

Air Trans – Part 1 : a photo story by Andrea Slip



A Photo story by Andrea Slip

Prologue – April 2022



Andrew picked up the photo from the bureau. It was of two women, in their early 20's, both were wearing the air stewardess uniform of Trans Air. The blonde on the right was his mum, Anthea, the dark-haired woman on the left was "Aunty" Jess. They looked very smart in their uniform and so sexy.



He looked closely at the uniform in the photo, a lacy slip showed through his mum's sheer blouse and the lacy hem of the full slip peeped out from under the short grey skirt. He knew all this because he was now wearing that exact uniform with the full-length white slip and sheer black stockings underneath.



“Andrew, I have come to feed the cats.” Andrew was startled by a voice behind him. He had hadn’t heard “Aunty” Jen open the front door of their flat.

“Wow, I recognise that uniform. That takes me back to our Air Trans days. Boarding cards and passports ready for inspection please.”

Andrew straightened up in surprise at being caught dressed up.”

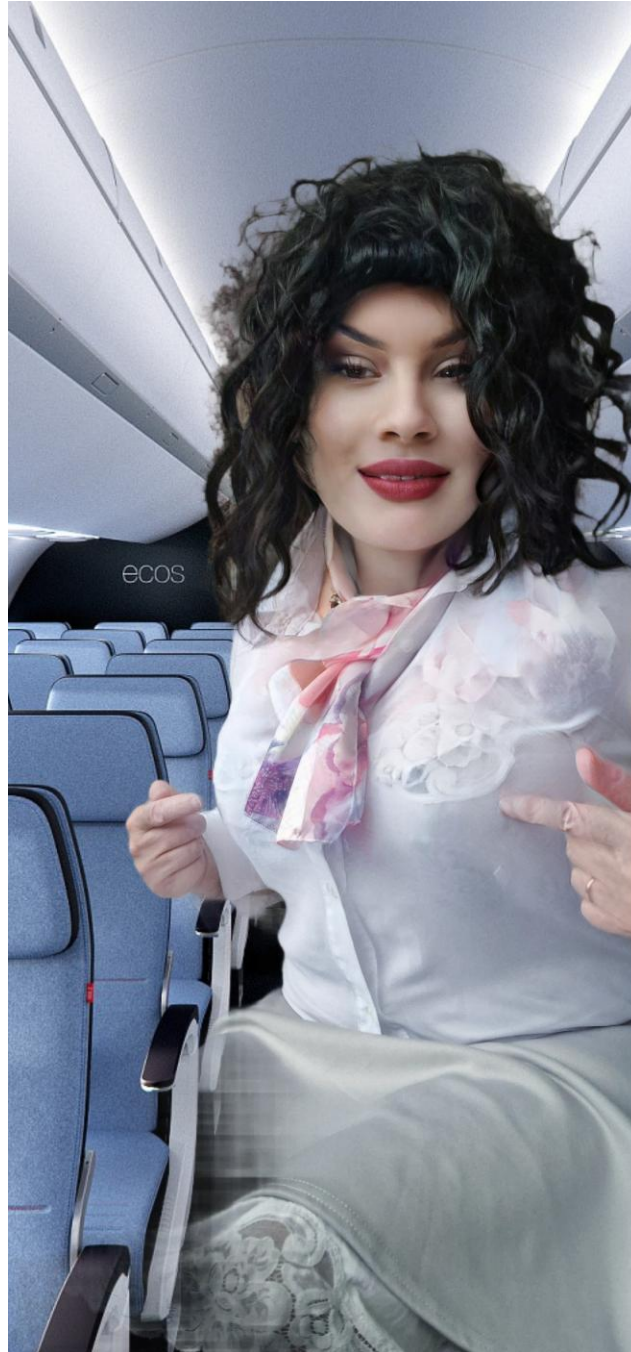
“Very good, Andrew, but we need to make sure that lacy slip shows under the hem of the skirt, let me help you with that.”

Part 1 – April 1998



Jessie and Anthea first met when they were on a short haul trip to Berlin in 1998, they were both stewardesses for Air Trans. It was Anthea's first trip in her new job. Jessie, however, had been a stewardess for 2 years. One of the first things Anthea said to Jessie was about their uniform was when they were waiting for clearance to take off from Heathrow. She took off her jacket and sat down in the staff seats.

"How do you put up with the uniform, Jessie?"



“Do you mean having to put on heavy makeup, wear sheer RHT stockings, suspenders, a short skirt, the sheer white blouse that shows your lacy slip and bra, the 3” high heels or making sure your white lace edged slip is always showing exactly 1 inch of lace,” asked Jessie?



Anthea looked down at the white lacy slips peeping out from under their skirts as they sat in the staff seats at the back of the airplane. The plane surged along the runway and took off. “Yes, it’s all so... well... kind of old fashioned. And the male passengers keep trying to look up my skirt to see if I really am wearing stockings and suspenders under my slip, as shown in the adverts for Trans Air. The women, who, almost all of whom, travel in trousers, just look at me in pity.”

“Oh, men will do worse than look up your skirt, believe me, Anthea.”

“Urgh, I had never worn stockings and suspenders before this job, nor a slip. My granny and my mum used to wear a petticoat. I had to borrow a couple of full slips from my mum. She said she hardly any women use them anymore as most skirt and dresses are lined. She said that I could keep them as I said I didn’t know where else to get them.”





“You will get used to it, Anthea. Try M&S for slips, my RHT stockings are from Gio or Stockings HQ online.”

“Maybe the CEO should try wearing the uniform, he would change his mind quite quick about what is suitable and comfortable for women,” said Anthea.



“Actually Anthea, I can think of a few men that might get very excited at wearing the silky slip and stockings.”

Then they had to get back to work as the plane climbed through the clouds. Anthea and Jess often worked together after that and became firm friends outside work. They were both in their early 20’s, they lived near each other in Hounslow, near Heathrow, and often travelled to work together on the Piccadilly line.

What Jessie advised about male passengers taking liberties happened came true for Anthea a couple of months later, on a trip to Athens. She was leaning over to serve a cup of coffee to a passenger in the seat next to the window when she felt a hand behind her sneak up her skirt and touch her slip where the top of her stockings met her suspenders. She nearly dropped the coffee but managed to hang on to the cup. Some splashed on to her skirt.

She turned round to admonish whoever it was had just put their hand up her skirt. An old man just smiled at her. "Just checking," he said, as Anthea scowled at him, "that some ladies still wear slips and stockings, like in the old days, I am pleased to say." Was he a friend of the CEO?

Anthea could feel the coffee soaking through both her skirt and slip. There was nothing she could do back then, just smile. Jessie, who was at the other end of the trolley serving drinks, looked at Anthea, and tilted her head slightly towards the old man. Anthea grimaced. Jessie grimaced back. When they were finished Anthea headed for the toilet at the back of the plane to assess the damage. Whilst she waited for the toilet to be free, she grabbed her handbag from her locker.





When it was free, she stepped into the tiny toilet. She put her bag down and crouched down to pull out some large tissues. There was not much room in the toilet, it was a struggle to take off her blouse and skirt, but she managed it and soon was left standing there in just her slip, stockings and heels.

The white blouse was fine, that could go back on. The skirt was damp but a few dabs with some of the big tissues took away most of the damp coffee spots. The slip was another matter.



The coffee had soaked through the skirt and slip; there was a brown stain on the white nylon. It was ok for now but would need soaking overnight in the hotel sink to stop her mum's slip from being ruined. What was she going to do tomorrow about a slip for the return journey? She got dressed again. She would ask Jess.





"Is it bad," asked Jess when she got back to the staff station.

"The skirt is not too bad but look at my slip," said Anthea as she lifted her skirt to show her slip.

"Oh, that is stained."

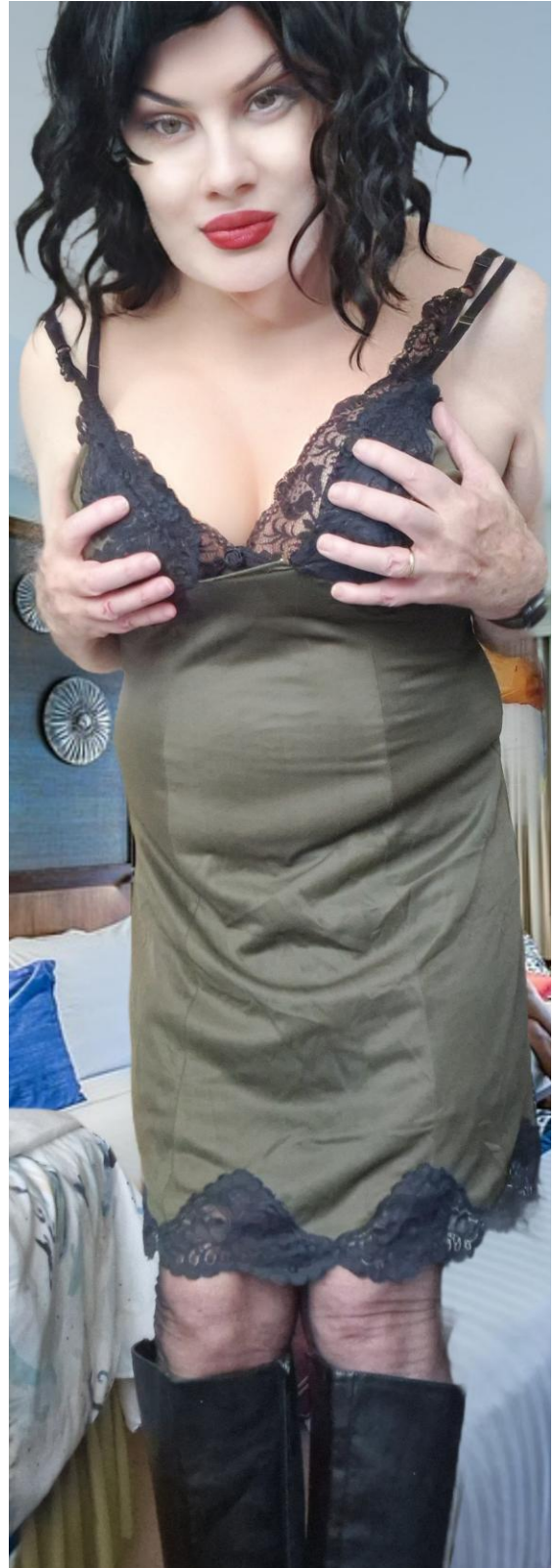
"I know, I will need to soak my slip at the hotel tonight, but what am I going to wear tomorrow, I haven't got a spare slip with me."

“Oh, I might be able to help you. I have a black full slip with me,” said Jessie.” It is a 14 but will probably fit you.”

“Why black?”

“I keep it in my overnight bag in case we are flying with Captain Rogers.”

Anthea looked puzzled, “Wait a minute, you mean are you having an affair with Captain Rogers? I thought he was married.”



“He was but is getting divorced.

He loves to see me in my black slip, black French knickers and stockings on our stop overs, he’s a beast, rubbing the lacy slip over my breasts.”

They both giggled but then had to stop as a passenger wanted their attention.



When they got to the hotel, they both went to Jess's room. She opened her overnight bag and laid out the black full slip as promised. Captain Rogers was not on their flight today as he had a sickness bug, so the black slip was not needed by Jess on this trip.

"Oh, la la, that is a pretty slip, I love the lace," said Anthea.

"You can borrow this but maybe you could carry a white half-slip, for an emergency, in your handbag rather than a full slip, even for short hauls. So long as you wear a big lacy white bra, you should be ok if you keep your jacket on."

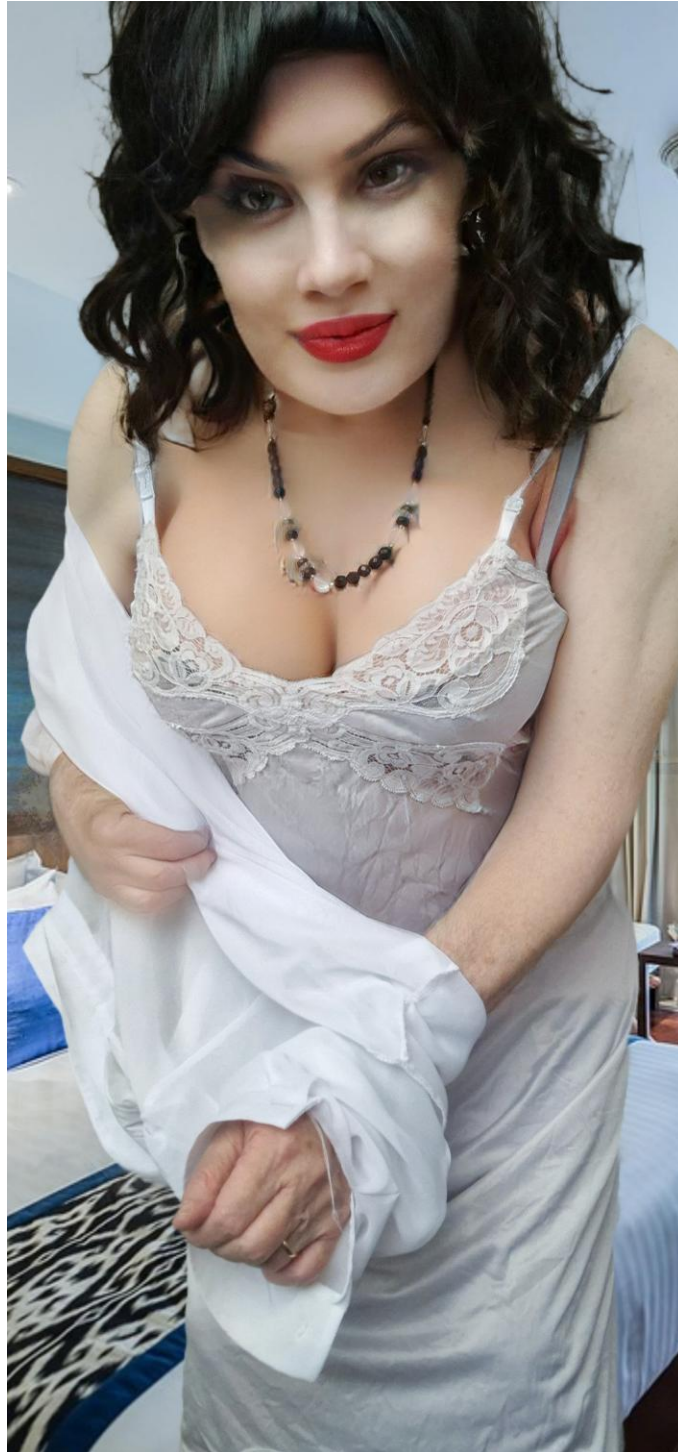
"Good idea. I hadn't thought of Marks and Spencer for lingerie, my granny shops there!"

"Peter (the senior steward) might make a snarky remark about your black slip showing to tomorrow but just tell him it was a split coffee. And he might want to borrow it next; I think he is a bit of a sissy. Try it on to see if it fits, Anthea."





Anthea was a bit shy but slowly took off her jacket, and blouse to reveal her full white slip. Jess could sense her anxiety.



“It’s just us girls, no need to be shy. Tell you what I will strip as well,” said Jessie as she took off her uniform to reveal a very lacy white slip.



Anthea was slightly reassured; she removed her skirt.

“Nice view of your boobs, Anthea.”

Jess loved seeing other ladies in their lingerie. She had often been down this road before with colleagues, not just Captain Rogers.





Anthea took off her white slip to reveal her white bra, granny panties and suspenders to Jess.

Jess slowly lifted her slip over her head to reveal that under her slip that her panties, bra and suspenders were all in black and tan not all in white like Anthea.

“Oh my god. You are wearing black and tan knickers and bra under your white slip. I thought we had to wear white undies to match the slip.”

“We are supposed to but with this slip it won’t show. The bra is covered up with the lacy bust of the white slip, no one knows except for you, and Captain Rogers.” She giggled.



Anthea could not help staring at the very lacy tan and black bra that barely covered Jess's ample bosom and the silky knickers with lots of lace on the hem.

"You look so sexy, Jessie, no wonder the captain can't keep his hands off your pretty slip and knickers."



Jess picked up the black slip, "Here, you try the slip and see how it feels."

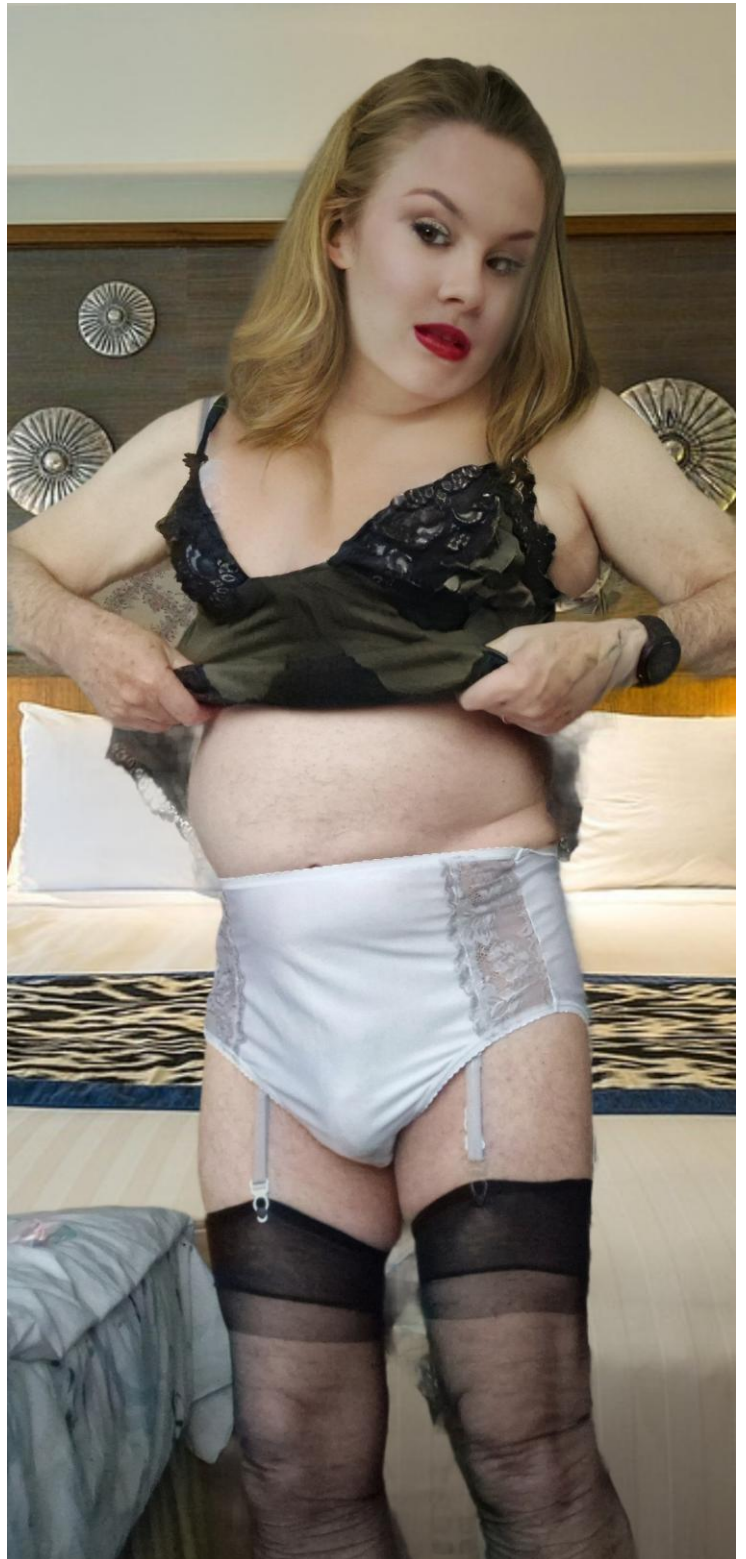
Anthea started to pull the black slip down over her head.

"It is a bit tight; I am usually a 16"

The slip got stuck on her boobs.

"Let me help.," said Jess.

Jess helped Anthea pull the slip down, she kept touching Anthea nylon covered breasts.





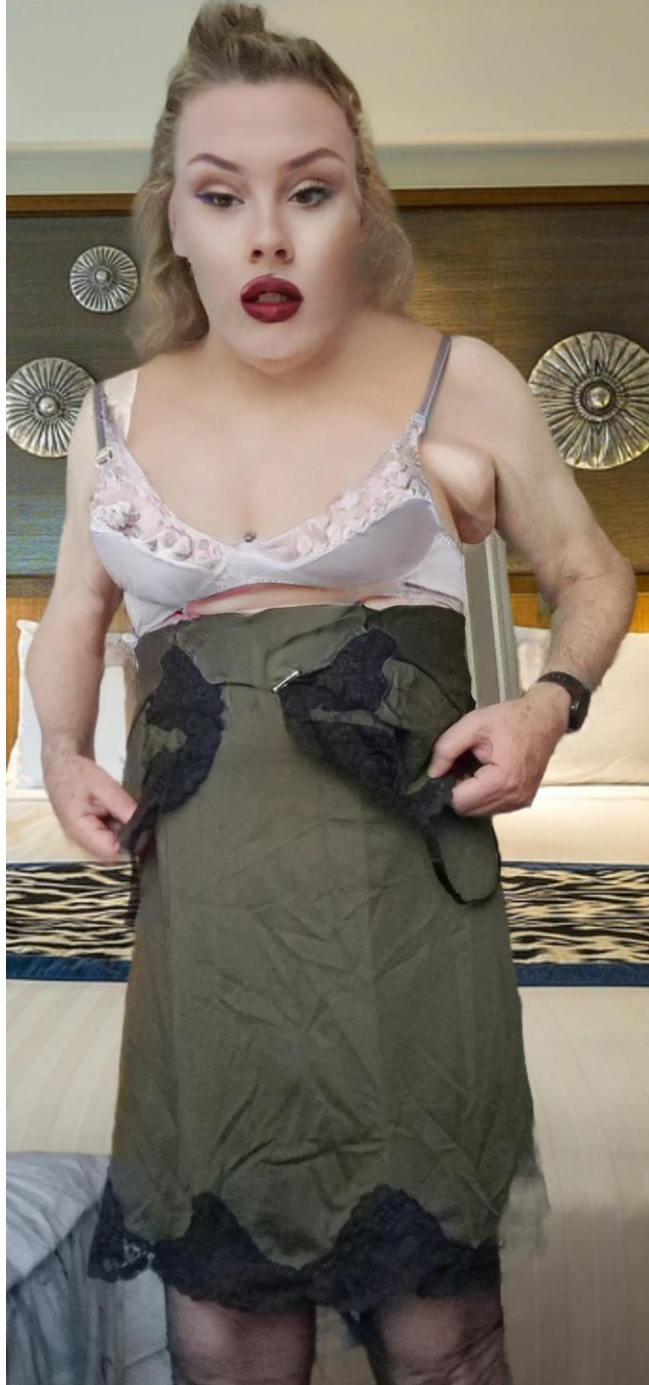
As Jess eased the slip down over Anthea's panties, she smoothed it down and quite deliberately touched Anthea there a few lingering seconds. Eventually the slip fitted down over her panties. The slip was quite tight but long enough for the lacy hem to cover her stocking tops but might not show under the skirt of her uniform.



Anthea felt excited about wearing this slip and the way that Jess had touched her. Then Jess leant forward, looked into Anthea's eyes and kissed her. Anthea was surprised but took the lead from Jess and leant forward to kiss her back. She had never done this before, but she rather liked kissing another girl in pretty lingerie.



“I will show you what the captain likes to do to me in this black slip,” said Jessie as she massaged Anthea’s boobs through the silky slip and the white bra underneath. Anthea was getting excited and could feel her pussy starting to tingle. Jess leant forward and started kissing harder but then moved down to Anthea’s breasts and started kissing those.



Anthea threw her head back and let out a moan. Jess eased the thin wraps of the black slip down



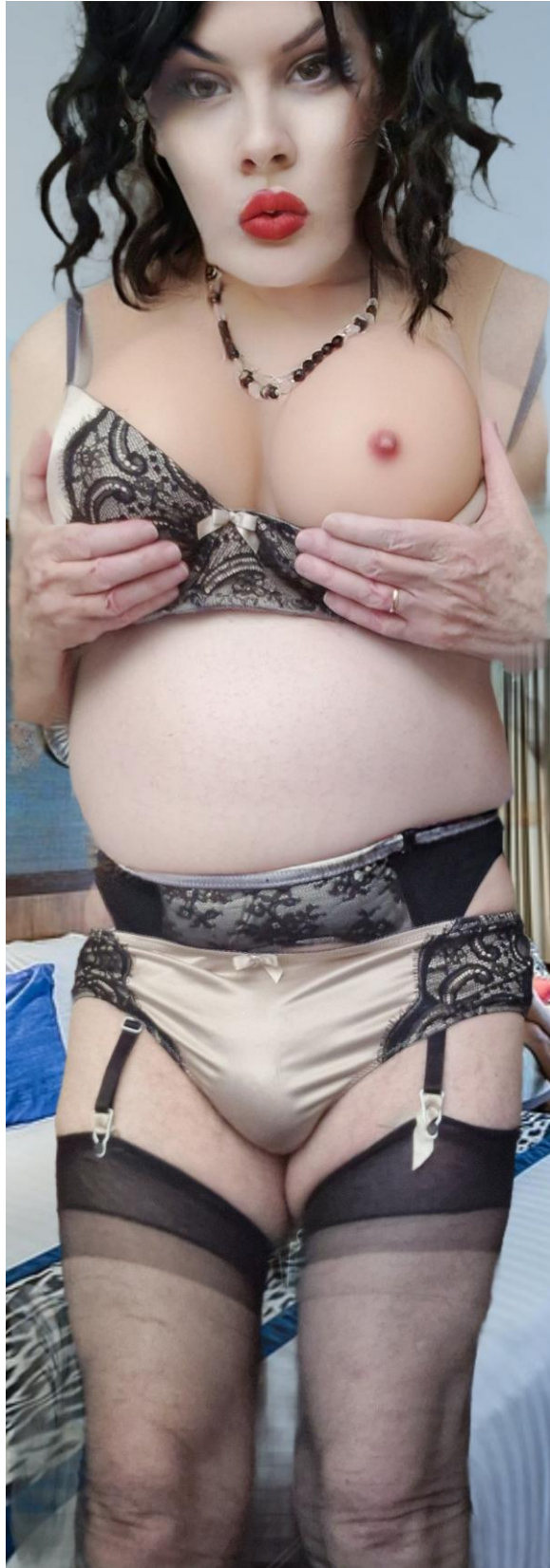
and then quite violently yanked Anthea's white bra to expose her big breasts. Anthea gasped as Jess started to kiss her nipples, they were stiff and so sensitive.

"You have lovely breasts, Anthea."



Jess moved one hand downwards to lift the hem of the black slip to reveal Anthea's panties, stockings king tops and suspenders. The panties were getting damp as Jess started pushing the nylon into Anthea's pussy.

Anthea lifted her hands to massage Jess's breasts through her bra, pulled one cup down and kissed Jess's nipple.





Jess eased the black slip right down over Anthea's suspenders and stockings. It formed a black puddle on the carpet.

"We don't want to mess up this slip as you will need to wear it tomorrow," said Jessie as she picked up the black slip and put it on the chair.



She pushed Anthea back onto the bed and shoved her hand inside Anthea's panties.



Anthea looked down at the knuckles that were showing through her damp white panties as Jess slowly pushed 3 fingers in and out of Anthea's quim. Then she got quicker and started shoving all 5 fingers inside Anthea's juicy pussy. Anthea was panting, nobody had done this to her, her sexual feelings were unleashed like never before. They kissed again as Anthea suddenly gushed into the panties, turning them sheer. They collapsed back on the bed. After a couple of minutes Anthea reached for some tissues to clean up.

Jess got up off the bed and pulled up her bra strap.

“You can do me now, but with your tongue, Anthea.”

Anthea was shocked but seemed to be under the spell of the more dominant woman. Anthea stood up as well and started to kiss Jess. “Not there, silly”.



She pointed at her pussy and eased her knickers down to the top of her stockings.





She pushed Anthea down so that she could kneel in front of Jess.

Anthea held the panties and started rubbing them over the stockings, they were so silky.





She moved her head towards Jess's exposed pussy with her tongue, tentative little stabs at the soft, wet flesh. Jess pulled Anthea's head closer.

"Faster, Anthea, don't hold back." Jess held Anthea's bare tits.



Anthea pushed her tongue in faster, just like Jess had done with her fingers. Jess was so wet but then suddenly gushed all over Anthea's face. "Ahh, yes, you got me just right, better than the Captain."

Anthea fell backwards, she felt exhausted but exhilarated.

"Girls aren't supposed to do that with each other, but I liked it," said Anthea. "It can be our little secret. See you in 30 mins for dinner."

Anthea had to fully dress again and pick up the black slip. She gave Jess a quick kiss and then went to her own room. She took off her uniform and the stained slip. She rubbed some soap over the stain and then filled the basin with water. She hoped the slip wasn't ruined, what would her mum say? She picked up the full black slip; it survived the goings on in Jess's room. It would be fine for tomorrow, but Anthea would need to go to M&S on her day off and get some slips of her own.





The flight back the next day was uneventful. Peter, the Purser, looked at Jess's very lacy white slip and then at Anthea's black slip but didn't say anything about the black slip showing through and under her uniform. However, he did raise an eyebrow. She told him about the passenger putting his hand up her skirt and spilling the coffee on her uniform.



“Men!” he exclaimed. Jess was right, he was a bit camp and maybe he was jealous of her wearing the black slip. Anthea had never thought about, or met men, who wanted to wear lingerie, she supposed it was possible, but why all the faffing with suspenders when you didn’t have to wear stockings all the time for work? She didn’t get it. Perhaps she would one day.



Anthea was off work the next day. She would normally wear jeans when she was clothes shopping but decided that if she was buying slips for work, she would wear a dress with stockings and suspenders. She dressed carefully in pink matching panties, bra and suspenders. The stockings were sheer with a seam but brown. She decided not to wear a slip as that was what she was going to buy.



On top she wore a pink dress that she could easily pull up a white half-slip underneath. Anthea put on some black boots, grabbed her bag and headed for M&S in Hounslow.



Anthea was surprised and delighted at the choice of slips in the lingerie department. She had always thought that M&S only catered for old ladies but some of these slips were nice.



They even had some nice black French knickers, just like Jess said she wore for Captain Rogers.



She found a short half-slip with lots of lace. She went to the changing room to try the slip on. It was size 16 and had lots of lace on the hem.



Without taking off her dress, she stepped into the slip and pulled it up over her stockings.



She adjusted the slip so that the hem would show. At least with a half-slip there was some leeway on how high or low the slip would sit. It was perfect for emergencies and would fit inside her handbag on flights.



The white half-slip felt nice over her other lingerie. Anthea wondered if she could find a pink half-slip to match her pink panties, bra and suspender belt. And perhaps she should give back the full white slips to her mum even though she said keep them.



She went back to the shop floor and started to have a good look for some other slips. The full white slips were straight forward to find; she picked up 2 but finding a pink half-slip in the right length and shape was a bit trickier. Then she found what she was looking for but could not decide which pink half she liked. She took both into the changing room/



She had to undo her pink dress as she tried on two white full slips.



Then she tried a short half-slip. It was pink satin and was almost a perfect match for the panties and bra she was wearing.



Then tried the second pink slip. This was longer and had gorgeous lacy split and hem. Anthea put her pink dress back on as she wanted to see how long the slip was under the dress. She decided she would wear this dress home, so she took off the label and put it with the other 4 slips she was going to buy, 2 full white slips, 2 pink half slips and 1 white half-slip. This was going to cost a fortune, good job she had just been paid.



As she was standing in the queue to pay an elderly lady behind her tapped her on the shoulder and said “Excuse me miss but your pink petticoat is showing.”

Anthea smiled and turned round to face her.



"I know," she said. And she never thought she would ever say that.

The lady replied, "We used to say it was snowing in Paris, but I suppose anything goes these days."



The incident with Jess was not repeated as Jess was often with Captain Rogers on the long-haul stopovers. In fact, they got married when his divorce came through, Jess gave up work and moved to Surrey to become a housewife. Anthea got used pleasuring herself through her panties and slip, pushing the silky nylon into her juicy pussy, then with her fingers until she came. Anthea had developed a fetish for silky nylon slips and pretty lingerie.

About a year later she met John at a party, he was an accountant. It was a chance to buy lots more silky lingerie and especially slips. They soon got engaged and were married 18 months later.



Anthea wore a beautiful white slip and stockings under a white silk dress. Jess was her Maid of Honor.



The sex was good for a while, but John did not particularly like feeling Anthea's silky slips. Even on her wedding night he wanted her to get undressed as soon as possible, jump into bed naked, have quick sex and then go to sleep. It did mean that Anthea got pregnant within a year of getting married. After Andrew was born in 2004 John lost interest in sex altogether. They drifted apart and got divorced in 2007.





When she was breast feeding her baby, she often wore a lacy maternity bra, a pretty slip and stockings. She loved cuddling Andrew in her silkiest lingerie, even after she stopped breast feeding. She did wonder if this would influence the boy as he got older. Of course it did.



In part 2, the story moves on to 2022 when Andrew, a strapping teenager, discovers his mum's lingerie and her old air hostess uniform.

The End

Thanks to Paul for inspiring this story

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i_love_slips@yahoo.co.uk

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