

The Dentist

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Gilly has a painful tooth, she needs to find a new dentist. Her visit to see Dr Andrews is full of surprises.

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When Dr Tom Arnold, a well respected dentist in Bromley, a leafy suburb of South East London, introduced his wife Yulia, to Catarina, his dental nurse, at a work Christmas do, he didn't realise the consequences that would turn his life upside down. Both Yulia and Cat were both Polish, and blonde. Despite their age gap, Yulia was in her mid 40's and Cat in her early 20's, they got along like a house on fire, chattering away in Polish.



Tom was shocked when, Yulia who was 10 years younger than Tom, said she was leaving him about six months later to go back to Poland to live with Cat and that he could keep her panties, as he liked wearing them so much. He didn't think she knew about him wearing her panties as he had been careful putting her panties back in her lingerie draw. It always seemed so messy.



Perhaps the spunk stains on a pair of lacy purple panties gave the game away when Yulia did the washing.

Although they had been married for over 20 years Yulia said that she never wanted children. More recently Yulia didn't even want to have sex with him. Not only was Yulia leaving him but to go and live with another woman. And he had lost his excellent work assistant as well. He had to use an agency for a dental nurse, none of them were as good as Cat or stayed very long.



Tom took solace in carrying on wearing Yulia's pretty lingerie, her nylon panties, bra, sheer tights and slips, silky lingerie that she had not worn for some time and lay abandoned at bottom of her lingerie draw. She had left a few dresses and skirts, but they didn't fit very well, so he started buying his own.



At first, he wore some of Yulia's old tights. They looked lovely with a short green dress he had bought on EBay.



He started experimenting with stockings and slippers. He had tried to persuade Yulia to wear stockings, but not only did she refuse but then she stopped wearing skirts and tights as well. Tom loved the sight of a peeping lace slip and shiny nylons but that was so rare now a days, so now he wore his own slippers. He loved the feel of the nylon slip sliding over his panties and stockings.



He mostly dressed up at home. He often got dressed in lingerie before work but then had to change to go work at the surgery in the front room of his house. Then he decided he would wear his lingerie under his scrubs.



Sometimes he would get hard looking, from behind the dental chair, down a blouse at a lacy bra and large breasts. Of course, he always remained professional and tried not to give anything away to his dental nurse. If this was in the morning, he would often pop upstairs at lunch time for a quick wank at what he had seen. He was hoping one day to see the lacy hem of a slip peeping out from under a skirt or dress. Almost all his female patients wore trousers for their dental appointment.

However, one day things changed, and it was not with a female patient.

Gillian Silk was getting braver with being out and about dressed en-femme. Colin still went to his job in the City in a suit and tie, but with a need for a new dentist Gilly decided this was time to show the world her pretty clothes. She had a niggling pain in one of her molars. Her previous dentist in Peckham had said it might need a root canal, which meant drilling out the root. That was two years ago and now it was getting worse. She had found a new dentist, Dr Tom Andrews, he had come highly recommended by a neighbour and looked rather dishy.

Gilly had some leave to use up, so she took the day off from work for her dental appointment in the afternoon. She decided to dress conservatively for her first visit. She put on her black tights, black lacy bra, and black panties over the tights.





Then she stepped into her black half-slip with a lacy white hem and pulled up over her tights. The tights didn't have a seam but did have a nice pattern up the back.



Gillian adjusted the slip and then picked up her grey checked skirt and stepped into it. She would love to have worn this to the office but was not quite ready for that reveal yet. She then put on a grey silk shirt.



When she had done her hair and makeup, she got on with some chores she had been meaning to get on with, including sewing a button back on her blouse and doing some washing. She was just loading the washing machine when her phone beeped. It was a text message from the dental practice.



“Oh no, I hope they have not cancelled. I took a day off for this,” she said to herself.

Her appointment was fine but it may take a little longer as there were some staff shortages, no dental nurse today. Gilly had warned them that she thought she might need a root canal so she already had booked a double appointment.

“So that means it will probably be just the dentist,” thought Gilly. “Maybe I don’t need to be quite so conservative in my dress today. A sheer blouse, lacy bra, black lace top stockings and a peeping slip should do the trick. “

She finished loading the washing machine and got it started. She would probably be able to put it out in the garden to dry before her appointment. Perhaps Joe / Joelene next door would notice?

Gilly went upstairs to change. She took off her office attire and swapped it for a sexy and perhaps tartier casual look.



This time she put on her big fake boobs and very lacy black and pink bra. Then it was a black lacy suspender belt with black lace topped stockings. The stockings had little flecks of pink and looked nice with the pink trim of the black lacy bra. Gilly stepped into some black satin French knickers. These were a pair that her mother had given Gilly as a housewarming present when she moved out of the family home in Salisbury to her first property, a flat in Peckham. She loved wearing these black satin beauties. Gilly was starting to get hard now and got even harder when she looked in the mirror and could see the nipples of her big tits showing through the sheer lacy mesh on her bra.



Then she stepped into a little black half-slip. The lace on the slip was perfect for peeping out.



Next it was long leather boots. These had long zips down the side, Gilly zipped up the boots and stood up to take look in the mirror. Good so far, exactly what she wanted.



She sat down again and topped up her makeup, a deeper shade of red lipstick and some subtle eye shadow.



Gilly picked up a white lacy blouse. It had little white shapes but, was very sheer. The dentist could not miss seeing her big tits and lacy bra. The blouse was tight over Gilly's bra and boobs. She picked up a black skirt with white bows. It was almost a reverse of the blouse. She stepped into the skirt and pulled it up.



Gilly lifted the skirt to make sure the stockings were tightly attached to the suspenders. She sat down for a moment to take in the view of her black and pink bra showing through the sheer white blouse, the black lacy slip peeping out from under the black and white skirt, the lace top black stockings and the high heeled boots. Just what she wanted, and she hoped that the dentist would as well.



Gilly arrived in plenty of time and but had to wait in the empty waiting room a couple of minutes. She had registered as Gillian Silk and soon her name came up on the screen, “Miss Silk to room 3 for Mr Andrews.”

Tom Andrews was standing with his back to Gilly when she came in. He was looking at Gilly’s notes on a laptop, the files had been transferred from her previous dentist. Tom was confused, the notes said this patient was Colin Smith, but the patient had booked under the name of Gillian Silk. Then he saw the name in brackets on the booking form (formerly known as Colin but now identifies as female, now to be known as Gillian Silk, her and she). It was good job he noticed that in time before he put his foot in his mouth. He turned round.

“Welcome Miss Silk, I am pleased to.....”

“Hello Dr Andrews, pleased to meet you too. “

Toby Andrews had to lift his jaw off the floor and close his mouth as he looked at the pretty tranny in front of him. He recovered his professional manner quickly.

“Please sit in the chair and I can take a look.”





Gilly sat down on the blue chair.

“I am just going to lean you back. Tom pressed a button, the chair tilted back, and her boots lifted up.



As Gilly sat back her skirt rode up revealing her lacy slip and her lacy stocking tops.



Tom could barely believe it. He has waited years to see a lacy peeping slip in his chair and now there was this gorgeous transvestite, Miss Silk who not only was displaying a lacy slip but lacy stocking tops, a sheer black and pink bra through a very sheer white blouse. He was so stiff.

“Ok, I can see the problem. Unfortunately, the tooth that is giving you some pain is split, I can’t do a root canal to remove the nerve. I am afraid I am going to have to remove the tooth. Do you want it done under local or a full anaesthetic with gas?”

“Oh, I don’t really like needles, can I have gas?”

“Of course, let me get the gas cylinder out.”

Tom gave his patient the gas mask and checked her vital signs as he put her to sleep, he remembered to lock the surgery door.



The last thing Gilly remembered was looking up at the lamp. Soon she was under the anaesthetic.

Tom got to work on removing the split tooth. With the right tools and his experience, it didn't take long, all went well. He had been very quick and had a little time before his patient came round. It was now or never, he would probably never get the chance to do this again. There was a risk, if he got caught he would probably lose his job but he was pretty sure it would be OK. He took off his scrubs and shoes to reveal his underwear.



Under his medical scrubs he had on a beautiful matching set of pink silk French knickers, and camisole with sheer brown Gio stockings. From a draw he produced a pair of pink high heels and slipped them on over his nylon stockings. He checked his patient, she was coming round. He turned round and knelt in front of Gilly.



Gilly was still a bit woozy but then realised that her dentist, Tom Andrews was kneeling in front of her in beautiful pink lingerie. He heart jumped and she smiled, then stopped smiling as her gum hurt.



“Do you mind seeing me like this? I know it is not very professional, but I think you like wearing silky lingerie and stockings just like me.”

“Oh I do like it, you look gorgeous in pink,” mumbled Gilly, her mouth still full of wadding to stop the bleeding.

“I will take that out in a minute, but can I take off your skirt, Miss Silk so that I can see your slip and stockings?”

“Oh yes please, Dr,” said Gilly.

Tom pulled her black skirt down to her ankles.



“Please call me Tom. I love seeing your slip peeping out, your lacy stockings, your bra showing through. I have been waiting years to see a peeping slip in this chair. That looks so sexy. May I?”

Tom lent forward and caressed Gilly’s silky legs, then moved up to her slip. He rubbed the stiff cockette that was tenting the French knickers.



Tom stood up and picked Gilly's black skirt and put it on the worktop. Gilly got a good look at Tom in his pretty pink lingerie.

"Oh I say, I wasn't expecting to see another lingerie lover here today. That looks so sexy, I think you are getting hard too," said Gilly.



Gilly lifted her slip and blouse.

“Look I am wearing French knickers too.”



Tom now had his hand inside his French knickers and was masturbating his stiff cock.



Gilly stood up slowly, she was a bit wobbly. She pulled down her French Knickers to her knees.

“I would love you to suck me off, Tom”

“Oh yes, I am so excited,” said Tom. He knelt in front of her again and this time admired Gilly’s black lace suspender belt firmly attached to her black lace top stockings. He took hold of her stockings and reached for the stiff cockette framed in front of him. He gently licked and nibbled the tiny cock, then licked more vigorously. He felt the pressure building in his own French knickers. They both came suddenly, Gilly in Tom’s mouth and Tom in his pink French knickers.



Tom collapsed back on his chair, with a big smile on his face.

“What will the charge be Dr Andrews?”

“No charge at all, Miss Silk, no charge at all, but do cum back next week so I can check up on how your gum is doing, will a private appointment at 7pm be ok?”

“Thank you, Dr Andrews, that will be perfect.”

“Now let me clean you up.”

The End

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