

Art Teacher – A photo story by Andrea Slip



A dropped pencil in the art classroom leads Jonathan Tait on an interesting journey into nylon lingerie

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Karen Tickner would never forget her first day at Wokingham Grammar School, 4th September 1969, as a NQT (newly qualified teacher). She had been appointed to teach art across the school. It was only a small mixed grammar school of 600 pupils, so she was the only full-time art teacher. The Headmistress was an old dragon called Miss Williams. She marched into the staff room where Karen was talking to Jenny Jones, a lovely Welsh lady who was the Deputy Head.

“Ah, Miss Tickner, I believe, come to my room.”

Karen had no choice but to follow the Headmistress to her study.

“Welcome to Wokingham Grammar School, but your dress will not do. Firstly, this new fashion for miniskirts is not suitable for lady teachers, they are much too short, they show far too much leg. It is a fashion that will die out quickly, in my opinion. Secondly, I do not hold with these new tights that seem to have come in with miniskirts. Ladies wear stockings and girls wear tights. Are you a girl, Miss Tickner?”

“No Miss Williams,” said Karen, she felt like a naughty third former, not a new teacher.



“In that case you will wear a knee length skirt or dress, like the rest of the ladies here. Are you wearing a petticoat under your mini-skirt?”

“Yes, Miss Williams.”

“Show me.”

Karen bit her lip and lifted the black skirt of her mini dress to reveal her cream-coloured slip with a lacy hem.

“Well at least you got something right, Miss Tickner. Now wear something more suitable tomorrow. Sensible heels as well. You look like you are going horse riding with those boots.”

“Yes, Miss Williams.”

“Dismissed.” Mrs Williams turned away from Karen and went and sat down at her large wooden desk.

Karen wanted to cry but turned and went back to the staffroom.



Karen managed to recover by the time she got back to the staffroom. She sat down on an empty chair. Jenny, the Deputy Head, came over and sat next to her.

“Oh dear, did she tell you off for wearing mini-skirt and tights?”

Karen nodded, only just holding back the tears.

“Sorry, I should have told you at the interview about how old-fashioned Miss Williams is about her strict dress code, she still thinks ladies should dress as if it was still the 1950’s when she started teaching. We have all faced her wrath about wearing the wrong clothes. Never mind, wear something longer tomorrow, when you meet the pupils.”

Did she tell you to wear stockings and a petticoat?"

"Yes, I am wearing a slip, my Mum still calls them petticoats, at least I got that right."

"I know, I noticed your peeping slip earlier. Have you got some stockings and suspenders? I know most women have got rid of them. Wish I could, I hate all that fiddling around, give me tights any day."

"Thank you, Miss Jones, I have several of pairs of stockings and suspenders. That is the funny thing, I love wearing stockings. I have a couple of slips as well, but I wanted to wear something more modern today for my first day."

"Please call me Jenny. Oh well you will be ok for slips and stockings then, what about dresses or skirts. Some women have started wearing trouser suits with bell bottoms, but not here I might add. Dresses or skirts here for the ladies. Male teachers wear trousers, of course, but they have to wear a suit, shirt, and tie. Swings and roundabouts, I suppose. Just imagine if a man wanted to wear a dress here. Now come and meet the rest of the staff, they are much easier going than Miss Williams."





Jonathan Tait was looking forward to going back to school after the long summer holiday, particularly as he had heard rumours that his art teacher, Mr Mackenzie, had been sacked for leering at the girls in his class.

Jonathan finished dressing in his school uniform and went downstairs to eat breakfast. When he got to the kitchen, he found his mum, Brenda, ironing a pink dress for work and some slips. As he sat down at the table he could not help staring at his mum. She was standing at the ironing board in pale pink lingerie. It was clear that she was wearing black panties, black bra, a suspender belt, and black stockings. He knew this from scanning his dad's Fiesta magazine hidden under the bed. Jonathan had an instant boner. He had a thing for silky lingerie and stockings, but this was his mum. As much as he tried not to look but he could not stop staring at his mum's lingerie, he got very hard. Mum didn't seem to mind her son seeing her in her pretty lingerie, but this was the swinging 60's, conventions had changed, although she still loved to wear slips and stockings.

“Oh, there you are Jonathan. Hope you are ready for your last year at the Grammar school. My friend Maisie, who works in your school office, told me you there is a new art teacher this year, bit of a dolly bird, so you had better watch out.”

“What happened to Mr Mackenzie, didn’t he get sacked?”

“No, Maisie said he had been unwell and had to have a heart operation. He had been threatening to retire for years and the operation forced his hand.”

“Oh, I see, what is the name of the new art teacher then?”

“I think she said Karen Tickner, although you will have to call her Miss Tickner. Now I must put my dress on and get ready for work. Have you got everything you need for school, Jonathan?”

“Ahh, mum, I am 17, I can pack my own bag now thanks.”

Mum finished folding her black full slip, she would wear that tomorrow under her dress. She liked to be smart for her job as a secretary at the new hospital in Bracknell. The Taits, mum Brenda, dad Barry and Jonathan lived on the outskirts of Bracknell, an expanding new town. Dad worked as a designer in an aircraft parts factory down the road in Farnborough.

“Bye, mum, see you later,” said Jonathan.





Earlier that morning Karen Ticknell, Miss Ticknell to the students and the Headmistress, had chosen what she was going to wear for her first teaching day very carefully. She went with pale blue underwear. This included a blue bra, French knickers, a white lacy suspender belt, white stockings and a short blue half-slip. She stepped into the mini slip and pulled it up over her stockings.



Just to be on the safe side Karen decided to wear a full-length slip, also pale blue over the top of her other slip. Although it protected her modesty it also felt wonderful with her two silky slips rubbing together.



Karen often wore two slips, usually a half slip and a full slip. She did not mind the stockings rule instead of tights, perhaps she was a bit old fashioned as well.



The dress she had chosen was blue and made of crimplene, a new material that promised not to crease. Karen was not sure about that, but it felt nice and soft to wear. It was a darker blue with tiny white flowers.



Karen pulled the blue dress down over her pale blue lingerie.



Karen lifted the dress at the front and adjusted her two pale blue slips. She checked her make up, not too much, Jenny Jones had told her about that, she was good to go. She felt a little nervous but excited to start her teaching career. She just hoped the students would be nice and behave.



Jonathan was looking forward to meeting the new art teacher, Miss Ticknell. He hoped she would be better than old Mr Mackenzie. He was a good teacher, but he fussed too much. Some of the girls in his A level group thought that he tried to look down their blouses. Art A-level was the last lesson of the day. Jonathan was first into the art room and was greeted by the sight of Miss Ticknell bent over trying to pick up a brush she had dropped.

For the second time today, Jonathan had a hard on. Miss Ticknell's dress was caught up in her knickers and it revealed white stockings and a blue slip. Oh joy. Stockings and a slip, just like his mum wore. Should he say something, he did not but he did cough.



Miss Ticknell stood up and straightened her dress. She turned round to meet her students.

“Oh, there you are, come in. You must be Jonathan Tait.”

“How did you know my name, Miss?”

“Well, Jonathan, as you are the only boy in the A-level class, it was not hard. Where are the girls, aren’t there are supposed to be 9 of you in the class?”

“Oh, probably fussing with their hair and makeup, they were all chattering about meeting you at lunch time. They are always late. Do you need any help, Miss?”

” Thank you, Jonathan, that’s kind of you. Perhaps you could help me to tidy up at the end.”



There was only one thing that was hard, and it was in Jonathan's trousers as he stared at Miss Ticknell's bust. She was very well endowed, much bigger than any of the girls in the A-level group. Jonathan rather liked the blue dress and how he could see her pale blue full slip through the lacy white panels on the front of the dress. He would have loved to see more of her lacy blue slip. Perhaps even her bra.

Just then the eight girls all burst into the room chattering and giggling. When they saw Miss Tait and Jonathan they stopped.

"Come into lessons quietly girls, like Jonathan, now take a seat and we can introduce ourselves."

Jonathan went and sat at his usual seat at the back.



Although Miss Ticknell had a few slips she had to buy some more now that she had to wear a slip every day. Sometimes she would wear a skirt and a blouse instead of a dress, this was acceptable in the staff dress code for the lady teachers.



One of her new full slips was white and the reason she liked it was that it had a very lacy bust. She thought it looked so pretty and made her feel so feminine.



Whatever Miss Tincknell wore grabbed Jonathan's attention, especially when the lacy hem of the slip could just be seen. However, some of the girls in the A-level class were a bit catty,

"She thinks she is so pretty in stockings and petticoat, but she is not as pretty as me, isn't that right Jonathan," asked Abby at lunch one day.

"Oh, I don't know, I think she is prettier than you Abby and I love the way she dresses," said Jonathan.

"What would you know, you must be a poof," said Abby.

Jonathan had not quite mastered the art of being tactful and telling girls what they wanted to hear. Maybe that was why he did not have a girlfriend, despite being friends with most of the girls in his art class. Although he didn't think he was a poof (a disparaging term used about gay men in the 1960's and 1970's) he was very attracted to the lingerie his mum wore and sometimes the glimpses he caught of Miss Ticknell's slips.



Mrs Tait often ironed and folded her lingerie in front of Jonathan at breakfast time. She noticed how often he stopped eating and just watched her pick up a pair of knickers and fold them.



As she folded a delightful pair of blue knickers that had lots of white lace and pink bows, she wondered if Jonathan had ever tried wearing her knickers. She did not think he had as she would have noticed any marks he would have left behind.



Brenda Tait loved her slips and knickers, and she did not mind teasing Jonathan with them, he didn't seem embarrassed with seeing her in her lingerie, unlike her husband Barry. Anything feminine scared him off.

One day she decided to test Jonathan. She has just finished folding some slips and knickers.

"Jonathan, could you be a darling and take my laundry upstairs for me, I am in bit of a rush today.

She picked up the three piles of lingerie, the full slips, half-slips and cami's, then final pile of knickers. She put them together and handed them to Jonathan. He took them from her and carefully took them upstairs.

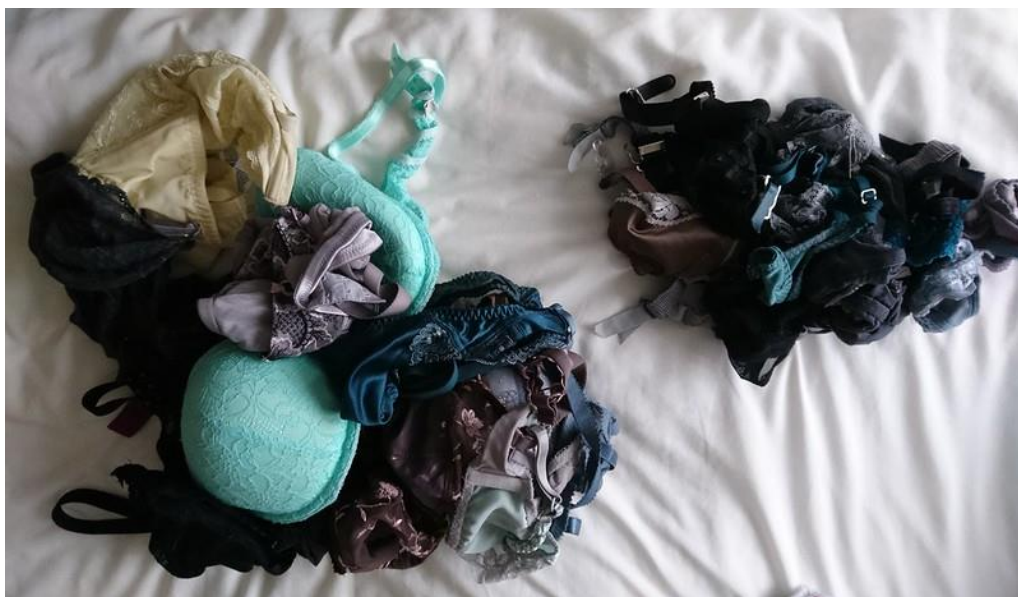
"He should have been born a girl, he so loves looking at my lingerie", she thought, "perhaps even more than just looking."

"Can you put them away for me, Jonathan? The slips go in the bottom draw of my dresser and the knickers in the second-long draw. Do you mind?"

"No, that's all right," said Jonathan.

"Thanks love, you are a pet."

"Oh, hang on a minute, you can take my bras and suspenders as well." Mum picked up two more piles of lingerie and put them on top of the slips. "The bras go in the bottom draw of my beside cabinet and the suspenders go with my stockings in the top right draw."





Jonathan did not mind sitting at the back of art class. He was fairly sure that the girls wanted him there so that he could not see up the skirt of their school uniform. Back in the 60's pupils in the sixth form still had to wear the standard school uniform. The only difference was that sixth formers wore a fancy striped tie, even the girls. The sixth form girls could wear socks or tights, unlike the female teachers who still had to wear stockings. The art students were allowed to wear a smock if they were painting, to protect their uniforms.

The advantage for Jonathan being on his own at the back was that when Miss Ticknell was bent over one of the girls drawings in front of him, he was able to drop his pencil and glance up her skirt. No one else would notice. This particular day Miss Ticknell crouched down next to Abbey to talk about her technique. When she got up Miss Ticknell did not realise that Jonathan was getting an amazing view of her black French knickers, lacy blue slip and black lace top stockings. It made him very hard. So much so that he had to do something about it when he got home, especially after handling his mum's washing that morning before school.



If you are a regular reader you may be wondering what the effect of handling mum's silky lingerie that morning had on Jonathan. He loved it, but when he had to open her lingerie draws and carefully put away her pretty underwear his stiffie nearly burst out of his school trousers. He desperately wanted to try on her panties and slippers, there and then, but he had to get to school. Some readers in his position may have been tempted to bunk off school but Jonathan did not do that, he was a diligent student and wanted to go to do a degree at art college.

After his sighting of Miss Ticknell's slip, stockings and black French knickers he so wanted to try on silky lingerie for himself. When he got home, he was the only one there, mum and dad were not home from work yet. He would normally make a cup of coffee and go up to his bedroom to do his homework. Not only was he studying art but also history and English. He always had lots of homework.

This day he skipped the cup of coffee and instead raced upstairs to retrieve the brown lingerie he had put away so carefully that morning. In particular he wanted to try on the brown nylon knickers that he watched his mum fold so carefully and put on top of the pile he had carried upstairs. He found the knickers but wanted more so he picked up the brown suspender belt that went with the knickers, a brown bra and a brown half-slip. Jonathan found some sheer brown stockings to go with the lingerie and even some brown heels that fitted.

First, he put on the suspender belt, eased the silky stockings up his legs, attached them to the suspenders and stepped into the brown slingbacks. Finally, he pulled the nylon panties up his legs over the nylon stockings. He could have died and gone to heaven right there and then.



Next, he clipped the bra on, that was a little bit of a struggle, but he managed. There were some breast forms in amongst the bras, perfect for filling the empty cups of the brown lacy bra. He didn't question why his mum had some breast forms; he just knew what they were for. Then, he picked up the brown half-slip. The slip had some lovely cream lace on the hem that matched the creamy lace on the knickers.

Finally, he was able to step into the half-slip and pull it up over his nylon stockings and the raging stiffy in his knickers.



So, this was what it was like for Miss Ticknell to wear pretty lingerie and stockings. He loved everything about it and was so excited he thought that his willy would burst from its nylon prison. He started to slide the nylon slip up and down over the panties but suddenly felt his knees buckle as he exploded hot cum into the nylon tent. He kept thinking about Miss Ticknell dressing in nylon and it had led him to the most intense orgasm he had ever had. He would have to put the stained nylon lingerie in the wash basket now. He was not sure what his mum would say. He hoped she would be cool about it. She had practically encouraged him by asking him to put her clean lingerie away in her draws that morning.



A week later Brenda Tait was putting some underwear in the washing machine. She picked up her brown knickers, the ones with creamy white lace.

“I am sure I washed these last week and I haven’t worn them again since.” She felt a stiff patch in the panties. “Hmm, I think I know who has worn these then.” She sorted through the rest of her lingerie and found the matching slip, bra, suspender belt and sheer brown stockings. Other than the stockings (which she hand washed), the rest of the lingerie went in the washing machine.



“If Jonathan is going to wear my lingerie, I had better save some old items for him to wear. I will see if I can find him some knickers and slippers. If he likes bras I think I might still have some old breast forms I wore in my bra when I first went out with Barry.”

Miss Ticknell was thinking about Jonathon a couple of months later when she was dressing. He had proved to be an invaluable helper in the art room. He even helped her with two of her large first year classes as a teaching assistant. He was willing to give up some of his free periods when the first-year lessons were scheduled. She also recognised his artistic talent and had encouraged him to apply to Art college to study for an art degree. Maybe it would lead to teaching art as he was very good at demonstrating his art skills with the youngsters.

Miss Ticknell also realised that Jonathon was a sensitive soul who great interest in what she was wearing. His surreptitious dropping of a pencil and sneaking a view up her skirt had not gone unnoticed. She did not mind and liked to give him something nice to look at. but she would not cross any professional boundaries. Perhaps she also liked to tease him.

So, today she put on some lacy blue panties, a white sheer bra, white suspender belt, sheer brown stockings, and a white half-slip.





Then she added a blue full slip. After wearing two slips to protect her modesty she had fallen in love with wearing two slips. That first day with the pupils the slips had matched in colour but now she was experimenting with a colour contrast.



Miss Ticknell put on her top clothes over her slips, a plain brown skirt, and a pretty patterned blue blouse with white and grey flowers to match her two slips. She slid some grey stiletto heels on over her stockinged feet. The stiletto heels matched the grey flowers on her blouse. It was quite a bit more colourful than the dress of most of her female colleagues, but she was an art teacher. She hoped that Jonathan would notice her two slips during the last lesson of the day.



Jonathan did take great interest in her dress that afternoon. There was no opportunity for a dropped pencil or upskirt view as they were painting today not sketching. The easels were arranged in a semi-circle so they could all see a vase of flowers. Initially Jonathan was disappointed but at the end of lesson Miss Ticknell asked Jonathan to help clear up.

They collected everything up and took into the storeroom / office where Miss Ticknell had her desk and a chair.



“Here, put the brushes in the pots on that shelf, please. You can take off your smock now and hang that on the coat stand.”

Jonathan took off the smock and hung it up with the others. He was going to put his jacket back on but realised he had left it in the main art room. Nervously he took the brushes from Miss Ticknell, and started putting the brushes away. He knew where everything went, he had tidied up many times but not usually Miss Ticknell right behind him. Would she notice what he was wearing?



Miss Ticknell crouched down to put some of the spare paper away in a draw as Jonathan turned back.

“So tell me Jonathan, tell me, have you applied to art school yet?”

As she crouched her skirt rode up a little revealing the lacy hem of her two slips, in blue and white, as well as her stocking tops. He was stiff as a board and trying to hide the projection in his school trousers.

“Yes, Miss, I have applied to Wimbledon Art College already and I am going to Portsmouth Art School open day on Saturday with my mum and dad. I might apply there as well”

“Jolly good, I am sure you will love art school.”

“Excuse me Miss, but are you wearing two slips today, Sorry, but I couldn’t help noticing.”



“Well spotted, Jonathan.”

Miss Ticknell stood up and lifted her skirt.

“I am wearing a blue full slip and a white half-slip today. You always like looking at my slips, don’t you Jonathan?”

“I err.... Well... yes I do.”

“You shouldn’t be looking up a ladies skirt by pretending to drop a pencil, should you. It is very naughty and rude. I should punish you. Before I punish you, would you like to see more of my full slip?”

Jonathan squeaked. He did not expect this to happen. He was getting nervous about getting punished.



Miss Ticknell dropped her skirt back down and turned the key on the inside of the door to the office to lock the door.

“We don’t want anyone to see this, do we Jonathan? “

“Err no, Miss.”

Miss Ticknell lifted her blouse to reveal the lacy bust of her full slip

“It is very lacy and very silky, Jonathan. It feels wonderful to wear two slips, both nylon slips rub over each other and over my nylon stockings. But you know what that feels like Jonathan, don’t you?”

Miss Ticknell dropped her blouse back down again and the blue slip disappeared from view.

“I am not sure what you mean, Miss?”



“When you came into the Art room and changed from your jacket into your painting smock, I thought I could see a lacy white slip through your white shirt. Then when you put the brushes away, I could definitely see the back of a slip and some bra straps. That is an infraction of the school uniform. Girls can wear slips, but not boys. So, I am going to punish you with a smack on the bottom. Take off your trousers.”



Jonathan was red in the face at being caught wearing lingerie to school but he slowly started to take off his trousers. As his trousers came down the hem of his slip and stocking tops came into view.



Then he took off his school shirt to show the lacy top of his white slip. His black bra showed through.

“oh, you are a naughty boy. Is that your mum’s underwear?”

“Yes,” whispered Jonathan.

“Very pretty. Does she know you are wearing her slip and stockings?”

“She probably knows, she hasn’t said anything, but she asked me to put her clean washing away. I think she encouraged me as I was staring at her doing the ironing whilst wearing her slips.”

“Do you wank into her slips?”

Jonathan was shocked at this question, “Yes”

“She knows then.”



Jonathan stood in front of Miss Ticknell in his mum's white slip. She looked carefully at the slip. There was a very unladylike bulge in the middle where there was the hint of a wet patch developing. She could see the stocking tops and the suspender straps showing through the slip. Even Miss Ticknell was getting excited now.



Miss Ticknell sat down on her chair. She pulled her skirt up slightly, this exposed her stocking tops and the edges of her blue and white slips.

“No this won’t do. I do not want my skirt and blouse ruined. You are already getting damp in your slip and to be quite frank, so am I.”



Miss Ticknell stood up and took off her skirt, then her blouse.



Jonathan was amazed how pretty she looked in her blue slip, stockings, and high heels. He loved her high heels, they looked so sexy. Miss Ticknell picked up her skirt and blouse and put them on some hangers



“Now for your punishment, Jonathan. Lie over my legs.”

“Should I take off my slip,” asked Jonathan.

“No, I don’t think so. Leave it on. I have not had to smack a pupil before. You will receive 10 smacks.”

Jonathan was so hard as he lay across Miss Ticknell’s blue slip his erection was making a tent in the white slip.

“Boys do not wear slips and stockings (smack). It is the school rules. (smack) And do not look up ladies skirts at their slips, (smack) panties (smack) and stockings (smack)” said Miss Ticknell as she continued to smack Jonathan on his slip covered bottom. The problem was that every smack pushed Jonathan forward. The panties and slip he was wearing were very slippery, and so was hers. She could feel the fierce heat and stiffness through his panties and his slip. After about 8 smacks Jonathan suddenly spurted cum through the layers of nylon lingerie.

Miss Ticknell squealed, “Oh you naughty boy.” She could feel his hot cum splattering her own blue slip. She nearly came herself. She finished the last two smacks a bit half-heartedly as she was quivering.



“Errgh ...Look at the mess you have made of my blue slip and your mum’s white slip. Now stand up.”

Jonathan stood up still a nervous wreck.

“I am going to have to take this slip off as well.” She lifted up the full blue slip and took it off.

Jonathan stared at her large breasts showing through her sheer white bra. He was getting hard again.



“You had better take off your slip as well, Jonathan.”

He was not sure why but took off his mum’s white slip.



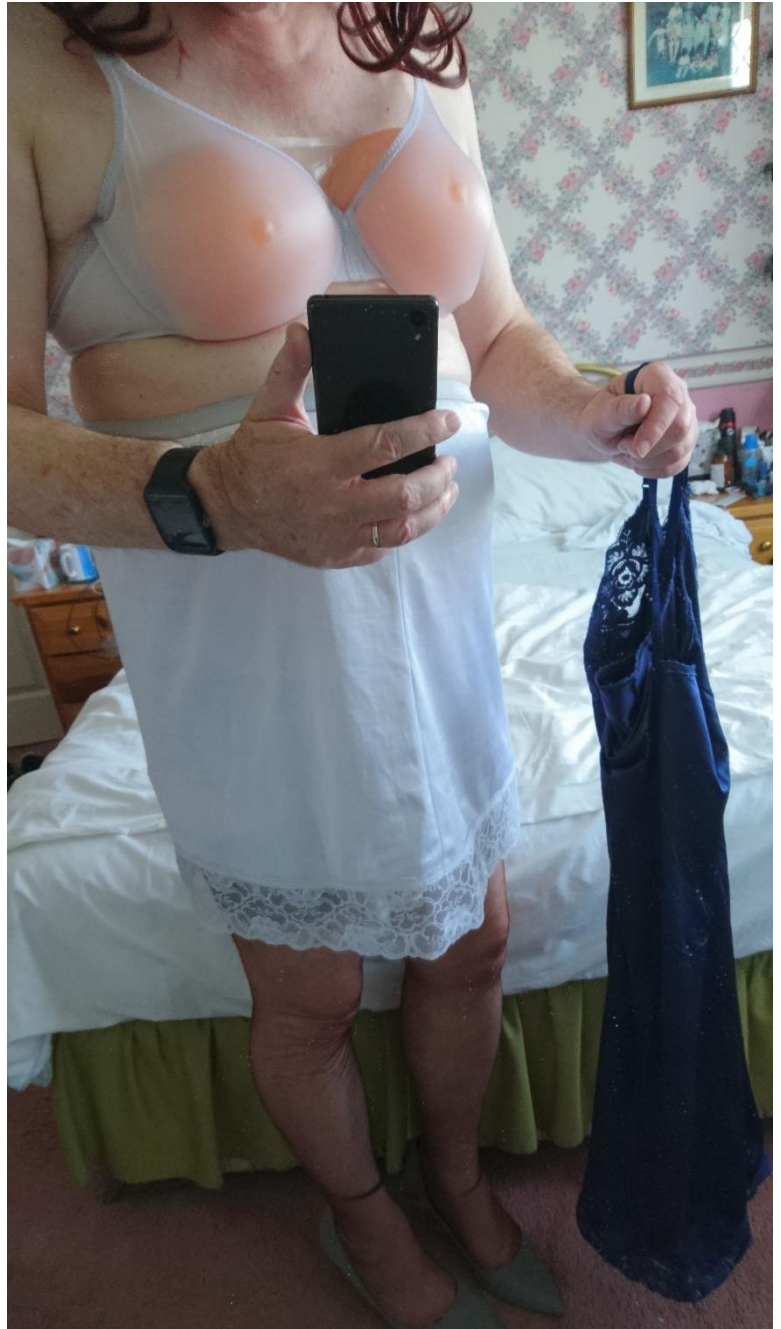
He stood in front of Miss Ticknell in his panties, bra, suspenders, and stockings. There was a big damp patch in the thin white knickers and another tent.

“Now Jonathan, you are going to have to put your mum’s white slip and knicker in the wash, will that be Ok, will she mind?”

“My mum will be fine with that, thank you Miss.”

“Now, don’t wear lingerie to school again, Just, do it at home.”

It was a little late for that as Jonathan was hooked on silky lingerie and began to wonder what it would be like to live as a lady and to look as pretty as Miss Ticknell. However, he did keep it under wraps until he went to art school.



Jonathan applied for art school in Portsmouth. He was offered a place, which he accepted as he had got good A-level grades, and that is where he went in September 1970.

He left home convinced he was the only boy in the whole world who dressed in feminine clothes. That was until he made a new friend at Portsmouth, one Perry Grayson, who convinced Jonathan that it was OK to let him be who he always wanted to be, a woman who wore lacy blouses, pretty skirts and underneath it all, pretty lingerie and stockings. So it was that Jonathan became Karen Tait, an art teacher (and a cross dresser), and Perry Grayson became a famous artist (and cross-dresser).

The End

*Copyright Andrea Slip
7th December 2020*

With thanks to Karen Tickles who, as a young pupil, dropped his pencil on the floor of the classroom so that he could catch a glimpse of his art teacher's layers of slips.

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