

Caught

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Caught with some lingerie Alan loses his job as a teacher but then another door opens

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It had not been a good week for Adam Scott, an English teacher at Reading High School for Girls. His wife Alison had left him on Monday for a fitness instructor, somebody who would pay her the attention she deserved and not be working all the time. It was true, this year there were no A-levels or GCSE exams, pupils were getting Teacher Assessed Grades instead, which meant extra work for all the teachers. She had taken some of her clothes and her makeup in a bag but had left quite a lot of clothes in the wardrobe. She told him she would be back at some point to pick the rest of her things. She had been to a solicitor about a divorce. Adam was not completely shocked, the marriage had been on the rocks for over a year.

Then, on Wednesday he was marking at his desk, picked up a pile of Y12 essays to find a pair of pink panties under the work. Adam slowly picked up the panties. They were bright pink with lots of lace. Underneath the panties was a suspender belt and some black stockings. As he examined the panties wondering why or how they got there he heard the click of a camera from outside his office window. Somebody in a school hoody had grabbed a snapshot. Perhaps they had planted the underwear. But why? What would come of it. Adam had a bad feeling about this. His week could not get any worse, but it did.

Teacher caught with pupils underwear and tights

Head of English, Mr Adam Scott, was caught this week fondling a pupil's pink knickers and black tights whilst sitting at his desk in room 112. Had he stolen them or even removed them from a vulnerable pupil? Mr Scott was not available to give any comments about the incident.



He found out on Friday when the student newspaper was published. The Head asked him to come to her room immediately. When he got to her room the Head of Safeguarding was there too and she asked some very awkward questions. No, they were not his, no he had not removed them from a pupil, no he had not touched a pupil. No, they were not tights, it was a pair of stockings and suspenders. They must have been planted to get him into trouble. The Head did a big sigh and looked at Head of Safeguarding.

"Well Mr Scott, I don't think there is enough evidence to warrant a safeguarding investigation, the students who wrote the article say the photo was given to them anonymously, but you are now in a very difficult position with the students and with parents. There is only one thing you can do now."

Adam was humiliated. "I suppose I had better resign then."

"We will pay you until the end of August, and I will give you an excellent reference of course, but it would be best all round if you leave today." So, he did. He was escorted back to his office to pick up some things and left the school, never to return. He could have thrown the panties, stockings, and suspenders in the bin but strangely he didn't. Nobody had asked for them back. He put them in his briefcase and took them home with him.

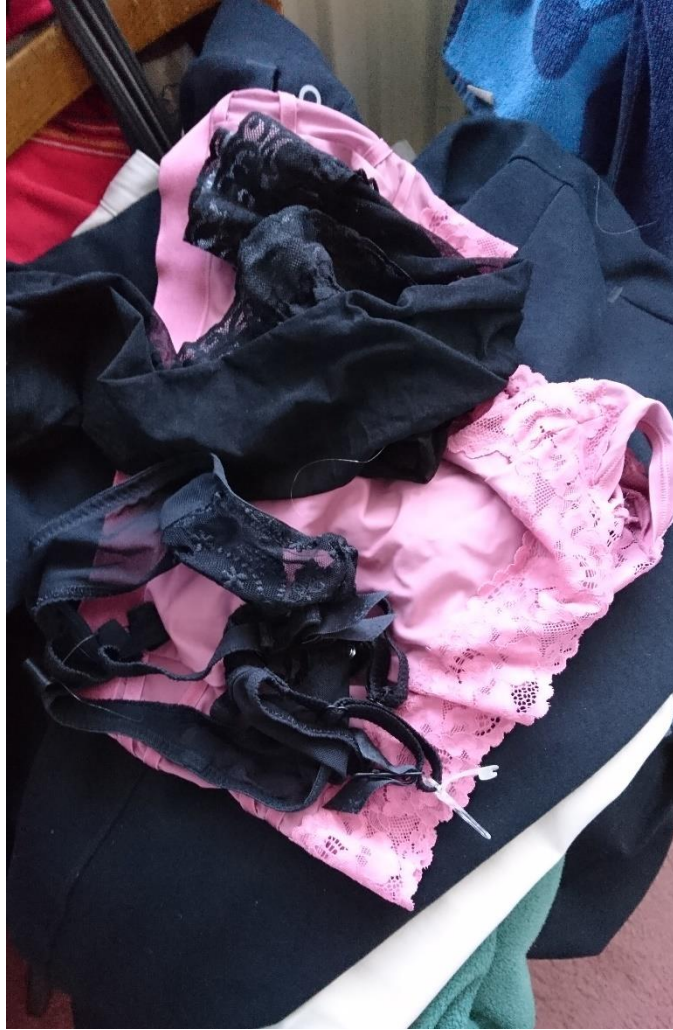


When Adam got home, he took the lingerie out of his bag and threw them on a chair. They sat their taunting him. How had it happened, who had done this? Was it his wife, soon to be ex? No probably not. He had suspected Alison was having an affair as she was never interest in having sex with him. She told him his dick was too small and did not satisfy her anymore.

Or perhaps it was a pupil who had not got into the university that they had applied for, or maybe even a disappointed parent. Adam was not soft on predicted grades for his pupils. He felt they should realistic. Although the pupils were not told what grades they would get, it did affect their UCAS applications. He knew that there were a few A -level pupils that had not got their first choice of universities, but which one could have done this? It did not really matter as they had wrecked their revenge. He also wondered if the reference to tights in the story was a deliberate mistake as it was hard to tell from the photo in the student newspaper that it was black stockings and suspenders. The stockings and suspenders made him think it was more likely a disgruntled parent.

He started to apply for a new job over the next couple of weeks. Although he had been a Head of Department, he knew that these jobs were few and far between. They also usually went to an internal candidate, like he had got at Reading High when the previous incumbent had retired. He found a few English teacher posts on the main scale but were mostly in schools some miles away. He applied for a few but got nowhere. He was getting desperate as he still had the mortgage to pay. He needed something to relief the stress he was feeling.

He moved the lingerie from the bed to a chair. He looked at the lingerie still sitting on his chair. Adam picked up the panties, they did look pretty, and the stockings did feel very soft and silky. He found he was getting hard, which had not happened since his wife had left him. He found himself stripping off and putting on the lingerie planted on his desk a few weeks ago.





He attached the stockings to his suspender belt and pulled on the pink panties, he was so hard and excited. The stockings had seams, which he found difficult to get straight. Why did stockings have seams? He had always enjoyed seeing Alison dressed like this, but she always took it off before she got into bed.



Adam started to rub the tent in his pink panties. It felt so nice, he kept rubbing his nylon stiffie, then pulled it out of his panties and continued to masturbate skin on skin. Then he came, big gobs of it that splashed all over his stockings. At first, he felt guilty but then realised that the person who had planted these panties and stockings would not expect him to enjoy their gift. It was a kind of fuck you thought.



Miss Silk, Headmistress of St Trannian's was in despair. This was the third agency English teacher that had walked out this term. They had all refused to comply with the staff dress code, two men and even one woman. They said it was old fashioned and out of touch.

The staff dress code was almost as strict as the gurls dress code. Teachers, male, or female, were expected to wear a dress or skirt/sheer blouse combination with black or white lingerie (including a full or half slip) and black or brown stockings worn underneath. The school even provided the lingerie. Miss Silk thought it was entirely suitable for St Trannian's, a private school for making gurls what they always dreamed of being. She also liked to check if the dress code was being followed by staff, especially to see if the staff member was wearing a slip.

Now the agency was refusing to send anyone else. What was she going to do? Although the school was private it still had to teach maths and English to GCSE level. How was she going to find another English teacher at short notice? She decided she would have to put an advert in the local paper online.

ST TRANNIAN'S SCHOOL FOR GURLS



Training for gurls

Adam was getting desperate; he was even considering apply for a shelf stacking job at Tesco's or going on supply with an agency. Then he spotted the advert for a job at St Trannian's. He had never looked at private school jobs before. This was an advert for an English Teacher to start as soon as possible, salary to be negotiated. That sounded good but a private school. Adam had always worked in the state sector and felt ambivalent about going private. He thought he had better do some research before he applied.

He found the school website online but what was training for gurls? He would have to do some work on staff spelling if he got the job.



Adam then looked through the school brochure and it gradually became clearer why this school was for gurls. The photo of Miss G Silk, Headmistress, was not the usual head shot a smiling old biddy (who in reality was an old dragon) but of the Head Mistress in a blue silk dressing gown that was open to reveal black French knickers, black stockings, and black suspenders. This made Adam stiff. He looked at the rest of the brochure and got even stiffer when he got to the bit about school uniform.



The junior gurls had to wear black silky panties, a black lacy bra, a black lacy suspender belt, black lace top stockings, black heels and a black nylon half slip with a lacy hem.

Adam had had his stiffie out and started wanking. He was so turned on.



Then he got to the senior girls uniform. It was very similar to the juniors with black lacy bra, panties and stockings except that the stockings were RHT seamed stockings, French knickers instead of bikini panties and the slip was a full back slip. He wondered if there was a staff dress uniform.



When he saw the pictures of the black slip it took him back to when he was a teenager and he had tried on his mum's black slip, French knickers, stockings, and suspenders. That memory of wanking into nylon lingerie made Adam explode cum all over his hand. He wished he had gone to put on the pink panties and stockings again, or even looked to see if Alison had left a slip behind. Could he really dress like this for work? He decided he had no other jobs on offer so he might as well apply. Adam filled in the application form and uploaded his CV. Perhaps he had better practice dressing as a woman first, just in case he did get an interview. He went upstairs to see if anything Alison had left behind that would work.

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Adam found a few of Alison's clothes that might work and some that were just too small. He remembered how much he liked wearing his mum's slip. He got caught putting it in the wash basket. She was very angry with him and scared him to death, so he never tried it again. But this was nearly 20 years ago when he was a teenager.

Suddenly Adam remembered seeing some lingerie adverts on eBay. Grabbing his phone, he soon found some items on eBay that might be suitable if he did ever get an interview at St Trannians.

Much to his surprise his phone from the Headmistress, Miss Silk, she had just seen his application and would like to invite him for an interview next Friday. Please could he make sure he read the school brochure. Adam was thrilled and said yes of course he would attend, but he would only 10 days to get himself ready.



Adam had chosen to wear a grey dress for the interview. It was the first time he had gone to an interview in a dress and nylons, heck, it was the first time anyone had seen him in a dress. Did he look ok? He was very nervous.



A secretary showed him into the Headmistress's office. She was beside her desk, crouching on the floor opening a bottom draw of a filing cabinet. Adam could see right up her skirt. She was wearing a satin black skirt with a white blouse. Underneath he could see she had on lacy white lingerie, a slip, white knickers, a white suspender belt and sheer black stocking tops. His first instinct was to look away from a ladies underwear but then realised this might be a test, so he carried on looking steadfast at the lingerie on display. He was getting hard.



“Ah, Mr Scott, pleased to meet you, do cum in, I was just getting your application out of the draw,” said Miss Silk. He had passed the first test as Miss Silk could see a slight bulge in the grey dress Mr Scott was wearing. She was wondering if he was wearing stockings and a slip under the dress, there was no obvious peeping petticoat. She would find out soon enough, but this was a promising start. Adam sat down. As he did so his dress rode up slightly to reveal a purple slip.

“Take a seat and let us look at your application. I can see you have read the school prospectus,” said Miss Slip looking at Mr Scott’s grey dress, a peeping satin slip, sheer hosiery and lovely matching gey heels.

Adam's grey dress seemed to meet Miss Silk's approval.

"Now, you have excellent qualifications and the right experience Mr Scott. You are very well qualified for this job as an English teacher and your references are top notch. We can match your salary from your last job. However, we have some special expectations of staff at St Trannians as our gurls are rather different from a normal school. I can see that you have read the school brochure as you are wearing a lovely dress. Now I can't call you Mr Adam Scott so what do you call yourself when dressed en-femme?"

Adam had not been expecting that question, he had expected to be quizzed about teaching English and about results.

"Oh, I er.... I suppose Alison as that is the same initial." Alison was the name of his ex-wife, who had walked out on him.





As Adam / Alison looked down she could see some more of her purple slip peeping from under dress. Was this a faux-par?



Should she have worn a white slip like the slip peeping out from under Miss Silk's black satin skirt?



“Excellent, so you can be Miss Alison Scott. Let me explain the staff dress code. **All staff** (she emphasised the word all), wear a dress or a skirt and blouse all the time in school, and with an academic gown when teaching. If wearing a blouse, it should be sheer or semi sheer, like this one I am wearing.

Underneath your dress you will wear a full or half-slip, nylon bra and panties, suspenders, and nylon stockings. The stockings must be sheer or RHT in black or brown and the slip and lingerie must be either white or black. The school will provide you with two sets of lingerie, a black set and a white set.”

Alison could not help staring at Miss Silk’s blouse as she could see her lacy white slip and bra showing through the semi-sheer blouse. Alison was indeed getting hard. She so hoped she got this job and could dress up like Miss Silk all the time. It was so arousing.

“Shoes must be high heels. Makeup should be light. Is that clear? It seems to have been a problem for some of the previous incumbents in your post.”

“No that is fine, but what are RHT stockings?”

“An excellent question, let me show you, Miss Scott.”

Miss Silk stood up and turned her back to Alison.

“As you can I am wearing brown seamed stockings. If you look at my heels you will see a reinforced darker sole that narrows into a triangle that then becomes the thin seam. Follow the seam up the back of my leg.”



Miss Scott's eyes were glued to Miss Silk's nylons. Miss Silk slowly raised her skirt, her lacy white slip came into view.

"You can also see that I am wearing a white satin slip with a lacy hem. You don't know at this stage whether I am wearing stockings or pantihose."

"No, I can't tell," said Alison staring at the frothy delights in front of her.





Alison thought Miss Slip would stop there and drop her skirt down, but she continued to pull her skirt and slip up even further. Some white silky panties came into view. They were stretched tightly over Miss Silk's bum and had pretty patches of lace.

"Now you can see my stocking tops. The distinct feature of RHT's is the keyhole at the top of the stocking and the slightly heavier knit on the welt. The welt is plain, no lacy top and no hold ups. These classic stockings are always held up with a suspender belt," said Miss Silk. She dropped her skirt and turned round.



Miss Silk kicked off her black high heels.

“And as you can see the toe is reinforced, hence the name, Reinforced Heels and Toes, or RHT for short.”

“Oh, I see now.”

Miss Silk faced Angela and slowly lifted her skirt again.

“These stockings are held up by a lacy suspender belt, as you can see. They can be a bit fiddly, I have attach one of my clips.”

Angela could see a bulge in Miss Silk's white panties. She was getting even harder at this exciting sight as she realised that Miss Silk was not a genetic girl, but a cross-dresser just like Angela. She wished she could do something about it, but this was a job interview, wasn't it? Miss Silk dropped her skirt again and sat down.



“Now, dress code, I can see you are wearing a dress, nylon hosiery and heels, all very good but are you wearing a slip?”

Angela stood up and lifted her grey dress to reveal a purple satin half-slip.

“Very nice, very colourful, Miss Scott. You have nice legs but are you wearing stockings as well?”

Angela had never been asked at interview before if she was wearing stockings, but she was really quite excited that she had.





Alison raised her purple slip to reveal her tiny purple thong and matching purple suspender belt.

“Oh my goodness, you have really gone to town, Alison, much better than I expected. You are wearing delightful sheer panties. They barely hold you in and I can see how excited you are. What an excellent role model you would be for our girls.”



Miss Silk had pushed a hand up her satin skirt and was massaging her white panties.



"That is gorgeous lingerie, are you wearing a matching bra as well?"

"Yes, I am, said Alison. She dropped her slip and lifted her dress even higher.

Alison's purple lacy bra came into view.

"Oh my God, oh my God. That is a perfect match for your satin slip. And you have a wonderful cleavage. Oh my God, I am going to cum."

Miss Silk's hand was frantic inside her panties. Then she flooded her silk panties. She dabbed her panties with a tissue, dropped her skirt back down and stood up.

“Congratulations, Miss Scott, you are almost perfect for the job. We will need to do some work on your hair and makeup. Will you accept?”

“Yes, course, but don’t you have any other candidates to interview?”

“No, you were the only applicant. When can you start?”

“Don’t you need to check my references?”

“What you are wearing is the only reference I need.”

“Well then I accept. I can start next week.”

“Excellent. My secretary will give you a contract to sign before you leave. Now let me take you to your new office. Follow me. “

Angela followed Miss Silk down the corridor to the sound of their heels tapping on the wooden floor. They went up a large wooden staircase to the first floor. After taking a few steps along a corridor Miss Silk produced a key and unlocked an office door. She ushered Angela inside. On the back of the door was a black academic gown. Miss Silk closed the door and locked it again. Although the door had a glass panel the gown obscured the view into the room.

“This will be your new office, Miss Scott.”

The building was very old and the rooms very large. There was a lovely view of the garden.

“This is amazing, it is about 3 times the size of my last office, I had to share with 3 other staff and the view was of the bins. Do I have to share?”

“Just you. We are very lucky in having lots of space.”

Angela’s eyes were drawn to the computer desk.





On the computer desk was some black lingerie, a full slip, bra, suspender belt and French knickers.

“As you can see this is the black set of lingerie for you to wear left unworn by the previous incumbent, who refused to wear it. Miss Slip, my Deputy, will provide you with the white set from the stores. You will meet her later. “



Angela was taken right back to when she tried on her mum's black slip when she was about 15. The slip on the desk was exactly the same as her mum's. Angela was getting stiff again.



"I can see you want to try them on. Take off your dress and slip."

"What right here?"

"I locked the door, no one can see."

Angela pulled her grey dress off over her head and picked up the black French knickers. How ironic it was that only a few weeks ago she had picked up a pair of knickers that cost her a job and now another pair of knickers was leading her to a new job. She put the black French knickers back down on the desk.



Angela slowly she slid her purple satin slip down her legs and stepped out of it.



Alison dropped the little purple half-slip on the chair.



Miss Silk pulled out a mobile phone.

“Your purple panties and suspender belt look amazing, I must take a photo. They look so sheer and so sexy. I can see you are as excited as I am.”



“Shall I take my bra and panties off as well,” asked Alison?

“No, you can leave them on, put the French knickers on over the top of your darling little panties and then the black slip over the top. Your fake boobs are magnificent. Where did you get the boobs and lingerie from?”

“Thank you, I got them from Wish online, the purple slip was from eBay.” Angela put her purple bra back on and then slipped the black French knickers up her legs.

Angela was so hard putting on the black satin French knickers she just could not resist rubbing the silky tent for a moment or two.



Next, she picked up the black full slip and slid it down over her head.





Finally, she pulled the grey dress down over the slip. She had trouble getting the dress over the top of the slip and boobs, it was quite tight.



Miss Silk had stood up and was behind Miss Scott. Once again, she had her skirt up and was masturbating her stiff clitty that was bulging in her tight white panties.

“Now just bend over Miss Scott. That’s it right over and touch your ankles.”

Angela wondered what was coming next.

Angela bent right over. She realised that Miss Silk would be able to see her black slip and stocking tops, maybe even her new French knickers.

“That’s it,” said Miss Silk as she fondled the black satin knickers and then pulled them and the lacy thong underneath to one side.

“You will feel a little prick and then a little sharp pain, but it will ease quickly, just like having a Covid jab, really.”



Miss Slip had pulled down her damp panties and extracted her stiff clitty. Then she scooped up some gel from a pot on the desk and rubbed it over her clitty. Finally she eased her clitty into Angela's pert bottom in front of her.

Angela gave a little cry and took the stiffie in her bottom. Miss Silk held onto Angela's slip and pushed in harder. Angela was so enjoying the pain. Slap, slap, slap. Soon Miss Silk exploded and so did Angela, flooding her purple thong, the black French knickers and even the black slip.

"Now, when we have cleaned up you must cum and meet Andrea Slip, my Deputy Head, she is dying to meet you."

The End

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