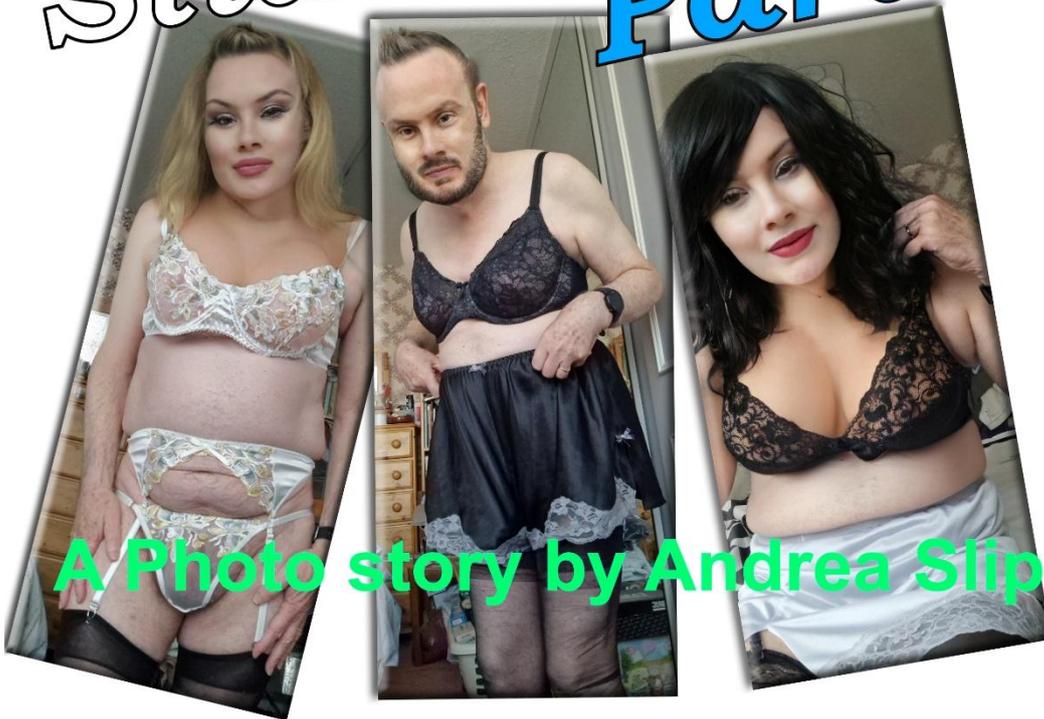


Sliding Doors – Part 2 by Andrea Slip



Sliding doors Part 2



A Photo story by Andrea Slip

Continuing the story of Sliding Doors, Andy wonders if there was a crossroads in his life where things might have turned out differently, a sliding doors moment.



As Andy ate his porridge on a Monday morning, he speculated about whether there had been a sliding door moment that meant that his life could have gone in a completely different direction. He thought about when he was 10 years old and had asked his mum whether he could wear stockings and suspenders. What she had actually said was, “No, love. This is for ladies. Men don’t wear stockings and suspenders.”



Mum was wrong about that as Andy had worn seamed stockings, French knickers and slips, many times over the last 10 years but not out in public or on show like his mum's peeping red slip.

There was also the time she had caught him trying on her pale blue slip and French knickers. She had noticed and told him gently that although little girls might dress up in mummies clothes and shoes that little boys could not. They might be laughed at in public and called a sissy. He would not want that. Andy's mum was religious, men were men and women were women in her view.

So, he didn't wear lingerie again growing up, the desire was there but he suppressed it.



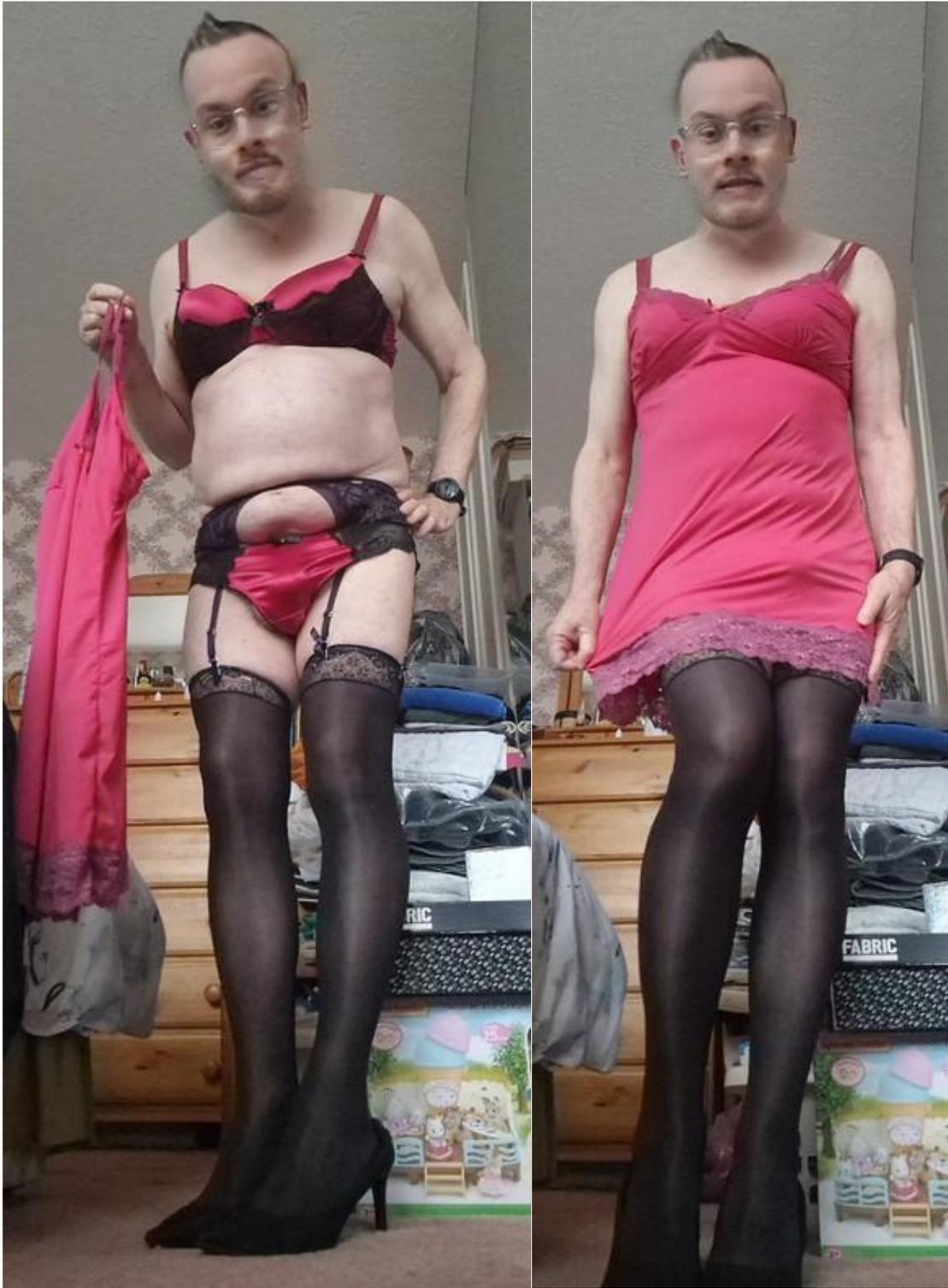
In his mid-20's Andy met Susie at a walking club. She was his first proper girlfriend. Susie worked as a teaching assistant in a special school, he still worked in accounts at Hoover. Their personalities were very similar and they had shared interests, such as going on long country walks and reading. In 1991 they got married and rented a flat in Ealing. He often bought her pretty lingerie gifts, which she would wear under a nice dress for a special occasion.



Sometimes she would even wear seamed stockings with matching panties and a slip with a lacy hem.



Although Susie had lots of pretty slips, she never wore them for her job in an office, it was a flowery blouse and black trousers for work. They had tried for children but had not been able to conceive. They thought about IVF, but it was too expensive. They were married for 25 years when Andy lost Susie to an undiagnosed heart condition ten years ago in 2016. He was devastated.



Although he cleared out most of her clothes he could not bear to part with her lingerie and especially her slips. He had always got hard when she wore them with stockings.

He could not resist trying them on. Now he was wearing slips again after a long break. Although he was now in his 50's, why had he not done this sooner?



Andy loved masturbating in Susie's pretty lingerie and filling the pretty panties with his cum. He also discovered Flickr and posted photos of him pleasuring himself in pretty lingerie. He was not alone. He discovered that lots of men like wearing slips, panties and stockings.



Then he started buying some of his own dresses, a wig and slippers in a bigger size.



He wanted to go out dressed as a woman but was too conflicted and too shy to fully dress in public.



He did start wearing lingerie to work under his male clothes.



He was nervous that he might get caught, perhaps someone might see his slip and bra through his shirt. If they did notice they never said anything. He often thought that he must be wearing the prettiest and sexiest lingerie in the office.



What he really wanted was to be fully dressed and made up in the office, perhaps flashing the hem of a lacy slip. It was his fantasy, but it didn't happen,

But what if things had been different and he had started sooner. What if? Was there a sliding door moment, a crossroads where he could have gone in a different direction?



As Andy buttoned up his suit jacket ready for work, any signs of his lingerie disappeared, only his pink tie showed a splash of colour. That was it, a pink tie, that was the moment. John Patridge, the first man that Andy had noticed wearing pink. Men didn't wear pink back then, only gays and sissies.



Andy had met John at work in his first job in finance in the 1980's at an appliance manufacturer in Ealing, West London. John had only just left university and was in his early 20's, before he had met Susie.

John was the opposite of Andy. John was very flamboyant. He was into Am-Dram. John was quiet, shy and reserved. Most of the workforce at the Hoover campus was female, Andy and John were in a minority. John was very creative and worked in marketing.



John was in an even smaller minority; he was openly gay. He always wore something pink, a pink tie, a pink shirt or even a pink jumper. They often had lunch at the same table in the canteen and got on well. John knew that Andy didn't drink so there were not any trips to the local at lunchtime or even after work. However, they did share a love of food.

One day John invited Andy round for a meal on a Friday night. Andy wondered if he would finally meet John's partner Rob. Rob was a professional makeup artist, mostly on films at Elstree film studios. Andy didn't know many, if any openly gay couples. How would he feel. Andy never found out as he discovered that Rob was not at John's flat.

John had cooked a lovely stew with dumplings. Andy asked if he could use the toilet.

"At the end of the kitchen, mate," said John.



The kitchen was quite messy, which surprised Andy, John always took a lot of care with his appearance. There were clothes piled up on the floor in front of the washing machine. Andy was envious, he didn't have a washing machine in his bedsit.

Then he noticed a pair of panties, a bra, and stockings all in black on the top of the washing pile. There was also a lacy white suspender belt. Andy was confused, why did two gay men have some ladies' underwear? Was this a trap, to see if Andy's suppressed cross-dressing would emerge?



It looked like the sort of underwear his mother had warned him off wearing when he was only about 10 or 11. Men didn't wear lingerie, or did they?

Andy wanted to but didn't touch the black panties, he walked on to the toilet. When he got back to living room John had made some coffee, they sat on the sofa and John put his hand on Andy's knee. Andy had thought this might happen when he discovered that Rob, John's partner, was not there. Andy had to decide what to do. Reject John's pass or see what happened. This was the sliding door moment.

"Sorry John, I am not gay."

"Well, that surprises me, A lot of men would find you very attractive, not camp and over the top like me but quiet and passionate bubbling underneath. Have you ever worn ladies' underwear?"



“No, not really. I tried on my mum’s French knickers and slip when I was about 10, but she caught me and warned me off. I have never worn them since.”

“Ah mothers. There was some graffiti in the men’s toilet at my local pub. It said something like My Mother made me a homosexual. Underneath someone had added, If I send her the wool will she make me one too?”

Andy smiled thinking about his mum’s blue French knickers.

“Whose underwear is on the washing pile?”

“Ah that was a test, but you passed by, no harm done.”

“That was a lovely meal, thank you John, it’s not for me, see you at work next week.”

They stood up and hugged.

“If you ever change your mind let me know,” said John. Perhaps, just perhaps this sowed a seed that would later emerge many years later, after Andy’s wife passed away.



Or perhaps there was another possible scenario that was the sliding door moment? What if Andy had not been able to resist and touched the silky French knickers on his way to the toilet. What if John had followed him and watched to see if Andy had fallen for the trap that he had set. John had sensed that Andy was a suppressed gay tranny that given the right opportunity to emerge from a chrysalis state to becoming a beautiful butterfly and fly, fly and fly.

Let us explore that different outcome.

“I thought you wouldn’t be able to resist seeing my lingerie, they look so pretty, wait till how silky they feel when you try them on, Andy,” said John standing in the doorway.

“I..... I... shouldn’t.” said Andy remembering what his mum had told him about men not wearing lingerie after he tried on her pale blue slip and knickers.

“Don’t listen to those voices in your head, I wear lingerie, you can too. They are clean. Take them in the bathroom and put it all on, there’s a good boy. You know you want to. When you are ready go back into the living room and wait for me.” John turned round and disappeared into the bedroom.

Andy hesitated then picked up the lingerie from the pile. They smelt nice. John had put them there to test the water. Andy walked into the bathroom. He started with the bra, that was a bit tricky but not as tricky as the cream suspender belt. He flipped it around several times before realizing that it is clipped at the back like the bra.

He picked up the sheer stockings, they felt so soft. These were seamed stockings, just like his mum had worn on special occasions. It took a couple of goes to get the seam straight all the way up his leg,

Andy stepped in to the black French knickers and pulled them up over the stockings. He did this slowly as it felt so sexy. The French knickers had swirls of white lace on the hem. They were big. It made Andy look like he was wearing a slip.





Andy looked in the bathroom mirror. The bra felt a bit flat. He had taken ages putting on the stockings and lingerie. He was really stiff inside the silky knickers. He was excited and nervous. Did this make him gay? He headed back to the living room expecting to find John was cross with him for keeping him waiting for so long.



John was not in the living room.

“In here, Andy,” said a voice from the bedroom.

Andy to walked into the bedroom to find a beautiful woman lying on the bed. He was confused, where was John?

“You can call me Jo when I dressed like this.”

“Oh my God,” said Andy. “You look so sexy and gorgeous.” Jo was wearing a black and white dress, a white slip peeped out from under her black and white dress. She sat up.



“Are you wearing stockings and a slip,” asked Andy?

Jo lifted her dress and her lacy white slip. Her cream panties and suspenders showed. She had a very full bust under the white top of the dress.

“Oh, God, that is so sexy.”

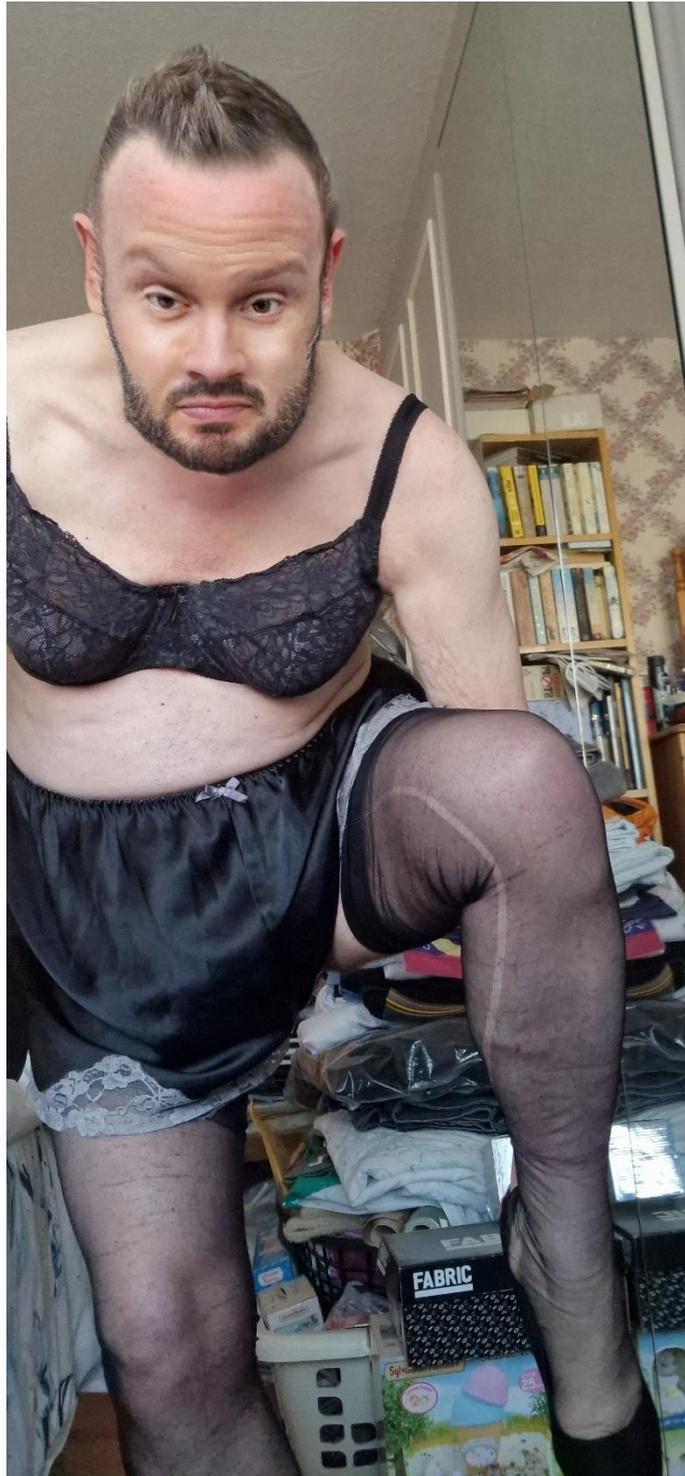
“Well, you look sexy too, Andy. We can’t call you Andy. How about..... Andrea?”

“OK, why not,” asked Andrea, adjusting to her new femme name.

“There are some heels here that should fit you. Oh, you need some filling for your bra, it looks a bit flat.”

Jo handed some plastic breasts that looked like chicken fillets. Andrea tucked them in her black lace bra and eased into the black heels. They were a bit tight but ok.

Andrea felt very sexy with her filled bra and heels on. She was getting stiff in her black French knickers.



“Can I see your slip, Jo?” asked Andrea

Anthea got even stiffer when Jo stood up and started to lift the black portion of her dress. Her white slip came into view. The hem had lots of swirling lace. Anthea thought that this was really pretty. White suspender straps and black stocking tops showed through the thin, silky slip.

“Is it a half-slip?”



Jo lifted her slip even higher.

“No, it is a full slip.”

Andrea took in the lacy full bust. She could see a lacy bra showing through the bust. Jo took the dress right off.



Andrea's clitty was now tenting her French knickers.

Jo reached forward, pulled the panties to one side and started stroking Andrea's stiff clitty.

Andrea closed her eyes. She was being wanked by a beautiful girl in pretty lingerie, just like Andrea's mum wore. Had she died and gone to heaven.

Suddenly Andrea spurted cum, it went all over Jo's slip and stockings.



“Oh no, you have cum all over my slip. I will have to take it off now,” said Jo as she removed her slip.



As Andrea was taking in the pretty matching cream lingerie that Jo was wearing, Andrea started to stiffen again. The she noticed how stiff Jo was, her clitty showed through her sheer panties. The matching suspenders, bra and panties looked so sexy. Andrea wanted to dress like this.



“Now you can learn how to suck. Get down on your knees.”

As Andrea knelt on the carpet Jo pulled down her panties and then her bra. Jo’s stiff dick was now waving in front of Andrea’s face. Jo’s tits looked so real and so big.

“Kiss first then take it in your mouth, suck gently, just like licking an ice lolly.”

As Andrea kissed and then licked the stiff protuberance she thought she had never licked a hot salty lolly before. She learnt quickly and was soon sucking Jo’s clitty right into her warm and soft mouth. Jo pulled Andrea’s head nearer and then exploded. Andrea gagged at first then caught a breath and swallowed.



“You are a natural, Andrea,” said Jo when she recovered.

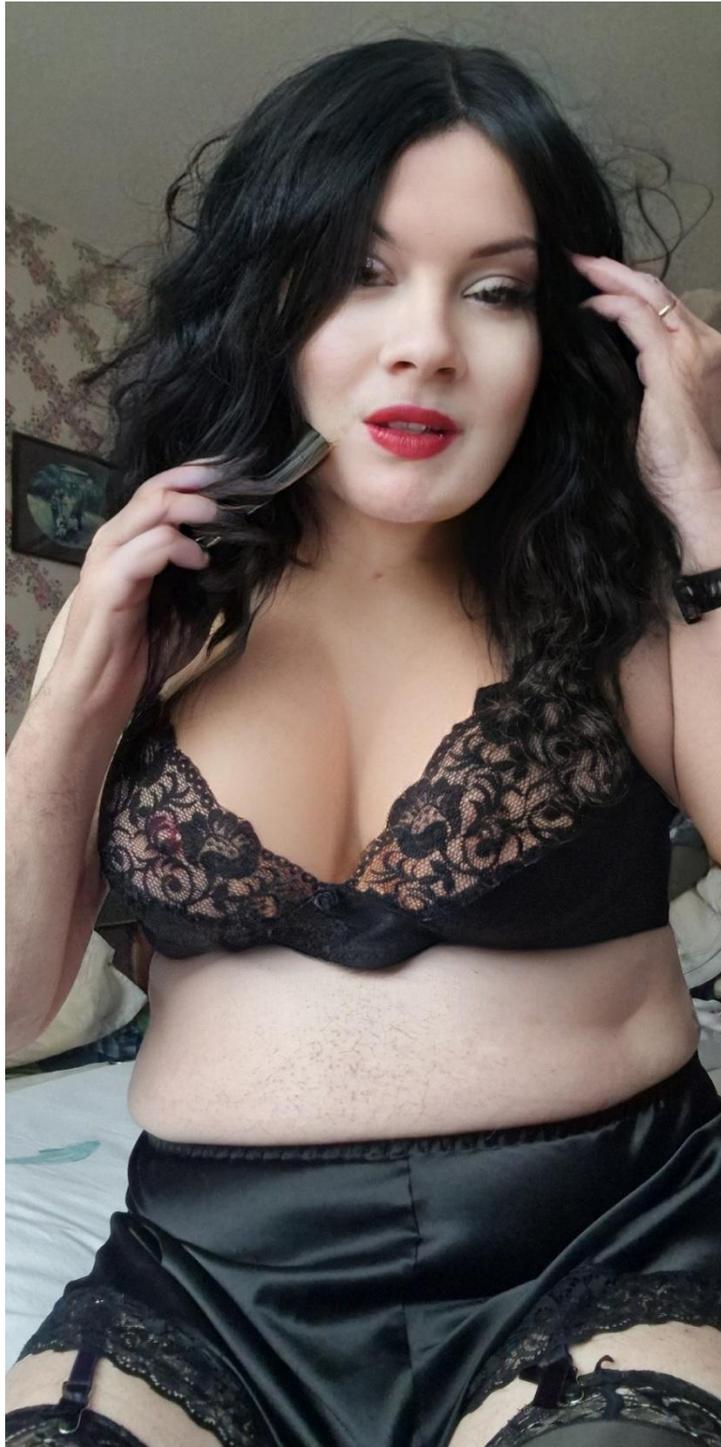
“Oh my God, that was amazing,” said Andrea.

“Now we need to get Rob to teach you how to do some makeup and get you into a dress for the world to see. I know what we can do. In a month I am in “The Rocky Horror Picture Show”. Rob is doing makeup and hair. The audience all dress up as well. It would be the perfect opportunity for you to show everyone your new persona.”

“That sounds like fun. I have seen the film but not the stage show. What role are you playing?”

“What do you think?” asked Jo not giving anything away.



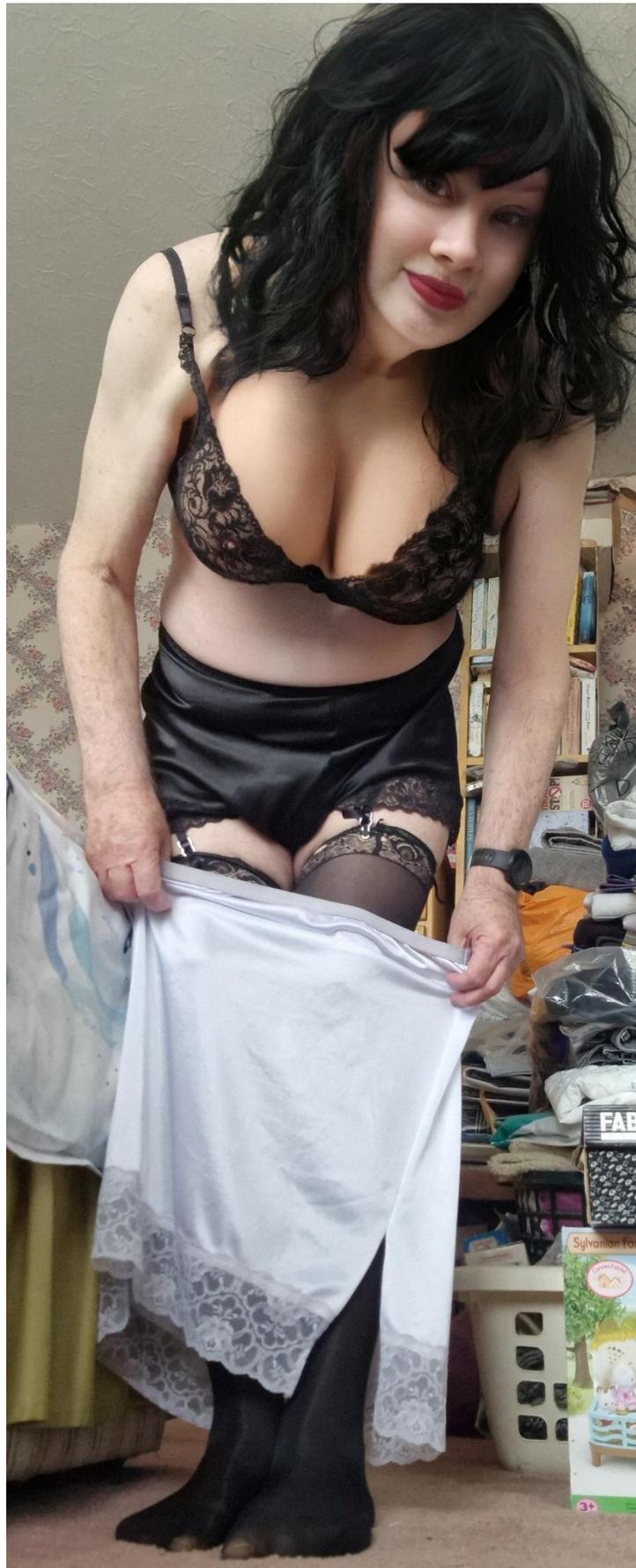


A few weeks later, after several makeup lessons with Jo's boyfriend, Rob, Andrea was ready for her big night out. She had some new lingerie and a new dress. Rob had also lent her a wig and showed her how to style it. It also turned out that Rob knew all about John inviting Andy round for a meal and the trap with the lingerie in the kitchen. Rob and John were secure in their relationship. John /Jo remained just good friends.

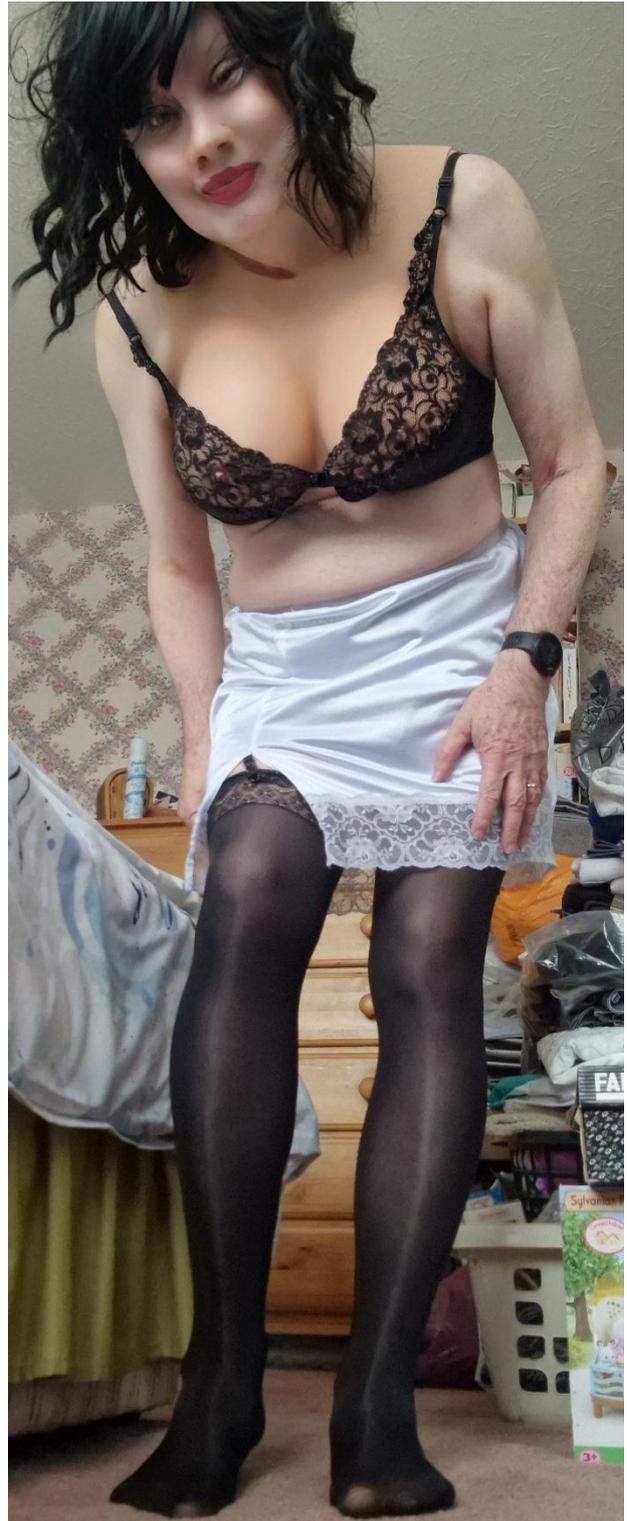
She dressed slowly in her new lingerie, a black lacy bra, black lacy suspender belt, black French knickers and glossy lace top stockings. Jo had leant Andrea some big fake boobs.



Then she stepped in to a white half-slip, this felt so sexy as it glided over her stockings.



She posed in the mirror for a moment taking in all the sexy lingerie. It was no good she would have to have a quick wank. She lifted the slip and took hold of her stiff clitty. Andrea was careful to catch her cum in a tissue and not spray it over her white slip, like she had done over Jo's full white slip. This made Andrea giggle.





Andrea had not yet finished dressing. She zipped up some long black leather boots



She had bought a new dress, with some help from Jo. It was very slinky and had a geometric black and white pattern. It matched her lingerie perfectly.

Finally, she pulled the dress over her head and smoothed it down over her bust and slip. She was almost ready to go and very excited to see the show. But what part was John playing, was it Brad? He would not say.



Anthea settled into her seat at the little theatre in Ealing. It was not far from her bedsit, so she walked. Walking in heels, dressed as a woman for the first time was tricky, but she managed it. She felt a bit self-conscious but also a sense of freedom for the first time. This was who she wanted to be.



As the show was about to start Anthea made sure the lacy hem of her white slip and stocking tops was showing. Was this a bit too much? As she looked round at the boisterous audience, she realized that she was quite conservatively dressed compared to lots of the audience. There were some quite outrageous costumes based on the show. There were lots of Magenta maids with frilly petticoats and stockings and Dr Frank-n-furter look alikes, in stockings as well, of course. Then the music started.

How had Andrea not realized that the part that John/Jo was playing? When Susan opened her wet pink dress to reveal the classic white half-slip, lacy bra and sheer stockings, Andrea gasped. Susan looked so sexy, her hair and makeup were immaculate (thanks to Rob of course). Then Andrea cheered with the rest of the audience, they all knew exactly what to expect and had their own script to follow.

The show was sensational, Jo and the rest of the cast were sensational. Did the audience know it was a man underneath the sexy lingerie. Did it matter? Did they care? No. It really opened Anthea's eyes as to what was possible.

It turned out that John was happy to present as a gay man for work and dress up as Jo for fun at home with Rob.



But for Andrea, it opened her eyes. It led to her dressing full time within 12 months, both at work and at home. She then started thinking about gender reassignment. She knew this would take some time.

If only that sliding door moment really had happened, how different could Andy's life have turned out? We will never know.

The End

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With thanks to Paul for the idea for this story

[Also read Sliding Doors – part 1](#)

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Sliding Doors (1998) was a romantic comedy, starring Gwyneth Paltrow, when a woman just missed a tube train in London, the doors sliding closed just as she got on the platform. If she had been a few seconds earlier, she would have got on the train and her life would have turned out completely differently.