

Financial Advice

A photo story by Andrea Slip



This is a follow up story from MILF and Birthday



My name is Joyce. I am a widow in my late 60's, now retired from being a secretary at a large food manufacturer in London. I like gardening, cooking, and reading. I belong to a book club. Despite what my daughter, Jenny, thinks I am not looking for another man. Oh, and I also love wearing slips and pretty lingerie. It goes back to when I was growing up when my mum and all the ladies I knew all wore stockings and slips, so I did too.

Then the 60's came along with miniskirts, tights and lined dresses. Women stopped wearing slips and stockings, but I didn't.

My husband Phil passed away 3 years ago. He wasn't interested in slips and lingerie. When he wanted sex, he just wanted me to get naked, put his cock between my breasts (foreplay) and then cum inside my vagina as quickly as possible. He would pull out, clean up, turn over and go to sleep. We only had one child, go figure.

Don't get me wrong, I enjoyed sex with Phil, and I did love him, but I often wondered what it would be like to be with a man who appreciated my slips more.



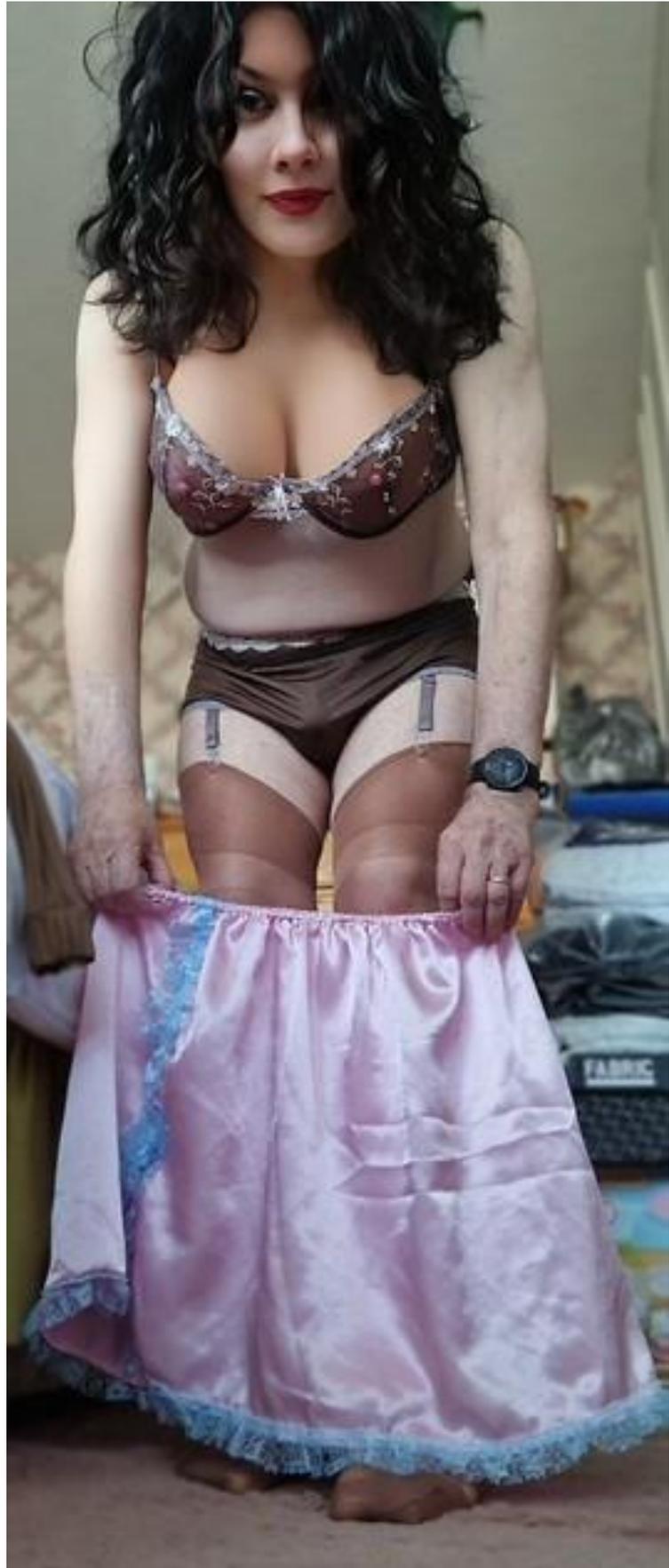


Although Phil wasn't interested in what I wore most of the time, unless we were going out to dinner or a party, the one place I could regularly dress up was for work. I loved wearing matching lingerie in all sorts of colours



Usually, my half-slip would match my panties and bras. If I wore green panties and bra, I would look for a green half-slip. I had slips in lots of different colours. Slips were easy to buy back then. Marks and Spencer and House of Fraser were my favourites shops for lingerie.

My slip didn't always match my panties and bra. In this photo you can see that I wore brown panties, bra, stockings and suspenders. I wore my brown lingerie with a pink satin half-slip over the top. I thought the colours would look nice together. Very 70's style.





I would always wear stockings and suspenders to the office that sometimes show through my thin slip, but no-one would see that, not even Phil. He worked in central London and would leave the house even before I got up. I did however start taking photos of me dressing in my lingerie as a reminder of what I wore to work.



A smart dress would hide a lovely silky full slip, like this delightful yellow one. Perhaps you might have noticed my stockings tops and suspenders peeping through, no tights for me at work.



I loved choosing some pretty lingerie, especially French knickers,



Even if I wore a full slip the one thing you could be sure about was that the lacy hem of my slip would be peeping out.



Either a lot, perhaps 3 inches of lace on show.



Or perhaps you could see it through a sheer skirt.



But usually, it was obvious.



Sometimes you could see my slip through my sheer blouse. My female colleagues thought it hilarious that I still wore slips, most of the younger ones didn't even know what a slip was.



The few male colleagues I had in the office would sometimes drop a pencil near my desk to try and confirm the rumour that I wore stockings.



It was true, I let them get a sneaky upskirt view of my pink satin French knickers and stocking tops. It was also true that if you looked at the colour of my shoes you would know what colour panties I was wearing. What was not true was the rumour that I was fucking the managing director. I never strayed outside of my marriage.



If the men could not get a glimpse up my skirt, they would sometimes resort to trying to sneak a view down my blouse at my lacy bra and big tits.



I would just pull my zip a bit lower and make sure they could get a glimpse of my bra and cleavage. They always seemed to rush off to the toilets after the view of my puppies nestling in a pink lacy bra. I was such a flirt back then. But then I would pull the zip up before my manager came into the office.



I heard from one of my friends, who dated a young man in the office, that he had told her of a fantasy that I would rip open my blouse to show my flowery pink bra or even...



Lift my skirt and slip to show my pink knickers, suspenders and lacy stocking top. The stuff of wet dreams.



After I had Jenny, I went back to work. I just kept on wearing my pretty lingerie to work and let my slip show just a little, not I was not quite such a flirt.



There was one half-slip, made by Warners, that I loved wearing; it was gold coloured and had lots of swirls of lace on the hem. I could only wear it under a longer skirt or dress. I was reminded about it recently when I was discussing slips with my daughter Jenny.



Jenny had taken me to Wimbledon for an eye appointment; we had time to pop into M&S for me to get a new navy-blue slip. New slips are so hard to find in the shops these days, but good old M&S still has some. Jenny said she doesn't wear a slip anymore as she hardly ever wears a skirt. I found a lovely navy-blue slip and some other matching lingerie; I tried the slip on under my skirt. Was I wearing stockings and suspenders, just like in the old days before I retired? Of course I was. I hardly ever wear tights.



I then noticed that Jenny had bought a black half-slip, but the size was too big for her. She was quite open that it was for John, my son in law, as he had started to wear her French knickers, panties, bra and stockings when he was in his home office. Well, this was a bit of a surprise, but actually not completely when I thought about it.



If Jenny and John were at my house and I had dressed up as I usually did, I would notice that John's eyes always went to the hem of my skirt or dress. Was my lacy slip peeping out? Of course it was. Jenny would just roll her eyes, but John's eyes were always glued to my lacy edged slip peeping out from under my skirt.



He always complimented me on my choice of outfit.

I always made sure I was wearing a slip under my dress, and the lacy hem would peep out over my sheer stockings. It was just like being back at work.



Jenny teased me about wanting a new man, but she didn't quite expect it to be her tranny husband. With her blessing I made sure he saw me putting on my new slip from M&S. I faked an injury to my wrist and got John to come and cut my grass.



When the slip was pulled tight as I stepped into my skirt, the stocking tops, suspenders and lacy panties were all on show. I had to practice that several times to make sure it was the sexy reveal I wanted. I waited until I could hear him walking past my slightly ajar bedroom door on the way to the toilet. I knew he has seen my delightful slip as he had paused on the landing. Bingo, John was hooked.



Then I got him to come and look at my electrics, I told him he had to wear his new black slip. He was embarrassed but agreed.

Not only did he wear the black half-slip but also some sexy yellow lacy panties, a black lacy suspender belt, a black bra and black stockings. He fucked me over the living room chair, taking me from behind, when Jenny walked in, catching John in the act of fucking his MILF. It was all prearranged between Jenny and me. Jenny then got fucked by John. It was my first fuck since Phil had died.



More recently it was John's Birthday. I found some split front panties in pink with a matching satin bra.



I had trouble finding a pink slip, so I donated him one of mine as part of his birthday present. Jenny had bought him a pink blouse and skirt.



The other surprise was when Jenny agreed to wear a skirt and stockings as I would be too. She said she didn't have a slip anymore, so I offered her my favourite gold slip.



She took it, reluctantly, but when they arrived at my house for the meal that I was cooking, she looked gorgeous with the lacy gold hem peeping out. I could even see she had worn stockings.



I was nicely dressed as well in a blue full slip and stockings under my shiny satin blue dress.



After the meal John dressed in his new presents,



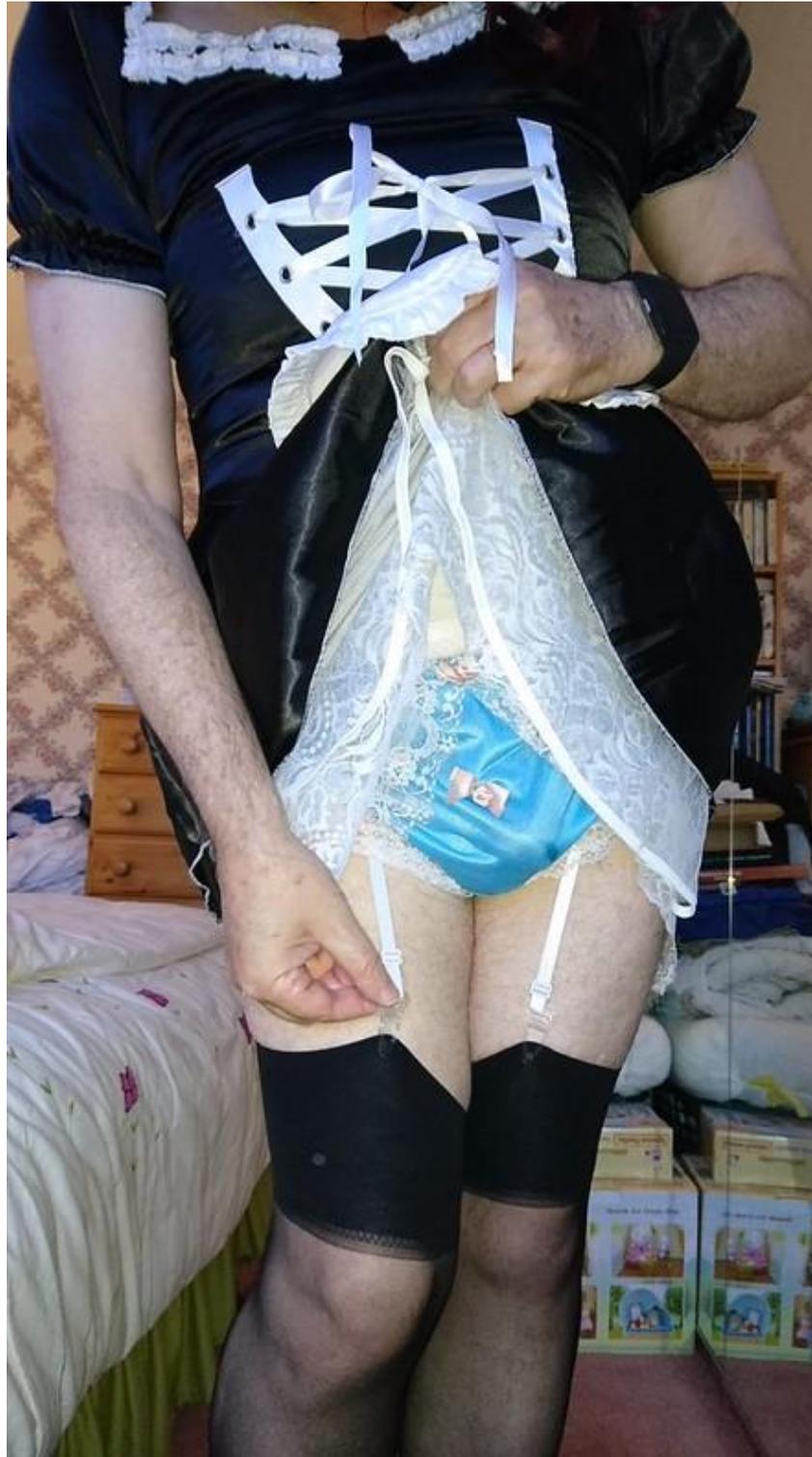
I watched as Jenny tossed him off through my old pink slip.

I watched closely. I may have slipped my fingers into my panties as John exploded into the pink slip. Oh my, it was so sexy. After they had gone home, I had to finish myself off. I wanted to see more of John's panty clad cock. I had to find a way.





Perhaps I could make him dress up as a French maid to serve drinks at my book club. I had seen some lovely black satin uniforms on eBay when I was looking for a pink slip for John's birthday. I could just see him in black stockings, high heels and black satin maids uniform with a frilly white petticoat and a little white apron.



Then I remembered that my neighbour Ted often tried to cope a feel of my stocking tops at the book club. If John was in a maid's uniform, Ted, who was as blind as a bat, might put his hand up John's skirt and discover something extra that he wasn't expecting in John's panties. Ted might have a heart attack if he found a stiff tent in silky panties. Not a good idea. I needed to get John on his own, just like when he had a look at my electrics.

A couple of weeks after the Birthday party I asked Jenny if she had made good use of the gold half- slip I had given her. She said she had found a lacy skirt that she had worn years ago during a goth phase, but it really needed a slip these days.



She had also bought some new seamed stockings. She made sure that John could see the slip through the sheer lacy skirt and when she bent over that he would notice that she was wearing black seamed stockings.



Jenny said that John loved it and could not wait to undress her. I said I would see if I had any other slips I could give her, for both to appreciate.





I immediately thought of a long blue half-slip, trimmed with white lace, that would fit Jenny fine but might be too long.

I also had several white full slips that would be great for Jenny to wear. I decided I would give her one of those. It would look good peeping out from under the brown corduroy skirt she had worn for the birthday. John had appreciated seeing her in a slip for the first time in a long time. There was lovely lace over the bust of the full white slip I had chosen for her.

As we were speaking about John and his love of slips, an idea came to me out of the blue. John was an independent financial advisor; I could ask him to come and check if my investments were on track. Jenny thought it was a good idea and had wondered why I hadn't used him before. I explained that I had inherited my shares from her dad after he died. He had used his bank for share dealing and I just carried on with that arrangement. Jenny said she thought it was a good idea to get a review from John.



When I talked to John on the phone, a few days later, he said he would be happy to visit me, there would be no charge. I asked him what he usually wore in the office when dealing with clients.

“Well, as you and Jenny know, I like to dress up in my home office.”

“Are you dressed up now, John?”

“Yes.”

“What are you wearing?”



“I am wearing a blue cheque dress; black nylons and the boots you gave me for my birthday.”

“Lift up your dress and tell me what I would see”

John stood up and opened the buttons on the dress.

“You can see I am wearing a full-length blue nylon slip.”

“Is it lacy?”

“Yes, there is lots of lace on the bust and the hem.”

“That sounds pretty. Lift your slip and tell me about your panties.”

John slowly lifted the slip.

“They are blue French knickers to match my slip.”

“Jenny told me you like wearing French knickers. “

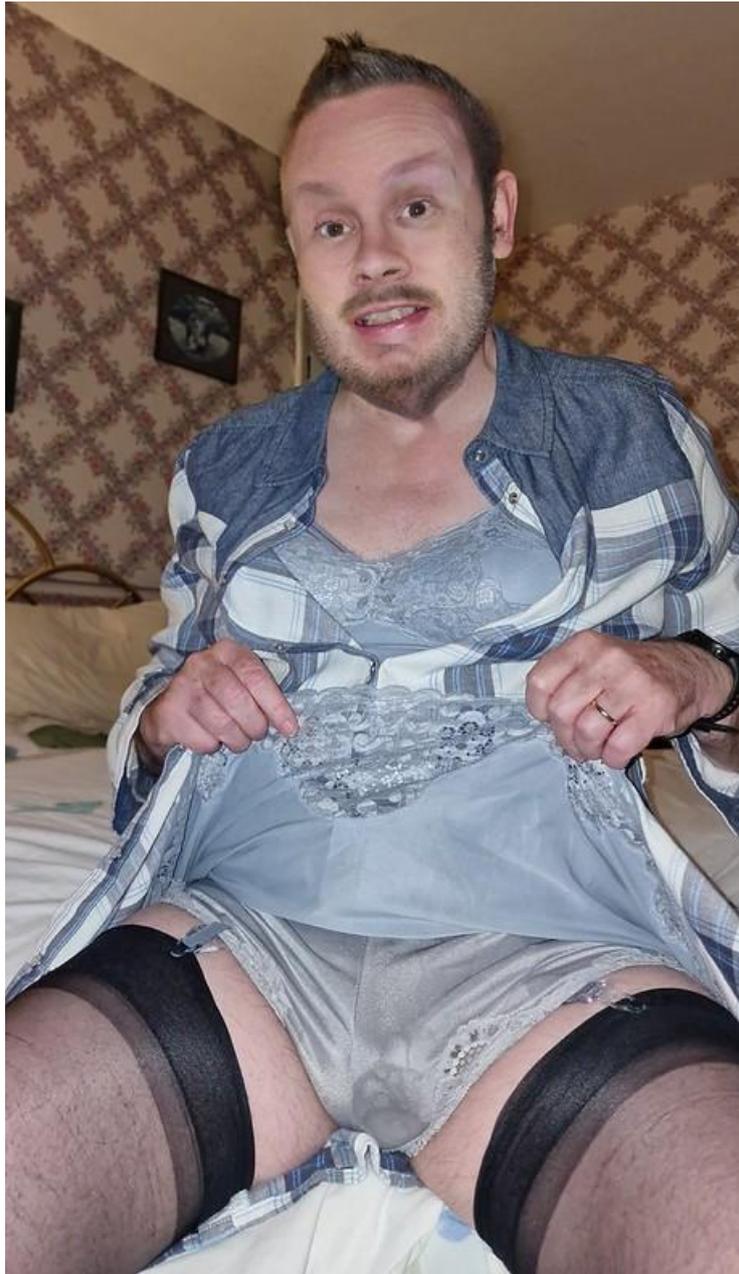
“Yes, she dared me to wear them after I saw them in a film, she said they were uncomfortable.”

“Are you stiff in your panties now, John?”

“Yes,” he croaked.

“Feel your stiff cock through the silky nylon.”





There was a sound as John sat down on the chair.

“And what about your black hosiery. Are they stockings, John?”

“Yes, stockings and suspenders. The suspender belt is blue and lacy; it matches my silky bra.”

“Put your hand inside your French knickers, John, and start wanking your stiff cock”

More rustling.

“Now let me tell you about what I am wearing today.”

I opened my blouse and pulled up my skirt.

“I am wearing cream lingerie today under a black skirt and a pretty cream blouse. You will be able to see my lacy cream bra through my thin blouse. As I lift my skirt you can see my lace edged cream panties, my cream half-slip with a wide lacy hem. My cream suspenders are holding up my lace top sheer brown stockings.”

“Agghhhh.....,” shouted John over the phone.

I had my fingers inside my panties too and shoved them inside my quim. This phone sex was making me so wet. The sound of John cumming into his French knickers made me cum too.



When I recovered, I spoke to John again.

“Now when you cum round to see me next week you will be dressed en-femme.”

“I am not sure although I sometimes wear my lingerie when I meet a client, but it is hidden under my suit.”

“Did you enjoy your wank, John?”

“Well, yes but....”

“Fully dressed, just like now. See you at 2pm on Wednesday. One more thing, you can call me Maam when it is just the two of us”

“Yes Maam.”



John arrived exactly on time. I opened the door and looked him up and down. I could see he was wearing a skirt with a peeping lacy slip. On top he had on a blue fleece.



“Hello John, not bad but what’s with the fleece?”

“Hello..... Maam. I didn’t want to get stopped by the police; it covers up my top half.”

“You can hang the fleece on the coat pegs.”



John took off the fleece to reveal a very lacy cami top and a blue denim skirt.

“That looks more like it, and I can see you are growing your hair out.”

“Cum into the living room.”

As I headed towards the living room, I made sure he could take in my lacy edged slip, my seamed stockings, my boots and my bra showing through my sheer blouse. I knew he would not be able to resist this sweet sight.

“Now let me get you a drink, tea, coffee or something stronger, John?”

“Tea please, Maam, I am driving.”

“Go and sit down I won’t be long.”

I went into the kitchen and put on the kettle.





A couple of minutes later I came back with two mugs of tea, I put them down on the coffee table. Maybe I should have got John to make the tea and serve it to me, too late.



“Let me look at you.”

John’s slip was lace edged and well below the hem of the skirt. Now wonder this pretty boy was worried about being stopped by the police. They might have taken advantage of him. The lacy cami had a built-in bra but I could see a proper bra hiding underneath.

“Stand up.”

I could see he was even wearing
blue high heels with pale blue
hosiery.

“Do a twirl.”





I could see his lacy bra under the cami from behind.

“That’s a pretty cami, very lacy and very sexy showing your bra.

“It’s new from Temu, this is the first time I have worn it.



I turned away and bent over.

“Do you like what I am wearing John?”

He could see right up my skirt, following the seams to the top of the stockings to see my lacy slip and panties.

“Oh God, yes, Maam.” He suddenly remembered he had to call me Maam (to rhyme with jam, just like the address to the Queen)



“Now let’s see what is under your skirt. Lift it up slowly.”

John’s slip came into view. It was pale blue, very sheer and had little rows of lace and some pink ribbons. It was so sissy, more like an old-fashioned petticoat than my silky slips. Through the petticoat I could see blue silky panties and suspenders holding up pale blue stockings. It was very sexy. I could feel a tingle in my panties

“Lift up your cami, I want to see your bra.”



John lifted up the lacy cami to reveal a very silky pale blue bra, edged with lace. I put my hands on the bra and could feel the padding through the nylon. It felt soft and squishy.

“That feels nice John, you filled the bra well, it looks good.”

I stood up and lifted my skirt. Then I slowly lifted my cream slip to reveal my cream French knickers, suspenders and stocking tops.

“Now you can see my panties.”

John just grunted.





I dropped the slip and skirt down, then unbuttoned my cream blouse.

“You can touch my bra and my breasts.”

John stood up and gently rubbed his hand over my silky bra and then teased my nipples with his fingers. He was getting excited. I wanted to stretch it out a bit.

“Sit down,” I commanded



We both sat down on the sofa. I put my hand on his petticoat.

“Does that feel nice, John?”

“agggh.... yes....”

I went higher to feel his suspenders through the petticoat. Oh, how many times had young men done this to me in the cinema when I was a teenager. Then I pushed the petticoat up and started feeling the front of his panties. They were very silky. He was stiff and getting stiffer. I wanted him to be even harder.



I took off my blouse and slowly stepped out of my grey skirt. I made sure John could see my panties and stocking tops, right under my slip, just like I had to young men in the office.

“Take off your cami and skirt.”

“Yes, maam.”

He took off the blue denim skirt and the lacy white cami. I could see how the pale blue sheer petticoat, bra and panties looked so coordinated.

He had made a real effort to please me. Even the pale blue stockings matched the slip, panties and bra. The stockings must have been from Gio, I have several black and brown pairs of RHT from Gio but not in this colour.

“Lift your slip, so I can see your panties.”



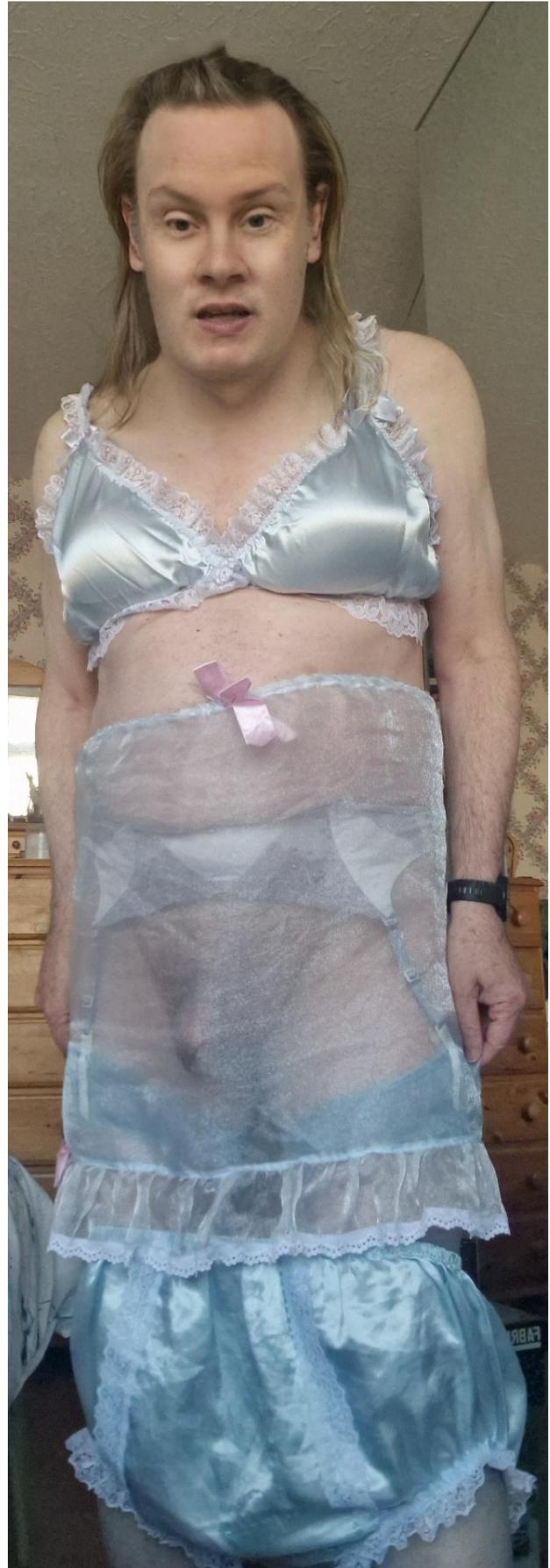
He lifted the slip. His stiff cock filled the panties. There were some rows of frilly white lace that ran down the panties at an angle.”

“Love your choice of lingerie.”

I leant forward and reached for his panties. I could feel his cock through the pale blue satin.



Then I yanked his panties down and put the petticoat back in place. I could now see his stiff cock through the sheer nylon of his petticoat framed by a lacy suspender belt and the stocking tops.





“I want to see you wanking.”

John was so ready for this. He quickly wrapped the nylon petticoat around his stiffy.

“Don’t cum yet.”



I leant back on the sofa with my legs dangling over the edge. I looked down at my silky cream half-slip. I was getting wet in my panties.

John looked down at me sitting pretty in my silky bra, half-slip and stockings as he carried on wanking. I didn't bother taking off any of my lingerie. I pulled up the slip and eased open the leg of my French knickers. I was so wet and tingly by this point.



“Now you can put your stiff cock in my quim.”

John didn't waste any time. He lifted his petticoat, climbed on the sofa and slammed his cock straight up the leg of my French knickers and into my juicy quim. I pulled him into me. I felt the back of his slip and panties as he slammed into me, I pulled him in closer.

Then he flooded my vagina with his hot cum. I came too; it was so sexy. It was just what I needed. I had found my new man in lingerie.



“Now about that financial advice, you had better give me some tips, otherwise Jenny might be suspicious about what we are up to.”

The End

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