

Mrs Malone by Andrea Slip

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Gilly's relationship with colleague Mrs Molly Malone develops and she gets a chance of promotion at work

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Employees participation in International Women's Day at the Bank had gone far better than anyone expected, especially for Gilly. It was her first day at work dressed as Gilly rather than as strait-laced Colin, the currency expert. She had worn a lovely black dress with red flowers. A black lacy slip peeped out over her black stocking tops. These stockings were held up by black suspenders. Gilly hadn't intended to let her slip and stockings show in the office, but later in the day they did.



It also went down well with Mrs Molly Malone, Gilly's colleague. She insisted that they go to christen the new transgender toilet together.

Gilly revealed to Molly what pretty black French knickers, black full slip, lacy black suspender belt and stockings she had worn to work. Both Gilly and Molly enjoyed that as Molly sucked off Gilly to an explosive conclusion.

However, the point of employee participation, as far as the Bank was concerned was to make the working conditions for both women and trans more friendly and a less toxic male culture. Mrs Moorhouse, Head of HR, was pleased that Colin / Gilly had made a real effort. She deemed the experiment a success and recommended to the Board that Friday become a dress down / dress up day for all employees to be who they really wanted to be.

Little did she know what Gilly and Molly had got up to in the toilet.





On Fridays Gilly would take advantage of the dress up / dress down. For Gilly it was always dress up, in pretty lingerie, of course. She even had to buy some new lingerie, like this delightful pale blue satin set of bra, panties, half-slip and blue topped seamed stockings.



She would do her hair and makeup then put on a dress or skirt and blouse. Her high heels would often compliment her outfit.



Gilly loved her lacy bra showing through a sheer blouse and her seams visible from below her skirt.



Above all else she loved to look down at her peeping lacy slip and stocking tops on show to everyone when she sat her desk.



Although Gilly loved showing off her peeping slip on a Friday, Colin couldn't be en-femme all the time at the office. However, it was Colin at the rest of the week working hard in the office, he would often wear some pretty lingerie under his suit.



This would include panties, bra, stockings and panties and a slip. Sometimes the slip would be a full slip to match his panties and bra.



Sometimes it would be a little half-slip, like this delightful pink combination. When Colin got home Gilly would take over and slip on some matching high heels.



Molly Malone, on the other hand, dressed full time and was very convincing. Jack and Jeremy, the traders that worked in their office, had no idea that their admin, Mrs Malone was trans. The relationship between Gilly and Molly grew. Gilly did not want risk her job by getting caught in the trans/disabled toilet whilst having fun with Molly. So, they moved the relationship to Gilly's house in Acacia Avenue in Bromley.



In the office Mrs Malone was always very smart, although sometimes she too let a lacy slip peep out from under a skirt.



But at Gilly's house she would start out all innocent with a little bit of slip showing.



But then open her legs and pull down her blouse to reveal her panties, stocking top, frilly slip and her lacy bra.



This would always get Gilly stiff and excited, what ever she was wearing. As we can see here, Gilly is wearing black French knickers, suspenders and sheer stockings. As the lacy black knickers are so sheer you may just be able to make out how stiff and excited Gilly is as she looks up at Molly's skirt.



Then Molly took off her blouse and green bra to reveal the huge tits she was wearing that day.



Gilly's stiff clitty went from vertical to horizontal and made a huge tent in her lacy black knickers. Oh dear, it was inevitable that Gilly would splash white cum all over those pretty black panties and splash some onto her sheer black stockings. Meanwhile Molly still needed attending to. She bent Gilly over the armchair, pulled down the black French knickers, rubbed some lube on her own stiff clitty, and pushed it into Gilly's arse hole. Although Gilly was expecting this rough treatment she still let out a cry as Molly's meat worked it's way inside Gilly's back passage. Soon Molly was ramming in and out. Gilly was stiff again and as Molly unloaded her seed inside Gilly, Gilly came again over her lacy black knickers.

These sexual events became a daily occurrence when Molly moved in with Gilly. They did travel to work on different trains so that no one at work would know they were living together. Colin always got to work an hour before Mrs Mallone. Colin's hard work and success in earning money for the bank did not go unnoticed by management.

About a year later, Beth Smith, the manager of the currency department, was head hunted by an American bank. Mrs Moorhouse, the HR head, spoke to Colin. She told him that there was a vacancy coming up with Beth leaving. Beth had recommended Colin to HR as a suitable replacement. Would he be interested in applying? Colin said he would. He wondered if he got the job could he dress full time at work as Gilly, this might be a good time to make the switch.

Gilly remembered her previous conversation with Mrs Moorhouse on International Women's Day. She was impressed that Colin/ Gilly had been brave enough to accept the challenge of wearing a dress and tights to the office. Gilly revealed in confidence that she always wore stockings and suspenders, not tights.

Mrs Moorhouse said she had loved wearing stockings when she was younger but wore tights now. However, Gilly did wonder if after that conversation Mrs Moorhouse had gone back to wearing stockings. She was sure that she had caught a glimpse of the HR lady in sheer hosiery, and maybe even a lacy slip.



Gilly downloaded the application form for the Head of Currency job on his home computer but had to decide whether to apply as Gilly or Colin.

Molly could see Gilly was struggling with the dilemma.

“Do you want to dress like this in the office every day or not, Gilly?”

Gilly looked at Molly. She was wearing a cute grey mini skirt that showed off her gorgeous legs in sheer black hosiery, heels and her pink lacy bra showed through her black blouse.

Gilly was getting hard in her panties looking at Molly in her nylon covered legs. They looked so long in sheer black nylon, high heels and such a short skirt.





“Well, yes, I suppose this would be a good time to make the switch,” said Gilly.



"You still sound unsure, Gilly, but look at how you dressed for the office today, as it was a Friday. You loved everyone looking at your blouse and seeing your lacy black slip and bra through your sheer blouse, didn't you? You could dress this way every day for work."



Gilly looked down at the lacy edge of her black full slip peeping out from under her grey cheque skirt as it caressed her silky black sheer stockings. She did feel so smart (and sexy) dressed like this.

“Even Jeremy couldn’t help sneaking looks at your blouse and legs all day in the office,” said Molly.

“Ok, I will apply as Gilly but I don’t want to have a sex change,” said Gilly,” Well not yet anyway.”

That was it settled. Gilly turned back to the computer and started to fill in the application form.

Gilly did get an interview, of course, but it was a high paid job and there would be lots of external candidates. Maybe even Jeremy and Jack, her colleagues in the currency office, might apply. She didn't think they would get the job as they did not work as hard as Gilly and were not as smart about emerging trends in currency exchange. Jeremy in particular, was too old school and too lazy.

It was Molly that found out that Jeremy had applied but did not get an interview. That could have been a bit awkward if Gilly became his boss, but Molly predicted he would leave rather than be managed by a tranny. He was always moaning that the bank had become so woke. Molly was right, Jeremy handed in his notice and was put on gardening leave with immediate effect. So that was one rival out of the way.

Gilly remembered how she had to glare at Jeremy when she first wore a dress to the office. He had been spoken to about his sexist remarks by both Beth, the manager and by HR. That had probably ruined his prospects. He would not be missed.





What was Gilly going to wear for the interview? It was just like the first time Gilly had been persuaded by Beth and Molly to wear a dress on International Women's Day. Except that this time she had Molly Malone at home to help her choose the right outfit.

Gilly tried on various outfits in the week before the interview. She tried a black skirt and white jumper with black boots. She showed it to Molly.

"I love the little yellow slip; it shows your stockings and suspender belt nicely, but no one will see that. A skirt and blouse are a perhaps a bit too informal. A dress would be better."



Next day Gilly did try a long dress. It was blue with little white flowers. She wore some matching pale blue high heels.

“It is pretty, I love your bra and slip showing through the top, but it is more tea dance than a City of London office. Are you wearing stockings underneath,” asked Molly?

Gilly lifted her dress her blue slip and fiddled with her suspenders. She was wearing white lace top stockings.

“You can’t do that in the interview, that is so sexy. Now crouch down in front of me.”



Gilly obliged and crouched in front of Molly so that she could see up her skirt at her blue half-slip, white lacy stockings, and blue Vanity Fair panties.



Molly lifted her black dress and black slip. Gilly fished Molly's stiff clitty out of her pink panties and started sucking. Gilly ran her hands up and down Molly's black seamed stockings and black nylon slip. She was getting hard as well. Molly's stiff clitty felt so warm and sticky in her mouth then it exploded with hot white cum. Gilly gagged at first but then swallowed. She had got better at fellatio over the last year and really enjoyed pleasuring Molly in this way.



Gilly suddenly leaked into her own panties and had to get up and sit on the bed to recover. Her dress, slip and panties felt very sticky.



Gilly took off her dress and slip but paused to take a photo as she loved how sexy she looked in her panties, bra, stockings, and heels. Oh, how she loved wearing silky lingerie and stockings, and sucking off Molly.

Every outfit she tried on for the interview ended the same way.



The next outfit was a blue and white dress with buttons down the front.

“No,” was all Molly would say as she popped open the buttons, lifted Gilly’s full length white slip, fondled her white panties, pulled out her stiff clitty and sucked Gilly until she spurted in Molly’s mouth.



Finally, they agreed on a new black and white geometric dress. This time Gilly put on her white lingerie, black stockings and heels and sucked Molly off first, before Gilly put on the dress. Molly was so good at advising Gilly about which lingerie to wear with which dress.

“You should do this for a job, Molly”.

“Nonsense,” said Molly. “The only other job I could do is be a housewife,” said Molly.



Gilly was wearing a very lacy bra over big boobs and a cute half-slip. The dress was a recent purchase from Sainsbury that Gilly had never worn to the office before.

They both agreed it would work, although Gilly would have to wash the sticky panties again before the day of the interview.



Molly said that the peeping lacy slip may need adjusting as Gilly wanted to be taken seriously. The good thing with the half-slip was that it was easy to adjust.



On the day of the interview Gilly sat in the HR waiting room. Her lacy white slip did show, she was alone in the room, perhaps the other candidates were being interviewed remotely on Teams.

Just at that moment Mrs Moorhouse appeared at the door.

“We are ready for you now, Gilly,” said the Head of HR as she opened the door to the interview room.



Gilly stood up. She was ready for this, she felt powerful in her dress and stockings.



As she followed Mrs Moorhouse into the interview room, she could not help noticing what she was wearing. Mrs Moorhouse was wearing a long flowery dress. The most surprising thing was that her hosiery was brown seamed nylons with a little dots. Perhaps these were stockings not tights. Gilly thought she could see the lacy edge of slip peeping out from under the lovely dress.



If it was a slip, was it a half-slip like Gilly was wearing or perhaps a full slip as it was a dress? If Gilly had been a spy on the wall in the bedroom, she would see that it was indeed a lovely brown full slip that Mrs Moorhouse had chosen to wear to the office that day.

“Wow,” said Gilly had said to herself, Mrs Moorhouse really had rekindled her love of stockings and lacy slips. Gilly need not have worried about letting her own slip show.

Gilly felt that she had answered the questions in the interview about currency trends and maximising profit for the bank well. She was so glad that she had prepared thoroughly for the interview. But there was one question at the end that surprised her, it was from Mrs Moorhouse, and it was nothing to do with currency.



“Gilly, as a member of the LGBT community what do you think about a new policy on dress code that allows staff to choose a more feminine style of dress, whatever their gender and if that is how they want to dress?”

“Well, yes, as you can see that is exactly what I am wearing,” said Gilly looking down at her very lacy white slip peeping out from under her black and white geometric dress.

“What about allowing stockings rather than tights?”

Gilly stood up.

“Let me demonstrate,” said Gilly.

Gilly was feeling bold (knowing that Mrs Moorhouse had been converted back to wearing stockings). She lifted both her dress and white to revealing her stockings and suspenders. She quickly dropped her slip and dress as she realised, she had given a quick flash of her white lacy panties as well, rather more than she intended. There was a sharp intake of breath from the two men on the interview panel, but they knew well enough that Mrs Moorhouse had been pushing for this change to the dress code and they were too scared of her to make any sexist comment. They knew that the last person who had made sexist remarks to Gilly no longer worked for the bank.

“Sorry, that was more on show than I intended,” said Gilly thinking that she had just blown her chances of getting the job.” She sat down quickly. She was wrong about that as about an hour later she was invited back into the room and offered the job. Gilly had no hesitation in saying,” Yes.”

It was time to celebrate.

The End

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