

Invigilator



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A photo story by Andrea Slip

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Sophie's heels click clacked as she walked down the long school corridor towards the exams office. It was a little strange being back in school, not compared to when she was a pupil but when had been a teacher, but that was another life time.

Sophie was a sales rep for a software company. Her business offered voluntary support to the local community, painting the fence of the local cricket club, acting as mentors to difficult teenagers, that sort of thing. Everyone was encouraged to do three days a year, one of which could be on paid time.

Sophie's local girls secondary school in the suburbs of Birmingham had asked the firm if anyone could help with supervising exams as they were having troubling recruiting invigilators this year. As an ex-teacher Sophie thought this would something she could do easily and would prefer this to painting fences.

As she had showered that morning she wondered what to wear. Normally she loved wearing short tight skirts to work with stockings and used a little flash of a lacy slip to help her meet her sales targets. As most of her clients were male it usually worked and she almost always exceeded her targets.





However, a girls' secondary school was different, probably more conservative. She decided she would wear a long grey sweater dress that she could probably get away with wearing seamed stockings, classy but not tarty. She loved attaching stocking tops to her lacy suspender belt and how she could feel them pulling tightly on the sheer nylon all day. After her stockings were in place she stepped into her French knickers. Oh, how she loved wearing French knickers (tap pants to our US readers) with the loose lacy legs and the silky body caressing her most intimate parts all day.



Sophie wasn't sure which pink slip she was going to wear. With a long wool jersey dress she would wear a full slip to stop the dress riding up and to stop it being itchy. But how long a slip? She didn't want too much lacy hem showing all the time, just a flash now and then. She decided on the shorter of the two slips.



Sophie slithered into the shorter silky pink slip. She shivered with joy as the nylon slid down over her bra, knickers and stocking tops. She remembered the times when she had been a teacher in London and had dreamt of wearing this lingerie to the school that she worked in but couldn't risk it. Now it was all different, no one in the local school would know about her former life.



Finally, she pulled the grey sweater dress down over her slip. She checked her seamed stockings in the mirror, they were not quite straight so she lifted up the hem of her dress and her slip to adjust the suspender straps.



She glanced in the mirror and could feel some excitement as she looked at the frothy confection she could see in the glass. It was a good thing she wasn't not going to a boys' school this morning as she might cause a problem for some excitable young men with stiff cocks.



She stepped into her pink high heels and checked her slip wasn't showing too much and was ready to leave. She thought that the pink heels would be a little clue to the fact she was wearing pink lingerie, albeit a different shade of pink.



Sophie had popped in to the school a couple of days before to meet John Jones, the Exams Officer, show her DBS certificate, leave her details and find out what was required in the exam. The job was not too taxing. Sophie soon reached the exams office at the end of the long corridor. John had a pile of exam stuff ready for her. He said how grateful the school were that Sophie and her firm were able to help them out as they were so short of invigilators, especially when there were multiple exams like today. John went through the papers and other stuff as Sophie placed them in her bag.

A piece of green paper floated down off the top of pile as Sophie placed all the bits and pieces in the basket. Without even thinking about it Sophie bent over to pick up the paper from the floor forgetting where she was.

John Jones squeaked as he got an eyeful right up Sophie's skirt of her pink slip, panties and black stocking tops and quickly looked away embarrassed. The green piece of paper had 25% extra time written on it and a pupil's name. John cleared his throat.

"You are invigilating an A2 Philosophy exam in hut 2. Should be nice and quite as it is down the far end of the site, no one should disturb you. It will only be 6 pupils, a 1 hour 30 minute exam but this pupil, Sasha, gets an extra 25% time allowance, 22.5 minutes if she needs it. Write the start and end times on the board."

Sophie smiled as he was trying very hard to keep control of his voice after seeing the unintended flash of her pink panties and stocking tops. She thought about whether to adjust her stocking tops, as she often did at sales exhibitions, but decided that perhaps this might be too much for the poor man.

"I'll take you over to the room," said John, "so you don't get lost."





A few minutes later Sophie was in hut 2. John put out the exam signs for her and then left her to it. She set the pupils name cards out and then the exam papers. Next she wrote the exam details on a white board and checked the time of the wall clock. She was soon ready for the pupils. Five minutes before the 9am start time she opened the door of hut 2 and the six girls all filled in looking for where they were supposed to sit.

Sophie had been expecting them to be in school uniform but then realised that A2 philosophy must be an A level exam for sixth formers about to leave the school. The six girls were wearing mostly wearing smart trousers, no jeans even for sixth formers, but a couple were wearing skirts. One was bare legged in a short red skirt and the other, a girl with long dark hair, wearing a pleated black skirt with black tights. Sophie could not help but notice the black strappy high heels she was wearing, a little surprised she was allowed to wear them to school. They did look rather lacy and very sexy.

This dark haired girl with a very pale face, turned out to be Sasha, who was granted the extra 25% time. She sat down in the last desk at the back of the room. Sophie thought she looked vaguely familiar.

Sophie read the script to start the exam, no mobile phones, no labels on water bottles etc. She looked at the clock and at exactly 9am told them to start. She moved over to the white board to write on the start and end times. She had to reach up to add the exam centre number at the top, as she did so her grey dress rode up slightly at the back. Sophie did not realise this at the time but as she turned round she realised that Sasha was staring rather intensely at Sophie's stocking clad legs. Perhaps it was the seams she was looking at or had Sophie revealed some of her petticoat as she reached up to write on the board? Strange.

As Sophie looked at the sixth former the girl shook her head ever so slightly and cast her eyes down at her exam paper. Then Sophie remembered where she had seen Sasha, this dark haired girl before. She walked past Sophie's flat on the way to school. Sophie wondered how old Sasha was, 17, 18? Probably 18 as she was about to leave school for university. That made her an adult in control of her emotions, supposedly. Sophie would also probably never see the girl again, interesting.





The girls settled down to work at their desks on their exam papers, there was a deathly hush round the room. Sophie slowly walked round the room to check that the girls had filled in their details correctly. When she got to the back she could see that the black skirt Sasha was wearing had a long split at the side. The split opened slightly to reveal her strappy shoes with gold high heel and what looked like sheer black tights.



As Sophie came nearer she looked down at the girl's black skirt and was shocked to see a very lacy white slip showing through the thin black material of the pleated skirt. She must be the only teenager in the English speaking world wearing a slip. As Sophie stood there staring at Sasha's lovely lingerie a pen rolled off a desk and landed at Sophie's feet.

Sophie bent down to pick it up off the floor, just as she had done in the exam office earlier in the day. She wasn't quite sure who's pen it was, then Sasha slightly raised her hand but was clearly looking up Sophie's skirt at the frothy delights normally hidden underneath, not at Sophie's eyes. Then, she slowly raised her eyes to look at Sophie's face. A feint smile crept across her young face.

Sophie was still crouched on the floor enjoying the show she was giving of access to her pink silky French knickers, lacy suspender belt, stocking tops and probably even the lacy hem of her pink full slip. No one else could see this as all the other pupils were in front of Sasha with their heads down in their philosophy paper.

Eventually, after what seemed like an eternity, Sophie stood up and placed the pen back on Sasha's desk. Sophie wondered if Sasha had done it deliberately. Well, she knew really. And to think that this morning Sophie had thought that she might have caused a riot if she had flashed her knickers and stocking tops at a boys' school. She didn't expect to give two flashes in one morning with unexpected results from both a male and female.





Sophie slowly walked back to the front of the room, checking on the way that all the girls were writing in black ink not blue. She then settled down on a chair and played with her pink shoe., dangling it off her nylon clad foot. Time passed.



The next time Sophie walked round the room to check everything was OK, Sasha bent down to fiddle her the buckle of her shoe. Now it was Sophie's turn to get a flash of petticoat. It was not white, as Sophie had guessed earlier but pale pink with some pretty swirling lace. It looked gorgeous. Sophie also enjoyed the sight of Sasha nylon clad legs in the black hosiery. They were tights weren't they?



Sasha straightened up, gave a little smile to Sophie and got on with writing. This time the split in her skirt left no doubt that she was wearing a pink slip.



Sophie went back to sit down at the front. After a few minutes her grey dress rode up slightly. She separated her legs very slightly to give a little flash of her panties, slip and stocking tops to anyone looking.

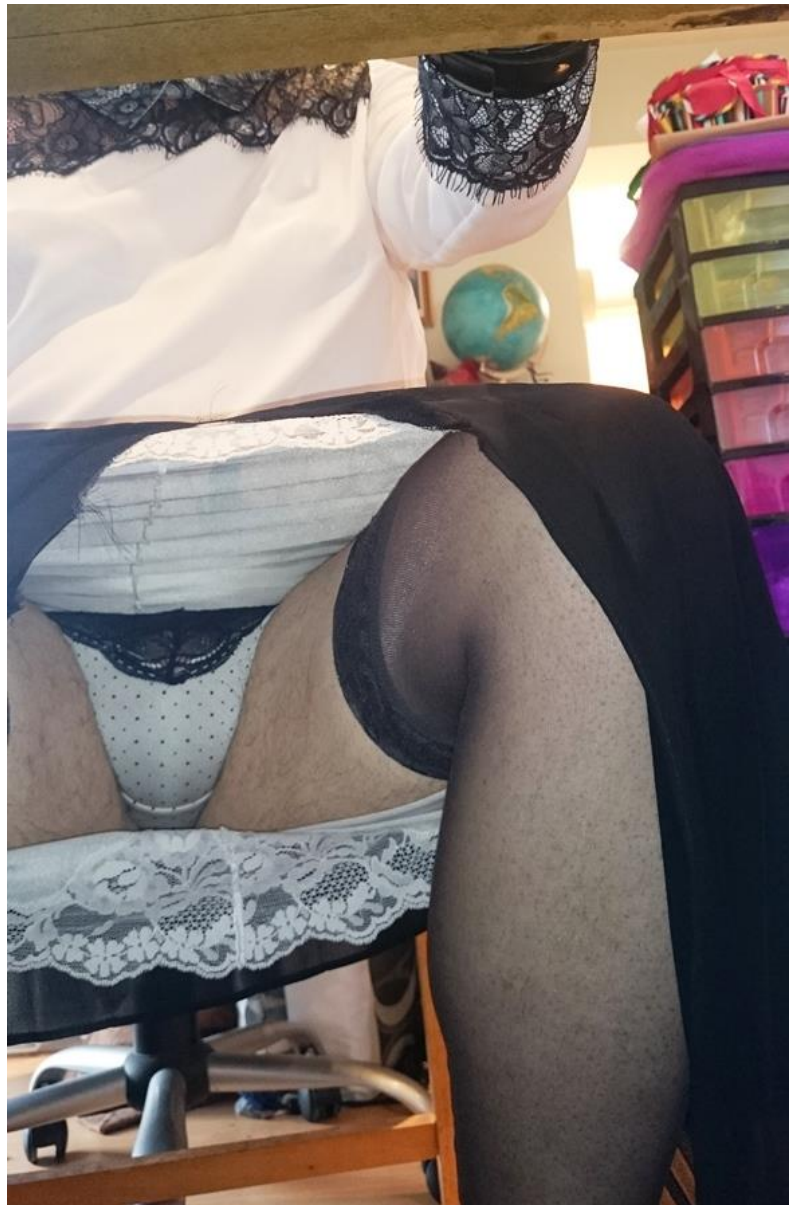
There was only one pupil who noticed. Sasha had responded by doing the same, moving her legs apart, as if in a mirror action. Somehow Sasha had managed to manoeuvre the split in her black skirt to the front giving Sophie a clear view up her skirt.

And what a view it was. Sasha's pink slip flopped forward showing the wide band of swirling lace over the edge of the chair. Above that the panties were silky white nylon with little black dots and black lace at the top. They seemed to faintly bulge over the girl's clitty.

Sophie could feel her own French knickers getting damp in excitement. Best of all the girl was not wearing tights as Sophie had assumed but sheer lace top stockings. There appeared to be no suspender straps so they were probably hold ups. And finally above the lacy panties was the front part of the silky pink slip. A slight damp patch appeared in Sasha's white panties in the excitement she was getting in flashing her lingerie and stockings to Sophie. Nobody else could see this erotic display in a classroom.

Sophie desperately wanted to lift up her skirt and slip in order to slide her hand over her increasingly damp French knickers to masturbate, as she had done so many times before. But she knew that in this school classroom she just could not do that. The tables were turned, she had flashed her own knickers, stocking tops and slip at trade show at so many men knowing that they couldn't do anything there and then. Now this little Minx at the back knew exactly what she was doing.

Sophie gritted her teeth and clamped her legs together before any of the other girls noticed. Sasha did the same. Sophie did not know how she got through the rest of the exam but somehow the 90 minutes was up, she dismissed the five girls taking the normal time, collected in their papers but making sure that Sasha stayed for her extra time.





As soon as the other girls were gone Sasha put up her hand. "I don't need the extra time, Miss, I have finished. They think I am special needs and need more time. I am special, but not in the way they think. "

Sophie stood up and walked to the desk at the back to collect Sasha's exam paper. As she got there she could see the lacy hem of Sasha's pink petticoat just touching the lacy top of her sheer black hold up stockings. Sophie just could not resist saying something.

"That's a lovely slip but it is really unusual to see a girl of your age, what 17, 18?"

"18" interjected Sasha.

Sophie nodded and carried on, "wearing a slip today. Really unusual. I hope you don't mind me saying so? And I think have seen you walking past my flat in the mornings when I have a late start."

"Oh no I don't mind, especially from someone else who is wearing a slip as well. I thought I was the only person who ever wore one. My Mum hasn't got any slips, never wears them, says they are old fashioned. My Granny gave me this as she knows I love the retro look."



Sasha stood up. “It’s a Charnos slip from the 1980’s. Do you like it,” she asked as she lifted her skirt. “It’s the only one I have but I love the feel of the slippery nylon rubbing against my nylon stockings.”



“Ah yes.... Stockings,” said Sophie. “That’s unusual as well.” At that Sasha lifted her slip and showed Sophie her lace top stockings. “Most girls wear tights these days.”

“Oh no I love stockings. These are John Lewis hold ups, but are you wearing seamed stockings held up with a suspender belt? I have never worn suspenders, what is it like?”



It was Sophie's turn to raise her grey dress.

"Oh it feels lovely to feel the tight straps tugging on your stocking tops all day, reminding you all the time that you love being a girl."

"You have a lovely slip on as well, is that a full slip? I have never tried one of those", said Sasha.

"Well you have lots of pleasures to come young lady. I have many, many slips at home and wear one every day, both full slips and half-slips," said Sophie

"I would love to see more of your slips," said Sasha



More than anything else Sophie wanted to take off her grey dress, there and then, and show the young lady the delights of wearing silky lingerie, especially stockings with suspenders and her full slip, but it was not the time and place. Someone could walk in at any time. She smoothed down her grey dress as Sasha did the same with her black skirt. The pretty lingerie and stockings disappeared in a moment. Both were disappointed. Just at that moment someone did walk. It was John, the exams officer, coming to see if they were nearly finished and to collect in the signs. Sophie and Sasha smiled at each other knowing that if he had walked in only moments earlier he would have probably had a heart attack at the sight of two ladies lifting their skirts and displaying their frothy lingerie.



Later that day, when Sophie was back in her flat, there was a knock on the door. She was delighted to find Sasha standing on her door step and invited her in after giving her a big hug.

“How did you find me?”

“I reckoned that you must live in this block as I pass it every day, I just needed the flat number,” said Sasha.

“How did you get that?”



“That was easy. I went to see Mr Jones, the Exam’s Officer, at lunch time. He’s a bit of a perv, always trying to look down the girls’ blouses or up their skirts. I said you had left a pen behind, could I give it back to you. He told me you were doing a one off invigilation for your firm and you probably wouldn’t be back in. I said I pass your flat on the way home. He said he couldn’t divulge your address. I said wait a minute I have the pen in my bag, it looks valuable. I sat down in his chair and maybe I didn’t quite keep my legs together so that he could see my slip and knickers as I reached into my bag for a pen. He squeaks when he pervs, did you know that?” Sophie nodded, she knew only too well what Sasha was talking about. “Well after that he was putty. He said he could not tell me but pointed to the form on his desk that had your details. I think he had just looked them up himself. “

“Clever girl, come in,” said Sophie.

“I hope you don’t mind but I would love to see some of your slips, and maybe try one on?”

"I would be delighted," said Sophie, smiling at this unexpected turn of events. "Come into my bedroom."



Sophie led Sasha across the hall and into the bedroom.

Sophie opened a dresser draw," this is one of my lingerie draws, I keep my full slips and panties here as well. My half-slips are over there and I have several bags with my reserve collection of slips. I can't fit them all in my draws so I have to rotate them."

Sasha's eyes were wide open. "Can I touch?"

"Choose a slip you like and try it on."

Sasha undid the button on her skirt, dropped it to the floor and did the same with her blouse.



Sasha picked out a lovely black M&S full slip with a very lacy bust and hem. As she held up the full slip Sophie enjoyed the sight of the black lace on Sasha's white panties showing through her thin pink slip.



Sophie now did what she had been dying to do earlier at the end of the exam, that was to take off her grey sweater dress and revel in showing all of her pretty lingerie to Sasha. Sophie could feel the excitement growing.



“Should I take my waist slip off,” asked Sasha?

“Oh no, keep it on and put the black full slip over the top, you will see why in a moment,” said Sophie.

Sasha pulled the black slip over her head down over her cream bra and over the pink waist slip. The black slip was shorter than the pink slip and the hem showed below the lacy edge of the black slip.

Sasha looked down in wonder, enjoying the sensation of two nylon slips sliding together.

“Wonderful feeling isn’t it Sasha?” asked Sophie, “look in the mirror.”

Sasha turned to look in the mirror,” I love the colour contrast and how the lacy edge of the two slips show.”



Sasha turned back to face Sophie.

"Your full slip looks wonderful as well. Can I see what bra you are wearing," asked Sasha?

Sophie eased the straps of her pink full slip down to reveal her lacy pink bra.

"Oh, that's pretty, much nicer than my bra. I love being able to see your tits through the lace, that is so sexy, can I touch," asked Sasha?

"Of course darling," drooled Sophie," but they may not be quite what you are expecting."

"Oh I think that you might be special, just like me," said Sasha as she touched Sophie's lacy bra and large tits. Suddenly Sasha pulled Sophie's slip back up into place.



Sophie looked confused, so Sasha lifted her two slips to show that the faint bulge, which Sophie has seen in the classroom, was now a full on cock sticking out of Sasha's panties.

"I am so excited," said Sasha. "Look what wearing nylon does to me."



Sophie gasped at the sight of another cock in panties, pulled up her full length slip and started massaging her own French knickers. It was not what she had expected to see, convinced that Sasha was a young lady, not another tranny in pretty nylon lingerie.

“Oh me too, I didn’t know, you fooled me, I thought you were all girl,” said Sophie.



Sasha responded by pulling her pretty white panties down further to show Sophie her stiff cockette.

“Oh I love being girl, and a boy. I had to change schools when I was 16 as I wanted to dress full time as a girl,” said Sasha. “Nobody else, apart from the Head knows, and now you do too.”



Sophie was getting really excited and her own cockette slipped out of the leg of her lacy French knickers. She spun Sasha round and leant her over the bed.



Sophie stood behind Sasha, pulled her two slips down and started to run her cockette over the slippery nylon. She was getting more and more excited. So was Sasha who was starting to moan. Sophie then flipped the two slips, the black full slip and the pale pink half-slip, up over Sasha's bottom so she could see her stockings and pretty panties.

The see through panties and black lace was almost too much.

Sophie pushed Sasha over even more, and rubbed her cockette onto Sasha's arse, through three layers of nylon, two pairs of panties and a full slip. It was heaven. As Sophie felt she was about to cum she pulled her full slip and French knickers out of the way and fucked Sasha through her knickers. She wanted to splurge all over that tasty young panty clad bottom, and she did and she did. Sasha could feel the hot stiff cockette through her panties and bottom. She exploded with cum shortly after Sophie.

"Miss, can I try your seamed stockings and suspenders next," gasped Sasha a few moments later.

"Oh yes, there is so much I want to teach you young lady," said Sophie, relishing the thought of having a new pupil to tutor.



The End

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