

Snowing in Paris

A photo story by Andrea Slip



John hasn't been to church for a few weeks and gets a real surprise when he meets someone who knew his mother and her favourite phrase, "It's snowing in Paris," a euphemism for some rather delightful fun for slip lovers.

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As I walked up the path to the church on a lovely Sunday morning in late April there were some other worshippers in front of me. They were wearing blue denim jeans, so casual these days. They said hello to the vicar, who is standing on the steps of the church, and pass on into the church. As they move past Chris, the vicar, I can see that the vicar is talking to another parishioner. A lady, who I didn't recognise, is shaking hands with the vicar, who welcomed her to St John's. She must be a new parishioner.

The lady was conservatively dressed in what my mother would have called her "Sunday Best". It is a lovely black patterned dress, sheer black hosiery and black high heels. What really caught my attention is that I could just see a lacy slip hanging below the edge of her black dress. The slip was a lovely burgundy colour. I haven't had a slip sighting for..... well, a very, very long time. It took me back nearly 40 years to when I went to St John's Church, although dragged might be more accurate, by my mother every Sunday morning.



My mother was always dressed smartly when she went to church. Even back then she would moan about the decline in standards of dress of the other parishioners, especially the ladies, for Sunday morning church. Sometimes I would get up on a Sunday morning and find my mother dressed in her lingerie standing at the ironing board, ironing her “best frock” and the slip she was going to wear underneath.



Often, she would be in a full slip if she was going to wear a dress. She never wore trousers to church, that I could remember. I knew all her slips back then as that is when my fascination with nylon slips started. Perhaps obsession would be more accurate.



Occasionally she would wear a skirt and blouse with a half-slip underneath. She always wore stockings. Although tights had started to become popular for most women in the late 1960's mother never converted from stockings and wore them the rest of her life under a dress or skirt.



As a teenager I started to explore her lingerie draws, finding her large collection of silky slips, nylon panties, bras, stockings and suspenders. There was no holding back as I dressed in her nylon lingerie and had my first intense orgasm as I came all over her pretty undies. In particular I remember a matching set of black lingerie, including French knickers. It was gorgeous. I even tried these on with a pair of her black seamed stockings and black boots that she often wore to church. Oh bliss.



She loved wearing French knickers and so did I. She had several pairs that matched her slip, such as a green Warner's waist slip and knickers. Oh, that was a nice set to wear.



Of course, I wore some of her lovely full slips. I would wrap the slip around the tent in the slip and start masturbating. I was in heaven.



When I was about to cum, I would pull the slip or French knickers out of the way and make sure I came on my hand or on a tissue.



Then I would take off the slip, the stockings and the other lingerie, fold them up and carefully put the back in her draws. I managed to do this undetected for many years.



My mother passed away 10 years ago, which meant that that not only did I inherit the house but also all her clothes. I could not bear to get rid of her beautiful slips and lingerie.



It gave me a chance to step up my cross-dressing by wearing some of the dresses, heels and jewellery that she had worn to church.



Now it was me standing at the iron board ironing my slips and “Sunday Best” dresses, just like mother.



It was an enduring sexual fantasy that I would dress in silky slips and dresses just like my mother and actually go to church. Sometimes my fantasy would be about going to work in a skirt and blouse. My slip would always be peeping out from under my skirt on view to everyone. However excited I would get about showing my slips, reality would always intervene. I was not brave enough to go to church dressed in this way. I didn't think the vicar and some of the high church parishioners would tolerate it. Maybe things are different now with more LGBT awareness, even in churches. It turned out I was wrong about the vicar's views.



So, instead I would dress up at home and let my slip peep out from under my dress or skirt. I particularly liked the contrast of a lacy slip with my sheer dark nylons. As I looked down at my pretty slip I would feel so femme and sexy. In particular I would then remember my Mother saying "It is snowing in Paris." It was a euphemism that still excites me today.



Recently I found a new partner, Christine, who does not mind me standing at the ironing board in my lingerie as I iron both my own slip and frock but also hers. We have a shared love of slips and silky lingerie.



I distinctly remember standing in church with mother, before I had even started wearing her lingerie, as she leant forward and she whispered discreetly to her friend Jean, "It's snowing in Paris." Mother glanced down at the hem of Jean's dress at her lacy white slip, which was peeping (snowing) out from under her brown dress. "Oh thank you Margie, the elastic is a bit loose in the waist of this waist petticoat, I knew I should have worn my black full slip with this dress."



I had seen Jean's slips several times. She was often round at our house, having tea with mother and sometimes even the vicar. Sometimes another friend would appear. They always dressed conservatively but nicely, just like my mother.



Often was the time when the ladies were sitting on the sofa, or sometimes at the table, as I played with my toys on the floor. As I looked up, I would often see saw Jean's lacy slips peeping out from under her dress. She often wore the black slip she mentioned at church.



Sometimes I even got an upskirt view of slips, stockings and panties when the ladies were so engrossed in their conversations that they completely forgot I was there, under the table. I learnt to be very quiet and came to enjoy the view of forbidden treasures. I think that's what got me started wearing Mother's lingerie when my hormones kicked in a few years later.



After seeing Jean's white slip snowing at church Mother explained to me back home that ladies will often not realise that their petticoat is too long for their dress. It would be a good friend indeed that would discreetly whisper in her ear that it is "snowing in Paris," in order to spare the lady's blushes. "Nobody wants to see the lacy hem of her petticoat," said Mother. Well, I thought otherwise, as I rather liked seeing the lacy white hem of Jean's petticoat, (and her panties, stocking tops) but I didn't say so to Mother.



Jean passed away a few years later and that was the first time I saw my mother wearing black panties, black bra, black lace top stockings and a black suspender belt as she ironed her full black slip and then her dress for the funeral. She didn't think anything of me seeing her in her pretty lingerie.



With a jolt I came back from my memories of my mother's lingerie and realised that not only was the Church lady "snowing in Paris," by showing the lacy hem of her red slip but she was also wearing sheer black hosiery with a seam that ran down the back of her legs down to her black high heels, just like my mother. I wondered if her sheer hosiery was stockings or tights.



She moved on into the church. The vicar smiled at me and said, “nice to see you again Mr Smith.” It was the first time I had been to church since Easter. I said hello and walked up the steps after the new church lady. The lady paused and turned to smile at me. Her red slip was still peeping out. Should I have said “It’s snowing in Paris,” or would she have looked at me as if I was bonkers? I chickened out. I smiled back and said “hello.”



I followed her into the main body of the church. She sat in one of the pews in the middle that no one else was sitting in. The church was only half full. Would I still get a nice view of her slip if I sat in the same row as her? I sat a bit further down her row. We were the only two people in that row and there was no one behind us.

Indeed, I did get a better view. Her skirt had ridden up slightly and I got a wonderful view of her pretty red slip. It was a bit more than peeping out, she made no attempt to pull her skirt down. She had noticed by now that I kept glancing at her slip, she looked up at me and smiled at me for the second time. Was she teasing me? I thought she was a pretty red head but a good few years younger than me.

I could hardly sing during the hymns but forced myself to concentrate on the words on the service paper. I tried to stop the inevitable happening, I was starting to get stiff.

I was still wondering if that sheer black hosiery was tights or possibly classic RHT stockings.



I discovered that she was indeed wearing black stockings and not tights. We knelt for the prayers. As we got up, she turned slightly towards me and rocked back on her heels. Oh, la la, what a view she gave me. I was instantly hard. I could see her beautiful nylon clad legs, sheer black stockings held up by the straps of a burgundy suspended belt that matched her silky burgundy slip with a wide lace hem. Her legs parted slightly, and I could see she was wearing burgundy nylon panties with some lovely lace on the front. She was wearing a delicious matching set of lingerie.



I thought then that she must be wearing a matching red lacy bra. I undressed her in my mind but how would I find out? And I so wanted to play with her gorgeous red slip. It was only a momentary glance up her skirt, but time had seemed to slow down. She closed her legs again. I glanced at her face, she winked at me. There is no doubt that she was teasing me.



At the end of the service she introduced herself as Lynne. I told her my name was John, same as the church, but I was no saint. She laughed. Her husband had passed away a couple of years ago, her children had moved out so she decided she would downsize and move to our village to be near her sister. She had come to church to get to know people in the community. I asked her if she would like to pop in and have a coffee on her way home with me as I only lived a few houses away from the church. To my surprise she readily agreed and said let's go now. We thanked the vicar for the service. The vicar looked disappointed that Lynne was not staying to talk to the other parishioners. She promised she would stay and meet everyone next week.



As we walked back to my house she chatted away about her children and husband. Lynne asked me if I had any children. I said no, I had never married and still lived in the house I grew up in. I opened the front door and directed her to the living room whilst I put the coffee on. A few minutes later I appeared in the living room with two cups of coffee. As I walked into the living room, she was standing in the middle of the room adjusting her suspenders and stockings.

“Oh these darn stockings, I need to keep the suspenders tight.”

I tried to sip my coffee but nearly choked as her pretty red slip and stocking tops came into view again. She tightened her suspender strap and the dropped her slip and skirt back down again. I was hard again looking at this lovely sight.



“Errr. Yes they look lovely, and so is your slip.” I gave her a mug of coffee.

“I noticed how you could not stop looking at my slip in church. You were undressing me with your eyes. I know that look, my husband used to do that when I was all dressed up.”

She turned her back to me. “Can you check if my seams are straight, John?”

“Yes, I think so,” I said trying to hide the stiff protrusion in my trousers.

“But is it snowing in Paris, John” she asked as she turned around again to face me.

My jaw dropped. “How does someone of your age know about snowing in Paris.”



I met your mother at a WI meeting in 1990 I went to with my sister before I got married. She leant over and whispered to me that it was snowing in Paris. I was a bit puzzled by this. My sister was laughing that I didn't know the phrase. Your mother told me that me that the white lacy hem of my slip was peeping out from under my black skirt and how nice is to still see a woman wearing a petticoat and stockings. She still wore them herself but so few women did any more. We got chatting and it ended up with sis and I having tea with your mother at your house. This very house. I recognised it as soon as I walked in. You must have been away for the weekend. Your mum noticed me looking at your photo. She told me all about you. I think she was trying to set you up for a blind date, but I was already engaged by then and got married that summer. That was then and this now.



Lynne stood up. "Do you want to play with my slip, John?"

"Well, I err....".

"I know you do. When your mother told me about snowing in Paris, she also told me that she loved wearing slips, just like me. She also told me, in confidence, that you were fascinated with seeing her ironing her dress on a Sunday morning whilst wearing a slip, although she always called it a petticoat. She knew you were wearing her lingerie, you know."

I was stunned by this revelation. My mother never said anything to me in all the years I had worn her lingerie. I thought that I had got away with it.

Before I could say anything, Lynn took off her blouse. What I thought had been a dress turned out to be a matching skirt and blouse. She was wearing a bra with a half-slip, not a full slip. And yes, her pretty red bra matched the rest of her lingerie. It was a very pretty bra, just like I had imagined.



Then she stepped out of her skirt to reveal just how gorgeous her red half-slip was. It looked so silky with a wide band of lace on the hem.



“Actually, I will let you into a little secret, John. I have always had a predilection for slips and wondered what it would be like to be with another slip lover. My husband was never interested in us both dressing in slips as we made love. He was very conservative and straight, so that went on a back burner, until now that is.

Then, I walked past your house a couple of days ago looking for the church. You were just coming out of the house that I remembered visiting nearly 30 years ago. I then wondered if you were Margie’s son and still lived there. You looked about the right age. So today I set a little trap. I deliberately wore my red slip a little too long to see if you still went to church and would notice it was, “Snowing in Paris.”



Lynne lifted her red slip so I could get a good look at her panties.



She slowly pulled her red slip down her stocking clad legs and stepped out of it.



Lynne looked straight in my eyes as she dangled the slip from her right hand. I was now able to take in her matching bra, suspender belt, large red panties and her sheer black RHT stockings. It all looked delightful in lacy red nylon.

“Play time John. It is not fair that the lady has undressed but you are still in your clothes.”

I really wanted to, but something was holding me back.



"Well I am not sure, I err.....I mean I can't, I really can't" I said in desperation, think about what Christine would say.

"Come on John, I know we have only just met but I feel have known you for years, well known about you for years. Don't be shy, is there something you need to tell me, or do you want me to take those trousers down and release the stiffie you have had since you spotted my red slip was "Snowing in Paris"?

Slowly I gave in, it was inevitable. She knew all about me. It was if my mother's unseen hand was behind all this. God rest her soul. I took off my shoes and unbuckled my trousers. As I stepped out of my trousers, I revealed to Lynne that I too was wearing black nylon panties, stockings and suspenders. Although I had never worn a dress to church, I had often worn lingerie underneath a smart shirt and a pair of trousers.

"Now that wasn't so hard was it? Although I think there is something hard in your panties. They are so pretty. Take off your shirt, I want to see if you are wearing a bra as well," she commanded.



I took off my trousers and unbuttoned my shirt.

“Oh yes, John. What lovely black lingerie and what a pretty sheer bra to wear to church. Your legs look gorgeous in stockings But now I want you to take my slip and put it on, can you do that, John?”



I nodded, took the red slip from Lynne and stepped into it. It felt silky and warm. I pulled it up over my black stockings.



The slip I had so wanted to play with so badly earlier was now on my body and it felt wonderful.



I immediately had a stiff tent in my slip.



I couldn't stop wanking the silky protrusion.



I then lifted the slip and plunged my hand into my silky black panties. This was beyond my wildest dreams.

“Here, let me do that,” said Lynne.



Lynne wanked me through my back panties and then pulled my panties down to release my stiff cock. She knelt in front of me and gently took my stiffie in her mouth. She was very gentle, I could feel her licking my skin. I was straining at the leash and suddenly exploded in her warm mouth.



I dropped the slip back down and the cum spread a wet patch over the red nylon, turning it a dark red.

"Now my turn," said Lynne. "I have been looking forward to this for years. Take of my slip and give it to me."

I stepped out of the slip and stood in just my black panties, bra and stockings."

"It is a bit of a mess," I said.

"Exactly," she said, "I want to feel your sticky cum on my slip."



Lynne picked up the slip and stepped into it. As she did so I admired her red silky arse, her straight seams and the pretty red slip. I was getting hard again.



Lynne pulled the slip up over her stockings and panties.



Lynne laid down on my sofa. She lifted the slip and eased her red panties down exposing her soaking wet pussy. She then dropped the slip back down. I climbed on top and started to rub my black nylon tent over her red slip. She started moaning. I felt her magnificent tits in her lacy red bra. Then she pulled my black panties down to expose my cock again. It was really hard again now. She pulled me down towards her, wrapped the red slip around my cock and pulled me in towards her so that my slip wrapped cock penetrated her wet pussy. This was an amazing experience that went beyond just wanking in a slip. I plunged in and out with the slip rubbing the walls of her vagina with the slip. Lynne was screaming as I frotted her with her red slip. After a few stokes Lynne started shuddering and I started cum for the second time. And there was me thinking that church and sex don't mix.

Just then the living room door clicked open and in walked Chris, the vicar, and my new partner.



“John, did Lynne, the new lady, come back here with you.....” The vicar looked down at the two panting figures on the sofa, clad in only their lingerie. Lynne looked in shock as Christine, the vicar, smiled down at us. “Well I see she did cum then. Unfrock me John, so to speak, and I will join you.” Chris turned her back to me and I unzipped the back of her flowery pink dress to reveal a lovely black full slip. A slip and dress that I had ironed for her earlier that morning before she went over to the church. “Now who is going frot me with my slip, hmm?”

The End

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i_love_slips@yahoo.co.uk

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