

A photo story by Andrea Slip



***John invites his old uni friend, Steve,
over to watch the Superbowl with some
unexpected results.***

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“Be good, darling, or if you can’t be good, be good at it,” said my wife Julia. She winked at me.

She leant forward to give me a kiss. Her lacy slip peeped out from under her skirt as it caressed her sheer brown stocking tops. Her zip was quite low and she was showing a good amount of cleavage. She was going away for the weekend to see her parents in Harrogate, she would be back on Monday. I had been asked to go with her but it was the NFL Superbowl on Sunday night. I had booked Monday off so I could stay up to watch it. I am a fan of Kansas City.

“You might want to zip up a bit more before you see your parents. Nice for me, but maybe not for them.”

“Oops.” She pulled up the zip of her grey blouse and adjusted her skirt. Her lacy slip disappeared.

“Why don’t you see if Steve Jones wants to come over, he used to work in San Francisco, didn’t he?”

She was right, my old university friend Steve had worked in Silicon Valley for a few years. He might support the San Francisco 49’ers who were playing the Chiefs in Las Vegas in Superbowl 58.

“That’s an idea, darling, I’ll give him a call.”

Steve and I had shared a house at uni in our 2nd and 3rd years in Birmingham. We got on really well, but I had not seen him since he had come back to work in the UK about 6 months ago.

I actually had other ideas about dressing up whilst Julia was gone but watching with Steve late on Sunday night / early Monday morning might be fun.

I phoned Steve, he had been planning to watch the highlights but as the 9ers were playing it would be good to watch live with a mate and we could catch up. He asked me if Taylor Swift would be there. I said I wasn’t sure as she had the last leg of her Eras show in Tokyo the day before.

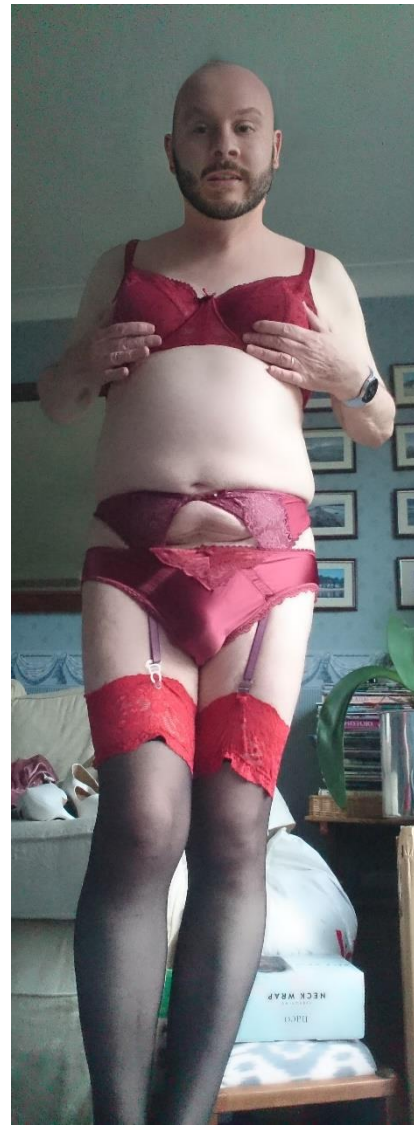




Now that Julia had left on her long journey north my mind turned to other things, like wearing one of her sexy office outfits. I decided on a red, black and white bodycon dress that I knew that she loved wearing. She also had some rather delicious matching red lingerie that would fit me, we were almost the same size. I think she probably knows I wear her lingerie, that why she winked at me.



I started with some silky red panties and suspenders. I pulled them on and looked for some black stockings. I found a pair with red lace tops that I didn't remember her wearing before. As I pulled the sheer nylon up my legs I started to make an unladylike bulge in the panties. Wearing nylon always has this effect on me, perhaps it does on you too.



I found her lacy red bra, it looked good with the red panties and suspenders. I put it on. The cups needed filling. Most of the lingerie is Julia's but I have a few extra's hidden away, like some fake boobs. I got these out and slid them into the cups of the red bra to give it a better shape.



A full-length red slip with a black lacy hem was next. Oh, I love wearing Julia's slips. The feeling of the nylon sliding down over my bra and panties was making me really hard. Not many women wear slips, but I persuaded her to. I have had a thing about slips ever since I started to notice my mum wearing them when I was a teenager.



Her white shoes just fitted me. I slipped them on and adjusted the strap of the Mary Janes.



Now it was the red, black and white dress. I pulled it down over my head.



The slip had got caught up, I lifted the dress and adjusted the slip.



I was so hard, any thoughts of make up or hair went out the window. I lay down on the bed, lifted up the dress and the slip. Then I could release my stiff clitty from my silky panties. It felt so good, it was the first time I had been able to dress up in over a month. A few strokes of my stiff protuberance and I was cumming all over the red panties. They would have to go in the wash. I managed to keep the cum off the dress. I undressed and fell asleep.



In the evening, I had another dress up session. I put on a lacy blue bra with matching lacy panties, a lacy suspender belt and blue stockings. Over the top I wore a cute little blue half-slip with a lacy hem. I creamed that silky lingerie as well. I took some photos and posted them on my Flickr page. I love people commenting on seeing a man wearing a slip and pretty lingerie.

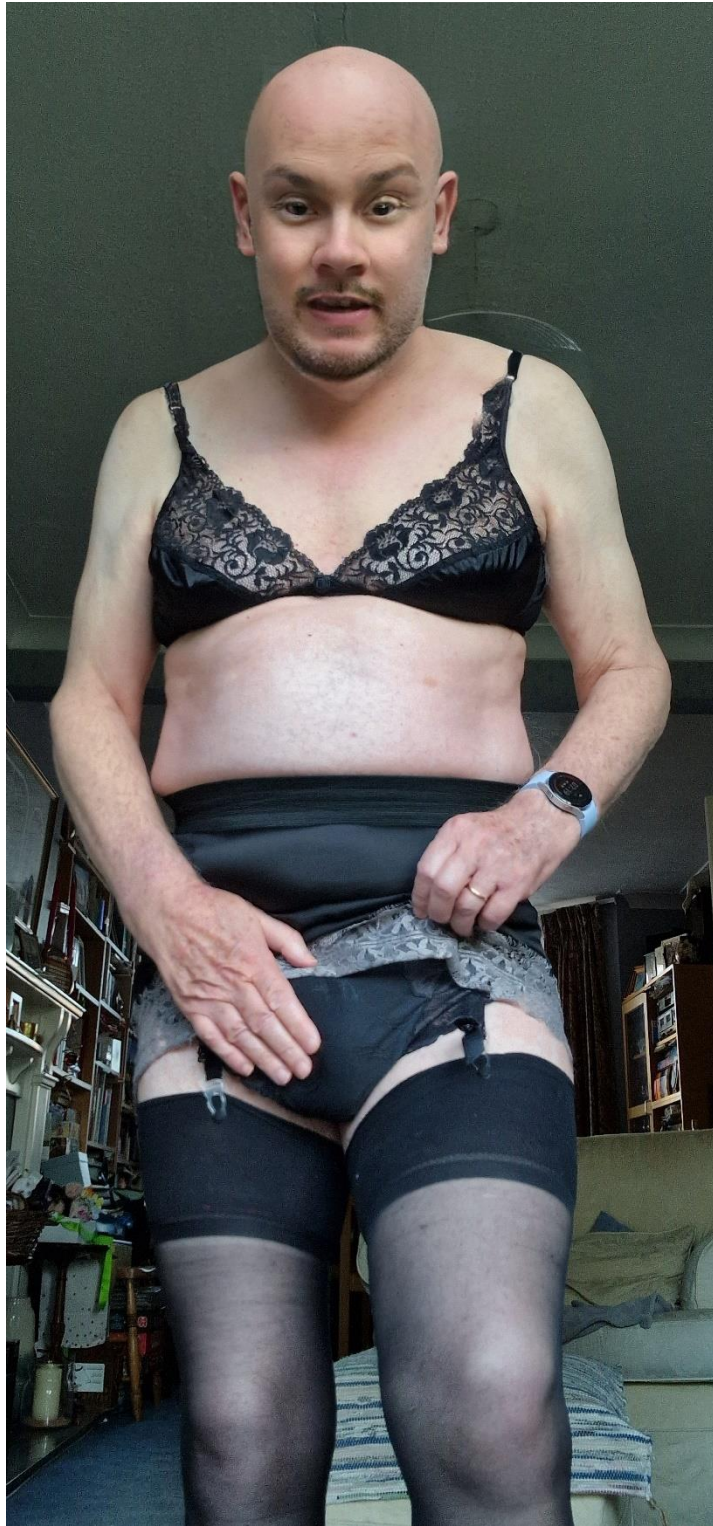


The next morning, I had some time to have a shave, put on some makeup and a wig. This time I wore white French knickers, my own big boobs, suspenders, black stockings, my own black boots. Over the top I wore Julia's white full-length slip. It is very silky and very lacy.

I then put on a button up green dress that Julia often wore to work. She looks sexy in it, and so do I. I posed for some more photos that I would post on Flickr but this time as Andrea. I love posting photos of me wearing pretty nylon lingerie and stockings. I creamed those panties and slip as well.

Time to do some washing and tidying up in the kitchen before Julia came back on Monday. Meanwhile I had the Superbowl to look forward to. Steve was going come over at about 8.30pm and we would get some pizza delivered. Would Kansas City win back-to-back titles, seemed unlikely as the 9's had swept away all teams and were the NFC No 1 seeds.





In the late afternoon I wanted to have another wank, so I put on some black lingerie and stockings. No makeup or hair this time, just panties, bra, stockings suspenders and a short black half slip edged with white lace. Wearing nylon slips always makes me cum. After I had wiped up the cum, I didn't want to change out of my lingerie so decided to just put a shirt and trousers over the top for when Steve arrived later. I hadn't realised how sheer my white shirt is.



Steve arrived at about 8.40 and I had ordered pizza for 9pm. He came in the door with a big grin. He was wearing a red 9ers shirt. I was surprised how long his hair was, it was really short when we were at university.

"It's good to see you again, John."



He gave me a big hug and patted my back.

“Oh, that’s nice.”

“Pizza will be here soon, lets have some beers, or I have wine as well.”

“Beer sounds great.”

Steve followed me into the kitchen. I got some lagers out of the fridge. We took the beers into the living room and sat down.



“How are you, I have not seen since you got back from San Francisco. How was it working there for 3 years.”

“I loved it, the work was great, made lots of friends but couldn’t stay for ever, my visa ran out, but luckily I was offered a new job heading up a development team in Kings Cross.”

“What did you make of California?”

“I loved it, San Fran has a large gay, bi and trans community. I discovered that I like being with trannies, like you, John.”

“What do you mean, Steve?” I thought I had been discrete.

“Well, there were some clues. When you opened the door I thought I could see a black lacy bra showing through your shirt. And then when I hugged you, I could feel a bra strap across your back.



You are not wearing socks so I could see black seams on your ankles that could be stockings. When you sat down just now, I could just see the bumps of a suspender strap make a mark on your white trousers. Oh, and the fact you won the Drag Queen competition at uni in our 3rd year, remember that, John?"

I had been caught, but maybe I had intended that.

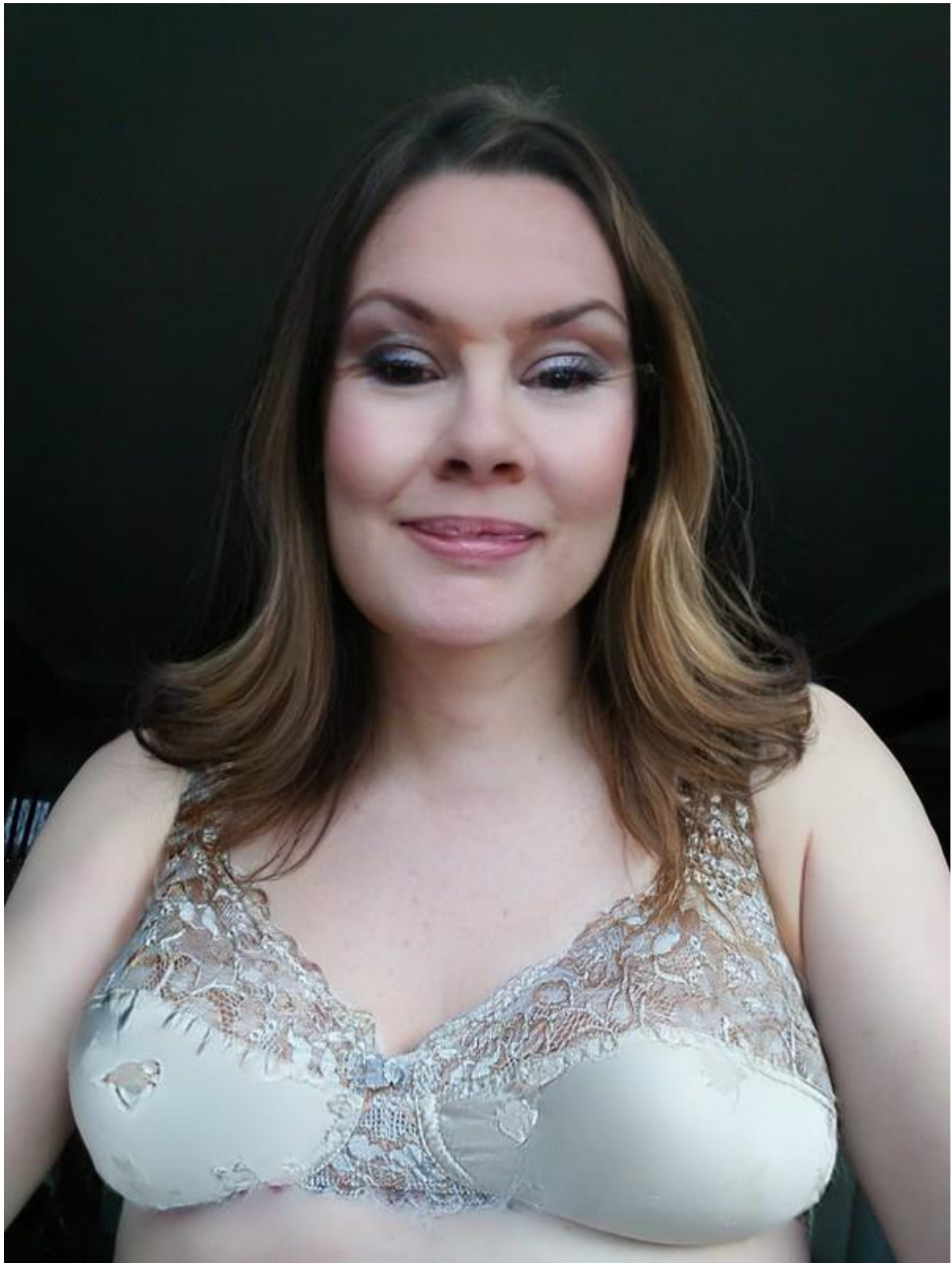
"You are right, I love dressing up. That Drag Queen competition was the first time I had dressed up fully."

"I think it was Emma's blue dress, with little white flowers, if I remember rightly," said Steve.

The memories came flooding back. I told Steve the full story.



Emma, one of our house mates lent me a blue dress. It was quite thin. She said I would need the right lingerie underneath, especially a slip. I think it must have been her idea that I enter the competition. She was sure I would win it; I don't know why but I can't have put up, much resistance.



I put on her bra, and she gave me some breast pads to fill it out. She then did some make up and gave a wig to put on. I loved how sexy I looked and felt.



She insisted that I had to wear stockings and suspender. I was a bit surprised that she wore stockings and even had some at uni, but she did. They were tan coloured with a large lacy top. She let me finish dressing in my room. When I pulled on the lacy knickers, I had trouble getting my stiff cock (or clitty as I now call it) into the little panties. Then it was the slip.



I remember my mum wearing slips. A lace slip often peeping out from under a black skirt. I became fascinated with her lingerie as a teenager, raging hormones and all that.



If only I could have sat on her bed and watched her dress in her lingerie. I imagined that she would be wearing stockings and suspenders, just like the models in my dad's porn magazine I had found under the bed.



I had a fierce wank imagining I was in her bedroom watching her getting dressed in her slip and stockings, her big boobs swinging before she put on her bra.



I wanted to know what her slip and panties felt like next to my skin. Then, when I was about 16, I found her slip and panties discarded on the carpet in her bedroom, next to her high heels. She had gone shopping; I was alone in the house. At first, I just wanted my stiffy looking at them. Then I took the plunge and put on the panties. I wanted more. I found a matching bra in her draw and some lace topped hold up stockings. I pulled the nylons up my legs. It felt wonderful.

I stepped into the half-slip and pulled it up over the stockings.





I wasn't sure that the shoes would fit but they did, just. I even found some bra pads in her draw that filled out the bra nicely.

I was so stiff. As soon as I touched my clitty I exploded a wad of white cum into her panties. I panicked and stripped off the shoes, lingerie and stockings. I dropped them on the floor and ran back to my room. What if mum found them? It was too late to do anything to clean up, she was home.

Well, she did find them, with the cum stains. I got my ear bent, quite literally, was grounded for a week and had my game station taken away. She told me if I ever tried to do that I again I would never get the Xbox back again, ever. I don't think she approved of me exploring her lingerie and slips. I never did try lingerie again until Emma wanted me to go for the Drag Queen competition.





I had to have a wank before even putting on Emma's slip. I didn't want to mess up the slip and panties, this time I had some tissues ready to catch my cum. I cleaned up and my clitty subsided. I put on the yellow slip and then the dress. I went back to see Emma, I think you were there as well, Steve, weren't you?

"I remembered it well, I asked you if you were wearing the right underwear," said Steve. "You just lifted the dress to show me. You were wearing a cream bra, a half slip with white lace and lace topped stockings. I said something like, "Wow, you wore stockings as well. You look so good, no one will know you are a guy. You are sure to win. Good job, Emma." She just smiled. I was jealous and really hard."

"Of course you did win, twice over, both the competition and Emma. That was when you became a couple, wasn't it?"



“Yes, it was interesting when I got to take the dress off, she could not keep her hands off my bra, slip and stockings. It was so sexy. Then she took off her yellow dress. She was wearing a black full slip and stockings as well and didn’t take it off when we had sex.”

“She was a very sexy lady. I would love to have been in your position, but it was you she focused on, you lucky devil,” said Steve.

“It didn’t last long. We graduated a few month later, she went back to Manchester, and we lost touch. About 2 years after we graduated, I met Julia at work, we went out but the chance to dress up never came up. A couple of years after that we married.





“About eighteen months ago I started trying on Julia’s panties and soon I was into all her lingerie and dresses. I am a lot more careful now. No spunk stains on her panties or on the carpet. I even have some of my own lingerie. This is her white blouse but my own bra and boobs.”

“When I came over to watch the Superbowl I was expecting to see you in a Kansas City top, so was a bit surprised to see you in a sheer white blouse, it is very sexy with your lacy bra showing through. Let me see what else you are wearing then, John.”

"If you are sure," I asked Steve?

"I am. I wanted to see more when you wore that little yellow slip under Emma's blue dress and now I want to see more again."

I dropped my trousers.

"I was hoping you would be wearing a slip as well, that looks delicious, I am getting hard now."

Before we could do anything about how hard we both were the doorbell rang. It was the Pizza Delivery.

"You had better answer that, Steve, I might make the delivery boy have an accident on his bike."

I got dressed again as Steve collected the pizzas and brought them into the living room.





I got some more beers from the fridge and took them into the living where Steve had opened the pizza boxes. We sat and chatted about the upcoming Superbowl 58 in Las Vegas, whilst we ate. It turned out that Steve had been taken to watch the 9ers by a colleague from work who was season ticket holder at their stadium. That is where he had got the red shirt.

“Do you watch all the games on TV,” I asked.

“Not always, I am not a huge fan, I don’t have Sky TV but I do follow the results and sometimes see highlights on YouTube. When you phoned about watching the Superbowl, I thought why not and a chance to catch up as I haven’t seen you for so many years.”

We talked about the two teams playing in the Superbowl 58. Steve was convinced that San Fran would win as they had swept away almost all the teams in the regular season and had dominated in the playoffs. He had a £20 bet on the 9ers winning. I was convinced that Kansas City would lose, their defence was very good but there were too many dropped catches on the offence. I was a bit surprised they got through to the final. But could you really bet against Patrick Mahomes, (Kansas City Quarterback)? He had pulled it out of the bag in Superbowl’s before.

Steve then told me more about the gay scene in San Francisco and about working in Silicon Valley. He said he had met some nice gay and trans people, not that he was gay himself of course. I wondered about that, I thought he might be persuaded if dressed right.



We had been chatting away and we had not realised what the time was. We turned the TV on 10 minutes before the game started, just in time to see the coin toss. The game panned out as Steve had hoped with the 9'ers taking the lead. Kanas could not get going, as half time approached KC were down 10 points but got 3 points back with a field goal just before half time. I often get nervous when my team are losing and don't want to watch. I didn't particularly want to watch Usher in the half time show and needed a distraction.

"You asked about Taylor Swift being there to watch Travis Kelsey. I think she is supposed to be flying to Las Vegas from Tokyo after her last show. Are you a Swifty, Steve"?



“Not really, but I love seeing her prancing around stage in a leotard, pantyhose and heels”

He used the American term pantyhose rather the British term tights. I prefer it as well, I think pantyhose sounds sexier.



“Would you like to wear something like that, Steve, seeing as I am wearing lingerie and stockings right now?”

“Well, I.....”

"I think you would look great in a body. I think Julia has something like that, but it is probably cami-knickers rather than a leotard."

"Only if you dress fully like you did at uni in a dress., with makeup and a wig."

"You clear up, get some more beers, watch Usher, I will go get into something more comfortable. Oh, what size shoe are you?"

"7"

"Julia might have some boots that fit as well. Taylor loves wearing high heeled boots."





I went to the bedroom and started to root around to see what I could find for Steve to wear. I took off my blouse and trousers and put on my pink high heels. I was so excited about sharing my love of lingerie with Steve. I did that with my wife, but this was different.

I found a pair of Julia's blue cami knickers in her lingerie draw with her slips. They did look like the leotard I had seen Taylor Swift wearing on stage. I thought about giving Steve some stockings and suspenders, but I wanted to stick a bit closer to what a TV Swity tribute might wear. He also seemed to know all about pantyhose. I found some of Julia's sparkly tights/pantyhose that were quite sheer. That would work.



Steve would need some boobs and a bra. He could use the small boobs I was wearing, and I could put on my big boobs. I pulled out a very sheer white bra. Then I found some light brown boots with high heels that might work.

I was getting so hard looking down at my silky black slip, sheer nylon stockings and my pink heels.

Before I decided whether to wear a dress or skirt I sat down at my vanity unit and started to do my makeup. I added some blusher, some dark eyeshadow and some lipstick. Should I offer Steve some red lipstick, like Taylor, that might be a step too far for his first time in lingerie. I put on my wig and checked my appearance in the mirror.





I took off my black bra so Steve could have my small boobs. I decided to stick with the black lingerie I was wearing. I took my big boobs out of their silky pink bag and pulled them on over my head. They were not easy to put on but dusting them with talcum powder helped. I put the bra back on.



What dress or skirt was I going to wear. I thought about a cute black skirt I have worn often. It has white bows that looks great with the sheer white blouse. I have often posed for photos on Flickr with my lacy white bra showing through the thin blouse and lacy white slip peeping out from under the hem of the black skirt. It was very gurdy but I decided I wanted to have a bit more of a dominant Madame/Mistress look with black leather boots. I slipped off the pink heels and went to Julia's wardrobe.



I looked in Julia's wardrobe and found a black and white dress she sometimes wore to the office with the tights that I had put out for Steve to wear. She looked very sexy in it, and I could wear my own black leather boots.

I picked up the dress and boots. I put them on. I had trouble with the back zip. My big boobs must be bigger than Julia's as it fits her like a glove. Perhaps Steve could help me zip up.

I went back to see Steve in the living room. I didn't realise how long I had taken making my self look pretty. The 3rd quarter of the Superbowl was under way. KC were still losing.

"Can you zip me up, darling. I have always wanted to say that " I said to Steve turning my back to him.

"Of course I can, you look gorgeous all dressed up. Much prettier than I hoped. What shall I call you, John doesn't sound right?"

Steve slowly pulled up the zip but not before copping a feel of my black bra strap that was visible.

"Enough of that, I think Mistress will do."

Steve was a little surprised but seemed ok with it.



“Wow, just as good as at the university drag competition,” said Steve. “Are you wearing all the right underwear, again, Mistress” History was repeating itself except that I felt in control this time.

“Of course, do you want to see, you naughty boy?”



“Yes, please.”

“Yes please, Mistress, I think, “ I said in a stern Mistress voice.

“Yes, please Mistress, “ said Steve meekly.

I slowly raised my skirt to reveal my slip.

“Oh god, I am getting hard, Mistress,” said Steve.

“I can see that,” I said looking at the stiffy in his jeans.



I lifted my slip slowly to show my stockings and panties. Steve was rubbing the crotch of his jeans. Then I suddenly dropped the slip and skirt. He looked surprised.

“Enough of that wanking, boy. Now go into the bedroom and put on what’s on the bed. You can become the Swifty fan you have always wanted to be. Oh, and put on the tights first and then the bra.”

“I am not sure, I....”

“You love seeing Taylor dressed, now is the chance to find out what it feels like. Now do as you are told, boy.”

“Yes, Mistress.” Steve disappeared off to the bedroom to get dressed.

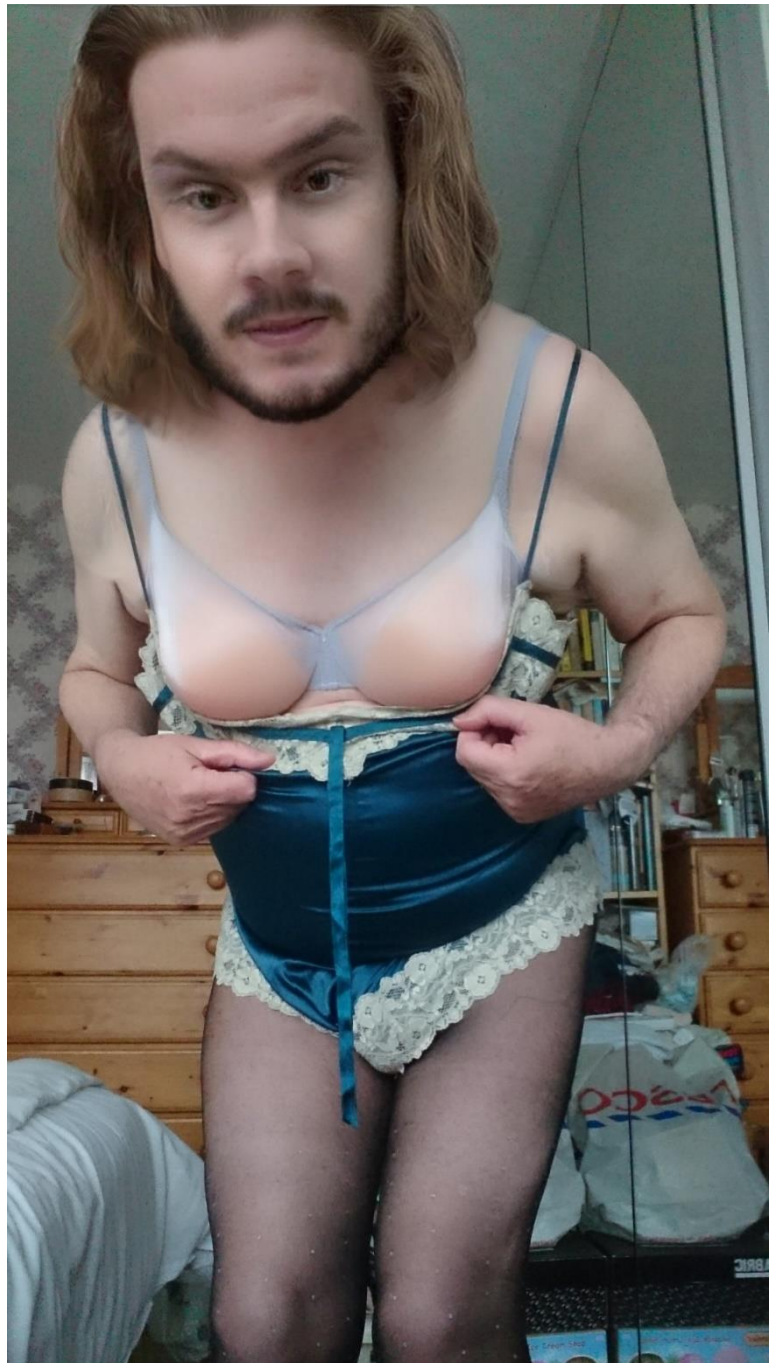
KC were still losing the game, so I switched the TV off. This TV could provide more entertainment to my old friend when he came back to the living room. I picked up my phone and logged into Flickr to see what my gurl friends were up to.



Steve wasn't quite sure about what to make of this turn of events, he had never worn women's lingerie before but he would give it a try. His prick stiffened when he saw what was lying on the bed. He took off all his male clothes and looked for some panties, but then he remembered that John said put the tights on first. He managed that ok, first one leg and then the other.

Next was the white bra and some breast inserts. These felt warm. Were the ones he had seen under John's back bra and sheer blouse? He pulled the pantihose up tighter. Oh god, his stiff prick would show through the sheer nylons, perhaps that was what John wanted.

Then he picked up the blue cami-knickers, it did look like a leotard but much frillier. It felt nice on. He pulled it up over his breasts.





He looked in the mirror. It was a bit odd seeing a man with a beard wearing pretty lingerie and sheer tights but he could get used to. It was sexy and he was so hard in the pantihose. Should he shave and wear some makeup? His hair was long enough.



Lastly, he put on the boots, these were quite hard to put on. He thought they might be too small even although he was only a 7 in men's shoes. For once in his life, he was pleased he was quite small.

The overall effect was not too far from what Taylor Swift wore, apart from the red lipstick. He walked back to the living wondering what John would make of it.



I didn't hear Steve come back to the living room. I had been enjoying myself on Flickr. I took my hand out of my nylon panties and took a good look at John as he stood with his hands on his blue cami-knickers.

"What do you think, do I pass as a Swifty?"

“Oh, yes better than I expected.
Now come and sit down next to
me and have another beer.”

We took some swigs and put the
cans down on the coffee table.





I put my hand on John's nylon pantihose. He flinched.

"Don't be afraid, your legs look fantastic in nylon hosiery, better than mine. Relax."

I started to run my hand up and down his leg.

"Oh, that feels good," said Steve.



His hand started to feel my nylon clad legs and then progressed to under my black dress.

I went higher and could feel his stiff clitty through the cami-knickers and the pantihose.

“Oh, I am so hard, I might cum if you massage my prick,” said Steve.

“We call it a clitty.”

“I don’t care what you call it, it feels good being stroked through nylon.”

He responded by pushing my dress up to reveal my slip. He played with my slip for a while and then went underneath to feel my stocking tops and the garters of my suspender belt.

“I can see why you love wearing stockings, it such easy access,” said Steve.



“Stand up Swifty and stand in front of me. Now pull your cami-knickers to the side so I can see how stiff you are.”

As Steve pulled the knickers to one side I could see how big and stiff his clitty was through the sheer black nylon of his pantihose. I made him come closer so that I could feel his clitty, it got even bigger. Then I kissed it through the nylon, he got bigger. Then I pulled the pantihose down and his protuberance popped out. I took it in my mouth, kissed it and licked all around the base and the tip.

Steve was making grunting noises. “Ahh..... I think I am going to cum soon.”

I dropped his clitty from my mouth and pulled the sheer nylon pantihose back over the top. Suddenly he exploded and flooded the pantihose with hot sticky cum. I love seeing white cum all over black nylon hosiery, stockings or tights, it made me hard now. I stood up.

“Unzip me darling,” I said turning my back to the Swifty.

“He obliged by slowly pulling down the back zip of my black and white dress. I took the dress off.

“Wow, your black lingerie is so sexy.” He pulled me to him and we kissed. He put his hands on my half-slip and caressed my bottom. I pushed the tent in my panties and slip into his camiknickers. He pulled my slip and gently touched my panties. I as so stiff. Then his hands moved up to caress my bra and big boobs.

“God, they look so realistic, so big, I don’t think I have seen a woman with bigger tits.”





He played with my bra and cleavage, kissing my tits through the black lace. Then he pulled the bra down and freed my tits. He ran his hands all over my big tits.

"My turn now." I said. "Now take me like I took you."



Steve bent over and gently ran his hands over my panties again, feeling the tent in my black panties. He leant forward and kissed my nylon tent. I was starting to leak. I was so tired by now, it was so late but we were not quite done yet.



Eventually he pulled my panties down and took me in his mouth. It felt so warm and wet. He sure had done this before, he was an expert cock sucker, as I suspected from what he said about being in San Francisco. He sucked, he blew, he nibbled, he licked and then I came in his mouth. He swallowed it all.

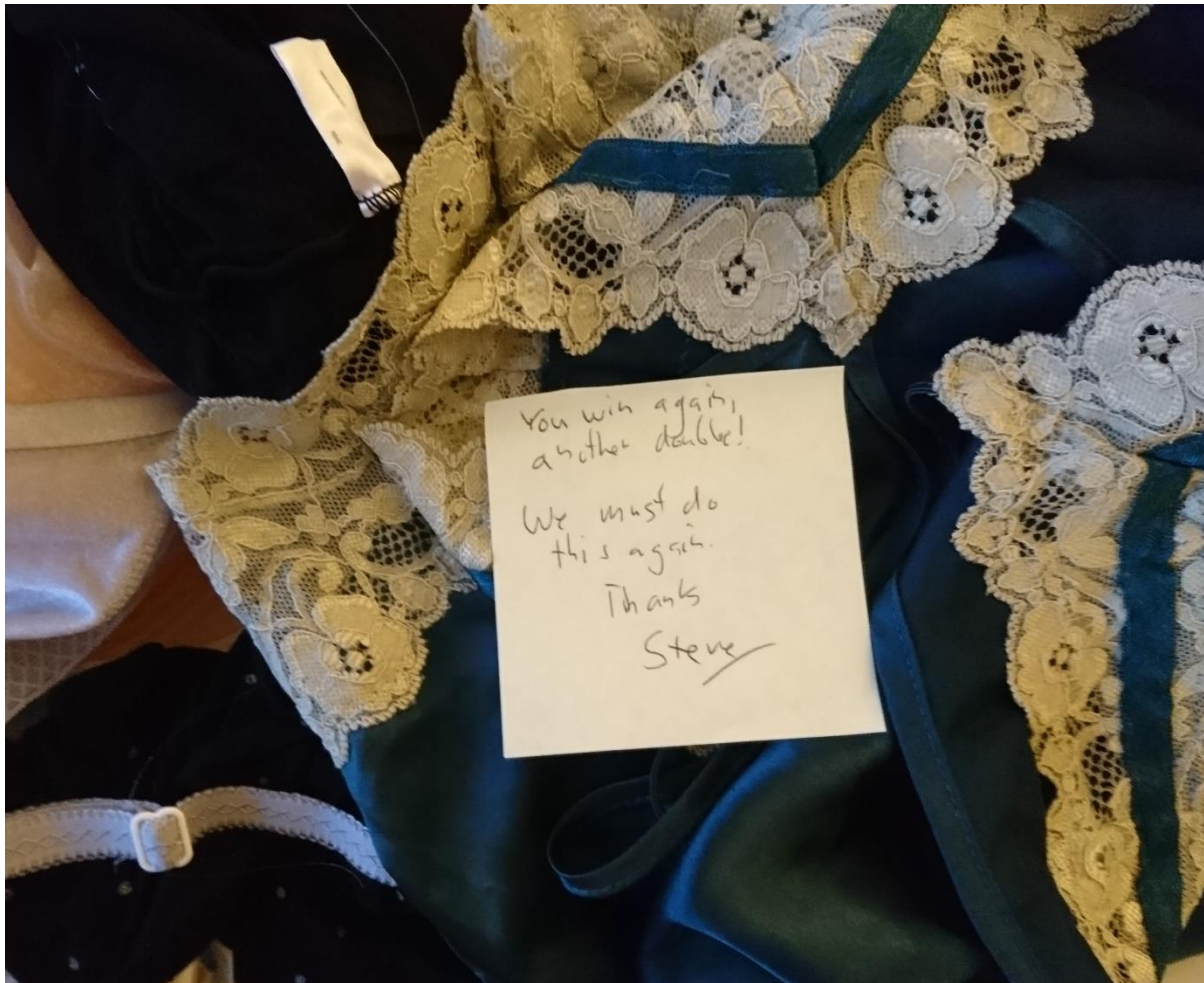
We both collapsed back on the sofa.

“Wow, you have done that before, Steve.”

“Yes, I have but never dressed in lingerie before.”

“Lets clean up, “ I said handing him a tissue.

I was so tired, it was gone 2am at this point. I shut my eyes, just for a moment and fell asleep.



I woke again about 5am. I was a bit dozy at first but then remembered what had happened. Steve had gone home but left the clothes neatly piled up on the sofa. There was a note on top of the cami-knickers.

"You win again, another double. We must do this again. Thanks. Steve."

I smiled, but then I was confused by the note, what did another double mean?

By the way, does anyone know who won the Super Bowl?

The End

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