

Staffroom story



A photo story by Andrea Slip

Staff01



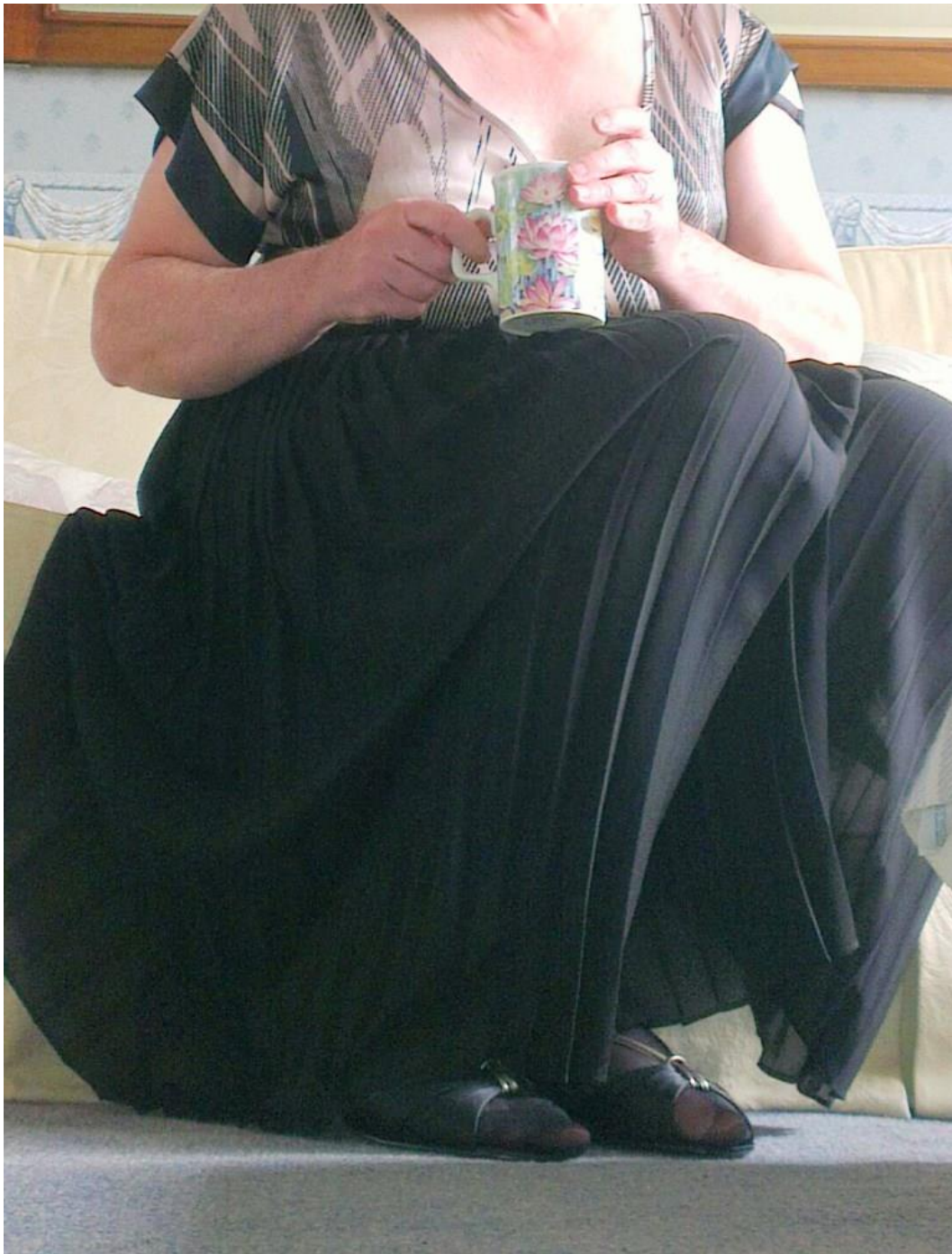
After Alison had done her makeup and brushed her hair she finished dressing for work. As she pulled on her silky black waist slip she thought how lucky she was she had been born a girl and that she could choose to wear practical trousers or pretty feminine clothes. It must be so hard for boys, like her 18 year old son Mike, who did not have that choice.

Staff02



She preferred to dress conservatively for work; long skirts, semi sheer black hosiery, low heels and light makeup. At least that was what people saw. Underneath she liked to wear the prettiest and silkiest lingerie. After a quick breakfast of some porridge and tea she was ready for the short drive to work at Software04, a small IT publishing firm in Edgebaston, on the outskirts of Birmingham, where she was the office manager. She yelled up to Mike that she would see him later and was out of the door.

staff03



Alison was the only member of staff in the breakout area at Software04, a small IT publisher in Birmingham, that morning, drinking a cup of tea, until Sophie, one of the sales managers who had only recently joined the firm, clattered into the kitchen to make a hot drink.

staff04

Sophie reached up to get a cup from the kitchen cupboard.

"It's snowing in Paris," said Alison.

"Pardon me?" asked Sophie in a puzzled voice.

"It's snowing in Paris," said Alison,

"Your petticoat is showing."



staff05



"Oh I see," said Sophie looking down. She tugged her skirt down a little so that the lacy hem of her slip disappeared and helped herself to a cookie.

staff06



As Sophie came into the seated are some her biscuit broke off and dropped on the carpet in front of Alison.

staff07



Sophie bobbed down to pick up the crumbs



"It's nice to see someone else wearing a slip," said Alison, "Not many women do these days more's the pity. They make me feel so feminine"

Sophie was surprised. "Are you wearing a slip today, Alison?"

Alison lifted the hem of her skirt to reveal her black slip with a lacy hem.

"That's a lovely slip, is it a Mark's and Spencer's half-slip?" asked Sophie

"Yes, it is. I wear a slip almost every day, even if the skirt or dress is lined." said Alison. "Is that a full slip you are wearing Sophie? I can see the top of your slip through your cream blouse Please can I see it better?"

staff09



Sophie raised her skirt to show Alison the pretty red hem of the slip more fully than before.

"Well spotted, it is a full slip by Proper Pride. I bought it on eBay as this colour is a bit hard to find now. I love wearing slips as well, I love the way they slip and slid, perhaps that's why they are called slips," giggled Sophie.

"Your stockings match your slip really well with that pretty red and black lacy top. Mine do too", said Alison. She couldn't believe she was saying this to a relative stranger.

"Oh, you must show me your stockings, and I want to know what panties you are wearing" said Sophie.



Alison stood up, took the hem of her slip and skirt and slowly lifted it to show Sophie the rest of her lingerie. Her black stocking tops, suspenders and finally her frilly pink French knickers came into view.

Staff11

"Oh my God, you are wearing Frenchies as as stockings, suspenders and a slip. They look pretty," exclaimed Sophie. "Me too."

Sophie raised her slip as well to reveal a delightful pair of red French knickers.

Just then other voices could be heard heading towards the staffroom and both women dropped their skirts and picked up their tea before two male members of staff came into kitchen area.

Alison and Sophie carried on their conversation about shared love of lingerie quietly at one end of the sitting area whilst two men remained in the kitchen area.

Alison asks Sophie about how she gave Alison eyeful up her skirt when she dropped the crumbs earlier. "Was that deliberate?"

"Oh yes, I often test the water that way to out slip lovers", said Sophie. "I did it a couple weeks ago in front of a young shelf stacker at Sainsbury's. And then, would you believe it, catch on my skirt broke and my skirt fell down. It wasn't deliberate, it just happened. I up the skirt and walked up to the shelf stacker and asked him where the ladies was so i could go and repair the skirt. He was speechless and could only point to the loos. Everyone could see my pink slip, and probably the fact that I was wearing stockings as well"

"Which branch of Sainsbury's," asked Alison?

"Edgbaston," said Sophie

"My son works there part time as a shelf stacker. Funny, he never mentioned it. I can't think why. And do you know what, I found some marks on my blue panties recently, they looked like dried up spunk to me. I shall have to have words with that young man."

Copyright –April 25th 2013

Other photo stories are at <http://www.software04.uk/>

Please use the [contact form](#) for comments, positive feed-back and ideas for future stories



well
so

just
the

the

an
biscuit

seek
of

the

picked