

# The hotel

A photo story by Andrea Slip



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*It is the mid 1960's. Young Josh has just turned 18 and has landed a job as an apprentice in a hotel in Hastings. Will it give him the opportunity to explore his growing love of nylon lingerie?*

Josh groaned, not housekeeping again.

"I can see that face," said the Major with his back to Josh. "I have eyes in the back of my head, don't you know, you young whipper snapper. Now get upstairs and help the girls do the front bedrooms." There was a pause as the major turned to face Josh. "And don't put that dreadful Beatles music on the radio, the guests will complain." The Major turned back to sort the newspapers, which had just arrived on the train from London. The Major looked at the photo of a pop group arriving in New York on the front cover of the Daily Sketch. "Long haired louts," muttered the Major under his breath.

As Josh walked up stairs he muttered to himself, "Supposed to be the concierge not a flipping maid." Mrs Mattson, the Head Housekeeper saw him coming up the stairs. "Oh thank goodness you are here Josh, Mazy hasn't turned up again, useless girl. If you get on with two, three and four We have done one and five already. I will go up to the second floor with Savanna, do you know what you are doing Josh?"

"Yes Mrs Mattson, the Major showed me last week."



"Here's your trolley. I will come back and check, so mind you do them properly," said Mrs Mattson as she turned and walked up the stairs to the second floor. Josh watched Mrs Mattson walk up the stairs in the new shorter, maid's black and white uniform dress. Although she was a slightly plump lady in her early 50's Josh thought that she always looked nice in her uniform. He could see a frilly black slip and quite a lot of black stocking as she walked up the stairs to the second floor bedrooms.



Although only 18 Josh was developing a quite a strong affinity for women's nylon lingerie. As Mrs Mattson was about half way up she noticed a small piece of paper on the stairs carpet. She bent over to pick it up, not thinking about Josh being at the bottom of the stairs.

Josh had to stifle a cry. He knew he shouldn't look up a lady's dress but he couldn't stop himself and the dress was quite short, as was becoming the fashion. He realised that the body of the slip was white, not black, but the wide lacy hem was black. The lacy hem was so thin he could see Mrs Mattson's lacy stocking tops and even a flash of white nylon knickers.

Josh stuffed his knuckles in his mouth to stop any noise and hoped no one could see his hard on. Mrs Mattson picked up the small piece of paper and carried on upstairs, oblivious of the effect she was having on Josh. Although dresses were getting shorter women were still wearing stockings and sometimes forgot that their stocking tops might show. That's probably why tights started coming in to replace stockings only a couple of years later.





Josh turned away and had to get on with his work. He changed the sheets and towels in bedroom two. Then he vacuumed the carpet, dusted and cleaned the bathroom. Finally, he topped up the tea, coffee and milk. He looked around the room decided it was done and he could move on. The hand written room list showed that the guest in room three was still residence for three days, so it would just need a quick tidy and replenishments. Josh knocked and then opened the door, shouting "Housekeeping." There was no response, as he expected. As he walked into the room he suddenly stopped dead

Lying on the floor by the bed was the prettiest pink half-slip he had ever seen. Josh couldn't breathe. He knew had to tidy up the room, so he picked the slip up. It had probably been left on the bed and slid off. As he picked up the slippery, silky, nylon slip he realised there was a pair of knickers underneath the slip. Josh thought he had died and gone to heaven.

Suddenly Josh had a raging hard on, his second of the day. What he really wanted to do was strip off and put on the slip and panties. He wanted to feel the silky knickers on his hard cock and the nylon slip sliding up his legs. But he couldn't, Mrs Mattson would be back soon. He couldn't. Maybe the guest, a Mrs Jones the list said, was having breakfast and could walk in at any time. He just couldn't take it. It was too risky.



So Josh stroked the silky slip. It was just so soft and had delicious wide band of lace on the hem. The French knickers were just as pretty with a lacy band on the legs which ran right up the leg. He knew what French knickers were because his Mum often wore them. What could he do? He was so tempted to stuff the slip and panties inside his trousers. But if the guest came back surely she would complain to the Major about missing some lingerie that she had left on the bed this morning. He would probably lose his job. Instead he tidied the bed, changed the towels and restocked the drinks.



Finally, he careful folded the slip and put it lovingly on the bed with the lacy French knickers on top. He turned a lacy corner of the knickers back where there was a short split on the sides. Josh sighed as he looked back at the pretty lingerie lying on the bed. He shut the door. He wanted the slip badly, and the knickers of course, but he just couldn't, could he?



Later that day, at about 6.30pm he was in the lobby polishing the brass plate at the bottom of the reception counter, when Mrs Jones, the guest in room three, came down the stairs heading for the dining room. Did she know Josh had lovingly folded her beautiful slip and matching panties that very morning? He glanced up at her.

“OH MY GOD, she is wearing the slip,” said Josh, praying that it was in his head, not out loud. As Mrs Jones walked down stairs. Josh, from his low crouch in front of the reception counter, could see up Mrs Jones skirt. She was very nicely dressed for dinner in a dark blue dress and dark stockings.

Just as Mrs Jones came down the stairs, Whiskers, the hotel cat appeared. Josh tried to grab the cat. It wasn't supposed to be in the lobby, it was supposed to keep the mice away from the kitchen.

Whiskers made a beeline for Mrs Jones as she reached the reception lobby. The cat wrapped itself around Mrs Jones black stockings and started purring. Josh wished it was him rubbing her nylon clad legs, not the cat.



“Oh what a beautiful cat,” said Mrs Jones as she bent down to stroke the grey cat. “I have a pussy just like her at home.”

From his low position next to the brass plate Josh could see the edge of her pink slip, the pink tops of her stockings and her pink French knickers. The very lingerie Josh had fondled, sorry, folded that morning in her bedroom. She smiled at Josh. Did she know Josh was looking up her skirt? Josh stood up quickly, trying to hide his hard on, hoping that that the Major, or Mrs Jones for that matter, had not noticed.

“Evening, Mrs Jones, how is my favourite guest.”  
“Very well, Major, thank you for asking. Looking forward to dinner,” said Mrs Jones as she stood up.  
“Oh, Major, can you thank the room maid who tidied up my room this morning. My clothes were all over the place and they did a lovely job.”



“Of course, Mrs Jones,” said the Major.

Oh she **did** notice how the slip and knickers were folded, thought Josh. I bet she doesn’t know it was me. In fact, the Major probably doesn’t know either.

“Well done Josh,” muttered the Major.



Mrs Jones swept past Josh in a cloud of perfume. Channel No. 5 thought Josh, just like his Mum's. She was wearing seamed stockings; the stockings were black but the seam was pink with a wide Cuban heel. You couldn't miss them.

"I have cleaned the brass, Major. Can I go off duty now," asked Josh?

He was dismissed by the Major and although he was hungry and could go and eat at the staff table in small staffroom off the kitchen he had a hard on that needed urgent attention. He bounded up the stairs to his room on the top floor and ripped off his working clothes as soon as he shut the door.





As he lay on the bed and stroked his stiff young cock he imagined Mrs Jones dressing in her pretty slip and French knickers. The ones he had folded up so nicely that morning. Would she be wearing a matching pink brassiere, what about a suspender belt and sheer seamed stockings? From his earlier observations he knew she was wearing stockings and suspenders. He so wished he had those knickers and the slip, maybe even her stockings and suspender belt. Why not her bra as well? This sent him over the edge and he spurted cum from his stiff cock. Even when he had calmed down he decided he had to find some women's nylon lingerie of his own.

A couple of weeks later an opportunity did arise. Mazy had not turned up again for work as a housekeeper. The major was muttering he would have to think about sacking her but it was difficult to get replacements in the middle of the season. Inevitably Josh had to fill in to help clean the first floor bedrooms.



Josh worked on a complete clean of room two as the guests had already checked out, a young married couple, well they said they were married but the man looked a lot older than the woman. The room list said they were called Mr and Mrs Smith. Josh was nearly finished when he noticed the chair was out of line. As he moved it the chair seemed to stick. He lifted up the chair and his heart soared, the chair was catching on a brown suspender belt and a pair of stockings. The stockings were still attached to the suspenders. It looked like they had been ripped off and then kicked under the chair. How had that happened? Then Josh remembered it was the “married” couple that had been here last night. Perhaps they were in a hurry to make love? Would the lady miss the stockings? As she had already checked out she might not miss them for a couple of days.

He picked them up, quickly stuffed them in his pocket and set the chair back against the wall. He peeped outside the door. No one was to be seen. He dashed upstairs two flights to his own room in the attic. He unlocked the door, stuffed the stockings under his pillow, locked the door and dashed back downstairs. As he pushed the trolley along the first floor corridor Mrs Mattson appeared from room two.





“Oh there you are Josh, you did a good job there, perhaps we will have to ask the major if we can keep you as a housekeeping maid. Looks like we might have a vacancy soon. Although you would have to wear the maid’s uniform,” giggled Mrs Mattson.

Josh must have turned pink as he rather liked that idea of being able to wear silky lingerie, black stockings and a black and white housemaids dress.

“Oh...oh.... I... er ... I don’t know about that Mrs Mattson,” stammered Josh. At the back of his mind, well, front really, was when he got off work he was going to try on those stockings and suspenders in his room.

The rest of the working day was hard for Josh, in more ways than one. But eventually he was off duty and was able to rush back to his room. He ripped his clothes off and picked up the silky bundle hidden under his pillow. The brown stockings were still attached to the suspender belt.



He carefully undid the little suspenders and felt the sheer nylon stockings on his hands., they felt lovely. Josh wrapped the brown suspender belt around his slim waist. He had been worried it might not fit but it did. It was very pretty, made of silky brown nylon with some cream lace. It looked so pretty. He carefully slid the brown stockings up each leg. It was even better than he imagined. He looked in the mirror and could see his cock framed by the pretty suspender belt and the sheer stockings. It felt so feminine. He felt like a girl but as he rubbed his cock it soon got stiff again. Josh looked in the mirror at his reflected image. He loved what he could see of the lacy suspender belt and the sheer nylon stockings, suddenly he spurted cum all over his hand, the sheer brown stockings and even onto the mirror.



After he had cleaned up the sticky white cum he had some pangs of guilt. Had he stolen the stockings and suspender or were they just lost property? Would he get caught? He decided that if the young lady from room two asked if they had been found he would tell the Major that he had not found any clothes left behind in room two. She might wonder where they were. Other staff in the hotel had told him about couples who were having affairs often signed in as Mr and Mrs Smith. So maybe the young lady would be too embarrassed to ask about lost stockings and suspenders anyway. He just had to have them and decided to take a gamble by not handing them in.

What Josh really wanted was some knickers and may a slip to go with the stockings and suspenders, just like his Mum wore. That was it, his Mum had some lovely lingerie, it was always drying on a rack somewhere around the house. There were brassieres, suspender belts, half-slips, full slips, stockings, big French knickers and even full size panties. Lots of silky lingerie all-round the house. She had so much lingerie surely she wouldn't miss some.



Then Josh remembered his Mum had a lovely brown waist slip and matching panties. He had seen his Mum wearing these when he had walked from his room to the bathroom about a year ago. His Mum was getting dressed for work and had not quite shut her bedroom door. She was wearing a lovely pair of brown panties with cream lace on the leg and the waist, a lacy bra with pink flowers, suspenders and sheer brown stockings. She was just stepping into her slip as Josh walked past. His mum wasn't too bothered about Josh seeing her in her undies. She often walked around in her slip, or petticoat as she called it.





Josh went to the loo and brushed his teeth. As he walked back to his bedroom his Mum had just finished doing her hair and her makeup. She had her back to Josh as he went past, the door still slightly ajar. He noticed this time that her stockings were very sheer seamed nylons. He did not pause but carried on back to his room and had one of the best wanks of his young life.

Josh was getting hard again at the memory of seeing his Mum in her pretty lingerie. He had already told his Mum he had a weekend off coming up soon. She wanted him to come home, she missed her baby, her only child, especially now she was on her own. That decided it, he would go home and explore her lingerie draws when she was out at Bingo. She never missed her Saturday night Bingo with her mates, whether Josh was home or not.

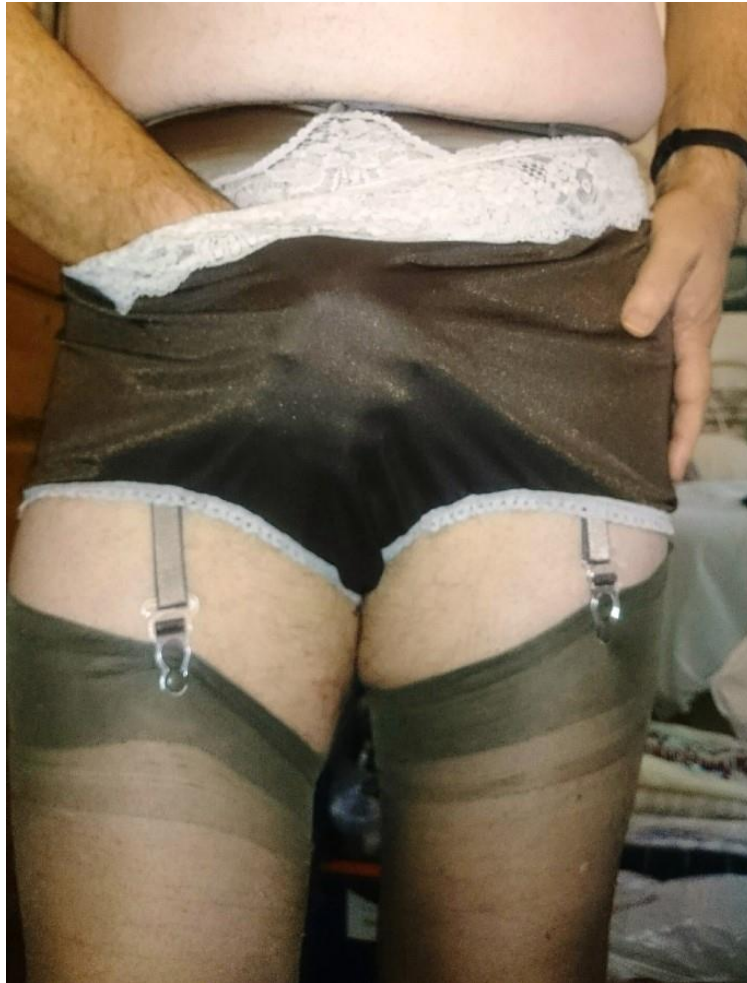
After finishing his shift on Friday he walked from the hotel on the seafront, next to the White Rock Theatre, up to Hastings Station. He was just in time to catch the 6.05pm Southern Region train from Rye to Charing Cross. He was back home in South-East London by 8pm. His Mum gave him a big hug, she was so pleased to see her boy back from Hastings, she had cooked him his favourite roast chicken dinner.

Saturday night she disappeared to the Bingo Hall as usual, she told him she would be home by 10pm and to behave himself. Josh just smiled. His Mum

thought he might be out chasing girls. The only thing that interested him about girls was what lingerie they were wearing.

He watched "The Avengers" on TV for a bit after she had gone and then went up to her bedroom and had a look in her lingerie draws. He found the one with panties and slips. In particular he was hoping to find the brown waist slip and panties. He lifted up a blue pair of knickers and there they were; he had struck gold.





He took off his trousers, t-shirt, socks and his Y fronts. Out of his old kit bag he pulled the stockings and suspenders he had found in room two of the hotel. He dressed in the suspender belt and the sheer brown stockings. He stepped into his Mum's brown knickers and pulled them up over his stiffening cock. He slid a hand inside the knickers to adjust his cock. Then it was the slip. Josh slowly slid the silky slip up over his sheer nylon stockings. He was not disappointed, it felt wonderful as the slip tickled his nylon clad legs. He lifted up the lacy hem of the slip and looked in the mirror at the bulge in his Mum's knickers. Then, without warning, he splurged into the panties, flooding the silky nylon with white stuff. It felt so good.

But what was he to do? He wouldn't have time to clean up the slip and panties before his Mum got home. After some umming and ahing he decided he would take the lingerie back to the hotel with him the next day. He had already decided he would wear the brown slip, panties, suspenders and stockings under his track suit on his journey back to Hastings.





Josh's Mum didn't want him to go back to Hastings so soon but he told her he had a late shift on Sunday night, so had to be back at the hotel by 6pm. On Sunday afternoon he caught the steam train for Hastings at London Bridge Station, the electric trains didn't reach out as far as Hastings. Most of the 2<sup>nd</sup> class carriages had single compartments with bench seats for 8 people and slam doors. He found a compartment with no one in and climbed in, slamming the door behind him. Josh hoped that being in an empty single compartment would mean that he would have a peaceful trip back to Hastings. He might even get a quick wank in his pretty lingerie.

Just as the train was about to pull out of the station someone opened the door, jumped in and slammed the door.

"Only just made it," said the man. He was a large man in his late 50's with thin grey hair a red face and wearing a shiny grey suit. The train whistled and started to move. It turned out he was a salesman from Rye in East Sussex, heading home after working at a camping exhibition at Earls Court for the weekend. He sold caravans. The salesman didn't stop talking, although he never told Josh his name and Josh didn't ask.

The train was quite hot, so around about Tonbridge Josh took off his track suit top to put it in his kit bag on the luggage rack above his head. As he was reaching up his track suit bottoms caught on the arm of the seat pulling down his trousers. Josh froze, realising that his brown nylon lingerie must be exposed. He felt a finger touch his panties, then the thin strap of the brown suspender belt and then the slip.

Josh was sweating and shaking with fear.

“As you haven’t slapped me I assume you like my finger there? So, who’s are these then,” asked the man?

Josh turned around and his track suit bottom fell down.

The man reached forward and lifted the brown slip to inspect Josh’s panties.

“They are my Mum’s knickers and slip, but ..... The stockings are mine, well ... they are mine now, I found them at the hotel.... where I work,” blurted out Josh.

“Very nice, very silky, very pretty. My wife sometimes wears nice lingerie like this, but not often enough for my liking. But I do like what you are wearing.” The man had started carefully caressing Josh through the silky brown panties. “Don’t be afraid, I won’t hurt you.”



Josh tried not look or sound afraid. Soon his body gave him away as he stiffened under the touch of the stranger. He was surprised at how gentle the man’s touch was. It was almost an involuntary action but Josh parted his thighs to allow him better access.

“Better sit down, **Sissy**, don’t want anyone to see you, dressed like that,” hissed the man. He was taunting Josh, although Josh wasn’t sure what “Sissy” meant. The forceful way it was said left no doubt as to the man’s intentions. The words burnt into Josh. Tears started to well in his eyes, he felt powerless to stop this man exploring his lower body through the nylon lingerie and stocking clad legs as Josh sat on the seat. Oh why had he not found a walk through open carriage? The man wouldn’t have tried it on there. Now he knew how vulnerable women felt in these carriages.

“I can tell you from your hard on that you are enjoying this, Sissy, wearing your Mum’s pretty panties. Real boys are not supposed to do that, only sissies wear panties and stockings. “





“Stand up, sissy.” Josh did as he was told, “Hold up your slip.”

The old man released Josh’s straining cock from its nylon cage and gave Josh the most gentle, teasing hand job he had ever had. Josh responded with an intense yelp as his climax coursed through his body, from his knees to his groin. Josh squirted white semen all over his slip and his tummy. The man wiped up the cum with his finger and then placed the sticky mess in Josh’s mouth, leaving his finger there much longer than was necessary. This was a new experience for Josh. He shuddered in an aftershock and sat down suddenly. Josh knew what had just happened, with his consent or not, maybe he did actually enjoy being fondled through the silky nylon.

The man unzipped his fly and released his own cock from his trousers. Then he placed his hand on the back of Josh’s head and guided him towards the erection. He had not asked or told Josh to do anything but by now Josh was a more than willing partner. The man’s cock was slim verging on the skinny but it was very long - the longest Josh had seen. Josh was feeling greedy; he could get both his hands around the shaft whilst he sucked on the pointed head. The man kept up the commentary and Josh could tell he was doing well but suddenly he tapped Josh on the shoulder and told him to stop. The train was slowing down. Both Josh and the man scrambled to adjust their clothing as the train pulled into Hastings Station. Just as Josh opened the door to alight from the train, the man scribbled his phone number on a piece of paper and thrust it into Josh’s hand.

“Phone me Sissy, we will meet up when my wife is out. I will come and collect you in my car. You can wear her nylon underwear and stockings. We will both enjoy that. I might even try a pair of her knickers myself.”



Josh slammed the door in a slight daze, not quite sure what had just happened. What he did know is that he wanted to do it again. The train whistled and it slowly chugged out of the station heading for Rye, leaving Josh in a swirl of white smoke and soot from the steam engine. He started to walk back down the road towards the hotel.

In later years, long after the steam engines, and single carriages had been replaced by diesel and electric trains, Josh was drawn back to that incident in the train from London Bridge to Hastings.

There were two triggers for this memory, the first was the sight of a steam engine on a vintage railway and the second was whenever he wore his Mum's old brown slip and panties.

His Mum had missed them and even asked Josh about them about a year later but he said he didn't know anything about them. She smiled at him, "It's Ok, you can keep them. Josh. I know you like that sort of thing."

It was true and he couldn't keep up the denial. He had worn the brown slip under a blue denim skirt only the day before. Over the year since he has taken his Mum's slip and knickers he had progressed to wearing makeup, a bra (with falsies), a blouse, heels and of course stockings, suspenders, panties underneath. How had he moved on from his start in panties and stockings to full blow cross dressing? It was all due to Mazy being late too many times for work at the hotel.



When Josh got back to the hotel he was just in time for the late shift on reception and helping customers with their bags. When the Major saw him at the reception desk the Major hesitated.

“Ah Josh. I had to sack Mazy, lazy girl. But it leaves with a dilemma. We are coming up to our busy season and it is going to take a couple of weeks to advertise and find a new house maid. We can’t turn around the rooms with one down and Sarah off on leave. So I was wondering.... Err ..... if you would be willing to stand in for a while until we get Sarah back and appoint a new woman. Mrs Mattson said you had done really well and would be happy to have you on her team.”

“Oh, that’s OK Major, I quite liked servicing the rooms.”

“Well the thing is you couldn’t wear your concierge uniform for a whole week, we set very high standards here, don’t you know. And ..... I insist the house maids all wear a black and white dress. I know it’s a bit old fashioned but lots of our returning guests like it. The girls do have new dresses this year, much shorter and no aprons anymore. So would you .....” the Major’s sentence tailed off as he looked Josh up and down. “Yes, you have long hair like those worthless Beatles, and a young face. I think maybe you could pull it off.”

“Well, I.... err.....” stuttered Josh.

“That’s settled then, see Mrs Mattson first thing in the morning. She will sort out the dress and the under ..... things for you. Don’t forget the stockings and a petticoat.” It seemed like the decision for Josh to dress as one of the housemaids had already been made whilst he had been away in London over the weekend. He had little choice in the matter but secretly was thrilled.





It seemed like Mrs Mattson already knew about the new housemaid next morning and had come prepared. She thrust a black bag Josh's hands.

"Don't snag the stockings. I am sure you will be fine if you have seen your Mum putting on stockings. Smooth them up your legs carefully," said Mrs Mattson. "There is enough stockings and knickers for the week. Give me back the bag at the end of the week and I will wash them. Now go and get dressed and then wait for me in the staff corridor.

Josh rushed upstairs to his room and tipped the contents of the bag on his bed. There was a maid's dress, some black heels and lots of lingerie and stockings. Josh was in heaven.

He sorted through the underwear and discovered there were two slips, one full slip and one half slip, both white. He was delighted as he had never worn a full slip before. There was a cream lacy bra and suspender belt. They looked so pretty.

There were lots of stockings, black and brown, some were even still in their packets. And then there were the knickers. Josh was slightly surprised, expecting them to all be white and boring. They were not boring; they were not all white.



He put on the lacy bra and suspender belt, choose some lace top black stockings and slipped them up his legs. Would his leg hair show? He didn't have particularly hairy legs (or face for that matter) but perhaps he ought to shave his legs with his razor, but he didn't have time for that now, maybe this evening.

Then he had to choose some knickers from the five or so on the bed. There were so many colours to choose from. In the end he went for a pink pair of French knicker with lashing of pretty white lace on the loose legs.

Josh slid them up over his stockings, what a delicious feeling. He was instantly hard, pushing against the silky pink knickers.

He wasn't quite sure what to do about the bra, the cups felt a little loose. Then inspiration struck, he would shove some loose stockings in the cups.



Josh then pulled the full slip over his bra and knickers. He opened the door of the wardrobe and looked in the full length mirror on the inside of the door. Josh loved how the lace of the bra showed through the thin white slip. It had lovely lace on the bust and on the hem.

It was no good, he would have to do something about the raging hard on that was making a tent in his slip and knickers.

He watched in the mirror as he lifted the slip and took hold of his stiff cock. He was determined not to ruin his pretty lingerie so as soon as he started stroking his cock he was pumping cum into his hand. He grabbed a tissue and wiped up the sticky mess.

After a minute to calm down he pulled the dress down over his head and stepped into the shoes.





“Mrs Mattson, I am ready,” he called down the staff stairs.

Mrs Mattson soon came bustling up the stairs. “Well let’s look at you then. Not bad. Dress looks a bit short and too tight, I will see if we have a bigger size. But the boobs don’t look right.”

“I stuffed them with stockings to fill them out.”

“Hmm, didn’t think about filling the bra, only what size would fit you. Let me see. I know, I have a friend in the wardrobe department at the theatre next door. I will ask her if she has anything, perhaps some old breast forms they could spare. She owes me a favour. And you need some lipply. Your hair is quite long for a boy so it might do without a wig but it needs brushing. It looks like you went through a hedge backwards.

The dress is bit too short; everyone can see your petticoat. Wear the waist slip tomorrow, I will try and get a larger size dress. Sit down on your bed.”

Mrs Mattson shoved Josh back into his bedroom but leaving the door open.



There was no chair in Josh's bedroom. Although it was a single room it was quite sparsely furnished. At the moment there were only three staff who lived in on this floor.

Mrs Mattson showed him how to put his lipstick on, it was bright red and tasted a bit strange. She took out a brush from her bag and brushed his hair into an acceptable bob. Finally, she gave him a little folding mirror and got him to check his appearance from different angles.

"Much better, that should pass muster with Major when he sees you. Now let's get downstairs, we have lots of work to do. "

Josh did pass muster when Mrs Matson took him downstairs to show the Major her handiwork. The Major even commented on the lacy petticoat showing form under the housemaid's uniform.

"Good job, Mrs Mattson. Nice to see a bit of white petticoat showing Josh. I think you will do fine."

"Perhaps we should call her Jo, with no e, short for Josephine, when she is dressed in the housemaid's dress, don't you agree Major?

"Well yes, we don't want to give the game away."

It was settled, she would be called Jo by all the staff when in her black and white dress. Jo just smiled, she was so happy.





Each day after that Jo had the delightful task of choosing which delicious new knickers and stockings to wear. On the Tuesday she chose a little pair of cream bikini knickers, which she loved, as she could look at her lacy cream suspender belt in the wardrobe mirror. The dark brown stockings she chose had a lovely cream strip at the top, which went nicely with his cream lingerie.

Mrs Mattson's friend had found some old breast forms in the theatre's wardrobe, which she said wouldn't be missed. Jo popped these in her bra and loved the new look and shape, much better than filling the cups with loose stockings. She also tried on the white waist slip as this would not be so obvious under the short black dress. Although, there was a bit of Jo that rather liked flashing the lacy hem of a longer petticoat to everyone from under her dress. She had noticed the reaction from the Major the previous day when he kept looking too long at the white petticoat, which was peeping out from beneath Jo's black housemaid's dress.





The waist-slip had a lovely split in it. Jo wasn't sure where she should wear the split, so on she asked Mrs Mattson.

"Show me," said Mrs Mattson.

Jo lifted her black dress.

"Looks lovely but you should wear the split as the back, not the front, so that the slip doesn't restrict your legs as you walk. "

"Thank you Mrs Mattson," said Jo in the light voice which she had been practicing.



Wednesday Jo chose some cream French knickers with some delightful lace top black stockings. Jo loved how the nipples of the breast forms showed through the lacy bra, making it look like real tits. It made her feel really sexy.



Josh thought she had dressing in lingerie sorted but on Thursday day she got sent back to her room by Mrs Mattson to straighten her seams. The stockings were very sheer black with a lovely long seam down the back. She thought she had them straight but it had proved trickier than she thought. She was wearing them with some delicious dark blue French knickers, just like a pair his Mum wore.



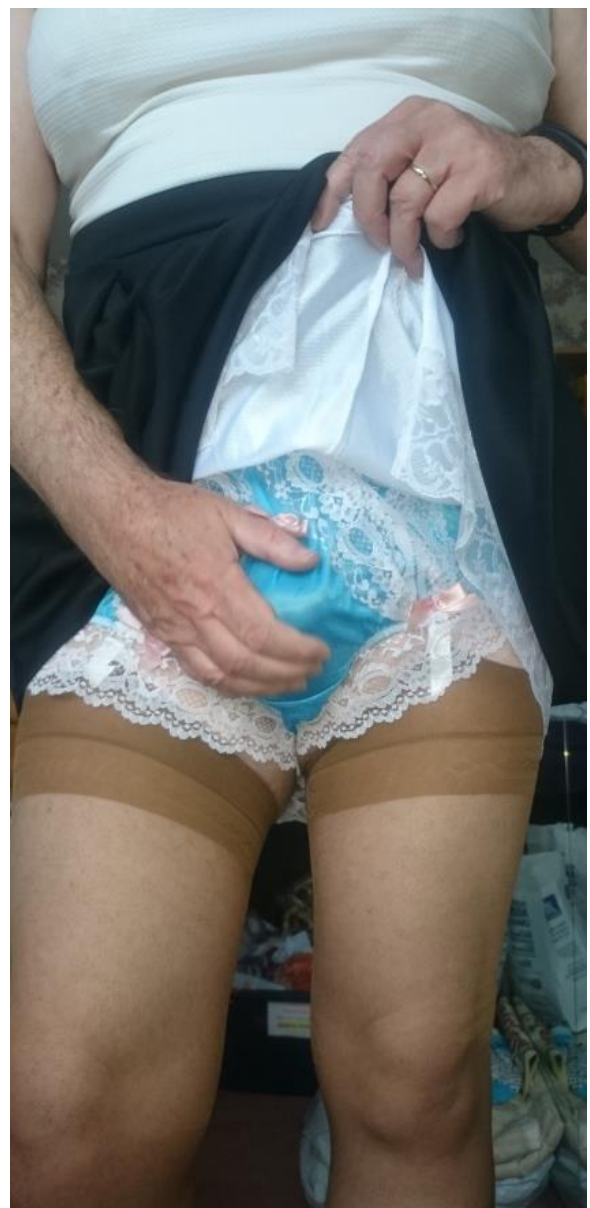
There was one pair of knickers she was saving for Friday, a bright blue pair with loads of frilly lace. They looked delightful and were a dream to wear. She wore them with some gorgeous dark brown stockings.





Jo had settled into a routine now. Up early, wash, hair, makeup and then on with the silky lingerie. A quick hand into the nylon panties, wank, cum (not into the panties but a prepared tissue). Dress and heels on, quick check in the mirror, downstairs for some toast and coffee, ready for work at 9am.

In the evening, after work finished, it was a bit more leisurely. As soon as she got back to her room she stood in front of the mirror. Slowly she raised her dress. She would stroke her hard cockette through the panties and the slip, two layers of nylon. Then she would lift the white slip and stroke her cockette through just the pretty panties. Sometimes she sat down. Women, thought Jo, were so lucky just being able to lift their skirt and masturbate straight away through the silky nylon.





Sometimes she kicked off the heels, as her feet were sore from wearing heels all shift, took off the dress and put on the full slip over the top of the waist slip. The she would wank. It would not take long.



Soon she would be shooting cum over her stockings, or slip or panties. Sometimes it was all three. Jo loved seeing the white cum on the sheer nylon stockings, especially on the nylon band at the top of the stocking. It provided a wonderful contrast between the white cum and the darker nylon.

She wondered what would it be like to have a man admiring her stocking clad legs by rubbing his hands over the silky nylon and then and pumping his cum over her sheer nylon clad legs after a furious wank. Perhaps he would pull her panties down and lovingly suck her dripping cockette until she came too.

The one thing that never changed was that the excitement of wearing nylon lingerie and such feminine clothes would make Jo ejaculate, lots and lots of sticky white cum.



Josh had to work on Saturday as they were still a bit short staffed. He had run out of clean knickers so he decided to wear the brown knickers and slip he had taken from his Mum.

Jo didn't hear Mrs Mattson come up behind him as she was making the bed with hospital corners in room one.

"That's not one of my petticoats, Jo. Whose is it," asked Mrs Mattson.

Jo stood up, and quickly tried to pull the house maids dress down. She turned around to face Mrs Mattson. "Its err... my Mum's, she leant it to me," stuttered Jo, remembering this same conversation on the train with the man from Rye.

"What knickers are you wearing," asked Mrs Mattson?



Jo lifted her house maid's black dress and the brown slip to reveal the silky brown knickers and stocking tops. There was a decided bulge in the knickers.

"I suppose those are your Mum's knickers as well are they, Jo?"

"Yes Mrs Mattson."

"Oh well in for a penny in for a pound I always say," said Mrs Mattson. As she did so she reached forward grabbed hold of the bulge in the silky knickers and gave it a sharp tweak. Jo almost ejaculated at being touched through the nylon.

Mrs Mattson said," Put all the lingerie and the dress in the black bag and give it back to me at the end of your shift. I expect some of the knickers will be stiff now. I will wash them at home tomorrow and give you some clean clothes on Monday morning. Now back to work."



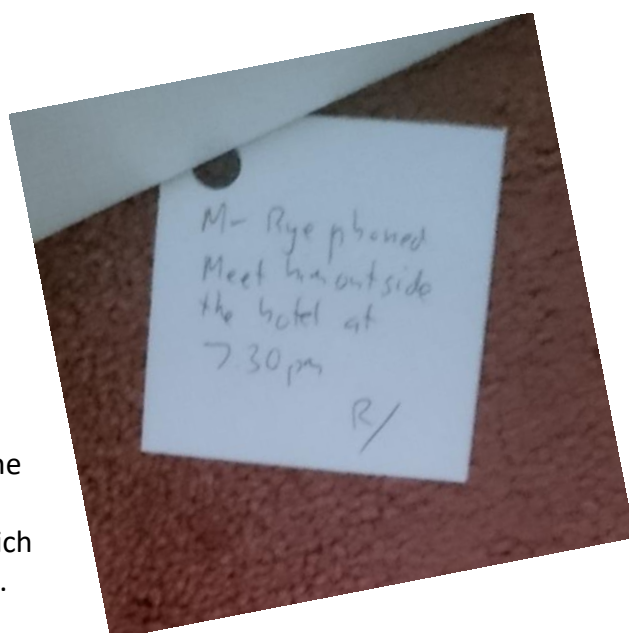




At the end of her shift Jo rushed back to her room for her usual wank. When she opened the door she found a note from the receptionist had been shoved under her door. It was a phone message from the man on the train, the man from Rye. Jo was supposed to have phoned him but being dressed up in silky lingerie all week had made her forget to call the man on the train.

The man from Rye wanted to meet Jo that evening at 7.30pm. But what would she wear? He would have to put all the lingerie she had worn this week, plus his Mum's brown slip and knickers in the black bag to give to Mrs Mattson for washing as soon as she could. Mrs Mattson would be waiting downstairs in the staffroom having a cup of tea. She would notice if the brown slip and knickers were not there, now that she had seen them.

She would have to go out as Josh, wearing drab for the man from Rye and see what happens. One last wank and she would start sorting the washing, some of which was rather stiff, as Mrs Mattson had observed earlier.



### **The End**

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With many thanks to Paula1963cd for sparking the story and providing the description of the incident on the train, most of which was true.

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