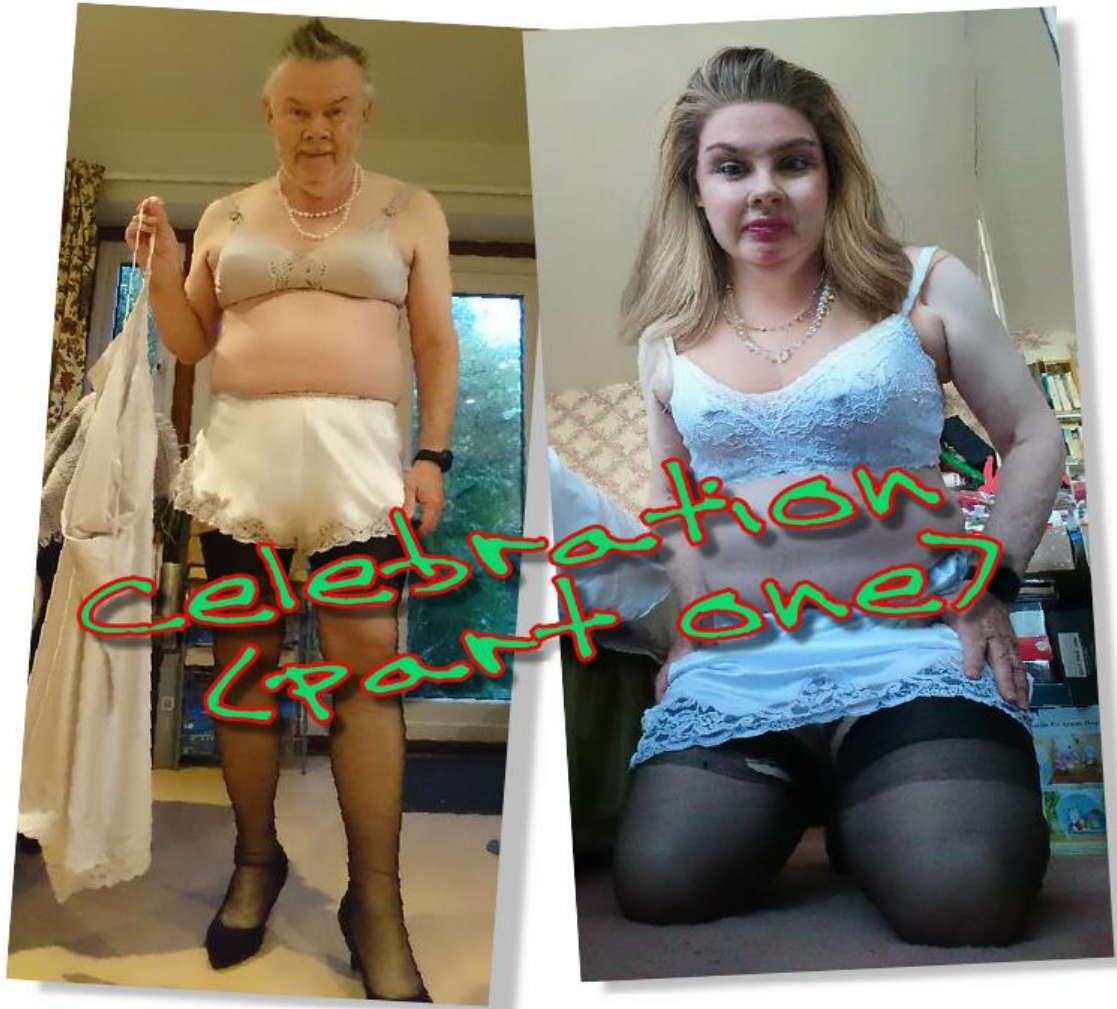


Celebration (part 1) by Andrea Slip

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Gilly gets her new job, it is time to celebrate. She gets a surprise about her dad.

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Gilly was delighted that she had just got the job as Head of Currency at the European bank for several reasons. The first was that the salary was 6 digits, a huge rise, that she was good enough and recognised for her hard work in her previous job as an analyst. Finally, she could go to work as Gilly and wear silky lingerie and dresses every day. It was time to celebrate with Mrs Malone, who was at home in Bromley.

Gilly thought about phoning Molly but decided she would surprise her. Gilly did however decide she had better phone her mum. Gilly was feeling guilty as she had not been home since her dad's funeral 3 months ago.



Molly phoned mum from the station whilst she waited for her train at London Bridge. Gilly told her about the new job and asked her mum how she was managing.

“Oh, Ok, still getting over the shock, it was so sudden, one heart attack and he was gone.”

“I miss him too, but I will come and see you soon. I have some good news, I got the job I went for.”

“Oh, that’s wonderful darling, I am so proud of you. It will be wonderful to see you soon. Actually, I was clearing out of some of your fathers’ things that you might like to take with you. Do you want his car, I can’t drive, and it is sitting on the drive gathering dirt.”

“That’s a kind offer but I will say no as I have just bought an electric mini. I will show it to you when I come home. You should sell the car, or I can do that for you, I’ll take some photos.”



“Oh wonderful. Now there were some other things of your dad’s you might like. Do you still wear those black French knickers I gave you as a housewarming present?”

“Oh, yes, I wore them last week with stockings, a new lacy bra and a black full slip. I will be dressing like that for work every day in my new job. When I come home you can see me as Gilly for the first time. Thank you for your help in starting me on my journey.”

“Oh I say, how wonderful, things have moved on since I was at work. Now, I will send you some photos of several slips, French knickers and camisoles that your dad wore that you might like. He was a cross dresser, just like you darling.”



“Photos, what photos, dad was hopeless with a camera, his photos were always too dark and blurry.”

“I know, so he asked me to take some of him dressed in his lingerie.”

“You did not!”

“Oh yes dear, I didn’t mind, it was quite fun both of us being dressed in stockings and French knickers.”

Gilly was shocked.

“I think I can put the photos on our What’s App chat. Congratulations on the new job. Oh, must go, my Tesco order has just arrived. Do come soon,” said mum.

“Don’t worry mum, I promise I will cum soon.”

Gilly’s mum was no slouch with digital images and technology, unlike dad. These photos could be interesting. Gilly’s train was ready to go so it was a good time to end the call. She might be embarrassed if someone else could hear her saucy conversation with her mum.

As she got off the train at Bromley her phone pinged with a notification from What’s App. It was from her mum, “That was quick.” She had a discrete glance at the message as she clip clopped down the road to her house in her high heels. She loved that sound. But looking at the photos would have to be done later at home. First there was Molly to tell the good news.





Gilly tried to keep a straight face when she walked in the door, but failed.

“Oh well done, Gilly, I knew your would blow the others out of the water. I am so pleased that you will be my new boss.” She rushed over to Gilly and gave her a big hug.

“I am so hard now, and I got some new panties, they are pink to match my slip.”



Molly lifted her skirt. Gilly could see a huge tent in Molly's pink slip, so big that Gilly wondered how could she be even wearing panties?

"Lie down on the floor," commanded Molly.

Gilly did as she was told and could see why.



"Oh my goodness," said Gilly as she looked up Molly's skirt at her pink open crotch panties with a stiff clitty poking out the front through the hole.

Gilly was suddenly stiff in her own white panties.



“Now get up and suck my clitty until I cum.”

Gilly got up and looked up at Molly as she discarded her skirt, blouse and lowered her slip.



Gilly started sucking Molly's stiff clitty that was poking out of the split crotch panties. She gave light kisses and then took the full length in her warm mouth. It didn't take long before Molly spurted into Gilly's mouth.



Molly swallowed the cum and stood up.

"I feel overdressed."

She took off the dress she had worn for her interview and sat down on the chair.



“Are you going to do the same for me or shall I do you from behind?”

“Oh my god, get some lube and do me over the chair,” said Molly.

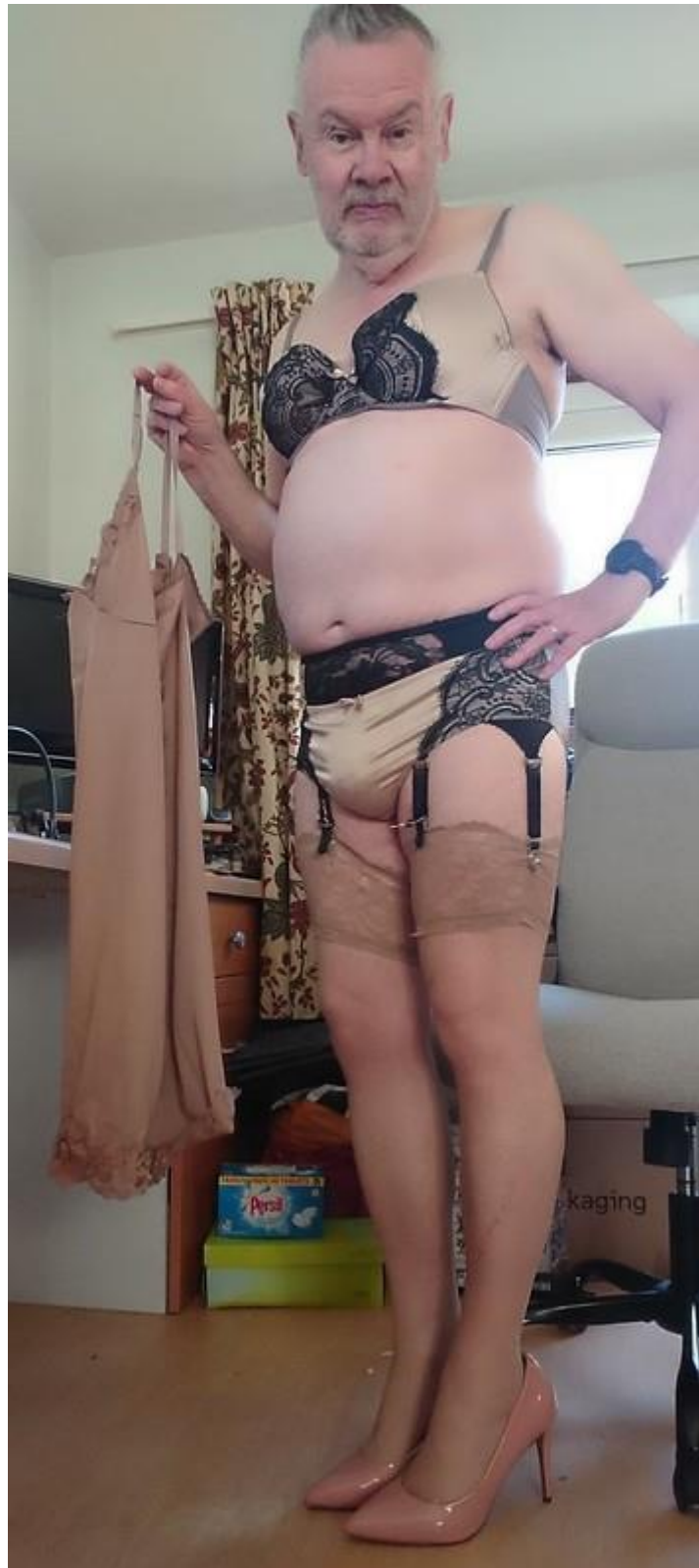
Gilly found some lubricating jelly and spread it over her stiff clitty. She pushed Molly down over the armchair, pulled down her new pink panties and eased into Molly.

As Gilly spurted her cum into Molly’s arse she was reminded of her promise to her mum about cumming soon, perhaps not quite how her mum intended. However Gilly would need to drive to Salisbury at the weekend to see mum and see the silky lingerie that she was going to inherit from her dad.

Molly had got some steak and wine to celebrate the potential new job for Gilly. Molly loved cooking and would rather do this than go out. After cleaning up she went off to the kitchen to start the meal. Gilly sat down on the chair in her white bra and slip to look at the photos of dad that her mum had sent her on What’s App earlier.



The photos were of Gilly's dad in lingerie. Gilly's mum had told her that her husband Jim sometimes would wear her lingerie. What she did not know was that her mum had taken the photos. The first photo was of dad in a pale blue slip, the breasts were well filled. Gilly couldn't tell if he was wearing hosiery. He was not wearing any makeup or a wig, just dad's normal face.



However, the next photo showed dad in matching panties, bra, suspenders, and tan lace top stockings. He was holding a full-length brown slip and stood in pink heels. He looked gorgeous and happy. Yes, he did love wearing panties, bra and stockings just as much as Gilly. Was this love of silky lingerie genetic, was it passed down through the generations?



The next photo was of dad in a matching set of pink satin French knickers and camisole. The pink satin was edged in pretty white lace. The black stockings had a wide lace band across the top, just like the tan pair. There was a suspender belt holding up the stockings. It suddenly struck Gilly how much she looked like her dad when wearing silky lingerie and stockings.



The next photo was dad in the kitchen wearing matching white bra and French knickers. The stockings were black again but this time plain topped. It looked like he was wearing black heels. The bra was well padded, he must be wearing breast inserts. Dad was holding a full-length white slip. OMG, Gilly was getting hard again just looking at all the pretty lingerie and stockings being modelled by her dad.

The last photo made Gilly cry as it showed dad taking off a dress to reveal a black lacy bra and a black half-slip. It looked like he was wearing a black half slip that showed off his long legs in sheer black stockings. They could have been tights but based on previous photos dad loved wearing stockings and suspenders. The thing that made Gilly cry was that he looked so happy to take off his dress and reveal his love for wearing pretty nylon lingerie. This looked a fairly recent photo taken by his mum in the living room, only a short time before his heart attack.





Gilly, without realising it had been rubbing her white slip and lacy panties, as she looked at her dad in lingerie. She had become stiff again and suddenly spurted into her panties. This stopped Gilly crying but was a slightly confusing feeling.

She soon recovered but her panties were very sticky. She took off the slip and the panties, dipped into her lingerie draw and found a new pair of white panties. She put these, her slip and dress back on.

There were two other people she wanted to celebrate with, Madame Slip and Joelyn, her neighbour. Now that she was decently dressed she popped next door. There was no answer and Joelyn's Tesla was not on the drive. She then realised she had not seen Joelyn/Joe for about a week.

Next, she phoned Madame Slip. Madame Slip was delighted to hear the news and wanted to meet Molly. She agreed to come round the next evening for champagne and cake. Madame would bring the Champagne. Molly would probably be able to bake a cake. She loved cooking.

"No shenanigans, Madame Slip," warned Gilly, "we are a couple now."

"How sweet, are you in love?"

"Yes, I think we probably are. I want to invite Joelyn but she has not been. Do you know where she is?"

"I think she is working on a project in Yorkshire for about a month," said Madame Slip.

"Oh, that would explain it. I will catch up with her when she is back."



“Dinner is ready, love,” shouted Molly.

“This is delicious, as always, Molly. You are turning into a domestic goddess. Oh, Madame Slip is coming round tomorrow evening to celebrate. Would you be able to bake a cake, then we can have champagne and cake?”

“Let me have a look in the cupboard, I might need some more flour., but yes, I would love to bake a celebration cake.”

“Thank you, Molly, you are turning into a domestic goddess. You are much better than I am at domestic duties, especially washing our lingerie.





“You separate the dark panties and slips from the pale ones. I forget to separate then sometimes and just chuck them in together and my white panties come out grey.”



"Look at the pink hand-made panties I got on Ebay. They have white lace down the front and were bright pink when I got them."

"They are lovely panties," said Molly.



“I put them in the wrong wash and now they are a pale lilac. They look completely different.”

“They are still nice to fondle your stiff clitty through the pretty lace,” said Molly.

“Well, yes, but you get the point.”



“You hang the bra’s and suspenders really carefully on the washing line and wait until they are completely dry.”

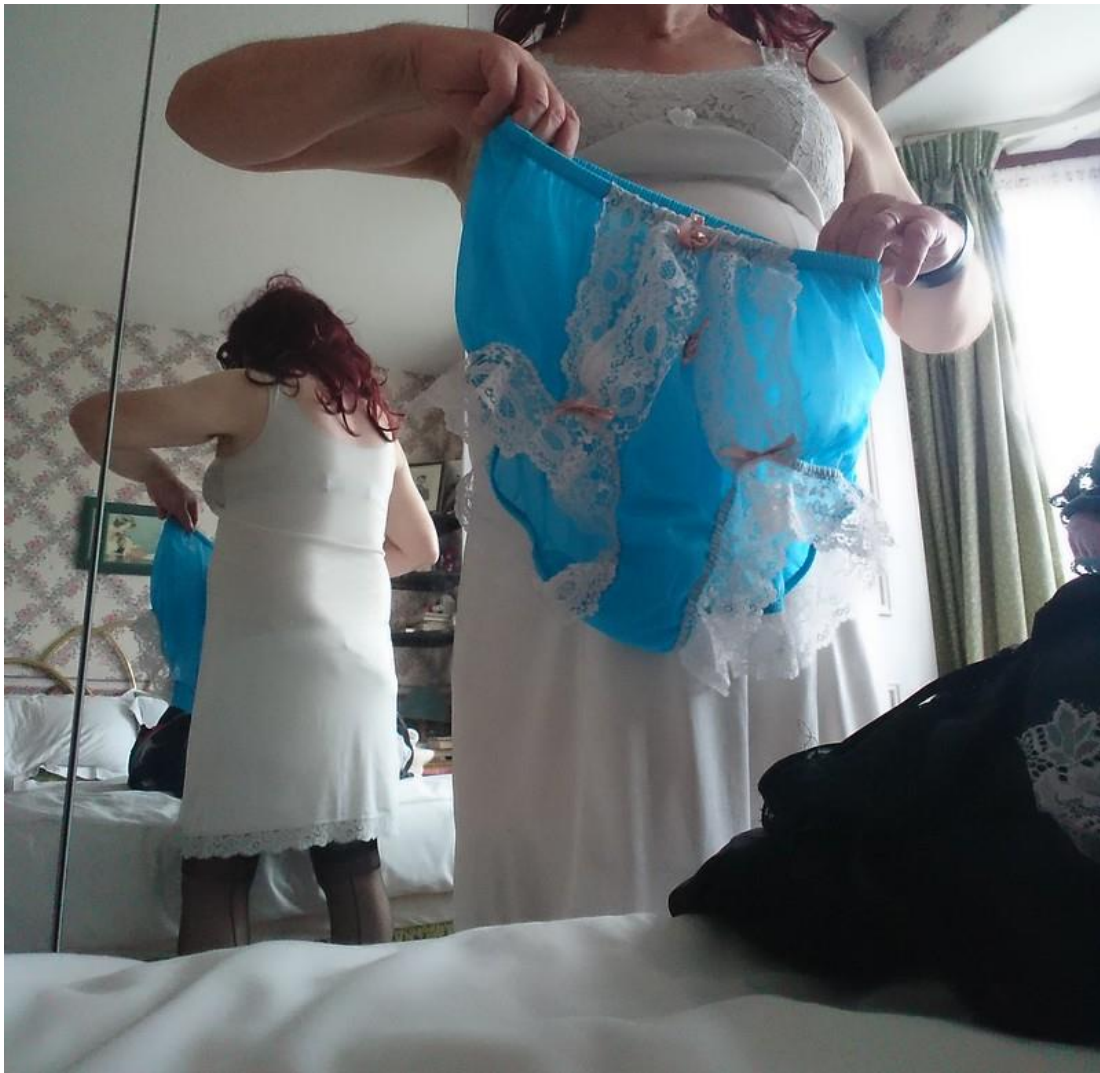
“You iron our slips beautifully”.

“I do love ironing slips,” said Molly.

“You even iron my suspender belts.”

“Yes, a bit over the top but I like handing them. You have lots of pretty lacy suspender belts.”





“I get hard watching you fold panties. And you are a wonderful cook.”

Molly was not usually lost for words, “Well I err..... I would love to be a housewife.”

“With my new salary why don’t you give up your job at the bank and become the housewife of your dreams? We could afford it.”

“Well, I would love it,” said Molly.

They got up and hugged each other.

"I can just see you in a yellow 1950's dress with a big petticoat and stockings," said Gilly. "That's settled then, you can tell HR you are resigning, and we can go shopping for a domestic goddess dress for you."

The End

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[**Mrs Malone**](#)

***Celebration Part 2
cumming soon***

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