

Madame Slip's Lingerie Emporium

by Andrea Slip



For a personal shopping service, come to see Madame Slip, in Bromley Kent. Discretion guaranteed.
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<http://www.software04.uk/>

Colin bottles out of buying some lingerie for himself in a big store. He does not want to buy online and so looks for a more personal service. Madame Slip's Lingerie Emporium sounds just what a reluctant shopper needs.

Colin stood in front of the black French knickers in the lingerie department of Marks and Spencer. He was nervous, incredibly nervous. He had never bought women's underwear before. He wanted to pick up the silk undies, but his hands were shaking. Colin had often borrowed some of his Mum's lingerie and stockings to wear when he still lived at home.

Suddenly he heard some young women over to his right, probably teenagers, browsing a rail of sale items.

"Ere, Maisy, what's this?"

Colin glanced across at three teenage girls. One of them had picked up a cream coloured lacy suspender belt that was in the sale. It was beautiful, he so wanted to look at that but did not dare with the girls standing there.

"I think it must be some kind of bra," said one of the other girls. The first girl put the lacy suspender belt back on the sale rack.

Colin wanted to shout at them,

"No, no, no. It is a suspender belt used to attach to hold up sheer stockings. It is very pretty and very sexy. You would love wearing stockings, and so would your boyfriend" but he didn't. Colin would love to have a girlfriend who showed off her lingerie, but he was too shy to chat up girls.

The girls had noticed Colin staring at them and they glared at him, a look that said pervert. Why would a man be in a lingerie department on his own?

That was it, he lost his nerve and fled the shop. He could not manage to buy lingerie from a mainstream shop. He needed some where more discrete.





Colin had always been discrete. For several years he had followed TV's on Flickr and loved how they looked in their pretty lingerie and stockings.





He had become obsessed with black satin French knickers and sheer black stockings. Colin really wanted to try some for himself. At this point, he still lived at home in Salisbury, only have just come back from Exeter University, and was looking for a job. He had a job working in Sainsbury over the summer, as he had done every summer for about 5 years, but that was only temporary, he hoped.



He did not think his Mother wore anything like that but a discrete explore of her lingerie draw turned out a nice pair of black stockings, a suspender belt, and a gorgeous silky pair of black French knickers. They felt as wonderful as he had hoped and spurted cream into the panties almost as soon as he started to massage his stiffie through the nylon.

After he had calmed down and wiped up the mess, he took a couple of pictures that he could post on Flickr so that other lingerie lovers could masturbate just like he did at the sight of a stiff cock in silky nylon lingerie.



Colin discovered his Mother did have several pairs of French knickers, including a pale pink pair. He posted some pictures of himself on Flickr wearing the black and the pink knickers. He realised two things, that he was not much good at taking the photos as his phone did not seem to adjust very well for indoor pictures and secondly, he wanted to have his own lingerie. He deleted the pictures on Flickr as he decided that they did not look particularly good compared to some of the other TV's. Perhaps if he could afford a new phone he might try again, and if he got some new lingerie.

Then his luck changed, he landed a job in the City working for a big international bank. It paid well enough that after saving for about a year he could put down a deposit for a small one bed flat in Peckham, South East London. He was also able to upgrade to the latest Apple I-phone.

Moving out meant he had to leave his Mum's lingerie behind. She was eagle-eyed and would spot that some of her lingerie was missing. She probably knew he was wearing it but had not said anything until the day he left.



"I have a present for you, a flat warming present," said Mum, a couple of days before he moved out.

"Oh, thanks Mum," said Colin as he unwrapped the surprise gift.

His face turned red as he held a silky pair of black satin French knicker.

"I thought you might like these as you can't take mine with you. You can get your own stockings and suspenders."

"You knew, Mum?"

"Of course, I knew, a Mother always knows about these things."

"Does Dad know?"



“Of course not, although he has been known to wear my stockings and French knickers as well sometimes and he loves me wearing them. I think he would be more upset than I would if they disappeared when you leave home.”

“Oh, I see, I didn’t know Dad was a cross-dresser as well. But thank you anyway, that was sweet of you, Mum”

Colin gave his Mum a big hug.



In his new flat Colin now had one pair of black French knickers but he wanted some more panties, a suspender belt, a bra, stockings and maybe even a slip or two, just like some of the gurls on Flickr. Maybe even some high heels. It was this urge, and now some money in his pocket, that took him to Marks and Spencer in the high street. But after fleeing from M&S in fright he needed to look elsewhere.

The listing below has been updated by the seller, but you can see the item you purchased.

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Fiore Sandrine and Celia Sensuous Sheer La S M L new

Condition: New with tags

Name:

Main Colour:

Hosiery Size:

Quantity: 6 available / 1,660 sold

Price: **£5.99**

100% buyer satisfaction

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He looked online and found some gorgeous items, like stockings and slips on Ebay and Wish. But there was a problem. All parcels were left on a table in the entrance hall of his block of flats. Everyone would see his squishy parcels. He could arrange a pick-up from a local shop but that would also be too embarrassing. He had to find somewhere that was more discrete, more personal.

Overview

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Colin kept looking online until he found an advert for Madame Slip's Lingerie Emporium. It promised a personal shopping service and discretion was guaranteed. He was not quite sure what "previously loved vintage lingerie" meant. Although the personal service might work for him, Colin still prevaricated.

After a week of flipping yes and no he finally came back to the website and filled in the website contact form. He said he wanted to buy some clothes for his girlfriend but was too shy to buy from busy body shop assistants in a big store. Madame Slip replied by email. She promised a discrete and personal service. The price would be £100 for a set of full slip, half-slip, bra, suspender belt and panties and stockings or £180 for two sets. She and offered him a Saturday appointment in a couple of weeks' time but did not ask any further questions. They agreed that as her shop was in a Covid 19 Tier One area, at that time, that it was still Ok for him to visit. Colin was sure he would only want one set to get him started and he was good at social distancing, he had been practicing that since he was a child.

On a blustery day in October Colin took the train to Bromley from Peckham and followed the directions Madame Slip had given him. When he arrived at the address, he looked again at the instructions. This did not look like a shop; it was an ordinary suburban house. He stood still, then very nearly lost his nerve and turned around. However, this was probably his only chance to get the kind of lingerie he wanted. Colin walked up to the door. His hand was shaking as he rang the bell.



A tall red headed woman opened the door. Her makeup was immaculate, but Colin had seen enough gurls on Flickr to know that she was a tranny, just like him. She was wearing black satin trousers and a grey satin blouse. Colin noticed she was also wearing black peep toe heels with sheer black socks.

“Pleased to meet you, Colin, I would shake your hand, but we can’t at the moment.

“Come in.”

Colin followed Madame into the house. She did not look or sound French.



As Madame turned round, she leant down to pick up the post from the floor. Colin could not help staring at the tight black satin trousers and the gap between the top of the trousers and the grey shirt. It looked like a black suspender belt. Madame could not be wearing stockings and suspenders under her trousers rather than short nylon socks, could she? Oh no, he was stiff already. He wanted to take out his stiffie and spurt hot white cum all over her tight satin bum.



She stood up and led Colin into the living room. She offered Colin a drink, but he declined even though his throat was now rather dry, and he was getting even stiffer in his trousers.



Madame sat down on the sofa and Colin sat in the armchair. There was no lingerie to be seen. Colin could not help but stare at the sheer black nylon on Madame's feet. She was showing a reinforced toe in her sexy high heeled peep toe sandals. They looked so sexy to Colin, but he wanted to wear them himself. Could she really be wearing stockings under the tight satin trousers?



“So, Colin, don’t be nervous, no one else knows you are here. You wanted to buy some lingerie for your gurl friend?”

Colin could swear she drew out the word **gurl** friend as if it had a u rather than an i.

“Err, no, err yes, my girlfriend,” said Colin.

“What sort of thing did you have in mind, Colin?”

“Well, I am not sure, perhaps some panties and suspenders. Doesn’t a whole set include a bra and a slip”

“Yes, and stockings and suspenders as well. What size is your.... Gurl friend?”

There it was again, gurl friend.

“Oh, I am not sure, wait a moment, I wrote some sizes down.” He took a piece of paper out of his pocket. As he did so he stared at Madame’s tight satin trousers. He could swear he could see a tight suspender belt strap through the trouser leg.

He gave the piece of paper to Madame.



"These are your sizes, aren't they Colin? You don't have a girlfriend, these clothes will be for you, won't they?"

"No, no, they are not they are for... Clare, my girlfriend."

"We are going to do a test now Colin, to find out the truth."



Madame leant over and started to unbuckle her high heels.



She turned her back to Colin and eased her black satin trousers down.

If Colin was not stiff already, he was even stiffer now as Madame's black satin French knickers came into view. Colin was right, she was wearing stockings and suspenders under her tight satin trousers. They looked amazing and OMG, so sexy. The stockings were classic seamed stockings with a keyhole at the top of the seams.



Madame turned back to face Colin to see his reaction. She took off her grey satin blouse, lifting it over her lacy black bra. Colin wanted to massage the tent in his jeans.

Madame sat down and put her heels back on, whilst watching Colin get stiff in his jeans.



Madame turned back to the sofa and picked up her phone. Colin had time to take in Madame's gorgeous, seamed stockings and lacy black French knickers. The seam of the stockings ran neatly up the back of her leg. The French knickers had gorgeous lace on the legs, they looked so silky. He so wanted to rub his stiff clitty (as Madame called it) against those French knickers. She turned round again with her phone in her hand.



"I see you very much like wearing black French knickers, Gillian."

Colin was astounded. Madame was showing him the picture that Colin had posted on Flickr under the name of Gillian Silk and then deleted a couple of months later. He was busted and deflated.

"Do you prefer Gillian or Gilly?" asked Madame.

"Gilly, I supposed," said Colin / Gilly.



“Now let’s find out what lingerie you really want, Gilly.” Madame Slip picked up a black slip from the sofa. “Do you like slips, Gilly?”

“Yes,” croaked Gilly.

“I thought you might.”



Madame Slip pulled the full-length black slip over her head and down over her matching French knickers and seamed stockings.

Gilly's erection had come back, she was loving watching Madame slid the silky nylon slip down her body. She so wanted to wear a slip as well as panties, bra and stockings.



“Now, let me take some proper measurements, big boy. Let’s start with your leg length so we can get the right size of stockings. Stand up and take off your clothes”

“Oh, I.. err...”

“I can’t measure you with your clothes on, can I?”

“Well, no, I suppose not.”

Gilly rather reluctantly started to unzip her jeans.



“I see, you started early then with the lingerie,” said Madame

As Gilly unzipped her jeans, a lovely pair of black satin French knickers came into view, the knickers given to Gilly (Colin) by her Mother only a few weeks ago as a flat warming present. There was nothing flat about the French knickers now as Gilly’s clitty was making its presence known.

“Stand up and take the rest of your clothes off, but you can leave the French knickers on.”



Gilly stood up and dropped her jeans. Madame wacked the tent in her panties with the steel ruler. “You can put that away for now,” which was ironic as there was an erection poking out of Madame’s black French knickers as she squatted in front of Gilly. Madame made Gilly take off her polo shirt so she could measure her bust and hips as well as her leg length. Madame did not write down the sizes, she just knew that what Colin had presented on paper was nonsense.



“Now let us see what we have in stock that you might like. Come with me.” Madame stood up. “Keep your French knickers on. You do understand that pre-loved vintage lingerie means that it is second hand, don’t you Gilly?”

“Yes of course,” said Gilly trying hard to hide her embarrassment.

“Some of these items are really hard to find now and have rarity value, especially slips,” said Madame.

“Yes, I know, I did look online.” Gilly now understood these would probably be personal items previously worn (and loved) by Madame Slip herself. Gilly took her phone with her as she wanted to remember this moment.



Madame took Gilly upstairs to the main bedroom. Perhaps that should be the Mistress bedroom as Gilly was behaving like a submissive sissy in the domain of Madame Slip. When they got to the bedroom, recognition of where she was hit Gilly like a slap in the face. She had seen this bedroom many times in photos on Flickr. Madame was in fact Andrea Slip, who Gilly followed as a friend on Flickr. Finally, the penny had dropped as Gilly made the connection.



Gilly became erect again as she thought about the number of different outfits, both lingerie and skirts/blouses /dresses she had wanked over watching Andrea undress in this very room. And now Andrea, sorry Madame Slip, now stood in front of her in a silky black full slip, sheer seamed stockings, and high heels in the very same bedroom. And Madame Slip knew exactly who Gilly was.



Just inside the bedroom door were some full slips hanging up. The short black slip caught Gilly's attention. It had lovely contrasting white lace.

"Do you want to take the black slip? It is very pretty. It is quite short so it might reveal your stocking tops." Madam Slip took the black slip off the door. Anything else you fancy?

Gilly wanted them all. He had only intended to get one set but was really taken with the white full slip. It was longer than the black slip and had lots of lace on the hem and a huge deep V of lace on the bust.

"Can I make it two sets? I really like the white one as well."



Gilly held the two slips in front of herself.

“Yes, I can see the effect it is having on you, Gilly.”



There was a huge tent in Gilly's black satin knickers which she just could not resist massaging.



"Give the slips to me," said Madame.

She took the two slips, the black one and white one, and put them to one side, hanging from the handle of the wooden dresser.

"Let's get this out of the way before we move on."



Madame took over wanking Gilly's clitty through the nylon panties. Any idea of social distancing had gone out of the window. Madame knelt in front of Gilly and started to pull the French knickers down intending to embrace Gilly's stiff clitty in her mouth. As she did so Madame lifted her slip and slid her hand inside her own black panties to massage her own stiffie.



Just as Madame reached for the stiff clitty in front of her face, Gilly could hold back no more and spurted hot white cum all over Madame's lacy black slip. It kept cumming, Gilly was shaking, some of the sticky white cum splashed over Madame's black stockings, leaving a wet stain on the sheer black nylon.

"Aggg.....agggg....." said Gilly.

"I will get my turn later," said Madame cleaning up the mess with a tissue.

Now you need to choose some other items to go with your slips.



“Have a look at these half-slips, there is a nice range of colours and lengths. The beige one on the right has a lovely split with a lace all the way up the split. That can give a nice flash of stocking tops, now you see it now you do not. The grey one is quite long but has very pretty lace on the hem. The white slip has lovely contrasting lace. The purple one is slight see through, it will reveal your lacy panties, suspender belt and your stocking tops to viewers. Perfect for a girlfriend or even photos on Flickr. I hope you can take better photos on your phone now, Gilly.”

“Yes, yes I have just got a new Apple phone, it should take much better photos.”

“Good, finally there is a basic short back half-slip, that would be perfect with your black French knickers. Are you still going with two of everything,” asked Madame?

“Oh, yes, I think so.” Gilly picked up the black half-slip and the purple half slip.

“Good choice, I thought you would go with those.” Madame took the slips from him and put them aside. She cleared away the other slips.



“Now pick some other items,” said Madame indicating a wonderful array of bras, panties, suspenders and stockings laid out on the bed for Gilly to peruse.

Gilly was spoilt for choice. Then she remembered she had her phone with, so she took a picture of all the lingerie laid out. She stuck with the black and white theme, choosing those colours for the bra and suspenders. Then she picked some black stockings to go with the lacy suspenders. But choosing the panties was hard. The black and white panties were a given, but Gilly was very taken with the blue frilly panties.

“I don’t know which two panties to take, Madame.”

“I can see that you like the blue panties, isn’t the white lace so adorable, simply perfect for a sissy to wear. I tell you what, Gilly, I will let you have the blue panties as a bonus item as you have been such a good customer.”

“Oh, thank you, Madame.”



Gilly picked up her new lingerie and was about to put it in the bag.

“Wait a minute, Gilly, don’t you think you should at least try one set on, perhaps the white set? Then you could wear them home under your jeans and polo shirt.

“Oh yes please, if I may, Madame?” Gilly had turned into a simpering schoolgirl.



Gilly took off her sticky black French knickers and slid into the lacy suspender belt and white lacy bra. Then she stepped into the panties. There was a growing bulge again in the tight white panties. Next, she carefully pulled on the sheer black stockings. She attached the front and side suspenders to the stocking tops. Madame attached the rear ones for her. Gilly looked in the mirror and was slightly disappointed the bra did not quite look right with no bust.

Madame noticed the look and pulled out some fake breasts. "You can borrow these for now, but I can order a new pair for you."

"Yes please." Gilly took the fake breasts from Madame. They felt really squidgy, the colour was almost right, and they even had fake nipples. Gilly inserted the breasts into the loose cups of the lacy white bra.



Gilly looked in the mirror again and even took a photo with her new phone. The white lingerie looked so sexy with the suspenders showing through the thin white panties and the nipples showing through the lacy white bra. She not only looked sexy in her lingerie and stockings with feel the growing tent in the silky white panties.



Madame handed the white full slip to Ginny.

“Now the piece de la resistance. The slip,” said Madame.

Gill pulled the slip down over her white lingerie. Her stocking tops disappeared.



Gilly looked at the slip, front and back in the mirror. The slip was really long at the front and felt so silky. The lace was beautiful. The slip was quite tight and showed Gilly's excitement. The back of the slip had a wonderful split that went right up to her knickers. When she had picked this slip up for the first time, she was mesmerised by all the pretty lace on the bust and hem. She had not noticed the long-curved split in the back. It looked so sexy revealing that she was wearing stockings and white panties. This did not go unnoticed by Madame, who was also getting really stiff.



“You need some heels, try these. They are a loan but again, if the size is right, I can order some for you.”

Gilly slipped her nylon covered feet into the size 7 heels; they were a bit tight.

“I probably need a size 8.” She started to take them off.

“No, keep them on so you can see what heels look like with stockings and a slip.”



Gilly stood up and looked down at the slip, the wide lacy white hem contrasting against the sheer black stockings and the black high heels. It looked so feminine.



“Oh yes, very sexy Gilly. Now, it is my turn to have some fun. Just kneel on the bed on all fours.”

Gilly clambered on the bed with her arse towards Madame, wondering what was going to happen.

Madam stood behind Gilly and started rubbing Gilly's white slip and silky white panties.

“Now move your legs a bit further apart.” Gilly complied with Madam's instruction.

Madame released her stiff clitty from her black French knickers, which were also quite sticky as well now. She started rubbing it over the slip and then nylon panties.

Gilly could feel the heat from behind her as Madame started frotting her arse with her stiff clitty. Madame reached through the split in the slip and rubbed the stiffie in Gilly's panties. Then she rubbed Gilly's panty clad arse with her stiff clitty quite slowly at first but then started getting faster and faster until it was Madams turn to spurt white cum all over Gilly's slip, panties, and black stockings. Gilly came too , for the second time.



Madame pulled away. Gilly turned round and sat down on the bed, exhausted.

“Do you want to put on a clean pair of panties and slip to wear home?”

“Oh no, I want to feel your cum dripping off my panties and slip to remind me what just happened,” said Gilly.

“Let me get my mobile card machine and we can settle up. I will order some breasts, size 8 black heels and maybe a wig for you then, Gilly?”

“Oh, could you? Then I would have to cum back for some more.”

The End

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