

Sunday by Andrea Slip

A photo story by Andrea Slip



John has always wanted to go to church dressed fully en-femme. This Sunday is the big day when his dreams cum true. This is Software04's 100th photo story.

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Sundays are special to me, they always have been. It started with my mother, who was a very keen church goer. What made it special for me, however, was seeing my mum standing at the ironing board in her French knickers, bra and stockings ironing her slip and dress. She always wore her "Sunday Best" to church. It was the start on my journey with nylon lingerie.



As a teenager I started to explore her lingerie draw and wore her pretty nylon panties and bra. That soon progressed to adding stockings, suspenders, and high heels.



Soon I started wearing the lovely full slips she wore to church every Sunday. I fell in love with slips, both full slips and half-slips. I wanted to go to church just like mum, in pretty lingerie and stockings, but that was a no no back in the day. The vicar of St John's then was very conservative. When I was an adult I stopped going to church, much to my mother's dismay.



Whilst mother was at church I would stay at home and dress up in skirts or dresses with a pretty slip and stockings underneath.



My mum passed away a few years ago. The funeral was conducted by Christine Jones, a much younger vicar who was the first female priest of St John's. I was very impressed with her; she was much more open than Father Blair, the old fuddy-duddy my mother held in such high regard. I started going to church again but wearing lingerie, as I had always wanted to, but under my male clothes. I became very close to Christine after my mum died, she was a big help to me, our relationship developed and now we are married.



Recently, a new parishioner, Lynne, appeared. She was a widow who had met my mother before she passed away. They shared a love of slips. My mother had told Lynne that I liked wearing her slips. I was shocked when Lynn told me this as I had thought I had got away with wearing mother's lingerie, she never said anything to me or even tried to stop me.

Lynne and I had been caught in our slips when Chris, my wife, came back from church earlier than expected. Chris had been tempted to join in but at the last minute decided that being involved in a menage-a-trois probably would not go down to well with the parishioners. Politely, she sent Lynn on her way. I think Lynn was probably looking for a new husband who shared her love of slips.



She found one, another parishioner, a bit older than me, lucky man. Someone who could appreciate the silky slips, stockings and lingerie that Christine loved showing off. They were married at the church by Chris about a year after they met.



They still come to church sometimes. Lynne's slips are still peeping out from under skirt, and still make me hard. She is one sexy woman, who loves slips as much as I do, a dying breed.



Chris, my wife, does sometimes wear a slip as well. Today she was very smartly dressed in a skirt, blouse, sheer black hosiery and high heels. I had put on my panties, with a wrap over the top as I ironed a cream slip for her. Not that anyone at church would see her peeping cream slip or her very lacy black bra showing through her sheer white blouse as she would be wearing her cassock over the top. She had helped me with my make up and hair before she left for the church.



This Sunday was going to be a special Sunday as Chris had told the church members that we should welcome members of the trans community. There were some mutterings from some of the older members, but Chris said that God loves us all and the first person they would welcome would be me. I was going to church as Joanne, fully dressed, just as I had always dreamed and hoped I would be able to one day. So here I was, in our utility room putting on my stockings. My silky panties were showing something of a small bulge.



I put on my silky bra, inserted my fake breasts and pulled up my lacy cream suspender belt.



It was time to start ironing my cream half-slip. It is very silky and has some very pretty swirls of lace. I think it had probably been my mother's slip. She may even have worn it to church, now it was going to be me wearing it, I was so excited.



I flipped the slip down and then stepped into it. As you can tell these stockings are very sheer brown stockings made by Gio with a lovely RHT seam up the back.



I lifted the slip to tighten the suspender clips.



I had decided to wear two slips today, a full one because I was going to wear a dress and a half slip that could be adjusted to peep out from under the long dress.



This slip was almost the same colour as the half-slip, they looked amazing together.



I pulled the warm slip down over my breasts and bra. The full slip then slid over the half slip, the two layers of silky nylon felt wonderful together, I was getting really hard now. I was not sure I would be able to finish dressing without spurting.



I adjusted the temperature of the iron as I stood at the ironing board, just like my mum had done before me, although I am not sure she ever wore two slips at once.



My blue and white dress was hanging on the door.



I gave it a quick iron as well and slipped it on over my head.



Then it was time to put on my black high heeled boots.



I do remember my mum wearing black boots to church at least once or twice with a red blouse and black skirt. I think she wore a lacy blue half-slip under her skirt.



Now I had my own black boots to put on.



I stood up to check that everyone would see my seamed stockings above my boots and that my lacy slip was peeping out. Everyone at church would know I am wearing stockings and a pretty slip under my dress. My mother would have whispered in my ear, "It is snowing in Paris." My slip was definitely snowing.



I was so excited and soooooo hard. I had to sit down again. I couldn't go to church with a stiffie. I had to do something about it. I lifted my skirt and then my slip.



I slid my hand inside my silky panties, which already had a wet spot.



It only took a few strokes of my stiff clitty and I was ready to cum. I slid my panties down to my knees and carried on. Then I exploded.



My cum splashed on the floor, I managed to keep the cum away from my knickers and stockings. I reached for a tissue and mopped up the mess.

I didn't really have to time to change now. I pulled up my panties, dropped my slips and dress back down. I was ready to face the other parishioners in a dream cum true.

The End

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