

## The Mall – a photo story by Andrea

### *Mall 1*



“Hi Alison, are you still OK for your trip up to the snowy north, this weekend?” said Barbara over the phone.

“Looking forward to it Barb, although I am not sure Mike is, but I can’t leave him on his own, even although he is 18, he can’t even cook one meal let alone for a whole weekend,” replied Alison.

“I am sure Arnold can find him something to do, I have been asking him for ages to clear out some of the junk in the loft, a younger pair of legs could be a real help to him,” said Barbara.

“Hey, I must tell you about Broughton Park, where we used to go on the swings when were kids, someone wants to build houses there,” said Alison with some anger in her voice.

## ***Mall 2***

“Oh no, I hope that doesn’t happen. Do you remember when you were about 17 and I was 15, we went down there to flash our petticoats and stocking tops to that pervy old man?” said Barbara

“Yes, I had forgotten about that. He hid behind the hedge, but we could still see him when we went on the swings and then you dared me to swing upside down on the bars. My slip fell down and he could see my white Vanity Fair panties, suspenders and stockings, the whole caboose. He must have creamed himself, it certainly made my knickers damp.” This faded memory had become clearer in Alison’s mind, despite the number of intervening years.

“I remember those American panties were made of such thin nylon you could see your suspender belt through them. Talking about snowing, we used to say it was snowing in Paris to each other if one of us was showing too much lacy hem of our slips below the hemline of our dresses, well that it must have been snowing a blizzard that day. What ever happened to petticoats and stockings?” sighed Barbara wistfully.



### ***Mall 3***



“Well some of us still wear slips and stockings, Barbara,” said Alison quickly.

“Really, Alison? I think I still have some half-slips at the bottom of a draw but I haven’t worn them for years. Arnold used to ask me to wear them but I told him with lined skirts now I don’t need to wear them anymore. “



“Where did all my slips did go as I am not sure there are many left in my chest of draws anymore, umm, I wonder what happened to them?. I haven’t seen my full length blue slip for ages.” Barbara thought about it for a moment. “I have a suspicion that someone might have moved them.”

“Funny you should say that because I have noticed some of my slips have been moved recently as well. We will have to go to the Trafford Centre when I come up. I need a new dress and shoes for a golf club dinner I am going to next month with some friends. You can have a look for a new slip,” said Alison helpfully.



“Does anywhere still sell slips?” queried Barbara

“Mark’s and Spencer’s have some pretty full length slips now, I am sure we will find one you will like. Have you got any stockings?”

“Probably, unless they have gone “missing” as well. I should have some hold ups.”

“I will lend you a suspender belt; stockings held up by taught suspenders are so much sexier. If you wear a petticoat and some silky panties as well we can tease all the men at the Trafford centre, just like we did in Broughton Park,” said Alison with some laughter in her voice.



“Oh yes, I will look for some French knickers to wear, I used to love it when Albert felt my stockings tops under my skirt and petticoat and then slipped his hand up the loose legs of my Frenchies and diddle me because I wouldn’t let him go all the way before we were married. This is going to be such fun Alison, just like the old days. Albert isn’t up to doing much these days, sadly, you know, in that department, not since his accident.”

“Some of us never left the old days Barbara”, said Alison rather tartly.

## Mall 7

Barbara made some preparations for the visit of her sister and nephew at the weekend. On the Friday she chose a long pleated black skirt but decided to remove the lining so that she could wear a slip with it. She looked at the bottom of her lingerie draw and found that she did only have three half-slips and no full slips. She was sure that she had more slips than that as she remembered fondly a dark blue full slip that she loved to wear, but couldn't find it.

She did find a lovely white Charnos half-slip and matching French knickers that she remembered wearing under her going away outfit when she and Albert had married over 30 years ago.

Finding a suspender belt was a bit of struggle as she couldn't find one at first, but discovered one lacy white belt under an old Charnos bra. The bra was a slightly smaller size than she wore now but should still fit if she added a bra extender. It was a thin silky bra with pretty lace, quite skimpy compared to the stiff underwired Balconette bra's she usually wore nowadays. It wouldn't quite give the right support but she would look and feel wonderful wearing it with her other white lingerie. She would have to have words with Albert about where her slips and French knickers had gone to as she was sure she had not sent any to the charity shops. There was a nice sheer pair of stockings with white tree motives in her tights draw that she didn't remember wearing before.

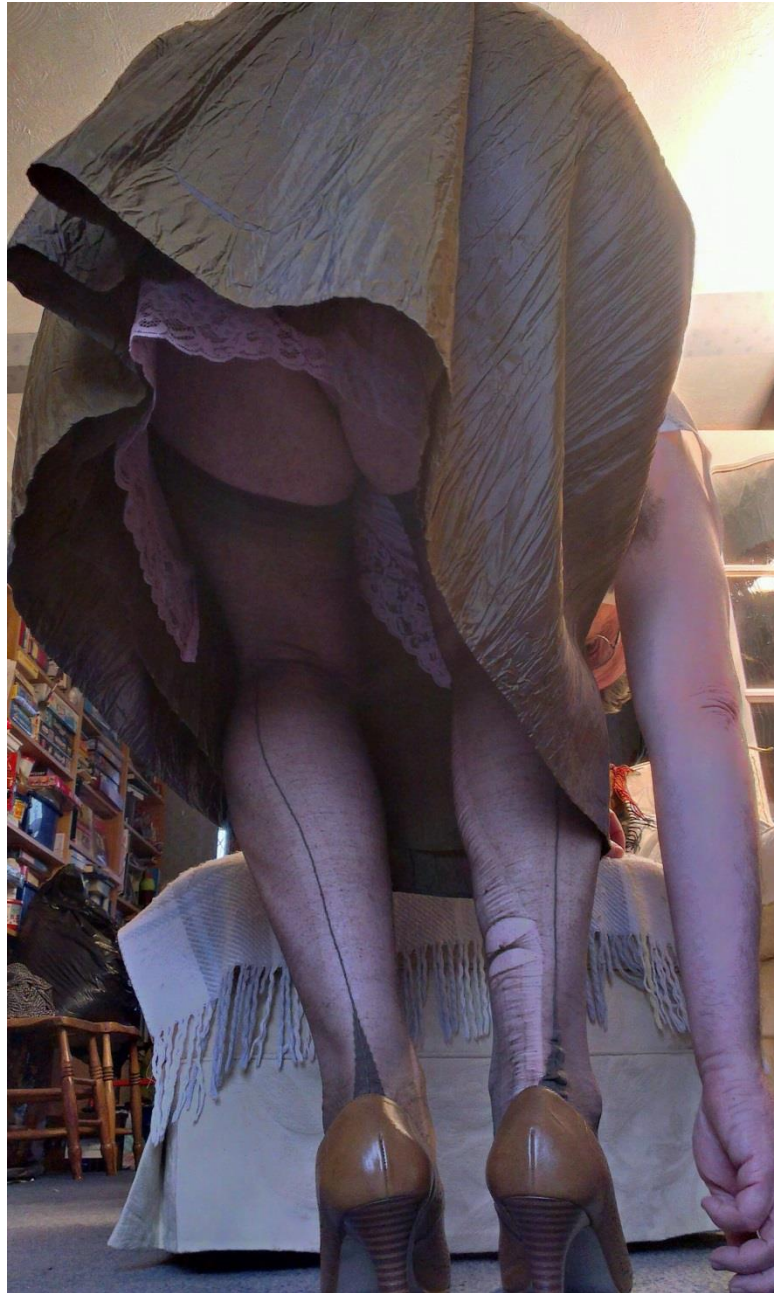
On the Saturday morning she waited until Albert had gone down stairs and all alone she had dressed in her pretty white lingerie, rediscovering the joy of putting on sheer stockings, loose legged large French knickers, her skimpy white Charnos bra and her white wedding day nylon slip. As she smoothed down the silky white Charnos half-slip a little shiver ran down her spine. She was looking forward to seeing what big Sis thought of her pretty lingerie, a throw back to her youth.

Barbara stepped into her black high heels and sat down at her dressing table to put on her makeup and sort out her hair. Finally she pulled on the black skirt and white blouse with black edging that went rather well together. She looked in the mirror rather pleased with the effect of her slip slightly showing through the skirt.





Alison, and her son Mike, arrived to stay at her sister's house in time for lunch. Barbara told Mike and Arnold to take the bags upstairs. As Mike leant forward to pick up the bags from the driveway, his t-shirt rose up to reveal a pair of white lacy panties, with a little triangle of white nylon overprinted with some pretty apple blossom, and a sheer white suspender belt in the gap between his jeans and his t-shirt. His Mum and Barbara did not see this as they had already disappeared inside the house, but Arnold did as he was standing right behind him.



As Alison walked into her sister's front room she suddenly dropped her car keys. Barbara was right behind her.

"Oh Alison, you really do still wear a slip and stockings, then, and seams as well", said Barbara.

"Yes, I wear either a half slip or a full slip almost every day, even if my skirt or dress has a lining. I love the feel of the nylon slip sliding over my nylons, it is just so feminine," sighed Alison.

"You have a ladder in your stockings, Alli," said Barbara pointing at her sister's right ankle.

Alison lifted her foot and twisted round to look. "Oh bother, it will have to do as I don't have any spare brown sheers to go with this skirt. I'll get some new ones at M&S. I only have black ones in my suitcase."



“Well I managed to find a slip and French knickers,” said Barbara

“I can see your lacy hem through the skirt. It looks lovely. What about stockings and susies?” asked Alison. “Did you find some; I have a very pretty apple blossom suspender belt in my suitcase and some sheer black stockings, if you need them.”

## **Mall 11**

"No need, look, I found stockings and suspenders. Albert doesn't know I am wearing them," winked Barbara.

Barbara lifted her slip and skirt to show her sister her pretty lingerie. Alison rubbed the silky nylon slip between her fingers.

"Very silky Barb, I am glad you still listen to my advice," said Alison as she admired Barbara's creamy white slip with matching French knickers and black nylon clad legs. Alison thought that the black and white contrast looked classy, but perhaps that was a bit of a cliché.

"What brand is that slip, is it Charnos?" asked Alison.

"Oh yes, Sis. I wore this on my wedding day under my pale cream going away outfit. Everyone could see the lacy hem under the skirt. You were my bridesmaid, don't you remember?" asked Barbara.

"Of course I do, I thought I recognised it," said Alison, perhaps a little too quickly.

"Do you still want to go to the Trafford centre after lunch?" asked Barbara.

"You bet, I can't wait to see the reaction of the bored husbands to our silky slips and stockings, you'll love it."



## Mall 12

Despite protests from Alison's son Mike, the two women set off for the Trafford Centre after lunch. Barbara told her husband Arnold that Mike could help him tidy up the loft. Arnold sighed but accepted his fate. He had an inkling that Alison and Barbara were up to something as he had already seen Alison's seamed stockings when she first arrived and he could not miss seeing the lacy hem of a slip through Barbara's black skirt. He had never noticed this before with this black pleated skirt.

He seemed to remember his exhortations, in the past, to Barbara to wear a petticoat, like when they first started dating in the early 1970's. She had told him several times that all her skirts were lined so petticoats were history, and so were stockings. Not in his book.

When the two women had left, and Mike was safely watching the end of a football game on Sky TV downstairs, Arnold knew he had at least a few minutes in the clear before he would have to tackle the loft. In the master bedroom he slipped off his trousers and shirt to a look in Barbara's lingerie draw to reveal Barb's misplaced blue slip, which he had hidden under an old t-shirt she never wore.



He knew exactly what Barb's lingerie draw did and did not contain. There were two half-slips left, one black, one cream, Barbara was wearing the remaining white wedding half-slip. The only pair of French knickers, white with lashing of lace on the legs and a matching suspender belt was also gone. Arnold could feel his excitement growing as Alison had not worn a slip or stockings for years. He was also beginning to wonder about Mike's preferences after seeing that glimpse of panties and suspender belt outside the front door.

He fondly remembered when he and Barbara first started dating they would frequently go to the cinema. In the darkened back row she would let him put his hand up her skirt and feel her petticoat and stocking tops as this was impossible with her parents around at home. On at least a couple of occasions she had even let him slid his fingers inside the lacy leg of her French knickers to make her cum. It was supposed to be because Alison would not let him take her virginity until they were married, but in reality he did not mind at all, maybe even preferred it, the perfect combination of silky nylon and love juices.

As he recalled these memories of frotting Barb, all those years ago, in her French knickers and slips he just could not resist pulling up his slip to rub his nylon covered cock. He was so glad he had sneaked this slip, knickers, stockings and suspenders from the draw whilst Barb was still asleep this morning and dressed in the bathroom. He knew that the two sisters would probably go shopping and he would be able to grab some happy time, but he would have to be quick, with Mike still down stairs.



The two sisters had great fun at the Mall, riding up and down the escalators, feeling the eyes of several men on them and trying really hard to see up their skirts but without attracting the attention of their partners. With the split in Barbara's split this was quite easy as there was a flash of white every time she took a stride, maybe even a hint of stocking top as well. Alison had to be a bit sneakier but managed to flip up her long Boden skirt to reveal a glimpse her pink slip from time to time. She also knew that her seams of her sheer brown Gio stockings were attracting attention in their own right. A very kind man pointed out that she had a ladder in her stocking, which she thanked him for with a wane smile.



Alison found the jersey dress she was looking for in Monsoon, in dark brown, and headed to Clarks for some heels to go with it. As she browsed through the shoes she noticed a young man serving a customer. As soon as he was free she asked him if she could try on a pair of tan high heels in a size 5. He smiled, showed Alison and Barbara to a seat.

As the customer, and her friend, walked in front of the young salesman to the seating area he noticed the seams of her nylon hosiery and two sets of straps through the back of her silk top. One was obviously a bra, was the other a camisole or perhaps a full slip, like he had sometimes seen his granny wearing? Rather nice view anyway. He disappeared into the storeroom to collect the shoes.



When he came back to his customer he soon had an even bigger smile on his face as he offered to slip the new shoe on her elegant nylon clad foot.

There were times when Danny hated the long hours and customers who moaned, never bought anything and left him to clear up all the shoes that they had tried on. But not this time, oh no, not this time. This was why he loved his job. He adored holding women's nylon clad ankles as he slipped their shoes on. These tights felt gorgeous, he thought, so silky and smooth. It was beginning to have an effect on his lower regions.

## ***Mall 16***

As he eased the shoe onto her foot on he noticed that she had pulled her long brown skirt up and slightly parted her legs to see the shoes. A pink, nylon slip came into view as well as stocking tops and the tight v of silky pink panties. He had barely seen a slip before but he knew instantly what it was, and he loved it. He also loved her sheer stockings, as opposed the rather boring matt black semi-opaque tights that most of his women customers wore. Although he liked any nylon hosiery these sheer stockings were in a different league. The crowning glory was the glimpse of shiny silky heaven at the top of her legs. The pressure was growing intense for Danny.

Alison let him brush his hand, accidentally of course just in case a shop supervisor was watching, against her silky pink slip. She winked at him. He ejaculated.

She had won another slip and stocking convert, she was sure of it. She bought two pairs of shoes, the tan pair and a navy blue pair, Alison received the best customer service she had ever had in that shop, despite the young man's obvious discomfort of having soggy underpants. He couldn't do enough for her. She had made his day, his week, perhaps even his year.





As they walked down the mall flashing their petticoats again, Alison was aware that she had done rather well so far for shopping and that Barbara had bought very little.

"I can't really see my slip from the front like I saw you flashing that young man in the shoe shop," said Barbara,

"I dare you to move your split round to the front," said Alison quietly to her sister.

Barbara looked shocked at first but then a smile crept over her face as she remembered daring Alison to swing on the monkey bars at the playground when they were younger. It was easy to slid the walking split round over the top of Barbara's nylon slip. She looked down and rather liked the look but adjusted the walking split in her slip to the front so that there was a hint of suspenders and stocking tops surrounded by lashing of lace. The suspender strap pulled the thin nylon of the sheer stockings up taught, there was no doubt that these were not hold ups or even tights.



“Let’s go to M&S next, and look for a full length slip for you,” Alison said to Barbara.

“Will there be any nice young men to sell me a slip,” said Barbara in a whisper to Alison.

Alison ignored her sister’s barbed comments.

They were soon in the lingerie department at Mark’s and Spencer’s. Alison took Barbara over to the slips. There were several racks. Barbara’s eyes opened wide in surprise.

“Wow so many slips to choose from, not the range of colours or styles they used to sell though.”

They picked up several slips letting the silky nylon run through their fingers. Barbara particularly liked one with a lacy top in black and tan and another in grey which had a matching lace on the bust and on the hem.

“Might wear this under my uniform at work,” said Barbara holding the black slip to her. “I can think of a few of my old gentleman who might like this. The grey one is pretty as well.”

“Well go and try them both on then, Barb,” urged Alison.



Barbara took the two slips to the changing rooms. She had to wait a while but then a cubicle was free. She removed her black skirt and white top carefully. For a moment she stood and looked at herself in the mirror before sliding her white slip down over her sheer stockings.



Barbara stood in her bra, stockings and French knickers in the small cubicle and admired the view in the long mirror. Her gusset was a little damp from watching Alison's antics with the shoe salesman and all the admiring looks she had been getting from men of all ages in the mall. Thanks to her big sister she had rediscovered a dormant love for vintage nylon lingerie and sheer stockings. She could not resist slipping a hand inside her nylon panties, just like Arnold had done when they were younger.

"That's enough of that Sis!" scolded Alison as he popped her head round the corner. "You're supposed to be trying on your slip."



Barbara quickly took her hand out of her French knickers and pulled the gorgeous full length black slip over her head. She rather liked it and wished she had kept better track of what Albert had got up to with her other slips.

“Are you going to try the other one as well?” asked Alison.

“Oh yes, I must.”

Barbara swapped the black slip for the grey one.

“Which do you vote for, as you are the slip Queen?” Barbara asked Alison

“They both look good, in my opinion,” said Ann.



“But what about the drop test?”, asked Barbara.

“What do you mean, “the drop test”, asked Alison looking rather puzzled.

“When I am visiting some of the old men I take care off, what will they see if I drop, say a.. spoon? Like this.”

Barbara crouched down to show Alison a lovely flash of her panties and stocking tops under the black slip. She swapped slips again. “Or like this?” said Barbara as she bent from the waist and the hem of the grey slip rode up to reveal her white French knickers. “Sometimes it is not a spoon but a £5 note that the old man has dropped.”

Now it was Alison’s turn to be shocked but she recovered quickly as it was Alison who had persuaded her sister of the allure of stockings and slips in modern society, for some people at least.

“I see, well I am surprised that you don’t give them all a heart attack if that is what they are going to get an eyeful of next week. You’ll have to get both slips,” said Alison.

“Well, I shall get both then,” said Barbara with delight. “Now I wondered if those two boys got on with the job in hand at home. We had better be heading back once I have paid for these two lovely slips. I am so looking forward to wearing slips and stockings again. “

“Let’s have a look at some suspender belts and knickers before we leave,” said Alison.

“Oh yes, we must,” said Barbara.

Barbara had hoped to find some French knickers and was a little disappointed not to find any, but she did find a pair of silky black cami knickers and a lacy black suspender belt. She added some more black stockings as she thought she might need a few outfits for work.

Alison could not resist adding to her panty collection as well. She did find a brown pair of stockings with a pretty cream lacy top that would like nice with a cream slip, but no sheer fully fashioned stockings. As soon as she got home she would go online to Stockings HQ and buy some seamed Gio's. They were expensive and did ladder so easily but they were delicious to wear under a silky slip. She loved the effect the seams had on men, even under a long skirt, like the one she was wearing today.

Soon they were laden with several shopping bags and were glad to be heading home to relax but perhaps also to tease Mike and Arnold by insisting on showing them their purchases. Both Alison, and Barbara, knew deep down that although the men might pretend to squirm in embarrassment, they would both take great notice of the detail of colour, texture and feel of the silky lingerie the woman had enjoyed buying that day.



The End

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