

# Yes Minister

By Andrea Slip

A photo story by Andrea Slip



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This story is inspired by Roadkill, a BBC drama starring Hugh Laurie as Minister of Transport, first broadcast in October 2020 and also a nod to the BBC comedy starring Paul Eddington as Minister for Administrative Affairs, Jim Hacker, first broadcast in February 1980.



Joy had heard the rumours from several sources. Jeremy Fotheringill, Conservative Minister for Transport was destined for one of the four major office of Her Majesty's government. This was her last big chance; she had been passed over for top jobs before. She had worked at the Ministry of Transport as a civil servant for over 25 years, gradually working her way up the ranks from a junior admin assistant to Personal Assistant to the Minister himself. When appointed a newly promoted Foreign Minister would often take his preferred staff with him. This was the day when the Prime Minister would phone Fotheringill and offer him the post, or so all her sources said. It was not a completely sealed deal as there were also rumoured to be some skeletons in Fotheringill's cupboard. In particular his appetite for affairs with women who wore a particular old-fashioned sense of style.



Joy did not want an affair but did want to exploit his weakness, and she was pretty sure what that was. She had heard about Jeremy's weakness from a friend of her mother who knew Jeremy when he was at public school and in particular what he had got up to Oxford. These revelations came out when her mother's friend heard that Joy had started working for Jeremy Fotheringill at MoT. Joy bore this in mind as she dressed that morning.





So instead of her usual skin toned plain knickers, bra and tan tights she dressed in lacy white lingerie. As Joy stepped into her lacy white half-slip, she thought the Minister would not be able to resist a glimpse of white lacy lingerie and black stockings.



Joy was planning on wearing a semi-sheer white blouse but perhaps the sight of her very lacy bra might be too much. She decided that a white camisole would be more subtle, so she picked out a lovely white cami with lots of lace and put it on over her bra.



Then it was on with her usual black cheque skirt and the aforementioned white blouse.





Joy took a selfie to record this moment. She was not beautiful, or young, by any stretch of the imagination. In fact, the Minister had never even flirted with her.



Joy looked down at the white lacy hem peeping out from the edge of her skirt as it caressed her sheer black stockings, not that you could tell that she was wearing stockings today instead of tights. She was saving that reveal for later.





One last look in the mirror, a touch of makeup (not too much) one last selfie, and Joy was ready to go. The skirt was not too long, not too short, about right for a smart civil servant, conservative but powerful. At the last minute she decided to pack a spare blouse in her bag, just in case, her plan worked. Time to catch the Tube to Westminster from Cockfosters.



Joy greeted the Minster when he arrived at the Ministry in Westminster in his chauffeur driven car at 8am. In his office she gave him his briefing papers for his daily meetings.



Jeremy Fotheringill stopped for a moment and stared at Joy's chest. There was something about Joy that was different today, he could not quite place it at first. He continued to stare at a point, well two points really, showing through her semi sheer white blouse.

"Is something the matter, Minister?"

"Err..." he waved his hand at her blouse.

Joy looked down at her blouse. Her lacy cami was showing and so were her nipples.

"Oh no, have I got some food on my blouse," she asked the Minister all innocently?

"Yes," was all he could manage.

"Sorry minister, I have spare blouse in my office, I will change it in the Ladies"

Now Fotheringill came to life.





“No need for that, one of the other women might ask awkward questions. No, bring the blouse in here and change, no one else will know. Duncan (the Minister’s political advisor) will not be here until 10, he had to go the House of Commons first thing.

“If you are sure Minister, I will go and fetch my clean blouse now. “

Joy turned to leave the office. She could feel the Minister’s eyes burning into her back. He could not miss her white cami showing under blouse or the lacy hem of her slip showing under her black and white check skirt. He did notice, it was starting to stir memories.



Joy picked up her spare blouse and took it back to the Ministers office without being too obvious to the other staff, although not many were in the office this early.

The Minister locked his office door as she came back in.

“Don’t want any embarrassing interruptions, do we, Joy?”

“No sir.” She turned her back to the Minister, took off her old blouse and put on the new one. She dropped the old blouse on the floor.

“Whoops,” said Joy



She bent over to pick up the blouse, making sure that the Minister got a good look up her skirt at her white slip, silky white panties and her lacy black stocking tops. Joy was getting wet in her knickers thinking about the effect it would be having on the Minister.





“Oh my goodness, Joy, stockings, suspenders and a slip. I haven’t seen a slip since.... Well... since my days at Oxford.”

Joy turned back to face the Minister.

“It is a bit old fashioned, I know, but I think it is quite feminine,” said Joy adjusting her suspender straps.

“Oh yes, Joy very feminine. Now sit down and we can get to back work.”



Joy sat down and eased her tight skirt up a little, making sure that her lacy slip and stocking tops were on show. They carried on discussing the priorities for the day. It was not quite what Joy had hoped for, but it had sowed a seed.



Jeremy Fotheringill had followed the classic Conservative politician route of public school (Radley), then read PPE at Merton and gone straight into Westminster politics, then MP in a safe Home Counties seat, and now was a Secretary of State for Transport, so he may have come across as somewhat cocky, overgrown, public schoolboy.

He did indeed have fond memories of seeing slips and stockings at Oxford in the early 90's. Whenever students took exams, and for some other formal occasions such as dinners or graduation, they had to wear Sub Fuse, an old-fashioned Oxford tradition. For women this meant black stockings and a white slip under a dark skirt, as well as the academic gown. There were several occasions when he had felt a silky slip of a lovely lady, by rubbing her slip over her black stockings in the Merton Junior Common Room.





Often, he got his wrist slapped but sometimes it led to fun and games in his room as removed a young lady's Sub Fuse clothing to reveal her white slip and black stockings.



However, his most memorable sight of a slip was of his God Mother, Lady Fiona Parker-Bowles, when she came to visit him in his room at Merton on a balmy warm day in the spring of 1990. She was a very keen gardener and wanted to see the amazing garden at Merton College. After a tour of the garden she stood at the window of his room overlooking the garden, eulogising about how wonderful the garden was and how lucky he was to have this view from his first floor room. Jeremy was rather more interested in the view of his God Mother and how she was dressed. Despite the warm day she was wearing a long blue dress, blue high heels, black hosiery, and a blue slip that peeped out from under her skirt.

As she leaned out of the window for a better view of the garden her dress rode up to reveal even more of her blue slip edged with white lace and her seamed nylons, probably tights. Jeremy was getting very steamed up. It was now or never.

He stood up and went up behind his God Mother and put his hand up her dress and felt her silky slip. Lady Fiona stood still but did not turn round or slap his face.

“Don’t stop, Jeremy. I wore my best stockings and slip just for you.”

Jeremy lifted her dress up further as she leaned out of the window more and started a conversation with one of the gardeners down below about what a beautiful garden it was. As she was chatting away with the gardener Jeremy was rubbing his stiff cock all over her silky slip. Then he lifted the slip further to reveal her blue French knickers. She was indeed wearing seamed stockings and tight suspenders. He spent a few strokes rubbing over the silky nylon knickers. He was starting to leave a trail of sticky pre-cum over her slip and knickers.

Lady Fiona continued her conversation with the garden about when and how he pruned the roses in the flower bed below the window. As she did so she pulled the loose leg of her knickers away from her crotch, reached behind her and pulled Jeremy’s boner into her large and very wet pussy. He rammed into her wet cunt whilst holding her hips through the slip that was now up around her hips. Jeremy came and could feel Lady Fiona gushing at the same time.







She finished her conversation with the gardener and turned round to face Jeremy. Her dress and slip fell back into place. She bobbed down and took Jeremy's deflating boner and made it stiff again as she sucked and slurped, giving the most amazing head. She pulled her dress up a little more so that he could see up her skirt. Jeremy came again, into her warm mouth. She was nearly as good as he had been in the dorms at Radley. He could not resist tell her this fact. She said nothing but raised an eyebrow.



Lady Fiona stood up and pulled her dress over her head.

“You have made a bit of a mess of my dress and slip. I do get so horny when talking to a gardener. Have you ever read *Lady Chatterley’s lover*? I read it at boarding school and always wanted to act it out. This seemed like a good opportunity, Jeremy.” She took off her bra and slip and pushed Jeremy back onto his bed. She dropped her large breasts in his face. “Now fuck me, properly. You won’t need any protection.”



Lady Fiona came back to see him several times in his 3 years at Merton College. She had unleashed his desire for older women wearing slips and stockings under pretty dresses or skirts. She always wore a nice slip and stockings under her dress.





Sometimes she wore a full slip or sometimes a half-slip. He did not mind what colour the slip was, black, red, blue, or white, he loved them all.



Sometimes she wore both a half slip **and** a full slip, just to tease him.





He would think it was one coloured slip then he would get a flash of another coloured slip. She loved taking off her dress and reveal the slips to him. Then he would fuck her, which is what she came for. Her husband had been ill for some years and she needed some cock.





There was one particular outfit he remembered her wearing. It was a flowery summer skirt with a split at the front. There was a flash of blue lacy slip that matched the colour of little blue flowers on the skirt. Her blouse was blue but very lacy and sheer. He could see her black bra through the sheer fabric. Lady Fiona flashed her black knickers as she let him see up her skirt and then lifted her blouse so he could see her lacy bra and big tits better. Then she unzipped the skirt and took it off. He had been sitting in his chair, wanking furiously, whilst she flashed her slip, bra and panties at him. But when she took the skirt off and revealed the gorgeous blue slip, he spurted ropes of cum all over her slip.

“Look what you have done to my slip, you naughty boy. Now you will have to wear it as penance. It is called petticoat punishment.”



Lady Fiona took off her blue slip, and in fact the rest of her black lingerie and stockings. There was no escape, Jeremy was fixated with slips and had to try her lingerie on for himself. She helped Jeremy dress in her black panties, bra, suspenders, stockings and even her high heels.





A few minutes later, Jeremy Fotheringill, future conservative politician, stepped into his first nylon slip. This time there was an unsightly bulge in the blue slip, very un-lady like, but Jeremy felt so excited. Lady Fiona massaged the bulge through two layers of nylon. Soon there were two trails of sticky cum all over her pretty slip.

That was the last visit by Lady Fiona as Lord Parker-Bowles passed away when Jeremy was in his third year at Oxford and she had to sort out the funeral arrangements. After that she had got involved in helping her son to run their vast estate near Alnwick in Northumberland.

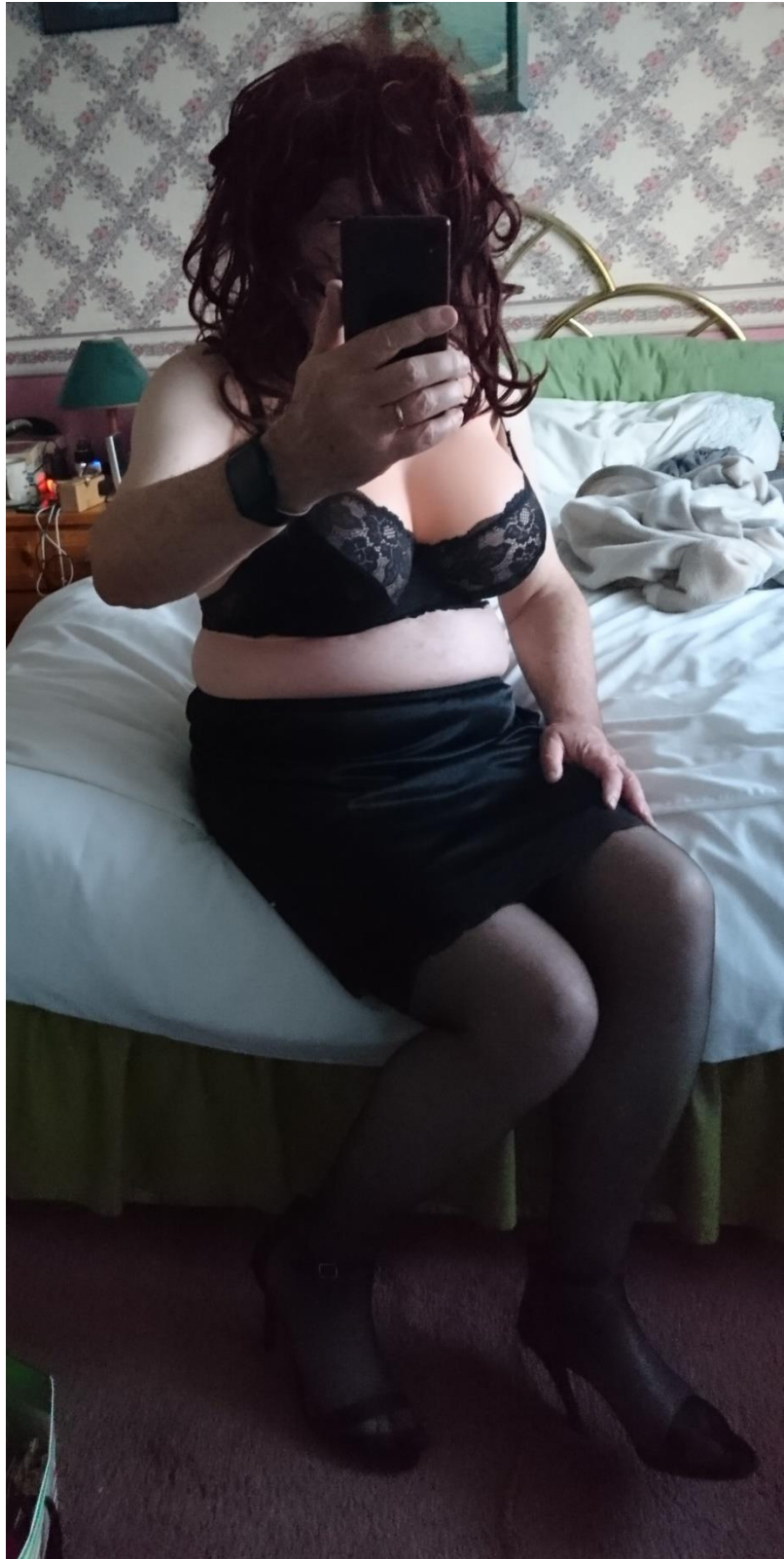




There was also the fact that Jeremy had got married shortly after leaving Oxford and had moved to London to work as a bag carry at Conservative Central Office. His new wife was one of the Sub-Fuse girls he had messed around with after an exam at Merton. Ironically, she refused to wear slips and stockings when they were married. She said Oxford was stuck in a time warp, modern women do not wear old fashioned slips and fiddly suspender belts. So that was the end of that. Jeremy heard a few years later that the Sub Fuse rule had been changed to dark hosiery (eg tights) and the white slip had been dropped. Shame. It was not even gender specific anymore.



Joy's plan the previous day had not quite worked as she had hoped, so today it was going to be black lingerie and a slightly more revealing blouse. She dressed in silky black French knickers, a lacy black bra, lacy white suspenders, and black stockings. Then it was on with a black half-slip, no camisole to hide her lacy bra today.



Joy sat down on the bed and took a selfie. She really hoped the black lingerie would work today; it was her last chance.





Joy stepped into a short black skirt and an even sheerer black blouse than yesterday. There would be no missing her lacy black bra, her big tits and her black lacy stocking tops showing today, maybe even the hem of her lacy black slip.



Joy met the Minister at 8am, as usual. There was little hint of what delights lay beneath her buttoned up black cardigan and her black skirt.

“Morning Joy, let’s get to work before Kevin arrives.”

Joy unbuttoned her black cardigan and left it on the back of her office chair.



Joy picked up the briefing notes from her desk and went to the Minister's office. As she handed the notes to the Minister at his desk, he looked up at Joy.

"Ahh, I see you are dressed a little differently again today. Perhaps you had better lock the door, Joy."





Joy turned and slowly walked back to the door so that the Minister could take in the view of her bra straps showing through her sheer blouse. Perhaps he would appreciate the fact that the sheer blouse matched the sheer hosiery on her legs. He did.

“Ahh, lovely dress today, Joy, are you wearing.....”

Joy dropped one of the briefing papers.



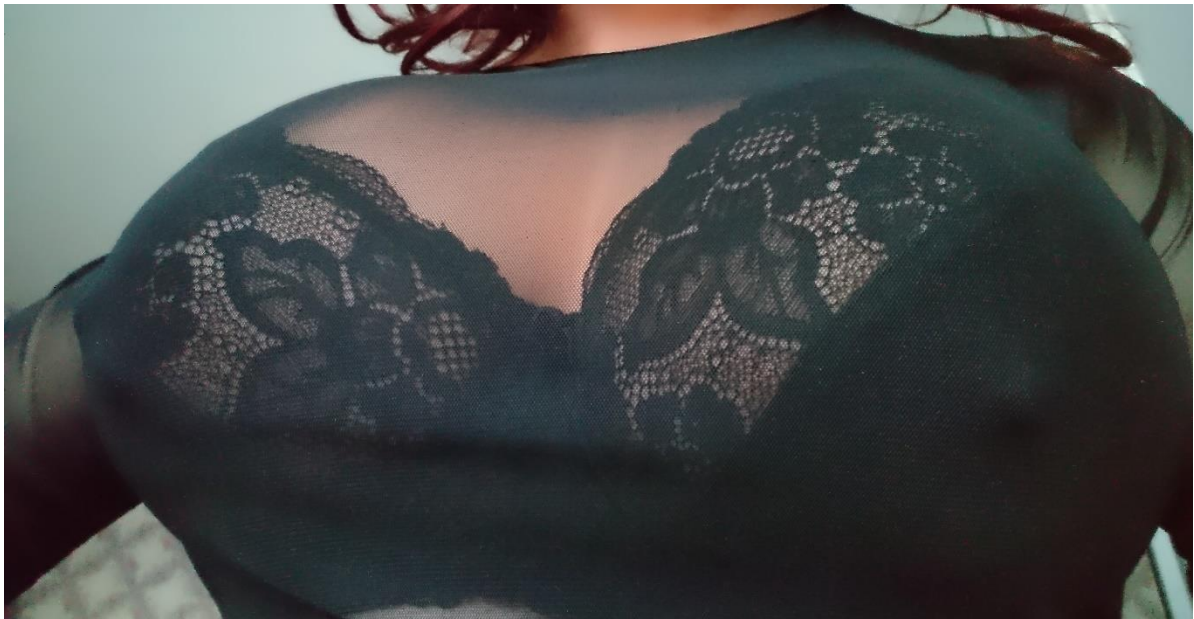
“Ahhgg, yes you are. I was kind of hoping you would wear stockings again today. I resisted yesterday but I don’t think I can today.”

Joy could hear the sound of a zip coming down and some rustling.



She picked up the dropped paper, stood up and went to the side of the Minister's desk.





“Do you like looking at my black bra and cleavage, Minister?”

The Minister was too busy to answer.



“You like trying to guess if I am wearing stockings and suspenders, don’t you Minister?”

The minister had his stiff cock out and was masturbating as he looked at Joy, “adjusting” her suspenders.

“Would you like to see my black slip and panties?”

“Err, yes, very much.”



Joy stepped out of her skirt.

“Does this take you back to your Oxford days, Minister?”





Indeed, it did take him back, straight back to the moment he had shot cum all over Lady Fiona's blue slip when she took off her flowery skirt the last time she had visited him in his room at Merton.



Then it happened again. As Joy took off her sheer blouse, her bra and cleavage came into view. Then the Minister spurted hot white cum all over Joy's black slip and stockings.

"Aghhh," screamed the Minister. Joy smiled.



“Look what you have done to my slip, you naughty boy. I will have to take it off now.”





“Would you like to wear my slip now, Minister?”

“No,” said the Minister, “I am not one of those..... you know, I would not, well... a cross-dress.”

Joy raised one eyebrow. “That’s not true Minister, is it?”



Joy turned her back to the Minister and then sat on his cock that was coming back to life again looking at Joy's lingerie and her suggestion that he wear her black slip.

He was stiff again. Joy could feel the heat as she rubbed her nylon panties up and down his stiffie. Then she stopped, turned around and started to massage his cock with the black slip. The Minister did not stop her, he was enjoying it too much. However, he was a little perplexed about how much Joy about his penchant for nylon. He put that to one side as Joy wanked the Minister to another orgasm. He leaked white cum into her silky black slip.

"There you go Minister, so you do like older ladies that wear slips and then wank you off with their slip. It doesn't matter if it is a blue slip or a black slip, you like them all."



Joy wiped up his second spurt of cum with her slip and then took off her black lacy bra to reveal her big breasts.

“Oh my God, they are fake,” exclaimed the Minister. “They look so realistic under your bra and blouse.”

“Well, now we both a secret, you have a secret about a nylon slip and stockings fetish, and I am not really a woman, I am trans.”





Joy started to slowly pull down her black French knickers to reveal a white lacy suspender belt and then something else, a surprise package. She picked up the slip and indicated he should take off all his clothes and put the slip on, just like he had in his room at Merton, all those years ago.

“Now you can pleasure me by make me stiff and suck my clitty, just like you did at school and then bragged about how good you were.”

Joy stood in front of the Minister holding her fake breasts. Her growing clitty was nicely framed by her pretty suspender belt and black lace topped stockings.

How did you know about Radley and Oxford?” Then the connection clicked. It was his God Mother. “Did Lady Fiona tell you?”

Joy moved closer and pushed her stiff clitty in the Minister’s mouth.

“My mother used to be housekeeper for Lady Parker-Bowles. They became good friends and still see each other in Northumberland, even though my mother is now retired, and Lady Fiona is in her 90’s. Lady Fiona was very interested to hear that I was working for you now and had some juicy tales to tell.”

The Minister kept quiet as he had a bit of a mouth full. He sucked her stiff clitty and rubbed his hands over her nylon stockings. Then he was also rubbing his own stiffie that was tenting her black slip. Joy came and spurted into the Minister’s throat. Some splashed on her black slip.

“Congratulations on your new job, Foreign Secretary, it will Prime Minister next.”

“I don’t know how you knew, you always seemed to know these things before me. You will cum with me to the Foreign Office, won’t you, Joy?”

“Yes Minister, I would be delighted.” Mission accomplished.

## The End

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