

White Slip - By Andrea Slip

A photo story by Andrea Slip



This is the tale of a white half slip and the four people that wear the slip
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This is a story of a white slip, a silky nylon women's half-slip, worn under a skirt, by women, or others. I am a man, a cross-dresser, so I fit the others category. I am not ashamed to admit it, but I love this little white slip, I love wearing this slip, for being so silky, having pretty swirling lace and for its length, about 20" long. It makes me feel very sexy when I wear this slip with stockings and silky lingerie.

The story starts with Rebecca, my first wife. I think may have bought it from Littlewoods, remember them? It would have been around about 2006 after we had been married for about a year. I remember her wearing it under a tartan skirt for work. I asked to leave it on when we went to bed but she refused and did not want to have sex. Instead, she had a bath and then straight to sleep.

However, I did have a nice wank the next day with the memory of Rebecca stepping out of her skirt to reveal the white slip. I was also hard at the thought of her wearing stockings and suspenders work, but I should have known why.

The white slip was one of the few slips she owned, I think she may have had a couple of black slips as well, she certainly wore a full black slip. She left me about six months later for her manager at work. Her wearing stocking and a slip under a skirt that probably did not really need a slip now made sense. Her manager must have been bonking her over his desk by flipping up her skirt and fondling her slip before he pulled her lacy knickers down over her stockings and plunged his huge dick in and out of her giving her the satisfaction, she clearly did not get from me.





Maybe it was her boss who bought the slip for her from Littlewoods, not her, which suggests their affair was planned. I imagine that he called her into his office, pulled it out of a desk draw and tossed it to her saying, "Here wear this under your cute tartan skirt. I know you are wearing stockings and suspenders. I saw you giving me an upskirt flash when you crouched down to retrieve the Brown client file from the bottom filing draw. This slip will look sexy with your black stockings. Put it on now and then I am going to fuck you over my desk."

"Oh, Mr Smith, I don't know what to say, I am married woman, this is so wrong, I will have to report you to HR for sexual harassment, and what would my husband say?" No, she would not have said that. More likely it would have been, "I was wondering when you were going to notice my stockings, give me slip and let's fuck."



When she left me, it was in a hurry, she took the clothes she could fit in a couple of bags and a large suitcase. She left some of her clothes and shoes behind, including the white slip and stockings, suspenders and even a white lacy bra. I was a bit surprised about the white slip as I was almost certain that was what had started her affair with her boss.



She must have taken her black slip and all her black lacy lingerie. I loved seeing her in sheer black French knickers, matching lacy black bra and a black slinky full slip. I also think she preferred black to white. It was very sexy, but it was gone.



I thought she would come back to me, she did not, she divorced me after two years of separation so that she could marry her manager. We did not have any children, so the divorce went through quite quickly. We had a pre-nuptial agreement, so she got some of my assets but not my house. I thought she would come and collect the rest of her clothes, but she did not do that either. So, I was left with some pretty lingerie and other feminine clothes that were no use to me. Or were they?



I would often have a wank using the memory of her taking off her tartan skirt to reveal her silky white slip and black stockings. Then I got curious about the slip. Was it amongst the clothes she had left behind? I opened the draw and there it was. I took it out and had a look for what else she had left behind. A few minutes later I was dressed up in a white bra, a lacy white suspender belt, white French knickers, black stockings. My dick went nuts when I stepped into the white slip and pulled the silky garment over my sheer nylons. I even found a pair of black heels with no backs that just about fitted. There was a big tent in the front of the slip. I started massaging the slip and knickers and it only took a few strokes before I flooded the French knickers with cum. I was so stoked, why had I not done this before? I felt so sexy wearing my ex-wife's sexy lingerie. It was just the beginning of my adventures with lingerie and with that little white slip. It became my favourite slip.



Although Rebecca had left some lingerie, mainly white I wanted to wear other colours as well. So, I started searching the internet for pretty lingerie. There was plenty available in places like E-bay. One of my earliest purchases was a matching set, in blue. It consisted of a blue lacy bra, silky panties, a lacy suspender belt and of course a blue half-slip. I tried some of Rebecca's skirts, but I could not do up the zip, so I gave the rest of her clothes to the charity shop and started buying my own skirts, blouses, and dresses.



The first blouse and skirt I bought were grey, the pleated skirt was pleated, and the blouse was satin with a frill. I knew that I wanted to wear my lacy blue half-slip under the skirt. It was this outfit that sparked putting my slip photos on Flickr. The big swatch of lace on the blue half slip looked and felt so pretty. I was hooked on cross-dressing.



I soon added a full slip, in pale pink, and some silky little pink panties that made a very nice tent. Over the next couple of years, I added a few more slips and other lingerie. I also expanded my collection of feminine outer wear and shoes. I bought a wig and some fake boobs that were bigger than Rebecca's tits.

However, it was the little white half-slip that I wore the most often, and still do. It is definitely my favourite slip. It looks amazing in photos, especially the contrast of the swirling white lace against my sheer black nylons. I also love sheer blouses that shows my lacy bra or slip through the thin material. I love showing off my lingerie, you may have noticed that already that I have become a bit of an exhibitionist.

Strangely I have never wanted to wear a sheer skirt or dress. That all changed three years ago when I met Betty at my choir. We both joined at the same time and as newbies got on really well, we had a lot in common apart from singing. We were both divorced, she had a daughter, Claire, who was still at school studying A levels. We loved going for walks in the countryside and eating out in nice restaurants. Within 12 months we married, and Betty had moved in with me in my house in Egham. Claire opted to live with her dad in Ealing so that her studies were not interrupted. He lived near to Claire's school, so it made sense. She was hoping to go to uni in a couple of years anyway, possibly Royal Holloway in Egham, just up the hill from where Betty and I lived.





I was upfront with Betty about my cross-dressing. She was Ok with it and even told me that she had a caught a boyfriend wearing her lingerie and did not mind when he kept it on as they made love. I was not sure I wanted to go that far yet. We agreed I could carry on dressing when I was on my and did not object to me keeping my lingerie in a draw in my dresser so long as she could have a separate draw for her own panties and bras. She did not have any slips. She did sometimes wear stockings and suspenders, especially when we went out for a meal.

Indeed, it was one such occasion, my birthday, about three years after we had got married, when Betty wanted to wear a new black skirt and said something, I never thought I would hear her say.

“Andy, darling, do you have a slip I could borrow?”

“Excuse me,” I spluttered. “A slip?”

“Yes, I want to wear my new pleated skirt. With the pleats I thought it would be ok, but it is a bit sheerer than I thought.

I looked at her skirt and could see her French knickers and possible stocking tops through the thin black material.

“Well yes, I can see your knickers. Some men would like that view,” I said to Betty.

“Shut up. I know you have some slips; do you have a short white or beige one I can borrow?”

“Well, yes, I have the perfect slip you can wear. Rebecca gave it to me.”

I went to my lingerie draw and lifted out the white half-slip. As I did so I had pause for thought as I looked at my other pretty lingerie.

“Here, try this white slip, it is my favourite.”

“It is really pretty; I can see why. And Rebecca gave it to you?”

“Well sort of. She left it behind when she left and now it is mine.”





I handed her the slip and she turned away to step into the slip. I was getting hard at seeing Betty wearing my white slip.



“How does that look, is it too long,” asked Betty.

“It is perfect darling, a little bit of lace showing through the skirt is really sexy,” I said.

“You sure?”

“Yes, it is perfect.”



Betty put on her silk blouse. She looked gorgeous with her big boobs, her skimpy lacy bra and the white slip showing through the thin pleated skirt.



When she pulled her blouse down, she had a look in the mirror.

“The hem of the slip does peep out, it is a bit too long, should I pull the skirt down a bit to cover the lace, don’t you think?”

“Like I said darling, it looks fine.”



I stood behind Betty and cupped her bra and breasts through the silky blouse. I loved doing that.

“That feels nice,” I said.

“Down boy, now go and have your bath while I do my makeup and see Claire before we go out. The taxi will be here in 30 minutes.”

My step-daughter, who was now 18, had come to live with us that summer as she was hoping to go Royal Holloway College to study history in the autumn term but that was dependent on her A-level results.



After Betty had fixed her hair and done her makeup, she popped in to see her daughter Claire, who was in her bedroom, to show her what she was wearing. They often shared clothes and were very open with each other about everything, including talking about sex.

“Oh, you look nice Mum, what are you wearing under your skirt?”



Betty lifted her skirt slightly to show Claire my white slip.

“It is a half- slip, although my granny called it a petticoat. Women used to wear them as underskirts all the time back in the 50’s and 60’s. They have fallen out fashion in recent years. This skirt was a bit thinner than I realised when I bought it, and as I didn’t want everyone to see my stockings, suspenders and even my knickers I borrowed a slip from your step-dad.”

“From Andy, my stepdad, Andy?
Really? And you are wearing stockings
and suspenders? I don’t believe you,”
said Claire.

Betty lifted her skirt and skirt together
to show her lingerie. Her stocking tops
and her silky white French knickers
came into view.

“Wow, very sexy mum, I never knew
you wore stockings and I never knew
that Andy wore a slip.”

“Well yes, he is a cross dresser and has
been for some years before I met him.
Now that I am wearing his silky white
slip I can see why. It feels lovely,
especially with stockings. I think his ex-
wife gave it to him.”





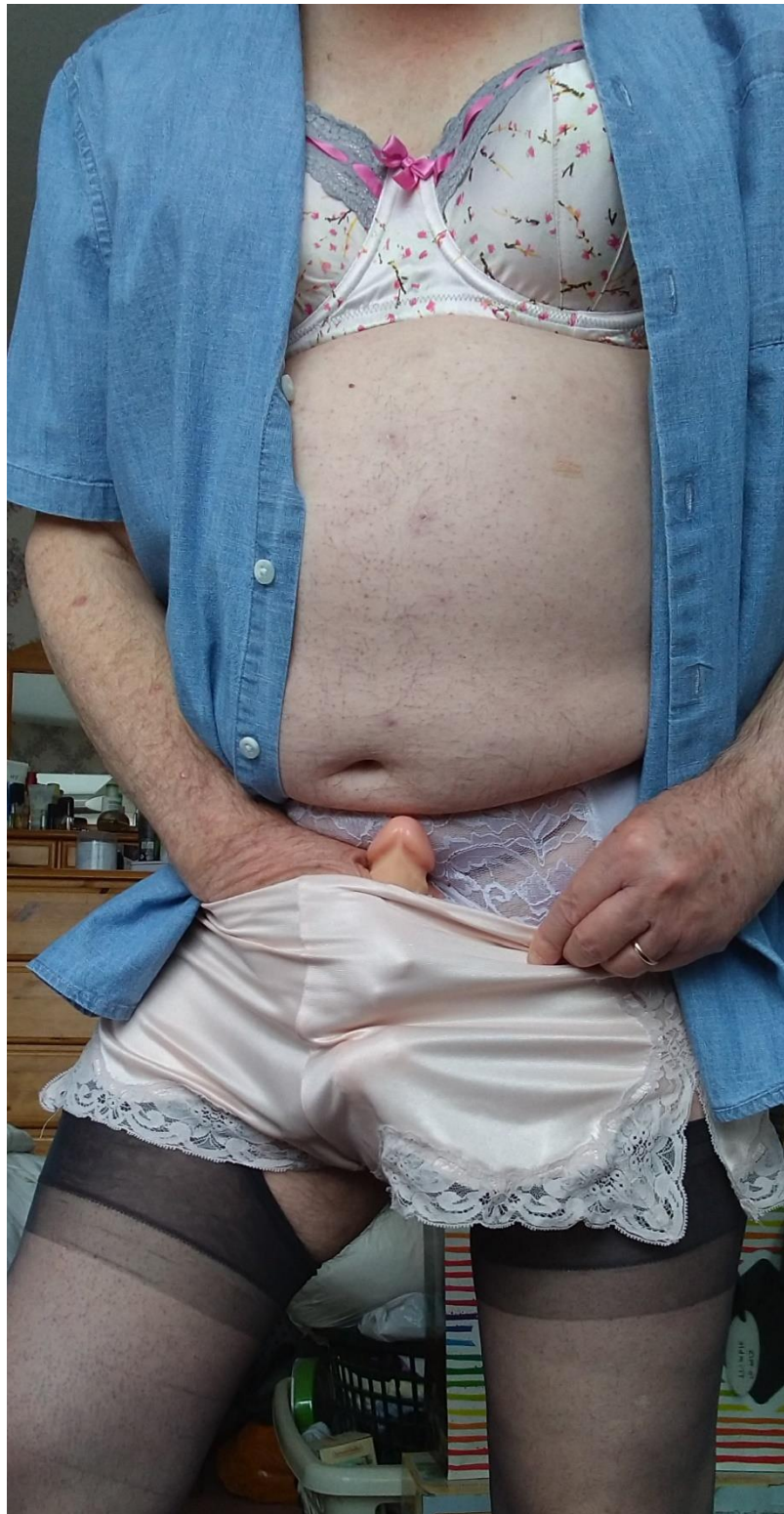
“Wow, can I borrow some of your lingerie and stockings, it looks so sexy.”

“Of course, darling, any time, and if you want to wear a slip you can ask Andy. I am sure he will not mind. He has lots of slips. I might leave our bedroom door open if you want to watch Andy fuck me in his slip when we get back later.”

“Oh my God mum, really, that would be super sexy?”

I knew nothing about this plan. I had a plan of my own. After my bath I went back to our bedroom. Betty had gone downstairs to watch out for the taxi. I picked out some pretty lingerie and stockings for myself, black stockings, a white lacy suspender belt, a flowery satin bra with a pink ribbon, and silky pink French knickers. I quickly dressed and put on a shirt with trousers over the top. I did not bother with any socks as I put on my best shoes.

The taxi arrived shortly after and we were off to the hotel in Cobham. We had a lovely three course meal with wine. We had held our wedding reception at the hotel so had fond memories of being there before. The taxi picked us up after the meal to bring us home. I could see the flash of her white slip under the skirt every time we went past a streetlight. I could not keep my hands off her, rubbing her skirt and slip. Betty gave my crotch a gently squeeze as she knew I would be so hard, she smiled when she could feel how hard I was, but, with the taxi driver in the front we resisted the temptation to go any further even although we were both a bit tipsy after two bottles of wine.





We were very quiet when we got back to the house, it was about midnight and we knew that Claire would gone to bed. When we got to our bedroom Betty started to underdress, but I stopped her.



“Keep it on,” I whispered. “Now kneel on the bed.”

I played with her skirt and then flipped it up so I could see her slip.

The bedroom lights were off, but the curtains were not shut and there was some light coming in from the streetlight outside our house.



She looked so sexy in her slip, well my slip actually. I decided now was the time to take off my outer clothes.



I was so hard my stiffy was sticking out of my French knickers as I discarded my trousers and shirt.



I climbed onto the bed and started rubbing my panty clad cock against Betty.

Betty put a hand back and felt my knickers and my stiff cock.

“I thought I could feel suspenders through your trousers when we were in the taxi, you naughty boy.”

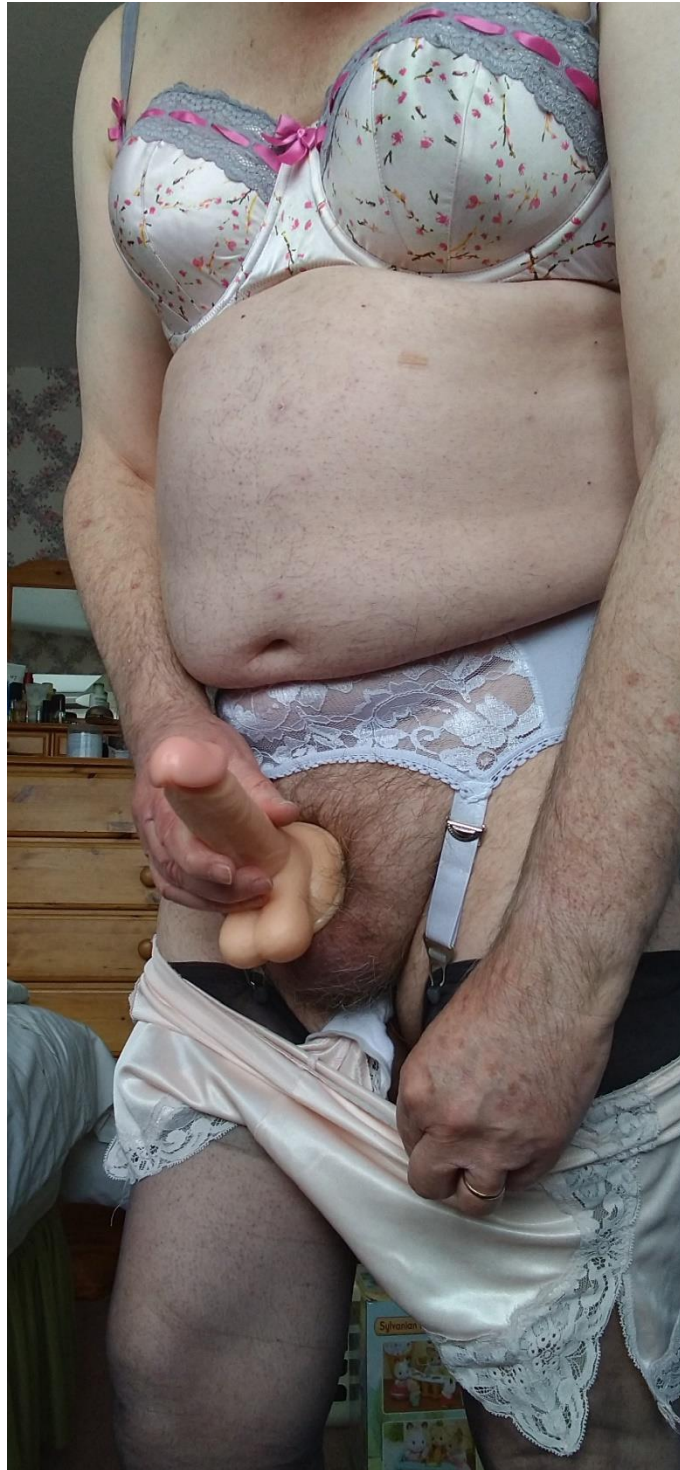
Then she pulled the white slip up over her skirt and pulled me closer. Both our knickers were getting wet as I rubbed my stiffy over her nylon clad arse. I ran my hands over her nylon stockings. She had kept her white stilettos on, she looked so sexy.

Although the lights were off, I had a feeling we were being watched. The bedroom door was slightly ajar. That was strange I thought I had closed the door.



I knelt back for a bit so Betty could turn over. She lifted her skirt and slip. Her blouse had become rucked up, her big tits and lacy bra gleamed in the light from outside. Betty lay back on the bed.

She did not need to say anything as she pulled the loose knickers to one side exposing her quim. I could see she was so wet.



I pulled my cock out of my French knickers and rammed into her soft pussy. It was wonderful, I had never been this hard before. I took my time. Betty ran her hands over my bra, my knickers, and my sheer stockings.

“Oh yes, Andy, give it me. It is so sexy feeling your nylon stockings.”

“Then we both came. I exploded inside Betty, she squealed, and I thought I heard a muffled cry from just outside the bedroom. Had Claire been watching us fuck in our lingerie? I found out the answer to that a few days later.

Betty had gone to work but I had a day off. I had breakfast in my PJ's with Betty but then went back upstairs to get dressed, perhaps in a black full slip and stockings.

Claire was standing in our bedroom dressed in her underwear.

"That's my slip," I blurted out before I had time to think. Claire had my white half-slip in her hand.



“Oh God, you surprised me Andy, I didn’t hear you coming up stairs.”

Claire had turned round to face me. I had an instant hard on as I could see she was wearing some of her Mum’s white lingerie; French knickers and lacy bra (the ones Betty had worn a few days before but had already been washed) sheer black stockings and suspenders. Her boobs were just as big and sexy as her Mum’s.

“Is this your slip, Andy,” she asked? “Men are not supposed to like wearing pretty lingerie, but you do, don’t you?”

“Well, I err....”

“I know you do Andy, Mum told me the night you went out for your birthday. She showed me her vintage slip under her new skirt. It looked fabulous with her stockings and these knickers. She said I could borrow her lingerie and to ask you if I could wear your slip. This is the slip mum was wearing isn’t it?”

“You were watching, weren’t you?”

“Yes, mum encouraged me, she said you would fuck her in her lingerie when she got home, she left the door open enough for me to see through the crack. I did not know I would see you in lingerie as well. Got, that was so sexy. I almost came on the spot when I saw that. When I get a boyfriend, I want us both to dress in lingerie. So, can I wear your slip now, please, Daddy darling.”

Claire never called me Dad or even stepfather, so this was new.

I was still as a board with a big tent in my PJ’s.

“I take that as yes then,” she said looking at my PJ’s.





She was so like her mother, so sexy, even although she was only 18. She stepped into the white slip and pulled it up over her stockings. I slid my hand inside PJ's and started wanking.



"I can see you are excited, Andy, do you want to feel my tits?"

She pulled her bra down to expose her nipples. I reached out started caressing the soft tissue.



“Do you want some help with that stiff rod in your shorts?”

I could only whimper.

She pulled my stiffie out of my PJ shorts and wrapped the white slip around it. She must have done this before because it felt amazing to get wanked off by my stepdaughter in my own slip. Then I exploded all over my slip.

Claire wiped up the last drop of my cum with the slip.

“Now look what you have done, I am going to have to put this in the wash now, mum will wonder why it is there again so soon. Oh well, she will think you will have wanked into it and cum, which is true. Now, have you got another slip I can wear as I rather like the feel of a silky slip and the effect it has on men?”



So it was that four people wore that white slip; first by Rebecca, my ex-wife when she got fucked by her boss, then me on my journey into cross dressing in silky lingerie, by Betty on my birthday when I fucked her in it, and now by Claire, my stepdaughter who wanted me off whilst wearing the slip.



And yes, I did find her another slip to wear, a gorgeous full white slip, which she loved. There were many occasions when she did borrow some of my slips. Just like her mum, she became a fan of vintage lingerie and by all accounts the boys she went out with at university later that year loved it too.

The End

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21st March 2021

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