

The Bathroom

A photo story by Andrea Slip



A brown slip left on the back of the bathroom door sets off a chain of events

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Tommy Taylor was my best mate in school. We were both a bit nerdy, we hated Physical Education lessons and were no good with girls. There were some big differences as well. His family were much better off than mine. His dad was a commercial airline pilot and his mum a therapist of some sort, I was not exactly sure what a therapist did. My dad was a gas fitter and my mum a dinner lady. Tommy lived in a big, posh house next to the park, I lived in a council house a couple of miles away.

I always wondered why he went to my comprehensive when he could have gone to the local grammar school or even private school. He said his mum wanted him to go to a more diverse school where he would learn to get on with different people, eg a rough yob like me, and probably even bullies.

There were two hobbies we shared, video games and wanking. In 1980 he got an Atari 400 games console with some video games for Christmas. It had two joy sticks, so he asked me round to play a couple of games with him. I loved it and I often went round to his house on my way home from school to play on the Atari. The graphics were amazing.

One day, after we had finished playing Star Raiders, a space game that had become my favourite, he told me had something else to show me.

"I found these under my dad's bed. Do you want to have a look?"



Tommy showed me some magazines. They were Fiesta porn magazines.

“Oh my God, yes,” I said.

I sat down to read one in his chair and he sat on the bed. We both started to rub our stiff crotches.

“You can get it out and wank if you like, Jimmy, that’s what I do.” And so started a wanking session looking at his dad’s porn magazines. In 1980 there was no internet yet and at 16 we were too young to buy these magazines. I had seen these on the top shelf in the newsagents but I had never read one. My mum and dad were quite religious and didn’t buy that sort of thing, as far as I knew.



As I flicked through the pages, I soon got hard looking at pretty women in pretty lingerie and stockings. I started wanking in earnest, so did Tommy.



When I got to the photos of Marie, a PA from Southend, I shot my load. I did not know what a PA did or even where Southend was, but I decided I liked big tits, stockings, and suspenders. Marie had pulled the front of her green dress down to reveal her big breasts. She was pulling up the hem of her dress to reveal the tops of her black sheer stockings, green suspenders and a hint of green lacy panties. Tommy was wanking away, before long he shot his load as well.



This happened again a couple of weeks later after we finished playing Star Raiders. This time I was intrigued by a letter from a reader about wearing ladies underwear. It was billed as foolish fiction but I could tell it was a real story. I had no idea that some men wore women's underwear. I read the words this time, rather than the pictures, about a man who borrowed his wife's full slip and stockings and then masturbated whilst wearing them. It was the feel of the silky nylon that he loved. I exploded at that thought, I wondered what wearing a slip and stockings would feel like. I knew that I loved looking at them.

I put it out of my mind until the following week when something unexpected happened.



Tommy and I often walked back through the park to his house after school. For some reason I decided to try a short cut by jumping over the stream. It was wider than I realised and not being very athletic I did not make it across the stream, I slipped and fell completely into the water. I did manage to save my rucksack with my schoolbooks, but my clothes were soaked. Tommy laughed out loud. Eventually he managed to stop laughing.

“You had better stop at my house and I will find you some dry clothes.”

His house was only about 100 yards from where I fell in the stream. My house was over a mile further on. It made sense to go back to his house first. The only thing was I was a lot taller than Tommy. Would he find anything in my size?



Tommy told me to go in the bathroom, strip off and put the wet clothes in the bath. He said he would find a carrier bag for my clothes and some of his dad's clothes I could borrow. There was a guest towel I could use to dry off first. When I entered the bathroom, I shut the door and noticed a pair of stockings hanging on the shower rail., not tights like my mum wore, but separate stockings. His mum must have hand washed them and them left them to dry. I could not resist feeling them, they were dry and felt so silky. I was getting hard as I stripped off. Then I noticed something else.



Hanging on the back of the door was some brown lingerie, a full slip, panties and bra. His mum must have had a bath and left them there. She wore some gorgeous lingerie.



The lingerie in the bathroom was not a complete surprise. Mrs Taylor was a lovely lady who was always dressed very smartly when I met her a few times. I do remember one Saturday when I went round to see Tommy, she was wearing a silky navy-blue dress with small white shapes. There was a lacy hem of a white slip peeping out from under the dress with black tights. She looked so pretty and sexy.

She wanted to know all about Tommy's best friend, so we had quite a chat that day. His dad was away, flying a jumbo jet to India with British Airways, I think. Now I was wondering if she actually wore stockings, just like the models in Fiesta, rather than tights every day. Perhaps, if I had paid more attention I might have noticed lacy stocking tops peeping out from under her slip and dress?



The story I had read in Fiesta came back to me about men wearing women's underwear. I had been curious what that would be like, this was my chance to find out. But should I? It was his mum's lingerie. Perhaps I could just try the lingerie on and then take them off again. I dried myself and then fingered the nylon slip. It was so silky and just like what I had seen in Fiesta. I knew I should not but only a few seconds and then off again, no one would know.

I put on the brown panties and tucked my stiff cock inside the panties, I was so hard and starting to leak. I tried the bra, but I just could not do up the catch on the back, it was too small for me. I wondered if the slip would fit then. I pulled the silky nylon down over my torso, it was tight but did just fit.

Finally, I took the stockings down from the shower rail and pulled them up my legs. Oh, this felt so good, so silky, I was so excited at trying nylon lingerie for the first time but there was something missing as the stockings kept slipping down. Then the bathroom door opened. Tommy stood there with some dry clothes in his hand and his jaw on the floor.

“Oy my God,” you are wearing mum’s slip and stockings.”

I lifted the slip slightly.

“And her panties,” I said. “Please don’t tell her.”

“God, no, I won’t but you need a suspender belt for those stockings. Follow me.”

I followed Tommy into his mum’s bedroom.

He opened a couple of draws but then found what he was looking for and said, “Aha, this is what you need.”





Tommy held up a brown suspender belt to match the slip and panties.

“Here, put this on, it’s a good job you are more my mum’s height than mine.”

We took the clothes back to Tommy's room. I wrapped the lacy brown suspender belt around my waist over my knickers. Little did I know then that I should have tucked the straps through the panties rather than over.

Tommy had sat down in his chair.

"That looks so sexy seeing you in lingerie, much better than in a magazine. Do you mind if I wank?" He was always so polite.

"Well, I am pretty stiff and excited as well," I said.

"I know, I can see the bulge in mum's knickers and there is a wet spot."

He had his cock out and was starting to masturbate.

I felt so sexy being in lingerie and giving someone else that pleasure as well.





I turned my back to Tommy and lifted the slip to adjust the suspenders.

“Oh My God, that is so sexy,” said Tommy as he wanked even harder and faster.



I looked down at my stocking clad legs and the lacy hem of Mrs Taylor's brown slip. The silky nylon felt wonderful.



As I turned round, I could see Tommy was wanking furiously and then he ejaculated a stream of white cum. I needed to do the same.



I lifted the slip and slid my hand inside the silky brown panties. I could see my fingers and knuckles through the thin nylon panties as I wanked my own stiff cock. I felt I was going to cum but didn't want to leave any cum on Mrs Taylor's lingerie so I pulled the panties and slip out of the way and exploded in my hand. Tommy handed me a tissue to catch all my hot white cum.



“Oh my God, oh my God,” Tommy kept saying.

As soon as I had cum, I felt guilty at what I, we, had done.

I stripped off the lingerie and stockings.

“You had better put this all back before my mum sees it has been touched. You didn’t cum on the slip or stockings did you, Jimmy?”

“No, I came in my hand.”

He handed me some old clothes that were his dad’s, they looked like they would fit ok. I got dressed quickly and rushed back to the bathroom with the lingerie and stockings without really thinking about what I was doing.



Later that evening, when Mrs Taylor got home, she went into the bathroom to use the toilet and pick up the stockings she had left drying on the shower rail. As she retrieved the stockings, she could see a mark on the top of the stockings. That was strange as she had only washed them by hand a couple of days ago and left to dry naturally. They should have been spotless. She could see a round mark left by a suspender belt button just after stockings were taken off. Someone had been wearing these stockings recently. There was also a sticky mark on the foot of the stockings. Not only had someone been wearing the stockings, but they had also masturbated and cum in them leaving a small splash of sticky white seed.



Then she noticed her lingerie on the back of the door, that she had hung there yesterday when she ran a bath. She had meant to go back to the bathroom to collect them after she had finished drying her hair but got distracted by the news about Prince Phillip passing away at the age of 99.

The lingerie included her brown suspender belt, that was also strange, she had not worn stockings yesterday. What was that doing there? Then she connected the mark on the stockings with mysterious appearance of the suspender belt. The mark on the stockings was quite stiff, there was no doubt it was cum. She took the clothes with her to find son, he was sitting on his bed.



“Tommy, have you been wearing my stockings? It is ok if you want to but you need to tell me.”

Tommy was on the verge of tears.

“No, I didn’t.”

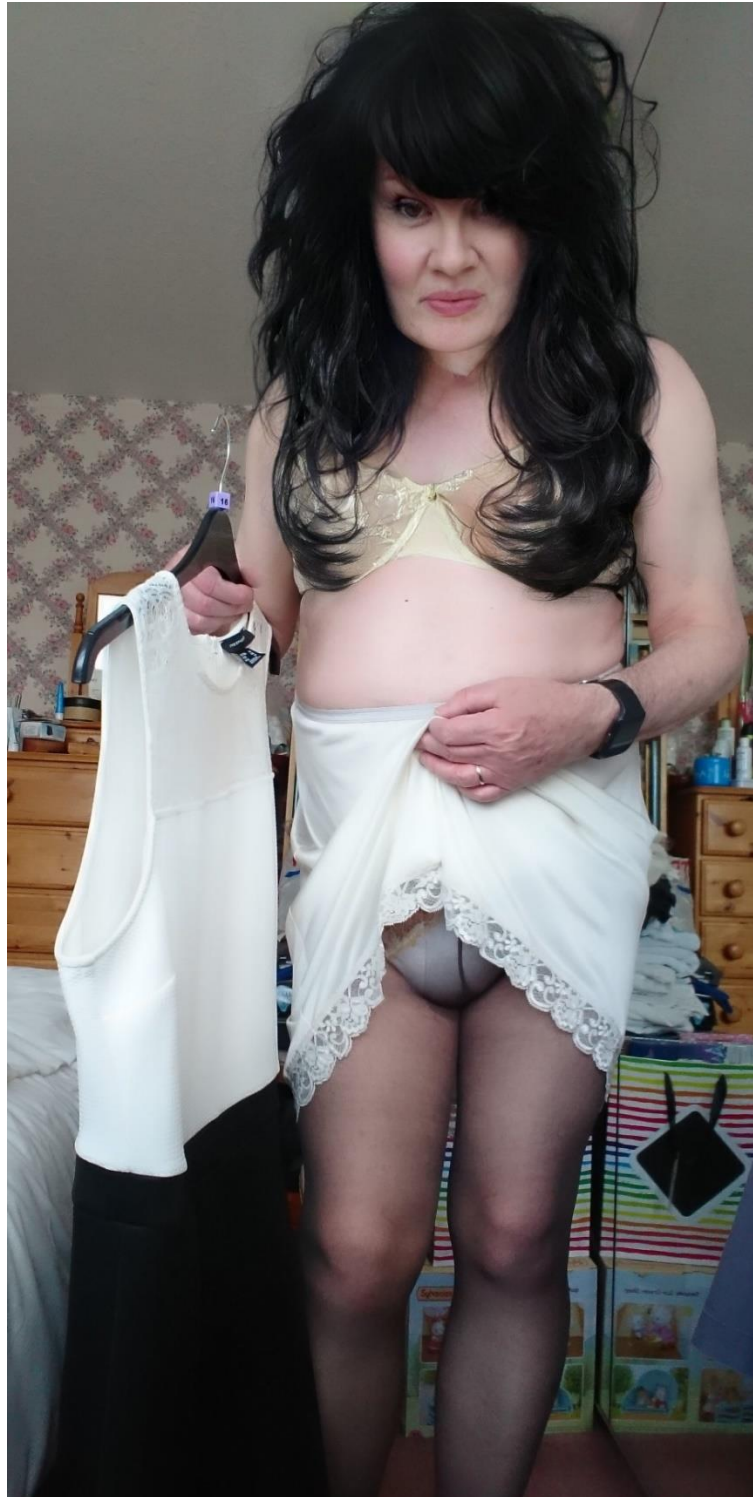
“Well, there is cum on my stockings, and someone has been wearing them with my brown suspenders.” She showed him the stockings and suspender belt.

Tommy’s face fell. “It was Jimmy. He fell in the stream in the park on our way home and had to change his clothes in the bathroom. He saw your slip and stockings and tried them on. Sorry, I should have stopped him.”



“It is ok, Tommy, it is ok.” Mum sat down on the bed and put her arm around her tearful son. She was used to dealing with situations like this but this time it was her son, not a client.

“I am not angry with you or Jimmy. He is a curious teenager but I will need to talk through his sexual desire to wear women’s clothes, perhaps I can help him? Now is there anything else you need to tell me?”



After Tommy's confession Mrs Taylor went to her own bedroom to take off her work clothes. As she took off her dress, she began to feel some excitement. Doing some informal therapy with Jimmy, Tommy's best friend, could be really interesting in a way that just was not possible with her clients but something she had always wanted to do.

The following weekend Tommy asked me to go round to play a game on the Atari. Nothing was said about the slip incident, so I was quite relieved about that, it was too risky, it was so wrong, I felt so guilty. I had got away with it this time, but I decided I would never dress in lingerie again. Anyway, my mum did not wear that sort of thing so there would be no opportunity.

Mrs Taylor opened the door.

“Hello Jimmy, come in. Tommy said to expect you. He will not be long, his dad needed him to help move some furniture at his granny’s house. Would you like a cold drink, Coke?”

“Yes, please Mrs Taylor.”

“Go into the sitting room and I will get you a coke. And please call me Mary. You are not at school, you can be much less formal here.”





I sat in the living room as Mary fetched my drink. When she came back with the drink we chatted about school and what I wanted to do next. I was thinking about applying for an electrical apprenticeship with my uncle, who ran his own electrical business. She talked about Tommy wanting to go to university to study computer games design. She thought that computer games were just a fad that would not last, he would get bored with it, but it was what he wanted to do. She and her husband were great believers in child led education and expressing your true feelings.

As we were talking I could not help but stare at the yellow slip that was peeping out from under her brown skirt.

“You seem fascinated with my slip, Jimmy, do you like slips? Does your mum not wear slips?”

“Sorry Mrs Taylor, I mean Mary, I didn’t mean to stare. No my mum wears jeans or trousers most of the time, I don’t think she wears slips.”

“Would you like to wear a slip, Jimmy? Don’t be shy, this is in confidence, there are only the two of us here.”

“No, not all, Mary, I am not like that.”

“What is this, Jimmy?”



Mary lifted a cushion and pulled out the brown slip and stockings I had worn on my previous visit to the house.

“I, err, I, err, I am sorry, I borrowed your slip and stockings.”

“Did you masturbate in my slip and panties?”

There was a long pause. I felt my face going red with embarrassment.

“Yes,” I whispered eventually.

Tommy has already told me about reading his dad’s Fiesta magazines with you whilst you both had a wank. I have already told off his father for leaving the magazines around. You do not need magazines for that. Did you enjoy wearing my underwear?”

“Yes.”

“What did you like about it?”

“The nylon slip was so silky; I found the nylon on my skin was very exciting. I had to masturbate until I came.”

“There is nothing wrong with exploring your sexuality through fetish objects. Do you want to do it again?”

My jaw must have dropped. There was another long pause. I thought about it and was getting hard thinking about it.

“Yes, I would.”

“I thought you would. That is why I sent my husband and Tommy to his granny. They will be gone at least two hours, probably longer. Now go up to Tommy’s bedroom and get dressed with the things laid out on the bed. Then come back down here. I can help you decide if you really do want to wear women’s clothes and whether you have a sexual fetish about them”.



I could not believe what I had just heard but eventually I got up and walked up stairs. White lingerie had been laid out on Tommy's bed. It was if I was in a dream as I put on the white panties, bra, suspender belt. The stockings had a lacy band at the top. I slid them up my legs and attached the suspenders.



This time the bra fitted, there were even some fake boobs to put in the lacy bra. They filled the bra so well.



There was a long white slip. It looked so pretty; I was getting hard now. This was so amazing. I put on some black heels and looked in the mirror as I picked up the slip.

I pulled the silky white slip down over my bra and boobs, then down over my panties and stockings.





I felt weak at the knees and had to sit down on Tommy's bed for a moment. What would be make of this, seeing me again in pretty lingerie? He would probably have his todger out and be having a wank as he looked at my thin slip that showed my stocking tops and suspender belt through the white nylon. I wanted to have a wank as well, but I did not have time, Mary was waiting for me downstairs, perhaps I could have a wank later when I got home.

I stood up and picked up the skirt and blouse that Mary had laid out for me.

The skirt was red and looked a bit like PVC or fake leather.





The blouse was very lacy and white. I put it on, the top of my slip showed through the lace.



I did not quite have the heels on properly so bobbed down to put them on my feet properly. I was ready, it felt a bit odd walking in heels as I headed downstairs.

I was pleased to show Mary my outfit when I got back to the living room. She was standing by the fireplace.

“How do you feel now wearing lingerie and clothes that fit, Jimmy?”

“It feels wonderful, I don’t know why I didn’t do this before,” I said.



Mary smiled. "Oh good, I got these clothes specially for you. I am glad you like them. They look very nice on you. You have fantastic legs, they look really good in nylons, better than mine.

Now that you are dressed en-femme what name do you want? I deal with several cross-dressers in my work and if they come to sessions dressed like this they always like to stay in character and be addressed with a feminine name."

"Oh, I hadn't thought about that. Well, how about Jenny?"

"Perfect," said Mary. "Now let us explore the fetish side of this."





With that, Mary took off her blouse and skirt to reveal a gorgeous yellow full slip.



I could see she was wearing black stockings, suspenders, a yellow or cream bra and black panties. I was so hard. I had to sit down for a moment.



Mary turned round and came and knelt in front of me. She started to run her hands up and down my stockings and play with my white slip.

"I can see this excites you, Jenny. That is good, it is how you naturally feel. Now stand up and take off your skirt and blouse."

I stood up and shod my blouse and skirt.



“You look adorable. Now show me what you did in my brown slip.”

I was so hard my cock was making a tent in my white slip and panties. I had been given permission to masturbate. I didn’t need telling twice. I took hold of my slip and started wanking.

“Does that feel good, Jenny?”



"Oh yes, so good," I said. I looked down at Mary as she knelt in front of me. I could see her stocking tops and the straps of her suspenders showing through the pretty yellow slip. I was going to cum soon. Mary leaned forward.

"Let me help you with that."

"Take off your slip. I want to see how your cock reacts to silky lingerie."

I lifted the slip off over my head.

Mary leant forward, pulled my French knickers down and took my stiff cock in her mouth to suck me off to a climax. It didn't take long. I spurted in her mouth and then all over her slip.

"I can confirm, Jimmy, that you have a fetishism for silky lingerie, just like me, and it will never go away."

Mary was wrong about one thing, computer video games., she thought that they were a passing fad. Tommy went to Surrey University and graduated with a 1st in games design. In the late 80's he founded his own company to make video games. It became very successful and well known. Tommy was a millionaire by the time he was 30. At 40 he was a billionaire. He eventually sold the company to Sony and switched to property investment. We met up again at his mum's funeral a couple of years ago. I found out just how successful he had become. The incident with his dad's Fiesta magazines and his mum's slip was never mentioned.





You may be wondering how things turn out for me. Well, now I have a family. I did become an electrician and work as a sole trader. We are not rich like Tommy, but we are happy with our lot. Mary was right about my fetish with nylon lingerie. 40 years later I still love wearing and masturbating into silky nylon lingerie when I get the chance. It never leaves you.

The End

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