

The Care Worker



A photo story by Andrea Slip

Barbara works as a care worker. A dropped five pound note by an old man leads Barb back to her youth and love of slips and stockings, something her sister Alison never left behind.



There were some things from my younger days that had disappeared from my life as I got older, take for example slips and stockings. I wore them all the time when I was engaged but gradually I stopped wearing them as they went out of fashion. This is my story of how I fell in love with silky nylon lingerie all over again.

My name is Barbara, Barb for short. I work as a care worker for several old people who needed some help with cleaning once a week. I usually wear a long overall to protect my clothes at work but I find it too hot in the summer. So I just wear a short black skirt, a cream blouse, and usually some sheer black tights for work. Even at my age, coming up to 60, I still have good legs and love how they look in sheer nylon hosiery. So unless it is a heat wave I still wear black tights for work.

CW02

My first visit was to Ted. He was an ex Sargent-Major and barked out commands of exactly how he wanted things done, as if he was still in the Army commanding his troops. It was at Ted's house that I first noticed the effect that my short skirts and nylon hosiery had on the old men.

He was telling me about what his son Darren was up to as I bent down to dust the fireplace. Without thinking my skirt rode up at the back. The old man was sitting in his chair facing the fireplace; he was a bit wheezy so it was the change in his breathing that altered me to the fact that he had noticed my black skirt riding up. He must have got a nice flash of my cream lace-edged panties under my sheer to the waist black tights. It felt rather nice to give the old man a flash of my pretty lingerie.





As I turned round Ted had a fiver in his hand. We made eye contact, he reached his hand out. I thought he was giving the fiver to me and was about to say he didn't need to pay me cash as he pays the Council when he deliberately dropped it.

"Oh sorry," said Ted. "Could you pick that up for me?"

I started to bob down to pick it up.

"No, like you were a minute ago by the fireplace, with your back to me, so I can explore those lacy panties you are wearing, if you don't mind," commanded Ted.



"Oh you naughty man," I said.

"Just do it and you can keep the fiver," he said.

Oh well, the extra cash would not go amiss and my husband Arnold had lost interest not only in what I wore but sex as well years ago. I moved closer to Ted and then turned my back on him and started to lift my skirt to show him my cream nylon panties.

I felt him flip my little thin skirt up even further and start to run both his hands up my sheer nylon clad legs. As he got higher he started to massage my bum through the two layers of nylon with one hand. The other had pulled down the zip on his trousers and was fumbling around inside. It was not long before I could hear a distinct slapping sound of flesh on flesh as he continued to feel my nylon panties and masturbate at the same time. The panties were starting to get damp.



Ted then moved his hand down and gently pushed it between my legs. I moved my feet apart slightly so he could cop a feel of my pussy through my tights and nylon panties. His hand started pushing my panties into my quim. His breathing got even more erratic as he masturbated both me and himself.

Rub, rub, rub. Now I was getting really excited from this unexpected attention. Suddenly he let out an explosion of breath as he came in his hand and I very nearly did as well. His hand suddenly withdrew from between my legs. I was a little disappointed but I could finish myself off later at home. I dropped my skirt and turned round to get Ted a tissue from beside his chair.

It turned out I needed two tissues as after he got his breath back a tear, then two, appeared in the corner of his eye as he cleaned himself up.

“Thank you, I haven’t done that since Mavis died 15 years ago. She used to love wearing silky lingerie, slips, stockings, French knickers and so on. She would always tease me when we went out somewhere nice, she would flip her skirt up and flash me her lacy hem and stocking tops. It would drive me wild. I couldn’t wait to get her home and bonk her.”

I knelt down and gave his knee a pat. He grabbed my hand.

“Do you ever wear stockings and slips, Barbara,” he asked earnestly?

“Sorry Ted, fashion has changed, women don’t wear slips or stockings any more. Dresses and skirts are all lined, we don’t need them. And as for stockings, well they have been replaced by tights as they don’t fall down, although I suppose some younger women might wear them “

He still looked a bit sad.

“That’s all right, I know,, I never see a lacy hem nowadays. But I did enjoy feeling your nylon panties and tights though. You won’t tell anyone will you? You can keep the fiver, I meant it,” said Ted.

“No, I won’t tell anyone.”





A few days later I was reminiscing on the phone with my older sister Alison about what we got up to as teenagers in the late sixties, when we did both wear slips, stockings and full cut nylon panties, just like Ted's wife had worn. I reminded Alison about a particular incident at the local playground when Alison was on the monkey bars trying to keep her skirt up and I had pulled it down to the delight of a peeping tom hiding in the bushes. He must have seen her lacy slip, Vanity Fair panties, which showed Alison's lacy suspender belt through the thin silky nylon, her suspender straps and sheer nylon stocking tops. We had laughed about how he must have creamed himself when he saw that pretty sight.



Ever since my saucy incident with old Ted I had been thinking about the times I had enjoyed wearing slips when much younger. I said to my sister, “What ever happened to petticoats and stockings?” I was somewhat surprised by my sister’s tart response.

“Well some of us still wear slips and stockings, Barbara,” said Alison quickly.

Alison insisted that we go slip shopping at [The Mall](#) when she came up to see me and my husband Arnold at the end of the month. I was beginning to warm to the idea of wearing slips again and hey, maybe even stockings



My conversation with Alison about slips, and the request from Ted, did bring back many happy memories of when I first started going out with Arnold, my future husband. We often went to the cinema as an escape from both our parents. Arnold loved it when I wore a slip under a pretty dress. He would slide a hand under my skirt and fiddle with my nylon slip. At first that was as far as I let him go but over time we were falling in love. So I always dressed in silky lingerie and stockings when we went out as I knew how much he liked it. Full sex before marriage was verboten in those days but I sensed that if he could feel my silky lingerie he didn't mind too much waiting.



In those dark back rows of the cinema I let Arnold explore further and further under my dress. First it was the nylon slip, then under the slip to caress my sheer stockings, and on to the tabs of my suspender belts. There were no hold up stockings then, only lacy suspender belts and sheer stockings. Eventually he would get his hand up to my panties and start massaging my mound.

We had to be careful as the cinema manager would go mad if he caught you at it. I always suspected that he took his time before he confronted couples that he felt duty bound to tell off, as he was a bit of a perv, just like the man in the bushes at the playground. I made sure that nothing was too blatant, we were never caught.

The day Arnold discovered I was wearing French knickers instead of bikini panties he sighed contentedly. Bikini panties meant frotting me by pushing the tight nylon in and out of my quim. But Frenchies were a whole different ball game as the loose legs meant he could slid his hand inside my panties and make direct contact with my quim. Arnold loved feeling the silky nylon on the back of his hand as he pushed his fingers in and out of my vagina until they were soaked with my cum. He was always hard as a rock and the slightest touch from my fingers on his trousers made him cum too. He loved my slips, panties and stockings.



When I had been talking to Alison about going slip shopping I began to think about whether I still had any slips left. I thought I had not thrown them all out in the past. I was sure that I still had at least one full slip and a couple of half-slips at the bottom of my lingerie draw, maybe even a pair of French knickers. But then I didn't remember seeing them for several years. I recalled one very pretty pale pink Vanity Fair half-slip with a lacy walking split, lacy hem and even a lacy waist band. That was one silky slip, Arnold always said it was his favourite, it was mine too. It was so silky to wear and made me feel so sexy.

Arnold, Arnold. Perhaps there was a connection here. He was so disappointed that I started wearing lined dresses. He kept asking me about wearing slips with them but I said there was no need now, but perhaps there was a different kind of need that I missed the cue. He gave up asking after a couple of years. And that was not all he gave up on, especially after he had a leg injury at work. He recovered but had lost all interest in sex, well at least with me.



But perhaps he had not lost interest in sex at all and if he couldn't get me to play his little slip games any more perhaps he went down a different route and started wearing my old lingerie himself. I wonder what he looks like in knickers, tights and a slip? Oh my God, perhaps he wears a bra, and not tights but stockings and not bikini panties but my old French knickers that I wore to the cinema. He loved those pale blue French knickers; I bet he makes a bulge in those. I couldn't stop laughing at the thought of Arnold in panties, bra and stockings, what a sight. Poor dear, and I didn't noticed because I never wore those Frenchies, slips and stockings any more.



I was looking forward to the visit of my sister Alison and my nephew Mike. I decided I would wear some pretty lingerie for our trip to the Trafford Centre to buy some more slips with Alison. I did find the white slip and French knickers I wore on our wedding day, some 30 years ago. Of course I had to wear stockings. To my surprise I found some black stockings with a silver tree motif down the leg like modern fashion tights that I did not remember wearing before. Perhaps the hand of fate had intervened. So with some relish I slipped back 30 years as I dressed in my pretty nylon lingerie whilst Arnold was making breakfast downstairs. I would have to have words with him about wearing my panties and slips, when the time was right. "Take off my slip darling, and don't let me catch you wearing it again," was how I imagined the conversation might go.



The trip to the Trafford Centre with Alison proved to be great fun as we both flashed our slips as we went up and down the escalators. I did get some more slips including a pretty grey full slip from good old Marks and Spencers and a pale lilac half-slip with lashings of lace on the hem. I won't forget the look on the faces of Arnold and Mike as we insisted on showing them our purchases. It turns out that Alison's son Mike has been dipping into her lingerie draw as well. Naughty boy. Men are so easy to manipulate when they see some silky lingerie and sheer hosiery. Through both my sister and through Ted, I had rediscovered my love of silky lingerie, especially slips and stockings and was loving it.

CW15

It was about a week later that I was back at Ted's house. As I bent over to tidy up some of his cushions I could hear his wheezing breath change again.

"Oh Barbara, you are wearing a slip," he wheezed. "That looks lovely and with such pretty lace. There might be a reward for you girl. Are those seamed stockings?"





I could hear him rustling in his pocket and drop a note on the floor. I turned round and picked up a ten pound note, knowing full well that he could see straight up my skirt to my nylon panties and stocking tops.

“Oh yes, that’s an even better view than last time,” Ted said. “Stand up and let me see your slip properly.”

CW17

I stood up and lifted my black skirt.

“Do you like what you see Ted,” I asked?

“Oh yes I do. You said you didn’t wear slips and stockings any more Barbara.”

“I know, but it got me thinking how much I liked wearing them when I was younger. Then I discovered that my sister still wears slips and stockings. She took me shopping for some new slips and we had such fun. I got this half-slip in M&S, what do you think,” I asked?

“Oh it is lovely. It is such a pretty colour with lots of lace, and I can see your stocking tops and suspenders through the thin nylon.”





“Now that’s enough talking, get over here and let me feel those panties,” he commanded in his best Sergeant-Major voice.

I turned my back to him and lifted my skirt and slip up. I heard him unzip and then a hand caress my nylon panties. He explored my panties front and back as well as my nylon clad legs whilst he continued to masturbate himself. His hand slipped under my panties and into my quim. This time the effect of wearing the slip, panties and stockings together with his probing fingers made me cum quickly.

CW19

When I flooded his hand he knew that I had cum. He pulled his hand back.

“If you finish me off and I can keep those panties there is another twenty in it for you,” he said.

They were quite an old pair and getting a bit tatty so I didn’t mind. I was still recovering but was able to pull my panties down from under my slip. I turned round and could see he had pulled his trousers and underwear down and that his cock was still rigid.





I slid my panties down and stepped out of the dainty briefs. I then wrapped the silky nylon round his cock and started to masturbate Ted in the way I knew he would like. Oh he did like, and after only a few stokes he had cum, not much but enough to satisfy him. I was satisfied too, I had cum, rediscovered my love of slips and stockings and doubled my wages.

“Same again next week Ted,” I asked him as I cleaned him up by wiping the panties over his messy cock.

“Oh yes please, you have made an old man very happy, Barbara.”

There was no next week as Ted died a few days later. He went out with a bang! I wonder what happened to those cream panties. Perhaps his son Darren found them and enjoyed them as well?

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With thanks to Brenda

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