

## Return to the office - Part 2 by Andrea Slip

A photo story by Andrea Slip



*After lockdown ends Gilly returns to the office but she doesn't want to stop wearing lingerie. She would love to dress just like Mrs Mallone at the office then a surprising opportunity arises.*

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Gilly continued to dress at home but as Colin but in the office he was quite jealous of Molly Malone and the way she dressed. She was always very smart in a skirt and blouse or a pretty dress. Molly always wore sheer black hosiery and high heels. Gilly so wanted to be able dress like Molly in the office even if it was just for one day.



On a cool autumn day Colin could not resist the urge any longer and decided to risk wear lingerie under his suit and tie. He wore blue panties, a blue half-slip, stockings, and suspenders, but no bra or full slip that show through his white shirt. He wore socks over his stockings. His blue panties were so damp at the thought of his silky lingerie being under his suit and tie, but no one would know, not even Molly.





It didn't quite work for him. If he was wearing panties and stockings, he just had to wear a bra as well, so one day he wore a green bra and sheer panties over his stockings and suspenders. He loved his lingerie to be colour coordinated.



He progressed from this to panties, bra, stockings, suspenders and a full slip under a dark shirt.



He got fed up with wearing socks over the stockings so he abandoned those, his trousers were quite long so no one would know, would they? Sometimes, when the office was quiet, he would take off his shoes and wiggle his nylon clad toes under the desk.





Often, he would get so hard wearing his pretty lingerie and stockings that he could not concentrate on his work. He would have to go to the toilet and relieve the pressure in his panties with a good wank. It didn't take long, so no one would notice how long he was gone, would they?



It was the same every time he wore lingerie to the office. He got excited and had to go and wank quickly in the toilet, rubbing his stiff clitty in silky nylon until he came.





As the office was air conditioned, he would usually keep his jacket on, so he started wearing a white shirt again. So long as he kept his jacket buttoned up, no one would know, would they.



However, on some hot summer days, even the AC would struggle to cool the air, so Colin would have to take his jacket off for a short time to cool down and slip it back on if someone came into the office. He didn't want anyone spotting his white slip and black bra through his white shirt, or did he?



In February 2022, there was a department meeting. There were five of them, Beth, the currency manager, Jack and Jeremy, the two male currency traders, Colin (the data analyst) and Molly Mallone the admin), all sat round the big table in Beth's office.

They discussed the usual business of monthly trading and future trends then Beth made an announcement.

"The bank is very keen to promote equal opportunities for women, and trans people in a more meaningful way. So, to celebrate international Women's Day on March 8<sup>th</sup> HR wants every department to nominate a male member of staff to take on a female role for the day to see what it feels like to be put down by the men. It is only for one day. Do we have any volunteers?"

The men all squirmed, well Jack and Jeremy did. Colin was just open mouthed and looked shocked.

"Thought so," said Beth after an awkward silence. "Molly and I have discussed this and Molly has a suggestion."

Molly stood up. Colin could not help noticing a lacy slip peeping out from under her leather skirt. Was she wearing lace top black stockings as well rather than tights? Colin was not sure but what he was sure about was that this feminine display had made him hard.



“We have thought about this, and we want someone who will be sympathetic to the female role and take it seriously, not look like a pantomime Dame. I think that Colin would be an excellent choice.”

“Well, I don’t know..... would I be laughed at or teased,” was all Colin could splutter out. Jack and Jeremy looked very relieved as they were best mates and very much lads.

“Certainly not, Colin. You will need to talk to the HR Manager at the end of the day to say how it feels and what issues have arisen. The company is determined to bring the business into the 21<sup>st</sup> century and ditch the old boys’ network to become a real equal opportunities employer of both women and trans gender.”

“Do I have a choice,” asked Colin trying to put up some resistance but inside his heart was singing? It was his dream cum true.

“That is settled then. Molly has volunteered to help you prepare for March 8<sup>th</sup> with clothes and make up.”



That was the end of the meeting, the staff filed out of Beth’s office and went back to work at their desks. Jack and Jeremy had desks at the far end of the office near the windows. Colin and Molly had an alcove at the opposite end of the office, some distance away from the others. Beth’s office opened off the middle of the currency office.

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“Don’t worry Colin, I don’t think you will need much help from me,” said Molly quietly when they were back at their desks.

“What do you mean, Molly?”

“It takes one to know one, Colin. Little signs that others would miss, like a hint of a lacy bra or slip under a white shirt.”

Molly leaned closer. “I was once a trader like the lads, but I was about to have a nervous breakdown due to stress of trading. I was going to resign. Mrs Matthew’s, the HR manager, persuaded me to take a six-month break and think about a different role when I came back. Dressing up became my way of dealing with the stress. I did calm down and was offered a new role as an administrator in this department. When I started my new job I became Mrs Molly Malone, no one except HR knew about my former life on the trading floor. Being a Mrs and being too old, the lads left me alone. So I know all about those signs, Colin.”



“Or trouser legs that rise up when you walk up the stairs to reveal black seamed stockings and no socks.”





“I bet that you have been wearing some cute slips and stockings under your suit and tie ever since we came back into the office after the end of lockdown, haven’t you?”

“I thought that no one would notice,” mumbled Colin, embarrassed that he had been caught.



“Well, no one else did. And you always pay attention when you can see my peeping slip and stocking tops, I know that you are dying to be dressed like me in the office, and now is your chance.”



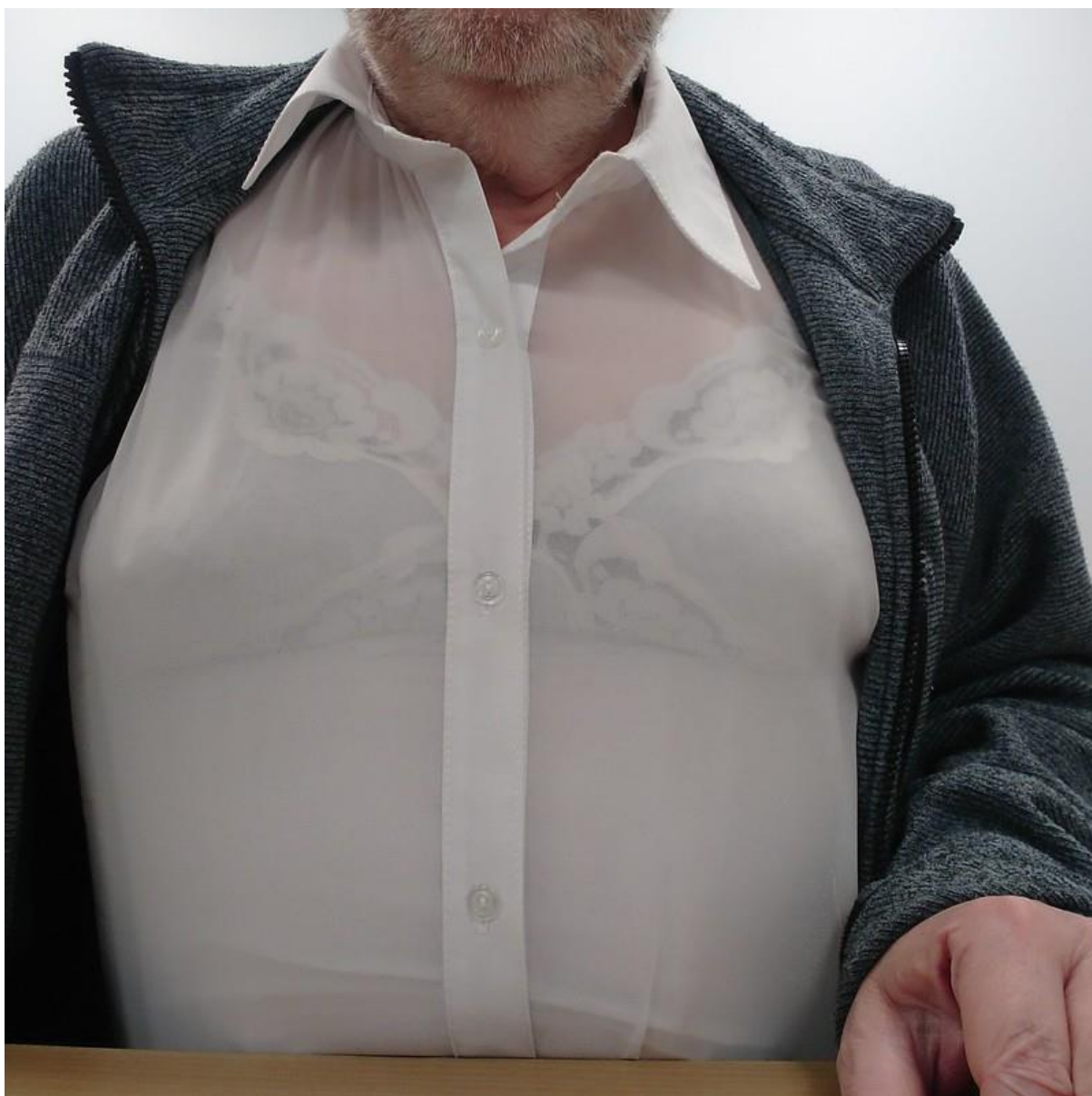
Colin tried to deny it, so Molly crouched down near his desk and lifted his trouser legs clear of his shoes.





“What is this then, Colin?”

Colin’s nylon clad ankles were exposed to Molly.



“Unzip your jacket and take off your tie.”

Colin did as he was told. He was so hard at being exposed.

“Oh, what a lovely white slip I can see through your shirt, Vanity Fair if I am not mistaken. No wonder you kept your jacket zipped up. I can’t call you Colin when wearing such pretty lingerie. Do you have a femme name?”

“Gilly,” whispered Gilly.

“Perfect, Gilly it is then.”



"I expect you are really hard from looking up my skirt at my green panties, black stockings, suspenders and green lacy slip," said Molly.

"It is time for you to go to the toilet and wank into your pretty white Vanity Fair slip and matching panties no doubt, just like usual. But try to be a bit quieter just in case someone in the next cubicle can hear you."



Gilly didn't wait, she rushed off to the gent's toilet. She quickly and quietly removed her jacket, shirt, and trousers. She lifted her slip to expose her flowery pink panties, both Vanity Fair, as Molly had guessed. Then she plunged her hand into the silky panties and massaged her huge stiffy for only a few strokes until an explosion of hot white cum flooded her pretty panties. She tried to be quiet but couldn't. Thankfully, this time the gent's toilet was empty.

When Gilly had cleaned up and calmed down, she returned to the office. At lunch time Molly asked her what she would wear on March 8<sup>th</sup>. Gilly was not sure. This was going to be difficult as there were so many outfits Gilly could choose.





Over the next few days Gilly experimented with several outfits. She started with a pleated black skirt that showed a lacy white slip peeping out from the hem and a white satin blouse on top.



This was Gilly's go to outfit when she was fantasizing about dressing up for the office. She tried a few poses, like the upskirt view or...

.... bending over at the photo copier to reveal her seamed stockings, lacy slip and maybe even her panties.

However, International Women's Day on March 8<sup>th</sup>, was a real opportunity for Gilly. As much as she loved posing in these office outfits, they were perhaps just a little too sexy for the office. Perhaps she could try a slightly more subtle approach, one that did not show six inches of frilly slip from under the hem of her skirt.







Gilly looked down at her slip showing through her semi-sheer skirt, that might be the way to go, but maybe a dress that would show her slip if you knew where to look.





Next, she tried a thin blue dress, the front showed just a hint of a white slip but it was more obvious from the back when you could see more clearly the straps of a slip or cami and a bra.





And if you lay down on the floor and looked up Gilly's dress you would see a big bulge in silky panties, the lacy slip, the lacy topped white stockings. Gilly had to stop imagining someone wanking over seeing her silky lingerie and massage the big stiff clitty making a tent in her white panties. Suddenly she spurted into her panties. When she had cleaned up, she realised that being driven by what was sexy was not the way to go, she wanted to be dressed nicely but more like a genetic woman.

Gilly turned instead to a red and black dress with black lingerie.



March the 8<sup>th</sup> soon came around. She got up early, had a shave, a shower, and did her makeup and hair. Then it was on with her lingerie. She started with a large pair of black satin French knickers edged in white lace and a matching bra. The suspenders were black and lacy to go with the black stockings. Gilly decided the large French knickers would hide any problems if she got stiff at any point during the day, not that she was intending to.





On top of the black panties and bra went a black full slip. It was so silky, Gilly loved wearing this slip, it was one of her favourites, it had a lovely black lacy hem.





The bust was very lacy as well. It was such a pretty slip.



It made Gilly feel so femme in her pretty black lingerie and black stockings.





The dress she had chosen had a black background and red roses. Gilly pulled the dress down over her slip. The lacy black slip disappeared. It was a quite tight-fitting dress, not too long, not too short.



Gilly slipped on a pair of black heels, a classic court shoe. Not too high as she was going to have to walk to the station at Bromley and then across London Bridge to the office on the north bank of the River Thames in the City of London.

She was too nervous to eat breakfast but managed a cup of coffee. She was a bit worried about travelling on the train as Colin did this everyday, one of the regulars might recognise her. Gilly decided to go on the early train. In fact, when she put on a big coat, a hat, and a covid mask no-one would know who she was. She loved the walk to the station as she could hear her heels on the pavement. Even the early train was crowded, Gilly had to stand. That was until a generous young man got up and offered Gilly a seat. That had never happened before! She smiled at him and took the offered seat.





As the train headed towards London Bridge station Gilly's coat had fallen open and she could see a little bit of lacy black slip come into view. She caught the young man who had given up his seat ogling her lacy slip and black nylon clad legs. It was not what she had planned, she tugged the hem of her dress down, like she had seen lots of women do.

Gilly got to the office without any problems. She was a bit nervous about what the others might say. She knew that Molly and her boss, Beth, would be supportive as they were the ones who had nominated her for International Women's Day, but what about the traders like Jack and Jeremy? Jeremy, in particular, was always so cocky and full of himself.

Gilly was also scheduled to meet Mrs Moorhouse, the head of HR at 2.30pm to feedback on how the day had gone.

Gilly was the first in and settled down at her desk to get on with work. Although she had worn lingerie and a dress lots of times for her sexual pleasure this was different. This was at work in a dress and stockings, not her fantasy but a reality, it was different. She tugged the hem of her dress down so her slip and stockings would not show.





Beth and Molly were in next. They were very positive.

“Stand up, Gilly, give us a twirl,” said Beth.

Gilly stood up and did a turn around.

“You look gorgeous in a dress, you have done an excellent job, much better than some of the other “volunteers” I saw in the other departments. Don’t forget to see Mrs Moorhouse at 2.30pm in the HR meeting room,” said Beth, who was in her standard tailored suit.





“That dress is perfect for you, Gilly, you look wonderful, just right,” said Molly.

Molly was wearing a tartan skirt and a purple blouse. Was that a hint of stocking tops or just sheer tights?

“I love your kilt, Molly, It goes really well with your blouse” said Gilly.

“Thank you, don’t forget to keep your legs together, like a lady,” said Molly.





Gilly looked down. She was not used to trying to be ladylike in the main office. It had not mattered when working from home during lockdown.





She would have to be more careful and keep her legs together so no one could see her satin black knickers.





Then Jack and Jeremy rolled in about 30 minutes after the women.

Jeremy and Jack came straight over to see Gilly.

“My god Colin, you look gorgeous,” said Jeremy.

“You can call me Gilly, today.” She scowled at him. She knew he was going to be sexist.

“Phor, if I didn’t know any better I would do you after work, maybe not even wait that long!”



Beth overheard this conversation that was making Gilly feel very uncomfortable. Gilly looked at Mandy, Mandy winked.

"Jeremy, my office now," said Beth very quietly, she was very angry and often went very quiet when in this mood.

Jeremy went red in the face and shuffled into Beth's office; the door shut firmly.

"I think, Jeremy might have got a glimpse of your stocking tops and black slip," said Mandy.

Gilly tugged her skirt down, just like she had on the train.

"I would do you too," whispered Mandy, "but not let the whole office know. Perhaps later."

Mandy winked and went back to her computer.





Gilly giggled and turned back to her computer to get on with her work.

A few minutes later the door of Beth's office opened. Jeremy approached, wringing his hands. Beth stood in the door of her office, watching.

"I... I ... apologise for my insensitive remarks, err Gilly...I didn't mean what I said. You are very brave to come to the office dressed as a female and you didn't need me to make....." He looked round at Beth, "err... crass and inappropriate remarks. Beth has said that If I don't improve my attitude to women and trans people that it will be me wearing the dress next time we have a women's day." Jeremy looked like he would rather die than wear a dress and stockings.

Gilly wasn't sure how to take this. She looked at Mandy and at Beth, both of whom were smiling.

"Thank you, Jeremy, apology accepted."





Jeremy turned and fled back to his desk. He didn't even look at anyone else in the office for the rest of the day



Gilly just got on with her work on data as if it was a normal day. Her lacy slip and stockings kept creeping into view. Gilly would tug the hem of dress down again, eventually after enjoying the view. The only problem was when she wanted to go to the toilet.





“Which toilet should I use, “she whispered to Molly?





“Use the gents for now as women are very sensitive about female only spaces but talk to Mrs Moorhouse about it. I have raised it before, but nothing was done. It might change now though with this new initiative,” said Molly.

Gilly couldn't help noticing that Molly's lacy white slip peeping out from under her purple tartan kilt.

At 2.30pm Gilly went to see Mrs Moorhouse in the HR meeting room.

“Oh, you look wonderful, Gilly, much better than all the other volunteers. Let’s sit down. How does it feel to be dressed as a woman in dress and tights for the first time? It must be a bit strange.”



“Oh, I love it. These are stockings not tights, and err, this is not the first time I have dressed up.”

“Bravo, I must say your practicing has paid off. You have definitely got the legs for stockings. I used to love wearing stockings when I was your age but its tights now.

Now, have there been any problems? I know that Jeremy has been disciplined for his crude remarks. That is exactly what we want to stamp out. Anything else?”

“Yes, there was one other thing, which toilet can I use. Mandy said I should ask you.”

“That is a tricky question as the women in the office don’t want to lose their female only safe places. So, the management are thinking about allowing the single disabled toilet on each floor be relabelled as disabled / trans. You can use that today or were you thinking beyond today? You look so natural in a pretty dress and black stockings.”

“Well, I would love to carry on dressing like this, it has been my dream for some time. Molly has been a big help to me,” said Gilly.

“You are very well thought of Gilly, so we don’t want to lose you. So, if dressing in a feminine way makes you happy, you can carry on.”

Gilly hadn’t expected this, she thought it was only for one day. It would be a difficult decision to dress femme for work but now she had the choice. She would have to think carefully about this. She might even have to buy some new dresses, skirts and blouses suitable for the office.





When Gilly got back to the office, she spoke to Beth about what had happened, and again Beth was reiterated what Mrs Moorhouse had said how good Gilly's work was, how valued she was as a colleague, and it was up to Gilly if she wanted to carry on cross dressing.

As Gilly walked back to her desk Molly swung round giving Gilly a quick flash up her skirt. She repeated everything that she had told Beth but added the bit about a trans toilet.

"Let's go and have a look now and perhaps we can christen it," said Molly

"What, have a pee?"

Molly looked round; they were the only ones in the office.

"No, not pee. Don't you want to know what colour panties and slip I am wearing today," asked Molly.



Gilly was torn, she done so well today separating her sexual fantasies and work.

"Well, I don't know about that, I ....."

Molly lifted her skirt so that Gilly could see her lingerie

Gilly could feel her resolve weakening as she looked at Gilly's lace edged white panties, white slip and stockings tops. Gilly was getting hard.

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Molly dropped her skirt down and sat down., her slip still peeping out. Gilly wondered if it was a full slip or a half-slip.

“I ....I ...” Gilly could feel her resolve weakening even more. She has fantasized about Molly for so long about what she wore to the office and had always wanted to know what lingerie and hosiery she was wearing.

Molly crouched down in front of Gilly.



“Do you like what you see, Gilly? Silly question I know you do. You are always curious about what I am wearing in the office. Shall we explore the new opportunity for trans people?”

“Oh, you are naughty, I don’t think that is what Mrs Moorhouse meant, but yes let’s go.”

Gilly and Molly went to find the disabled / trans toilet.



They were not quite sure where it was as they had never seen anyone using it. It had been converted from a store cupboard only a few years before to comply with Government regulations. It was at the end of a corridor past the plant room. It was a very quiet corridor. When they found it, they checked no one else was looking and they walked inside. It was a big room; with all the disabled facilities you would expect.

“Now, I want to see what pretty lingerie you are wearing, Gilly, lift up your dress,” commanded Molly.

Gilly lifted her dress; her black slip came into view.



Then she lifted her black slip so that her white edged black satin French knickers came into view.

“Oh, how delightful, Gilly, hiding under your lovely dress is a black slip, gorgeous black French knickers, stockings, and suspenders. I am so excited so to have another person who appreciates silky lingerie and wants to dress so feminine as me. I am getting so hot I am going to have to take my skirt off. “



Molly quickly took off her skirt. Gilly could see that Molly was wearing a white half-slip, the one she had caught glimpses of it earlier and thought it might be a full slip. It had lovely swirls of lace on the hem. The contrast of white nylon against Molly's sheer black hosiery was delightful. It was making Gilly hard in her big French knickers.







Molly removed her purple blouse to reveal a lacy black bra. Gilly was slightly surprised as she had expected Molly would wear a white bra that matched her slip but the colour contrast looked sexy.

“Now take off your dress, Gilly.”

Gilly started to take off her red dress but got stuck with the zip.

“Can you unzip me, darling? I have always wanted to say that,” said Gilly.

Molly obliged and slid the zip on the red and black dress down as far as it would. Gilly removed the dress.

Gilly’s lacy black slip was now in full view.



Oh, that is a gorgeous slip, I love it, so lacy, so silky, and just the right length for your dress. I might want to borrow it. Now lift your slip,” said Molly. “I want to see those French knickers again.”





Gilly hung her dress next to Molly's and then lifted her black slip. It had been her intention not to get hard in her French knickers during her special day at the office, but she was this had gone out of the window.

This became apparent when Molly started wanking Gilly's stiff clitty through the black satin French knickers.

"Oh my god," said Gilly. "That is so nice, and so sexy."





Molly then knelt in front of Gilly and yanked her black French knickers down.

Gilly stiff clitty popped into view.

“Small, but so nicely framed by your lacy suspender belt stocking tops, slip and French knickers.”

Molly leant forward and sucked Gilly’s little clitty. It grew bigger and stiffer. Molly had her hand inside her own panties.

It did not take long but after a few warm and wet sucks made Gilly explode cum into Molly’s mouth.

They kissed and Gilly tasted her own cum for the first time.







“Now it’s my turn, said Molly. She took off her slip and turned back towards Gilly with a large tent in her lacy white French knickers.



“Now help me out, Gilly.”



Gilly obliged by reaching into Molly's French knickers and lifting out the stiff clitty. She then kneeled on the floor, just like Molly had done.





Gilly knew what to do. She took Molly's stiffie gently into her mouth. She licked and squeezed the protuberance until Molly shot her cum into Gilly's mouth and all over the lacy bust of Gilly's black slip.

"Better get back to the office, then, before anyone notices where we have been, eh Gilly, "asked Molly after getting her breath back?

"mmm, "said Gilly, her mouth still full of cum.

## **The End**

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