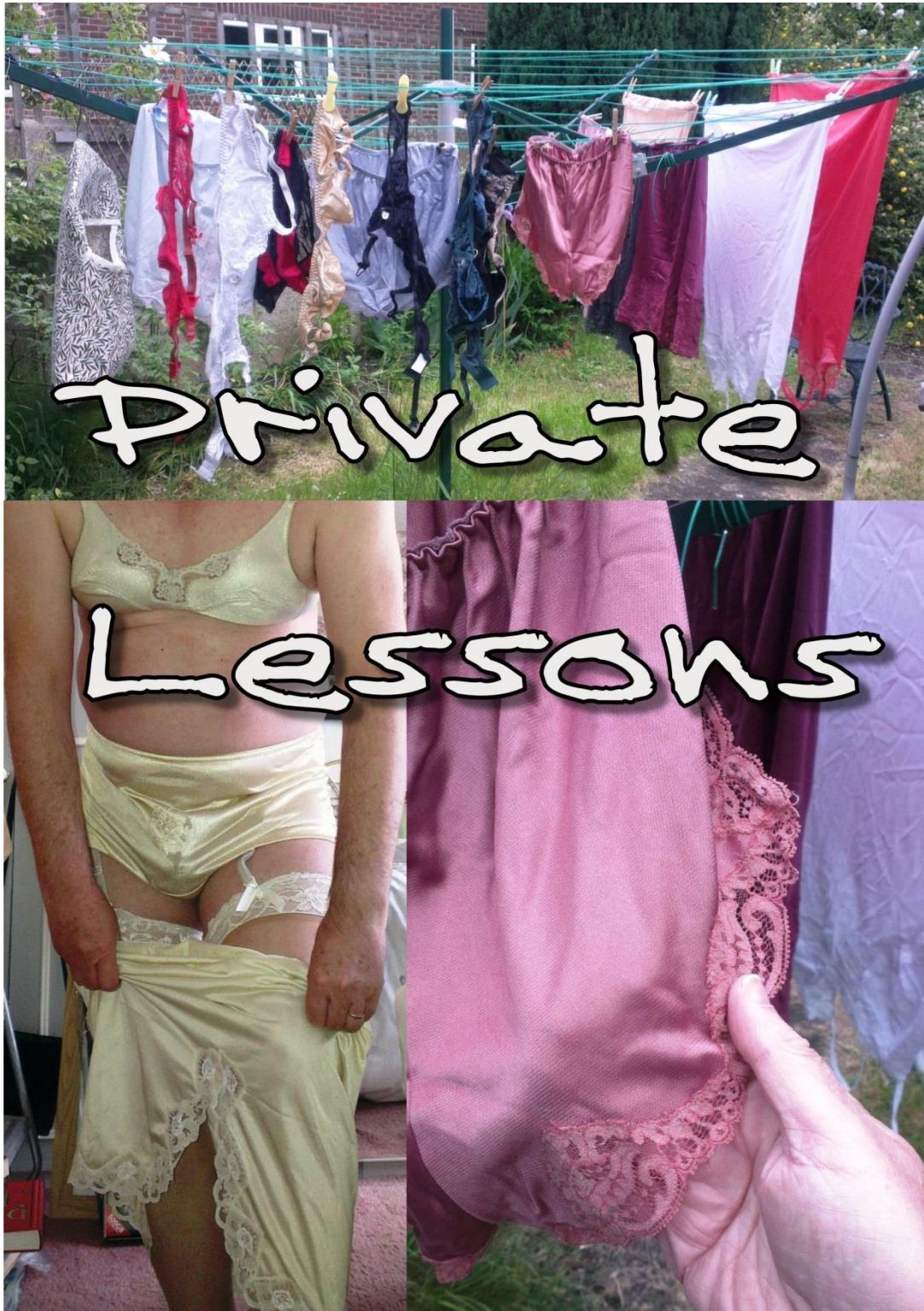


Private Lessons



A photo story by Andrea Slip



Mike was a little nervous as he stood outside the brown front door on a Sunday afternoon. His mum had arranged for him to have some A-level revision lessons with a Miss Loren, a friend of hers who used to be a maths teacher. He didn't quite know what to expect. He knocked on the door. Within a few moments the door opened.

Mike had to try very, very hard not to let his jaw hit the floor. A lady opened the door to Mike.

"You must be Mike, pleased to meet you, do come in, I am Sophie Loren" said Sophie shaking his hand.

Mike recovered as he stared in amazement at the lady dressed in a cream silk dress. As she put her brown high heels on the step her button up dress split at the front to reveal both a cream lace edged slip and possibly the hint of a lacy stocking top. Miss Loren, Sophie, looked vaguely familiar, but he couldn't quite place where from.



Earlier that Sunday Sophie was dressing in her bedroom. She remembered that this afternoon that the son of her co-worker Alison was coming round for his first maths revision lesson. She had also established with Alison in the [staffroom](#) at work that he was the shelf stacker that had seen her up-skirt flash and had “helped” her find the toilet when her skirt had accidentally fallen down at the [Supermarket](#). Sophie knew that he had also been wearing his Mum’s lingerie so she wanted to look her best for her new pupil.

She decided on cream as being a nice safe colour as she had a cream silk dress that would go well with her cream bra, waist slip, nylon panties and of course stockings with a creamy lace top. When she tried the cream dress on she realised it was a bit short and that if it rode up a little that her slip would show. Perfect she thought. Time to get on with the washing, her regular Sunday task. It looked like a nice day; she should be able to get her slips and lingerie dried in the garden instead of the tumble drier.



As Mike followed Sophie into the house he couldn't help smiling. Her nylon slip was on show and he was fairly sure that her sheer tan hosiery which made her shapely legs gleam were stockings. He was becoming an expert at spotting a little hint of lace, whether that was a slip or a stocking top. Mike loved slips and stockings, especially his Mum's. He had been exploring his [Mum's lingerie draw](#) for a few weeks now and had enjoyed a photo session in slips with his [Uncle Albert](#).



Both Sophie and Mike sat at the table to talk through Mike's previous grades, what he needed to get into Uni and the areas of mathematics that he found difficult so that they could concentrate on the right areas to focus on for his revision. Well, I say concentrate but Mike was finding it very hard to concentrate with the glimpse of Sophie's gorgeous cream slip right next to him. He wanted to reach and stroke the silky nylon. It also kept going through his mind that he had met Sophie before but he couldn't place her. Sophie made no attempt to reduce the split in her silk dress. A small, but subtle, smile crept over her face, she knew the power of nylon lingerie had on men and this would be a good lesson for Mike.



Not only did Sophie allow the split at the bottom of her dress to open up she wriggled on her seat so that the split in her slip would slid open to reveal the white lace at the top of her stockings, perhaps even a glimpse of the tabs of her suspenders. She also quietly slipped open a button at the top of her dress so that her lacy cream bra came into view. She was well aware of how hot and bothered Mike was becoming as he was making simple mistakes in the maths they were working through on past papers. He was also getting noticeably redder and redder in the face.



“Why don’t we take a break Mike,” asked Sophie after about 30 minutes. “You have been working hard but seem a little hot and bothered. Would you like a glass of water?”

“Yes,” croaked Mike, his throat rather dry.

“I will go and get you some water from the kitchen. Why don’t you get some fresh air in the garden, it’s a lovely day,” said Sophie pointing at the open patio windows at the end of the room.



Mike stepped out into the small garden, glad to have a break and to be able to cool down. As he looked around the garden his eyes were drawn to some bright colours at the end of the garden. He could not miss the gentle sway of nylon lingerie hanging from the rotary drier. They were like a hand signal drawing him closer. As he walked across the lush grass he glanced back at the house, he couldn't see Sophie.

Lesson 08



As he got closer he realised that Sophie had an amazing collection of vintage lingerie. There were suspenders, lacy bra's, nylon panties, French knickers, half-slips and full slips, all in a range of colours from black to white and almost every colour in between. What a collection, and all in silky nylon or satin.



It was the slips that he was particularly drawn to. Mike reached out and picked up the hem of a beautiful dark red half-slip and let the nylon and lace run through his fingers. He had become addicted to silky nylon in the last few weeks ever since that lady in the supermarket had flashed her slip at him.

"Oh my God," he said out loud. The penny had finally dropped. Sophie was the lady from the [Supermarket](#) that had got him started on his journey into a love of nylon and slips.

"Do you like that slip Mike," asked Sophie who had quietly brought his glass of water across the grass?

"Oh, ... no, I was just looking...." stuttered Mike, surprised by Sophie's sudden appearance.

Lesson 10



“Don’t you remember me from Sainsbury’s when my skirt fell down,” cooed Sophie.

“Err, yes I do,” said Mike.

“You helped me to find the toilets so I could repair my skirt.”

“Yes maybe I did, I don’t really remember what I said,” Mike managed to mumble.

Lesson 11



“Do you like silky lingerie then Mike, do you like what you see on the washing line,” asked Sophie as she picked up the hem of a very pretty gun grey half-slip.”

“Well I” Mike’s voice trailed off.

Lesson 12



“Oh go on Mike, don’t be shy. Your Mum has told me all about finding spunk stains on her navy blue French knickers and tab marks in her stockings. And she told me she [caught you](#) wearing one of her slips recently.

Mike had to smile at the memory of wearing his Mum’s pretty pink full slip with some sheer brown stockings, panties, bra and suspenders. The memory and the sight of the pretty silky lingerie before his eyes was having a severe effect on his lower regions.

Lesson 13



“Would you like to borrow some of my panties, Mike? How about these pretty French knickers? They are so silky and I just love the salmon colour.”

Mike could only nod.

“What about a slip as well, perhaps the grey one or the pink one next to it, they would both go nicely with the pink French knickers,” asked Sophie?

Mike’s eyes flicked between the two pretty slips gently waving in the wind. He couldn’t decide, they both looked so lovely. He wasn’t wearing any panties today but he was getting harder and harder.

“I can see you are having trouble choosing. Why don’t you take both to enjoy at home, but I do want them back washed? The lingerie is dry now, help me to fold the lingerie into the clothes basket,” said Sophie. “Then we must finish our lesson.”

Lesson 14



Sophie showed Mike how to fold and zig-zag the full slips into 3, then the half-slips and panties. She made Mike hold up the salmon pink French knickers so that he could fold them in half correctly. The remaining lingerie, the suspender belts and bras were last and went on top.

Lesson 15



Soon the silky lingerie was folded into the wash basket with the few items Mike was going to borrow on top. Sophie added a bra and suspenders to his little collection. They walked in doors, with Mike carrying the basket. Sophie lifted out the lingerie he was going to borrow to put them in a bag. Whilst she was doing this upstairs she slipped a pair of sheer black stockings into the bag. She knew he would like the little surprise.

Mike had calmed down now, well sort of, he still had a stonking erection, but managed to finish the maths lesson with Sophie. He wasn't quite sure how he got through the rest of the lesson as he couldn't wait to get home and try on Sophie's silky lingerie.

Lesson 16



As Mike was leaving at the end of the lesson, Sophie whispered in his ear.

“I know you want to try on my slip and panties when you get home but why don’t you wear them to your lesson next Sunday?”

“Can I, you don’t mind,” asked Mike?

“Oh I would love it, if you did, I know that we both love slips, we can make your maths revision more interesting,” said Sophie. “There is a little surprise for you in the bag.”

“I...I might not be able to hold back until next week Sophie,” said Mike.

“That’s all right, you enjoy yourself, I am sure your Mum will show you how to wash the delicate lingerie in time.”

“Thank you, I will see you next week then,” said Mike.

Story by Andrea Slip

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