprising turn of event from the back of the room stepped forward. As she watched Madam toss Alan off she could feel her own excitement growing, memories of her youthful sexual exploits in the Far East came flooding back to her.

"Madame might not give head, but I do," exclaimed Brenda as she slipped her new skirt and her black top off.





Brenda stood in front of Alan in her black slip, bra and stockings. She bent forward and took his sticky limp dick in her soft mouth. Alan looked down at her lacy clad breasts and let out a low moan and was soon erect again. He ran his hands over her bra enjoying the feeling of soft warm flesh partially covered by nylon and lace. Brenda parted the split in her slip, which had worked its way round to her back, and slid her fingers inside the very damp crotch of her frilly white knickers. Alan moved his hands from her breasts to rubbing her nylon clad arse. Oh, how he loved slips. His own little slip had fallen over Brenda's head. Despite being the third wank of the day Alan was soon spurting cum into Brenda's mouth at the same as her fingers stemmed a flood of her own love juices. Today's lesson had given a whole new meaning to adult education. Goodness only knows what Madame made of all these events in her sewing room. It didn't seem to bother her, perhaps she really had seen it all in Paris in her youth.





After this steamy session Madame Dupont was ill with flu so she cancelled the next two lessons. Although Alan was disappointed at the time, he was, in retrospect, quite glad that things had cooled down and he could get his head round what had happened. Was it a one off or would it happen again? He was not sure how he felt about this and how he should react to Barbara in particular. Would he be able to carry on working with Madame Dupont on a professional level?

Alan need not have worried as towards the end of the month the three participants met again in Madame's workroom and carried on as if nothing had happened. Alan and Brenda worked on the new skirt.



A couple of weeks later the skirt was ready to be tested on its model. Alan had been really looking forward to this moment as he slipped off his trousers and shirt. He had brought some silver sandals to wear so that the skirt would like right with heels.



Soon he was standing in front of the two women in the yellow mini slip they had seen before and he promised he would wear with the new skirt.

“Very good Alan,” said Madame as she ran a professional eye over his lingerie. “Your legs look good in nylons, better than a lot of women. You may need some new stockings though; you have a ladder in your left leg.”

“Oh bother,” said Alan, as had so many women who wore thin sheer hosiery.





"Lift up your slip so I can see what panties you are wearing. I seem to remember you wore little yellow lacy panties last time. These blue French knickers go well with your lacy suspender belt and bra, are they a matching set," asked Madame Dupont?

"No I bought them from different places. The bra was from Sainsbury and the panties and suspenders were from eBay, Madame," said Alan.

"Not such a big bulge today to spoil those feminine undies Alan. And don't expect me to toss you off again, that was a special occasion. So let's get on with the fitting. Did you bring a blouse Alan?"

"I did," chipped in Brenda, "I found one of mine that might go well with the sheer fabric."



Alan slipped on the black blouse Brenda had brought with her and then stepped into the skirt. He sat down on the stool to adjust his strappy sandals and tighten the belt on the skirt. As he looked down he exclaimed, "Wow this top is really is sheer, you can see all the lace on my blue bra quite clearly."



"Is that a problem, no?" asked Madame, "I think it looks quite sexy, although it is the wrong bra, you need a strapless with that blouse, have you got one, Alan?"

"Mmm, I am not sure I have, I will have to look at home."

"Don't worry," said Brenda, "I can probably find one for you."





“So stand up and let’s see how that skirt fits and if it needs any adjustment,” said Madame. “I am glad you brought some heels so we can see how the skirt hangs. We wouldn’t want your little bulge to spoil the feminine line. We cut it generous and loose so it should not be a problem. “

She made Alan stand in front of her and then turn round so she could see the back.



Madame pulled the skirt this way and that to make some minor adjustments, just as she had done with Brenda's new skirt. Brenda smiled at seeing Alan's little slip reappearing and the flash of stocking tops.

"Voila! We are finished. Do you want to wear your new skirt home, Alan," asked Madame?

"Oh, no I couldn't.... what if my neighbours saw me?"

"As you need to return my blouse why don't you stay as you are to my house and then you can change there," suggested Brenda?

"OK then," said Alan happily agreeing to spend more time in his pretty clothes.





As he drove Brenda home he kept glancing down with a big grin at his pretty skirt, nylon clad legs and silver sandals. He had never driven in heels before so had to make some adjustment about where he put his heels. Fortunately with an automatic he didn't have to use a clutch pedal. He could not help feeling so feminine in his sheer nylons with the lacy hem of his slip peeping out just above his stocking tops and the yellow nylon of the slip itself showing through the thin fabric of his semi sheer skirt. This did not go unnoticed by Brenda either.





When they arrived on Brenda's driveway, she put her right hand behind Alan's head and gave him a kiss on the cheek and her left hand on his left leg.

"Well done for being brave enough to go through with modelling your new skirt for us. I know it can't have been easy," said Brenda. As she said this her hand slid Alan's skirt and little slip up his leg and she twanged his suspender strap at the top of his leg.

"I have always wanted to do that having had it done so many times to me by men," she exclaimed. "Come on then I will let you in."

"Oww, that hurt, but won't someone see me? It was easy at Madam's house as she has such a long driveway," said Alan.

"The only neighbour that can see us is Alison and she is the one who encouraged you to go to the class," said Brenda.

"Doesn't she have a son, Mike?"

"Oh don't worry about him, he wouldn't mind at all. But actually he will be on a late shift at Sainsbury anyway."

As Alan got out of the car he picked up his bag with his male clothes and shoes from the back seat. He enjoyed the sound of his heels clip clopping up to the front door, such a distinct female sound.



Brenda showed Alan upstairs to the bedroom and he started to take off his new skirt and the borrowed blouse. He was somewhat startled when Brenda took off her pale silk dress at the same time.





Brenda was wearing all white lingerie; a lacy bra, a short nylon waist slip, panties and sheer white lace top stockings. As she undid the strap on her shoes the slip rode up to reveal some very lacy panties. They were both in their nylon lingerie again, except this time it was not a ménage a trois, just two consenting adults. Alan's panties stood to attention.





Brenda came and sat on the edge of the bed in front of Alan. She pushed his legs apart with her knees and their nylon stockings rubbed together. Alan admired the pretty lace on her stocking tops and on the edge of her white nylon slip, it was a beautiful sight to behold, so feminine and exciting. He never tired of look at and wearing pretty slips and stockings.

Brenda leant back and unhooked her bra so that her large soft breast flopped forward onto the mound of his blue panties. Alan lifted her beautiful orbs as she tit wanked him and ran her hands up and down his nylon clad legs.

Brenda stopped and reached forward to pull Alan's panties down. She started rubbing his excited cock in the yellow nylon of his slip.

After a little while she reached under own slip and pulled down her white lacy panties and dropped them on the bed.

"Take me Alan, I haven't done this for so long," said Brenda as the urge to procreate was still strong for her despite her age. She fell back on the bed as her tits bounced up and down.

"I haven't either Brenda," said Alan as he slid his blue panties right down his legs. He knelt in front of Brenda, lifted his slip and plunged into her sopping wet vagina. Brenda wrapped her arms around the back of his neck and kissed him passionately. As Alan leant forward to meet Brenda's kiss he pushed his rampant prick in and out in a strong rhythm until they both came suddenly at the same time. Their orgasm seemed to go on for ever but eventually the waves of pleasure subsided.

"Thank you Brenda, that is the first time I have had sex since my wife passed away," said Alan with a tear in his eye.

"I know, I know, it has been a long time for me as well. "

Both still in their slips and stockings, they cuddled up and fell asleep together, two happy people.

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