

Madame Slip's Lingerie Emporium – Part 2 – by Andrea Slip



Colin arrives back at his flat after buying some lingerie from Madame Slip when he bumps into his landlord. The landlord doesn't believe that Colin has just been to Sainsbury supermarket

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Colin clutched his orange Sainsbury bag tightly on the train home after visiting Madam Slip's Lingerie Emporium. It contained one of the sets of lingerie that he had bought from Madame. He was wearing the other set and was stiff the whole journey as his clitty rubbed the white nylon panties and his new white slip. He was also wearing a mask on the train, but it was not busy, so he felt quite safe.



He was so glad he found Madame Slip, it was much less embarrassing than buying in a shop or online. Colin was sure he would go back and order some more items from Madame Slip. The thing that surprised him was how much he enjoyed being sucked off in his slip and panties by Madame. He had never done that before. Then he wondered what it would be like to do the same. Colin got even harder thinking about that. He was a little bit shocked.

When he got back to Peckham from Bromley he walked back to his flat. It was not far, a 10-minute walk, but he was really conscious of his suspenders pulling on his black stockings. He was a little nervous as he wondered if any of the passers-by could see the lingerie he was wearing underneath his boy clothes. They could not, but he was not used to walking outside with full lingerie underneath.

As Colin opened the door of his block of flats, Mr McKay was coming out. Although he was the Landlord, he lived in flat 1 on the ground floor of the old house, there were six flats over three floors. He was also a bit of a busy body as he always wanted to know what his tenants were up to. Colin clutched the bag tightly to his chest just in case Mr McKay (who was well over six feet tall) could catch a glimpse of Colin's slip and bra in the v of his polo shirt.

"Was it busy then, Sainsburys? I am heading there now," said Mr McKay staring at the bag Colin was clutching tightly.

"I haven't" said Colin started to say, forgetting he was clutching an orange Sainsbury bag with his new lingerie.

"Oh, I see, no it was not too bad, Mr McKay," finished Colin.

"I hope they were all wearing masks," said Mr McKay, who was already wearing a mask, "They are all supposed to wear shopping with these new Covid rules. I am over 70, I am vulnerable, you know."

"Yes, yes, of course. Everyone is supposed to with these new Covid rules. Must go now," said Colin.

The tall Scotsman did not look very vulnerable to Colin, who could not wait to get away and to the safety of his flat.



As soon as Colin was in the front door of his flat on the top floor, he took off his blue polo shirt and his jeans to reveal the silky white slip he had worn home. He grabbed his i-phone and took a picture. Then he took off the slip and took another picture of himself in his panties and bra. He could now see his suspender belt, his lacy bra, and black stockings. He was so stiff looking at his sexy lingerie. The previous dribble of pre-cum that had been building up on the train turned to a spurt as soon as he rubbed the bulge in the silky white panties.

“Aghh....,” was all he could manage as he flooded the thin white panties to leave a big stain. He sat down suddenly on his bed as he legs felt weak. He leant back to recover and actually dozed off for a few minutes.





Colin woke up about 20 minutes later, he could feel his sticky white panties, and was really thirsty. He stripped off his white lingerie and mopped up the sticky cum with a tissue. He was about to change back into his boy clothes but then decided he wanted to try on his other new lingerie, especially the blue panties that he had dithered over at Madam Slip house. He tipped out the contents of his orange Sainsbury bag onto the sofa.

He was drawn to the blue panties. They were so sexy; they were making Colin hard again. He slipped on the panties, they felt wonderful. Wearing just the panties Colin walked to the kitchen to fill a glass with water to quench his thirst.



Back in his living room / bedroom he looked at the other lingerie that he had chosen wondering what to wear with the blue panties. In the end he went with the black bra, black suspender belt, black stockings. He took some more pictures, posing in his blue panties and black bra. It felt so sexy and feminine. But she would have to use the name Gilly now, when dressed so femme, not Colin. She would definitely post these on Flickr soon as Gilly Silken, as well as the other ones she had taken at Madame's house wearing the white lingerie.



As she pulled the black full slip down over her bra and panties Gilly shivered. She felt blessed that he had decided to go down this route of cross-dressing. Gilly walked around her flat in her pretty lingerie.

There was a long mirror next to the front door. She flipped up her slip to show her blue panties and stocking tops so that she could take some more photos. The only regret was that she did not have something to fill the cups of the bra to give a more feminine shape and a wig. Madame Slip might be able to source that for Gilly. Maybe a skirt or a dress with some heels to finish off the look. Perhaps even some nice make up. Oh no, she was so hard now and excited thinking about her feminisation.

Gilly was woken with a start from her daydreaming about feminisation when the doorbell rang.



Gilly froze. She was standing right next to the front door. The vertical letter box flipped up, pushed in from the outside. Gilly's slip fell back into place.

"I thought so", said a voice with a Scottish accent, it could only be Mr Mackay, the Landlord was staring at Gilly in her pretty lingerie. "Open the door, you pansy, now. I have a key you know."

Slowly Gilly opened the door and tried to hide behind the door as Mr Mackay entered Gilly's flat. Although Mr Mackay was about 70, he was a lot bigger and stronger than Gilly. Before becoming a landlord, he had been a long-distance lorry driver.

"No need to be afraid, Colin, I won't hurt you. Let us go and sit down in the living room?" They walked into the living room / bedroom. The flat was up in the eaves of the house on the second floor, with a sloping ceiling. There was a small bathroom and kitchen separate from the living room.

"It's nothing I haven't seen before. When I was a lorry driver. I often used to pick up youngsters like you, who liked to dress up and share my cab overnight."

Colin and Mr Mackay sat at different ends of the sofa. Colin did not know what to say at being caught out.

"Are you going to offer me a drink then, young Colin?"

"Sorry, yes, of course, tea or coffee," whispered Gilly.

"Strong black coffee, no sugar," said Mr Mackay with a twinkle in his eye, "You can call me Jock, everyone does now although my real name is Alistair. I can't call you Colin any more dressed like that, do you have a femme name?"

"It's Gilly," she whispered. "I'll make some coffee; I only have decaf."





Gilly headed to the kitchen to make two mugs of coffee. Her hands were shaking as she switched on the kettle.

"That's a nice slip and pantihose, as the American's would say, but you should try wearing stockings," said Jock from the living room watching Gilly in the kitchen.

"I am wearing stockings," said Colin with her back to Jock," and suspenders."

"Looks like pantihose to me," said Jock. "I always prefer pantihose as a term to tights, much sexier."



Gilly bent over to retrieve the coffee jar from a cupboard. Slowly his stocking tops and suspenders came into view.

“So you are, Gilly. Have you got any biscuits?”



Gilly crouched down to get another mug and some biscuits from a low cupboard.

Jock whistled as he could see Gilly's blue panties, and stocking tops from under her black slip. Gilly stood up slowly. She added some coffee to the mugs.

"Woah, I thought I had got a flash of blue panties when I looked through the letter box."

The kettle had boiled so she poured hot water into the two mugs. She got the milk from the fridge and poured it into one of the mugs. Finally, she picked up the mugs and biscuits, walked back to the living room and put them on the coffee table in front of the sofa.

“Oh, Tunnock’s Caramel Wafers, my favourites. These are made in my hometown in Scotland, you know, Uddingston, its near Glasgow.”

Gilly toyed with the biscuit in her hand.
“How did you know I dress up, Jock?”

“I could see something frilly through that thin Sainsbury’s bag. There was a huge queue when I got to Sainsburys, so I turned round and came home. I will go later. You had not been anywhere near Sainsbury’s, had you?”





"Oh, I see," said Gilly looking down at her biscuit and stocking clad legs.

"You had been out shopping for lingerie, hadn't you? You are small for a man and have delicate features, like a girl. And like I said, I know your type, you are a panty wearing pansy who likes wearing lingerie. But guess what? I like pansies that wear sexy lingerie and stockings. It turns me on. Now stand up.

Gilly stood up in front of Jock, Mr Mackay. She was not sure about this and what was going to happen.





“Don’t be nervous, I am not going to hurt you, I only want a wank.” With that he slipped his joggers down and pulled out his stiff cock. Jock started to masturbate his huge stiff protuberance.

“Lift up your slip, but slowly.”

Gilly felt compelled to comply with the wishes of her Master, as she now thought of Mr Mackay. She started to slowly lift the hem of her slip.

“That’s it, Gilly, higher.”

Gilly lifted the hem of her black slip a little more until the tops of her stockings and blue panties came into view.

“Keep going, Gilly, keep going.” The Master was now wanking furiously his big stiff cock.

Gilly was getting excited at the effect her lingerie was having on the Master.

“Those are gorgeous sissy panties. They are so sexy with all the lace. Now stand up and bend over the chair, I want to feel my cock on your blue panties.”





“Like this Master,” asked Gilly, pushing her arse in the air?

“That’s it,” said the Master. He stood behind Gilly and slowly rubbed the black slip over Gilly’s blue panties with his stiff cock. Then he lifted the slip and started ridding Gilly faster, pushing his stiff cock over the blue nylon. Gilly could feel his stiffness and the heat of his cock. Jock did not want to cum just yet. After a couple of minutes frotting Gilly’s silky arse he stood back, then sat down on the sofa again.

“Now suck me until I cum, Gilly.”

This was turning out to be a bit more than just a wank thought Gilly, but she was loving the attention and for displaying her lingerie to someone she barely knew. All Covid rules had gone out of the window.



Gilly knelt in front of the Master. She was not quite sure what to expect but having been pleasured orally by Madam Slip she knew how much she liked it. She leant forward and tentatively took hold of the master's stiff prick dangling in front of her. She slowly took it in her mouth.

"That's it, Gilly, now suck quicker. Oh, that is good. God your lingerie is so sexy. You can be my new slutty secretary, the girl that did my books and paperwork has just got married and moved up North. You will need a skirt, blouse, some boobs, and of course high heels. I will pay for what you need."

Gilly's head was bobbing up and down as the Master was having this conversation with his new secretary. Then the Master exploded with cum. Gilly gagged and cum sprayed all over the black slip and stockings. Gilly exploded too, cumming all over her silky blue panties.

So, it was agreed that Gilly would become the new part time secretary for her landlord and Master.

Gilly knew exactly where she would get some new clothes for the slutty secretary look her Master wanted, Madame Slip's Lingerie Emporium, but what exactly did a slutty secretary wear? Stockings and suspenders, of course, that was a given, but what else?

Gilly thought about one of the secretaries at work, Mrs Malone. She was much older than most of the women. Her kids were grown up now and she dressed as she wanted, which was often in a short skirt and what Gilly thought may have been stockings and a lacy slip. She was not sure.





She often wore sheer blouses that revealed a hint of a lacy bra underneath. Gilly often wished Mrs Malone would just unbutton her blouse and flash her tits and bra at Gilly when no one else was in the office.



There was another time when Mrs Malone wore a satin blouse with a little hint of a white lacy bra showing. Gilly had even tried dropping her pen to look up Mrs Malone's skirt when she was refilling the bottom paper draw in the office copier, but she was too quick for Gilly to glimpse the stocking tops, black panties and white half-slip she was indeed wearing under her grey check skirt. She knew exactly what Gilly (Colin as he was in the office) was trying to do.



Satin blouse, that might be a solution, but what about the skirt?

Gilly remembered a couple of times when Mrs Malone has worn a satin skirt. One was pleated in a metallic blue, that was nice but too long to be sexy / slutty.

Then Gilly remembered Mrs Malone wearing a tight black satin skirt as she leant over the copier. Gilly could see her arse pulling the satin tight and her slip showing through her white blouse.

Gilly was getting really hard thinking about what Mrs Malone wore to the office, maybe not slutty but it had always made Colin hard. Gilly now knew what she wanted to order from Madame Slip.





About three weeks later Madame Slip contacted Colin to let him know that everything he had ordered was now in stock. Colin told her that she was to be known as Gilly and that her landlord wanted Gilly to dress as a slutty secretary. Could Madame Slip help Gilly to perfect the look? Of course she could, a role she had played herself many times.

The End

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