

Meg – part 2: A photo story by Andrea Slip

Lacy Lingerie *of Portsmouth*

Latest lingerie from
USA, France and UK

- Full slips, half slips, knickers, bras,
- nighties, suspenders, cami-knickers
- stockings, holdups,
- tights

Pink or Blue?
You can mix colours

Stockings and suspenders
are fun, try them

Let your
slip show

Summer 1989

This is a follow up to [Fashion Faux-pas](#) and [Meg -Part 1.](#)



Martin Smith put his key in the door of his mum's flat in Wimbledon. As he opened the door, he scooped up the mail on the mat. He tried to visit his mum once a fortnight now that she was on her own. The flat was in a warden-controlled block of older residents who still wanted some independence. She had been there for just over 3 years, since his dad had passed away.

"Hi mum, it's only me," he called out to his mother, Margaret.

"Hello, darling," she called from the living room.

Mum was sitting on the sofa reading the Daily Telegraph and drinking a cup of tea. Martin guessed it would be **Lapsang Souchong**. Mother was such a snob, although she came from a very working-class background. Her dad had been a fish monger in Canning Town, although you would not know it from her cut glass accent. Margaret always said that she had been named after Princess Margaret but that was impossible as she was a few years older than the Queen's sister.

Martin could not miss the very lacy slip that showed from under mother's brown skirt. Margaret still liked to wear pretty slips with lots of lace.



As Martin handed over her post, he noticed one A5 size letter was addressed to M. Smith, both Martin and his mum were M. Smith. Then he noticed the name of the shop on the top left corner of the envelope, “Lacy Lingerie of Portsmouth”. His heart skipped a beat.

He knew exactly why this mailing had come through to his mum. Martin had visited the shop twice. The first time was a few years ago to buy a gold half-slip for his wife, Jackie. He ended up buying not only a slip but also some French knickers. Lacy, the owner of the shop, had persuaded Martin to add his name to their mailing list to get a first-time discount. He gave his name as M. Smith but his mother’s address in Wimbledon.

Although Jackie had worn the gold slip a couple of times to work, she didn't then wear it again. In fact, she hardly wore slips at all any more. By the late 1980's lots of women's dresses and skirts were lined and slips were falling in popularity.

So, Martin did wear her new slip. He also wore her bra, suspenders and stockings and the gold French knickers that she had never worn.

He had an amazing wank and then tossed the soiled lingerie in the wash basket without thinking.





Martin had been back to Lacy Lingerie just before Christmas and bought a green Charnos half-slip but in a larger size. The gold half slip had been a little bit tight.

Martin also bought green and black panties, bra, stockings and suspenders. He spent far more than he intended. Although he gave the slip to Jackie as a Christmas present, she had given it straight back to him as it was too big for her. She said he might enjoy wearing it but to get his own panties and bra. Jackie had found the cum stained gold slip and panties in the wash basket after Martin had worn them. She knew she had not worn the panties and bra but did not say anything at the time. He was busted.

He had also forgotten that he had given mother's address for the mailing address to the shop. If he had given his real address Jackie would have been suspicious of a lingerie shop on the south coast sending advertising to M. Smith.

“I don’t know why this shop in Portsmouth keeps sending me this every few months. How on earth did they get hold of my name and address? Why would I go to Portsmouth to buy knickers or a new slip when I can go to Bentall’s in Kingston.”

Martin remembered being dragged to Bentall’s as a youngster, aged about 11, when his mum wanted a new slip. He was embarrassed but that was when he first noticed his mum’s lacy slip peeping out from under her skirt. This was not unusual for women in the early 60’s.

Martin also remembered seeing his mum wearing stockings and suspenders when he was a teenager. She had not started wearing tights when miniskirts became popular in the late 60’s. Mum didn’t wear miniskirts or short dresses either. He wouldn’t be surprised if she still bought her slips and stockings from Bentall’s in Kingston. It was only a few stops on the train from Wimbledon.





At about the age of 14 Martin noticed his mum's lingerie in the wash basket. He locked the bathroom door and tried on her white half-slip, lacy pink panties, black stockings and suspenders. It made him so hard. He had only recently discovered wanking. This was so exciting as he could see his stiff cock showing through the thin white slip when he pulled down the panties. A few strokes of his erection through the nylon slip and then wham, his biggest ever climax. His legs shook and he emptied his cum into the slip.



Martin was embarrassed and swore he would never touch or even wear her lingerie again. But of course, he did as wearing nylon made him really hard and made him cum. About a month later he noticed some lacy grey panties in the wash basket. He wavered but then gave in. When he put on the panties with the matching lacy grey suspenders and bra, he discovered how sheer they were. His cock was so stiff. He erupted in the panties. Again, he felt guilty and vowed never to touch lingerie again in his life. It felt so wrong.

He held out for about six months but then Martin found a pair of discarded lace top stockings in the waste bin. There was a big hole in one of the stockings. His vow never to wear lingerie or stockings again wavered. If mum didn't want them, he did.

He had to wait until the next day when he was back from school earlier than his parents. Dad was still at work, and mum was out at a charity do. She said she didn't need to work. Fortunately, his dad earned a good salary.

He went to look at his mum's lingerie draw to see what he could use to hold up the stockings as there was nothing suitable in the wash basket.

In her bedroom he found her draw of lingerie. He picked out some flowery satin panties, and a black suspender belt. He decided to try a black bra although he had nothing to fill the empty cups with. In the wardrobe he found some shoes, most did not fit but a pair of high heeled sandals did fit, just.

Martin loved seeing his mum's slip peeping out from under her dress so he thought he would try wearing a slip over the top of her panties, bra and the ruined stockings. He looked again in mum's lingerie draws and found a lace edged black slip.





Martin stepped into the slip and pulled it up over his legs, the nylon on nylon felt wonderful, it made him so hard. He lay down on the bed and started wanking his stiff cock through the slip and panties. Then he pulled his cock out through the leg hole of the panties. He carried on wanking but thinking about his mum wearing these panties and slip. That made him cum. His cum spurted onto the slip. Oh no, he had made a white mess. What was he going to do?



Previously the lingerie that Martin had worn had been in the wash basket, but this was all clean, apart from the discarded stockings. He took it all off and put the stockings back in the wastepaper basket. He went into the bathroom and wet his face flannel. He dabbed the flannel on the sticky spots of cum on the slip and panties. They were still a bit damp, so he got out mum's hair dryer and managed to dry up the damp patches. He had only just got the slip, bra, panties and suspenders back in the right place as his mum opened the front door. He scuttled off to his bedroom to get dressed quickly. He was so scared he managed to suppress his desire to wear lingerie again until after he was married. If his mum noticed that her lingerie was out of line in her draw, she never said anything.

Back in his mum's flat in Wimbledon, he kept quiet about why mum was on the mailing list.

"Oh, you are M. Smith as well. You might as well take it and give to Jackie. She is a lot closer to Portsmouth from where you live in Winchester. Or you could visit yourself as I know you liked wearing my slips when you were younger."

Martin was shocked at this revelation but tried not to show it. Fortunately, mum changed the subject.

"How are Jackie and the children doing? When am I going to see them, Martin?"

Martin took the envelope from his mum. "Oh, it will be half term soon, we will come up then."

He thought about whether he would give the envelope to Jackie. There was just a chance that mum might ask Jackie if she had seen the mailing from "Lacy Lingerie." Perhaps he had better open it carefully, look at the flyer, and then pop it back in.



Jackie would probably not even look at it and toss it in the bin. Or she might even say, "This is more up your street Martin," and give it back to M. Smith.

Jackie was not interested in lingerie, particularly slips, she had not worn a slip for over 2 years. In fact, she was not interested in having sex with Martin anymore.

Lacy Lingerie *of Portsmouth*

Latest lingerie from
USA, France and UK

- Full slips, half slips, knickers, bras,
- nighties, suspenders, cami-knickers
- stockings, holdups,
- tights

Pink or Blue?
You can mix colours

Stockings and suspenders
are fun, try them

Let your
slip show

Summer 1989

When Martin got back to his car he opened the envelope very carefully. He was amazed. There was Meg, who he had met at the shop, when he visited twice. Meg was on the cover of the summer flyer. She looked amazing and sexy posing in her panties, bra and stockings. She was holding two full slips, one pink and one blue. Her pose asked the question, which colour to wear? She could choose either as her panties were pink, her bra and suspenders were pale blue.



Meg was also on page 2, wearing the same green Charnos slip that he had bought on his second visit to Lacy Lingerie.



Meg looked much sexier in the slip than Martin did.



Meg was also on page 3. Martin could feel himself getting hard, really hard. On this page Meg was wearing a pink Vanity Fair full slip. In another picture she was wearing a brown half slip and holding up a brown full slip. It reminded him of the shopping catalogues he had seen at a friend's house. Not that his mother would ever subscribe to such a thing.



Lacy Ling

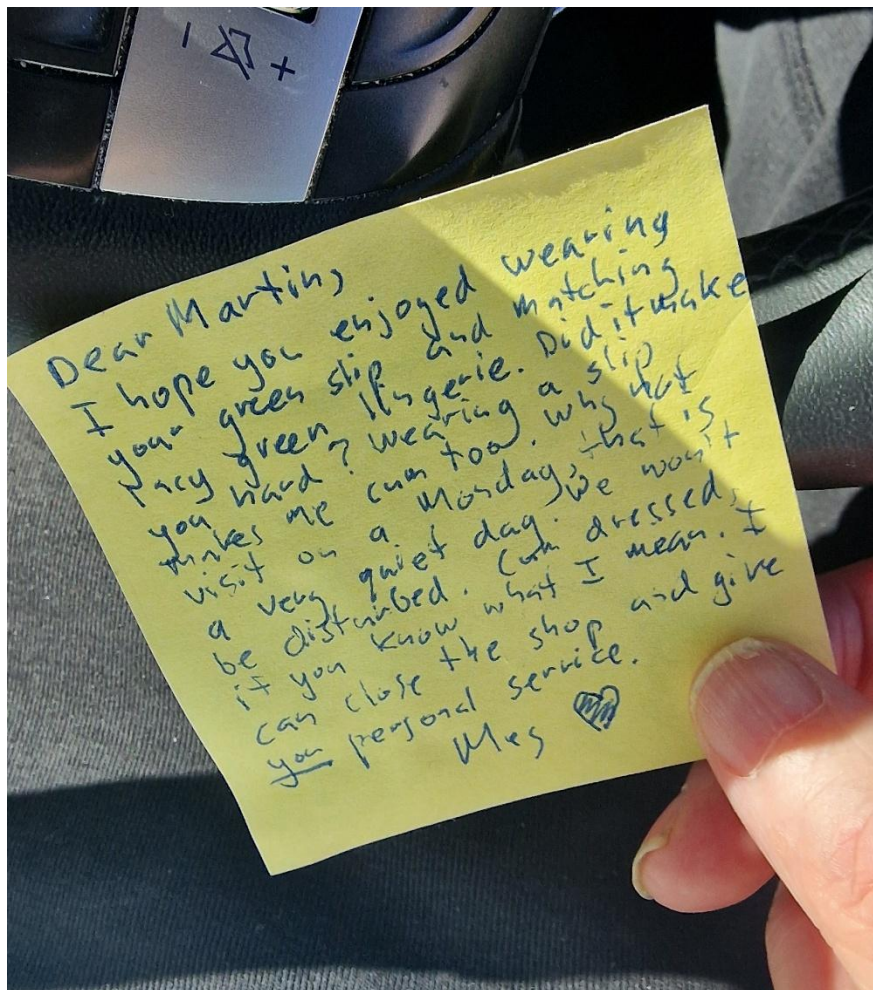
25 Wiltshire Street, Portsmouth, Hampshire

Open Mon to Sat 9am to 5pm

Phone 080 324 8921

**We stock Vanity Fair, Charnos, Brettles,
La Perla, La Senza, Olga, Pretty Polly,
Wolford and many more.**

It was the handwritten note stuck on the back page that stunned him.



Dear Martin,

I hope you enjoyed wearing your green slip and matching lacy green lingerie. Did it make you hard? Wearing a slip makes me cum too. Why not visit Lacy Lingerie early on a Monday, that is a very quiet day. We won't be disturbed. Cum dressed, if you know what I mean. I can close the shop and give you personal service.

It was signed Meg.

How did she know his name?

When Martin had first visited the shop the first time, he could not miss Meg's peeping slip, just like his mum. He so wanted her to show more of her slip by lifting her skirt, but she didn't that first time. Maybe this note meant that if he went back to buy another slip Meg would lift her skirt and show her panties, slip and stockings, or maybe even more.



On Martin's second visit to the shop, Meg had bent over to get the green Charnos slip out of a lower draw. He could not miss her white lacy edged slip and her black stocking tops. It made him hard but Lacy, the shop owner did not seem to notice.

He also thought that Meg had quite a low voice. Was she one of those transvestites? On reflection perhaps he was turning into one as well.

Lacy had asked him if he wanted to try on his new green lingerie in the shop and that Meg could help him. He panicked and could not wait to get out of there.

As he read the yellow note stuck to the back of the flyer a panicked thought struck Martin. What if his mother had opened the letter and

seen the note? Or even worse if he had given the flyer to his wife Jackie? OMG, it does not bear thinking about. Luckily, he had intercepted the note. Very carefully he put the flyer back in the envelope.

He had to get home quick and have a wank.





Jackie was in the kitchen washing up the dishes when he got back to Winchester. As he opened the front door, he thought about giving her the Lacy Lingerie envelope, but without the note, just in case his mum asked Jackie if Martin had passed it on. Maybe he would give her the envelope later. He stuck it in his back pocket to save for a wank in the bathroom.

“How’s your mum?” asked Jackie

“She is fine, I said we would all go up to see her at half term.”

“I suppose so, I know we have some things planned but we can probably fit it in. She loves seeing the kids.”

“Where are the boys?” asked Martin.

“They are at a birthday party, I told you yesterday.”

“Ok, I thought it was a bit quiet. I will take some time off when it suits you when we can all go and see mother. I am going up to take a bath,” said Martin.

Martin did have a small stash of lingerie, in addition to what he had bought at Lacy Lingerie. He kept it hidden in an old travel bag in the top of the wardrobe. He had bought a black half-slip and a matching bra in a charity shop





Some pink lacy panties, stockings, suspenders and pink satin bra had come from a cheap mass clothing store. Some pink high heels came from a different charity shop. He said they were just what his wife was looking for. The lady taking his cash gave him a strange look. In another charity shop he found a pink satin half-slip.

It was the pink set that he pulled out of his bag as he ran his bath. He stripped off, picked up the lingerie and pulled the envelope from his back pocket of his jeans.

Martin could hear that Jackie was still engrossed in the kitchen. He scampered into the bathroom.

He decided to dress in his lingerie quickly before he had his bath.

He was hard again soon as he pulled the little pink slip up over his lacy panties.

He reached for the Lacy Lingerie flyer and started wanking over the photos of Meg in her sexy lingerie.



Lacy was delighted with how the summer flyer had turned out. She had collaborated with Angela Passmore over the layout. Angela sat at the computer using a DTP package (desktop publishing) to create and publish the flyer.

Lacy stood behind Angela and watched. The new computer made things so much easier than Lacy had expected. The intention had been to use the studio photos, taken by Angela's husband, only on the cover, but they had turned out so well that Lacy decided to use them on three of the pages.

Mr Passmore came into the office at one point to see how they were getting on. He caught a glimpse of a lacy slip and seamed stockings peeping out from under Lacy's black skirt. He liked it that some women, including his wife Angela, did not mind showing off their lacy slips and sheer stockings. What a good advert Lacy was for her lingerie shop.





Lacy Lingerie

25 Wiltshire Street, Portsmouth, Hampshire

Open Mon to Sat 9am to 5pm

Phone 080 324 8921

We stock Vanity Fair, Charnos, Brettles, La Perla, La Senza, Olga, Pretty Polly, Wolford and many more.

The back page would be a map of the location of the shop in Portsmouth with some contact details.

Lacy showed the flyer to Meg once they had been printed. Meg was amazed with how the flyer looked with Meg in her pretty lingerie. It made her feel sexy.

The print run was usually one hundred, but Lacy had ordered two hundred. The first hundred would go out as a mailing and the rest would be kept on the main display counter to give to all customers who bought something.





Lacy asked Meg to put the flyers in envelopes the following Monday, if she was not busy with customers. First Meg had to put printed address labels of all the customers on the mailing list on special envelopes that said LACY LINGERIE OF PORTSMOUTH on the top left corner of the envelope.

She then looked for labels that had the surname Smith, there were lots, Smith is a very common surname. Almost all had Mrs in front as a title, and some had a first name. There were a couple of Miss Smith's and only one with no title, this person was listed as M. Smith. That had to be the Mr Smith who had bought the green Charnos slip.

Meg then remembered that he had said his name was Martin Smith when Lacy took his details for the mailing list but had quickly corrected it to M. Smith. That was what Lacy wrote down as his name. He was actually Mr Martin Smith. He had the same first name as the photographer, Martin Passmore, the Captain of the golf club.

Meg slid the colourful flyers into the envelopes. She would leave early and take them to the Post Office to be franked. Before she finished, she wrote a special note for Mr Smith and stuck it to the back cover of the flyer. She hoped he would see it and would want to come back to the shop.

What if someone else found it? Meg could get into real trouble with Lacy. She decided she would take the risk and hoped that Mr Smith would see it.

She popped his special flyer in his envelope and sealed it up. It was done. By then it was 4pm. Lacy y had told her she could shut the shop early and walk to the Post Office before it closed. She was also very excited and wanted to get home to have a wank.





After dropping off the envelopes she walked home quickly. As soon as Meg got back to her flat, she sat down on the bed for a moment to get her breath back.

She was so stiff at the thought of meeting up with Mr Smith, if the note worked. She lifted her dress and then her white slip to look down at her black stockings held up by a cream suspender belt and her sheer lacy cream panties.

Meg then stood up and looked in the mirror as she took off her black and white dress. She loved wearing this dress to work and did so quite often. It was just the right length. She usually wore a half-slip so that she could make sure that the lacy hem was peeping out.

However, today she wore a white Vanity Fair full-length slip. Meg thought that this slip, one of the few full slips she owned, was beautiful. It had pretty lace on the bust and on the hem. It also looked sexy.





The VF slip was just a little bit longer than the dress so the lacy hem would show, but not too much.

Meg started to wank her stiff clitty through her slip and panties. Then took the slip off, all the while watching in the mirror as if it was a movie or a sexy photo shoot.

Slowly her stocking tops came into view, followed by her suspenders and her lacy panties. Meg got stiffer as the panties were very sheer and she could see her clitty through the thin nylon.

She lifted the slip some more; her lacy bra and boobs came into view. The panties, bra and suspenders were a matching set by La Perla. They were a creamy colour but with little flecks of yellow. They were brand new. This was the first time Meg had worn them.





She was so glad that she had decided to wear her new lingerie to work today. It looked so pretty, so femme and so sexy.



Meg pushed her hand inside her panties to make her clitty even bigger.

What a picture this would make as she wanked her stiff clitty. She could see her hand clearly through the sheer panties. She needed to get a camera and take photos of herself aroused in sexy lingerie



This thought made her spurt into her panties and onto her stockings.

Meg loved seeing her white cum on her black nylon stockings. It reminded her of the Fiesta magazines that her dad used to hide under his bed. Did Mr Smith like that as well?



She needed to get a small camera and take some photos. There was a second-hand camera shop in Portsmouth, she could have a look there to see if there was a compact camera that she could afford. She would have to find somewhere that would be discrete for developing and printing some naughty photos. She couldn't go to Boots.

Meg then had a brain wave. She would ask Mr Passmore, the professional photographer who had taken the photos for the flyer. He developed and printed his own photos at the back of his studio.

Just as she was following Lacy out of the studio after the photo shoot Mr Passmore had slipped her his card.

"If you ever need anything, let me know," he said.

Meg looked at the bulge in his trousers and winked at him as she took the card. Angela Passmore was in the back office and did not see this little interchange.

Despite Angela's assurance that she would be a chaperone for the photo shoot and that Martin would not leer at a young lady in her lingerie, he was just a dirty old man. Had he sussed out though that she was a tranny? Could she use him to process her film and make prints?

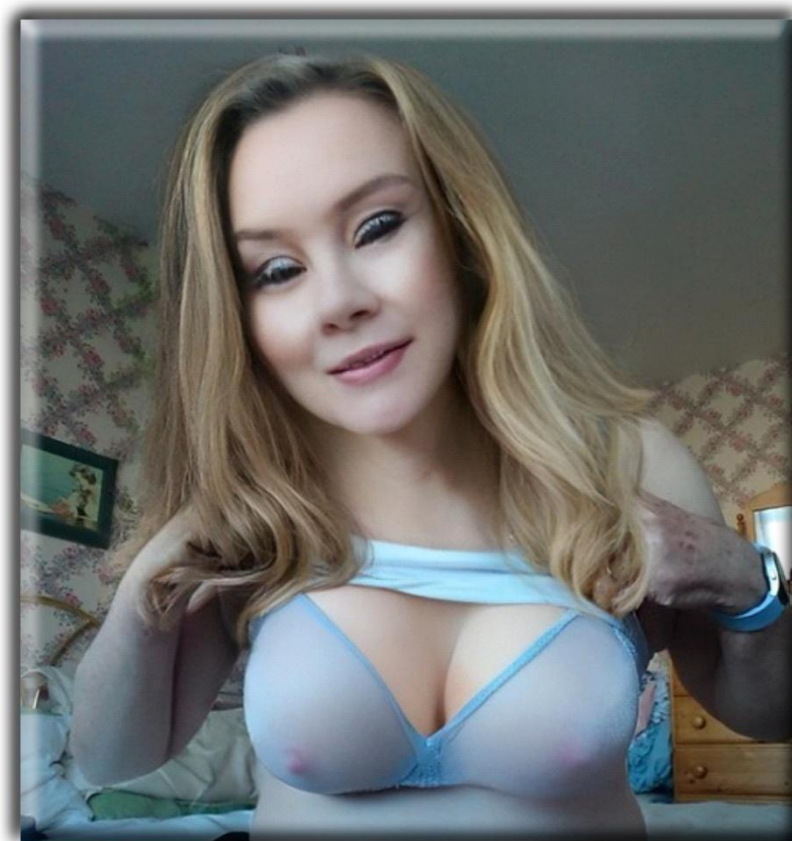


Meg had a look at second hand cameras in the camera shop but was worried about relying on someone else to print the photos. The shop had a brand-new Olympic Trip digital 35mm camera. The salesman told Meg that it did not use film but would need a computer to download the photos. That might be a possibility in the future but was way beyond Meg's budget, for now.

Then she found a second-hand instant Polaroid SX-70 camera. This had a built-in printer; the film pack would produce 10 prints. That might be enough for what Meg wanted. The camera cost a bit more than she hoped to pay but she had just been given a bonus by Lacy for the photo shoot, so she decided to splash out using her bonus for the camera and one pack of film.

On her next free day, she tried on some lingerie and posed in front of the mirror. When she was happy with the lingerie she took a couple of test prints. That would leave 8 photos left in the film cartridge, not as many as a Kodak 35 mm roll that would allow 36 photos, but Meg would be in control of the pictures.

She was pleased with the photos. In the first one she was wearing a brown slip, brown satin panties, black suspenders and tan stockings. Meg decided she liked the view of her slip pulled up to reveal a big tent in her silky panties and her brown stocking tops. The square print was quite small, but the quality was good.



Meg changed into some blue lingerie, a pale blue full slip, bra and panties, and stockings. This time her chosen pose was her lifting her slip above her bra. She took the photo and waited for it process, then it spewed out the final print. The pale blue bra was very sheer; she could see her nipples and cleavage. Oh God, this was so exciting. She had refrained from wanking but now she pushed her hand into her panties and got hold of her stiff clitty.

She stopped wanking, she wanted to do one more photo but something she couldn't do in the Passmore's photo studio. Meg changed again into a red set of lingerie.



She began wanking again as she watched in the mirror. Her dick, although small, was now stiff. She pulled down her red panties and took the picture with the Polaroid camera. Her stiff clitty was horizontal and framed by the lacy red suspender belt, the silky red panties and black stockings.

Meg carried on wanking as the camera processed the photo. When the photo was ready it spewed out the finished print. Meg grabbed the print. It was exactly what she wanted, she spewed cum too.

Martin Smith had worn the green lingerie he had bought at Lacy Lingerie, when he had the chance, but it was not very often.

He kept looking at the flyer and the note that Meg had sent him. He wanked over her photos in the flyer several times.

He never did give the envelope and flyer to his wife. Fortunately, his mother did not mention it when he took Jackie and the kids to see his mother. Her memory was a bit patchy these days.





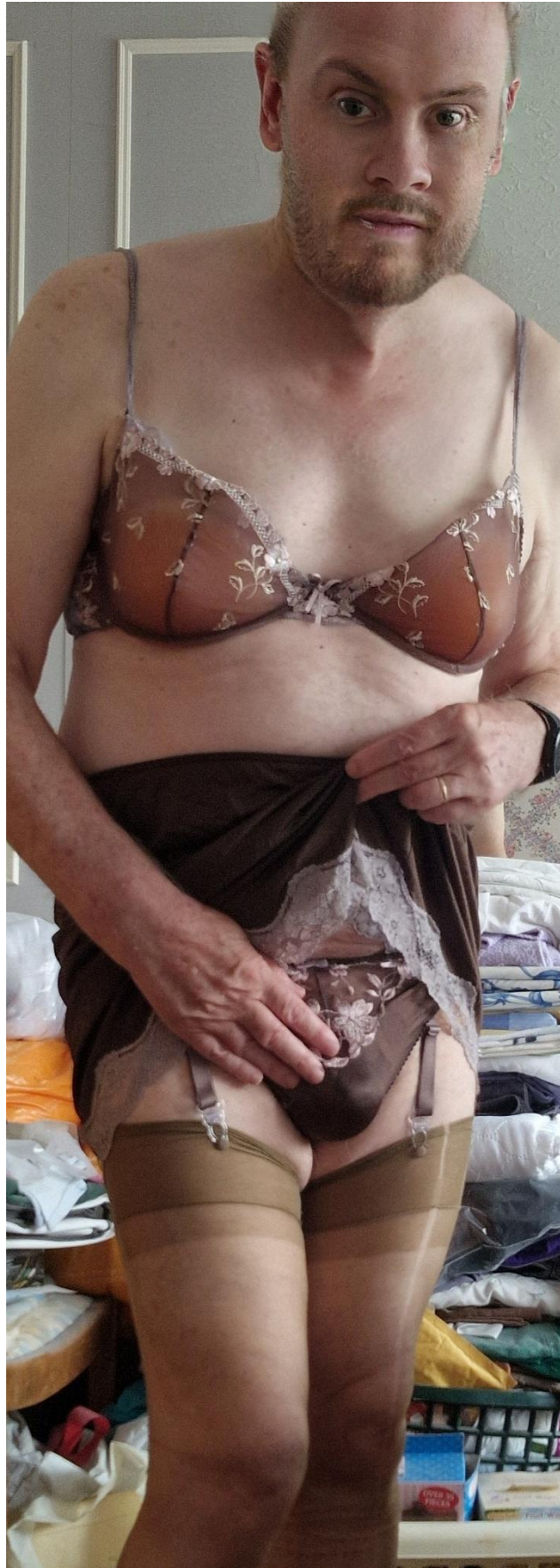
When Martin had seen the photo of Meg in her brown lingerie on page 3 of the Lacy Lingerie summer flyer he decided he needed some brown panties and bra. He found some in Marks and Spencer. They also had a delightful matching brown half slip that was trimmed in white lace. He added some brown stockings. He also bought a cream set. Martin even found a party shop selling fake breasts.



Martin had to wait to get the house to himself. Then, one Saturday, Jackie had taken the kids to see her mum and dad. He cried off saying he had a cold. They would be gone for the whole Saturday afternoon. It was a perfect time to dress up in his new lingerie.

He was so hard that his stiff cock pushed out the front of his panties in a huge tent. He would love to take a photo of this. He lifted the slip and started wanking until he ejaculated his cum into the panties. He had better wash and dry the panties before Jackie came home.

Martin kept looking at the note that Meg had sent him. Did he want to go back and buy another slip? What did personal service mean? If he did go back, should he wear the green lingerie he had bought there on his last visit about 2 years ago, or perhaps the brown set.





After looking again at the flyer and Meg holding a brown full slip a thought came to Martin. He should try to get a full-length brown slip to match his brown set of lingerie.

He would have to take a Monday off work and tell Jackie there was a new model he wanted from the model shop in Portsmouth that was opposite Lacy Lingerie.

Martin Smith was nervous as he pushed open the door of Lacy Lingerie. What if Meg was not there, and it was only Lacy serving?

“Well hello, Mr Smith, how lovely to see you again,” said Meg. It had worked. She was delighted.

“Do cum in, I am afraid Lacy is not here today, just me. Don’t be nervous. It is just us gurls here. It is very quiet this morning. Let me put the closed sign – “Back in 10 min”, up on the door.”

Meg was wearing a black and white geometric pattern silk dress. A lacy white slip peeped out from under the dress, the slip caressed sheer white hosiery. Her long black boots had a stiletto heel.

Martin wondered if these were stockings and if she wore white panties and bra to match the slip. He was getting hard.

“Now, where is that sign? We don’t use it very often,” said Meg.



Meg bent over to pull the special notice from a bottom draw giving Martin an excellent view right up her skirt.

Oh yes, Meg was wearing stockings (seamed) and white frilly panties under her very lacy edged white slip.

Meg straightened up and walked over to the front door of the shop, locked it and put up the sign.

“This might take more than 10 minutes,” thought Meg.

She could see that her upskirt view had the desired effect on Martin. But what was he wearing under his chinos and blue shirt?

“Now what can I do for you, Martin, a new slip perhaps?”

“I err... saw your flyer with you holding a brown full slip, perhaps you could show me that?”

“Of course, what size are you as I know this is not your wife?” asked Meg.

“Hmmm, I am not sure.”



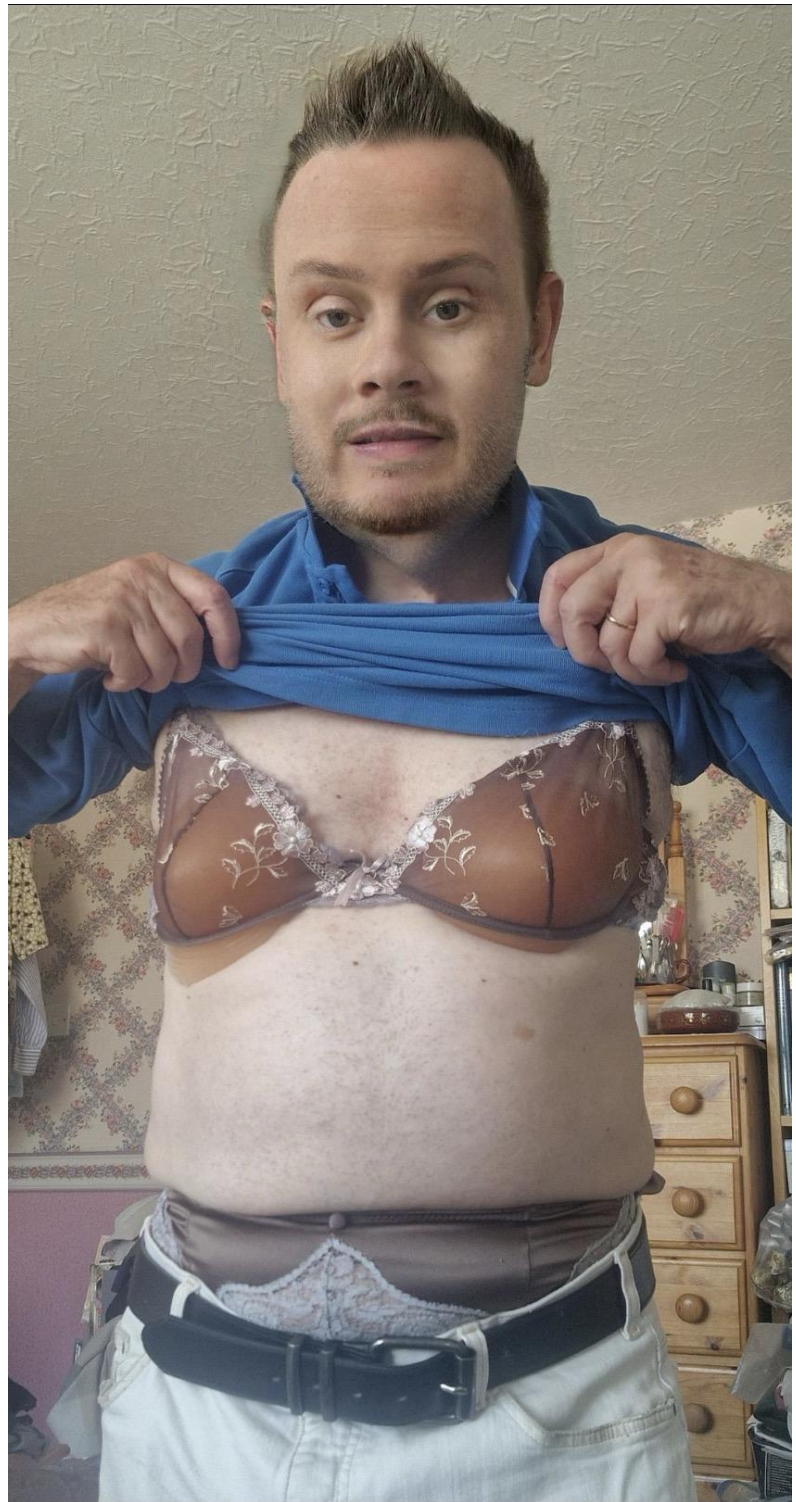
“I would guess about 40” bust, maybe 42”. Now lift up your shirt and I can measure you.” Meg had picked up a soft tape measure.

“Oh...Ok,” said Martin meekly. He knew he would have to show Meg what lingerie he was wearing at some point.

“Excellent, I see you came prepared, suspenders, and stockings as well, I think. Your brown suspender belt is showing above your trousers, that is so sexy. Now let’s measure you.”

Martin was glad he had slipped his fake boobs into his bra just before he got out of his car.

“Yes, 42 inches band and a C cup, that will be a lady’s size 20 for a full slip. The brown slip I was holding in the flyer photo is by Brettle’s, but it won’t be big enough for you. Not all our slips go up to a size 20, but I think we do have a brown Charnos in that size.”



Meg sorted through some full slips that were hanging on hangers on a rail. There were all sorts of colours, black, cream and brown.

Meg took the brown full length slip off the hanger and put it on the display table, just like Lacy had done on Martin's earlier visit.





“This is a beautiful Charnos full slip, same make as your green half-slip, same quality. How did you get on with the green slip. Was it a good fit?”

“Well, yes, it was fine,” said Martin cautiously.

“I know you said it was for your wife, but it was really for you, wasn’t it, Martin?”

“I did buy it for Jackie as a Christmas present, but she said it was too big, gave it back to me and said I should wear it.”

“And did you wear it?”

“Yes, I did,” whispered Martin with his head down.

“Don’t be ashamed. Did you wear it with your new green lacy lingerie?”

“Yes.”

“And stockings?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Did you like the feel of the nylon, did it get you excited?”

Martin lifted his head and looked at Meg. He nodded as he realised that Meg knew his secret.

Meg could just imagine Martin dressed in his new green lingerie having a wank.

“Did it make you cum?”

“Yes, it did make me cum, several times.”

“Slips and lingerie do that to me too, sweetie. Now let’s see if this slip fits you.”

Meg could not wait to see Martin’s panties, bra, stockings and suspenders properly.

“Cum with me, we will go to the fitting room, and you can try it on.”





The fitting room was bigger than Martin had expected. It had two chairs, coat hooks and several mirrors. It was decorated in pink. The wooden floor had a pink rug,



Meg sat down on one of the chairs. The lacy hem of her white slip showed under the hem of her silky dress.

“Now let’s get rid of those boi clothes.”

Martin hesitated, nobody else, not even his wife, had seen him in just his lingerie.

“Don’t be nervous, tell you what, I will take my dress off as well, then we can be just gurls shopping for pretty undies.”

Meg took off her black and white dress and hung it on a spare hanger. Martin could not help staring at her pretty white full slip. It had lashings of lace on the hem and on the bust. He could see her white knickers and suspender belt through the thin nylon. Meg looked so sexy just standing there.





Suddenly he wanted Meg to see him in his lingerie. Martin started to take off his black shoes, but then Meg stopped him.

“Oh bravo, no socks, I love what you are wearing already.”

Martin carried on taking off his trousers and blue polo shirt.

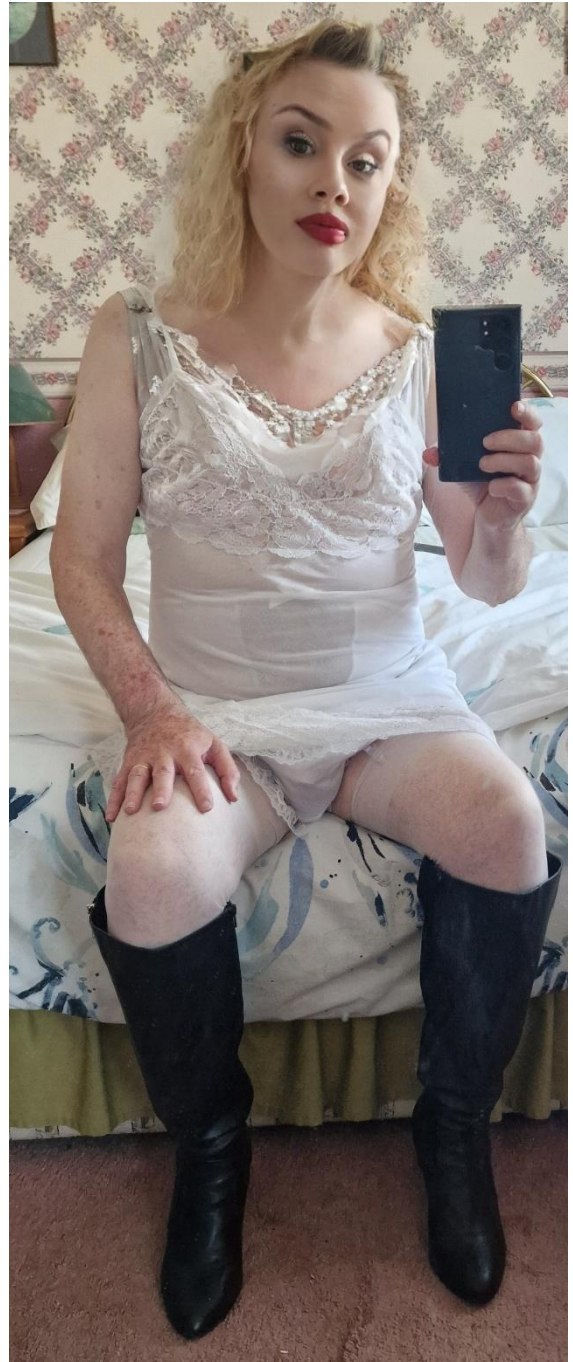


Meg sat down on the chair and took out her camera.

“Do you mind if I take some photos? It is a new Polaroid, it does instant photos, no one else will see them.”

“I guess so,” said Martin. He had often wanted to see a photo of him wearing pretty lingerie, now was his chance.

“We have some heels here for ladies that want to see what their slip looks like with high heels. Try this pair, they are a size 8.”



Meg passed a pair of brown court shoes to Martin. He slid them on his feet over his stockings.

“Do they fit?”

“Yes, they are fine, but I am not used to wearing high heels.”

“They are not high, only about 2 inches, but you will get used to them.”

Martin had noticed that the heels of Meg’s black boots were at least 4 inches high and and were very spiky, they looked really sexy.





“You have a ladder in your stockings,” said Meg pointing to Martin’s left leg.

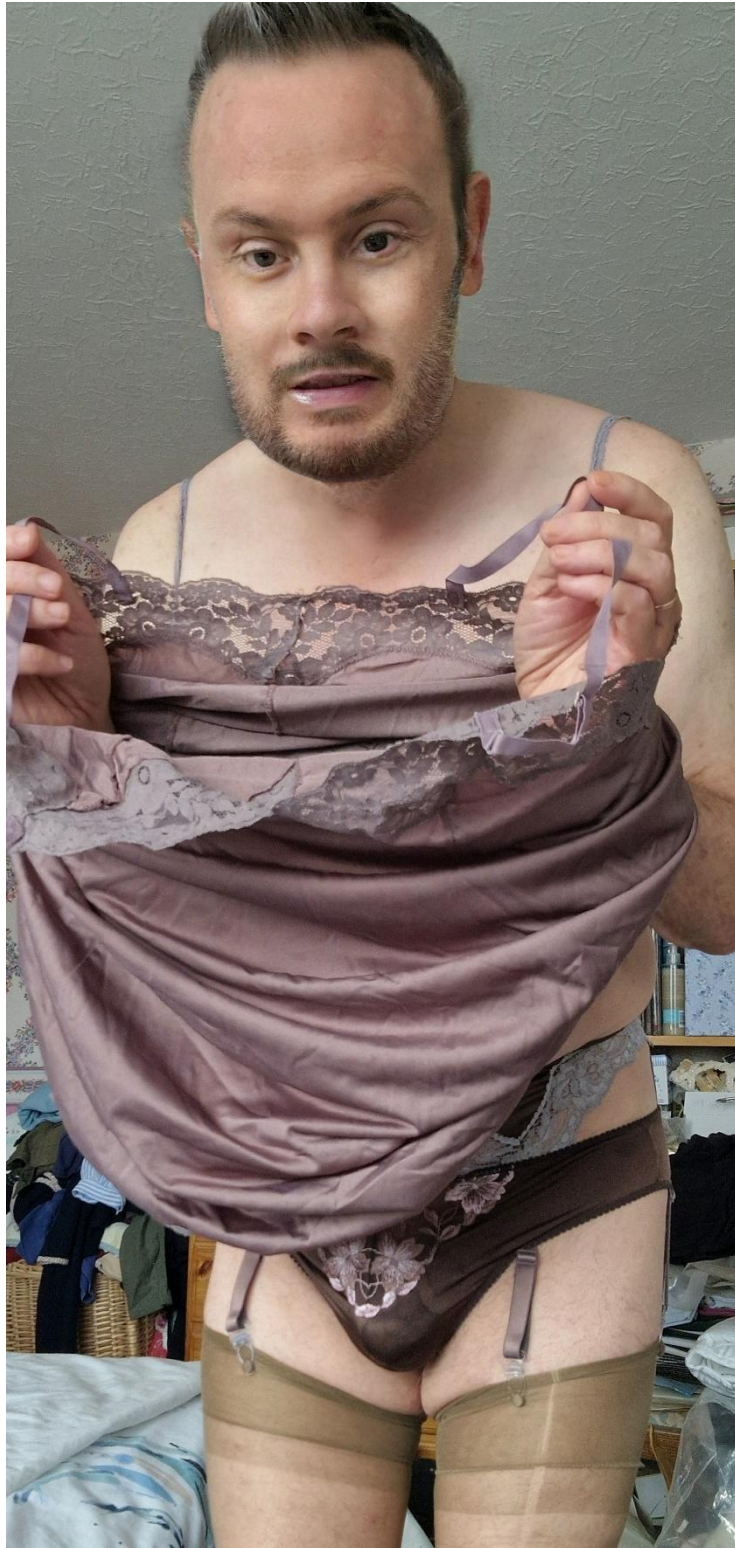
“What do you mean?” asked Martin.

“Silly billy, you have lots of gurl talk to learn. There is a run in the nylon all the way up the stocking. You will need a new pair. We can sort that out later. Now do a twirl.”

“Perfect, now do a pose and I can take a photo.”
Meg took a picture.

Martin put his hands on his hips and smiled at Meg. He hoped his stiff clitty was not making a big tent in his panties. When Meg showed him the photo, he got even stiffer. Oh no, wearing pretty lingerie and looking at his sexy photographer dressed in a sexy white slip and stockings was making him hard.





“Now the slip,” said Meg handing Martin the long brown Charnos slip. Martin thought that the slip was really pretty, it had lots of lace around the bust and on the hem. He put it over his head and eased it down over his brown bra and panties. He was in heaven.



“That fits perfectly,” said Meg, “Although there seems to be a large tent in the front of the slip. I need to smooth it down, so it hangs properly.”



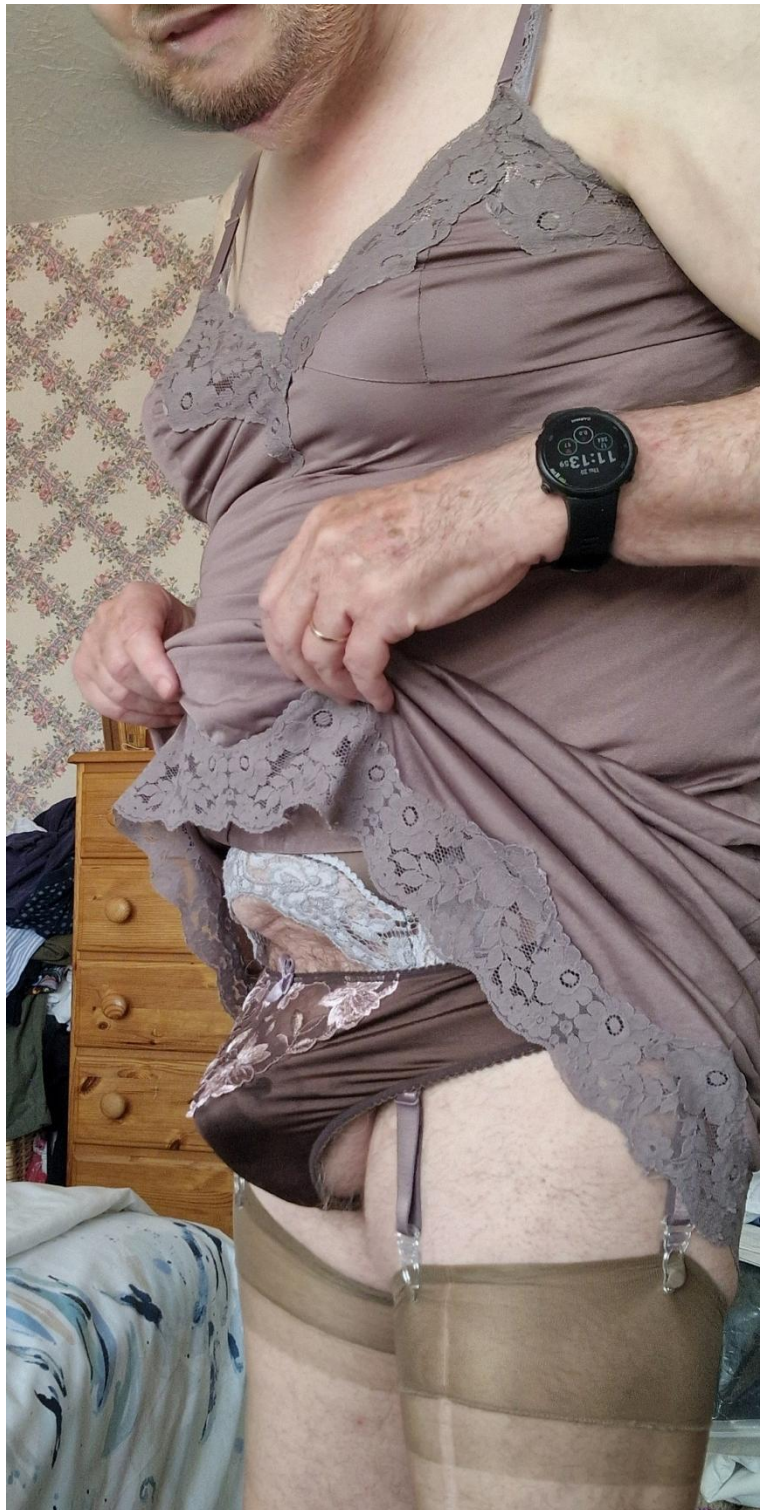
Meg reached forward to feel the bump in the slip.

“That is not very lady like, Martin. Are you getting stiff in your panties and slip?”

“Yes,” said Martin.

“Show me then,” said Meg.

Martin lifted the slip. His stiff clitty was tenting the front of his brown panties, just like he had home but this time he was sharing this with someone else. Martin heard the camera click. Meg had taken another photo.



at



Meg put the camera down whilst she waited for it to process and print the photo.

“I am getting stiff too,” she said as she lifted her slip to reveal her very frilly panties, suspender belt and sheer white stockings. The tent in her panties was slightly obscured by the rows of frilly lace, but it was there.

“You can take a picture of me,” said Meg as she handed Martin the camera. He took a photo of Meg posing with her slip up and exposing her panties.

Meg dropped her slip back down and crouched in front of Martin, lifted his slip and yanked his panties down. She licked her lips as his stiff clitty came into sight. Martin's clitty was framed by the lacy brown suspender belt, the brown stocking tops and his pretty brown panties. The panties had some lace and was decorated with pink flowers.

She leant forward and started to kiss Martin's clitty. It got longer and stiffer. Martin threw his head back.

"Oh God, oh God," said Martin as Meg took his whole penis in her mouth giving him head. It was the first time this had happened to Martin. His wife had never wanted to have oral sex.

Meg licked and kissed Martin's clitty, then he could hold back no more. Just before he spurted, she let go of his clitty. Martin's cum streamed over Meg's chin and her slip. She stood up and made him lick the cum off her face.





“Well, that’s a right mess you have made of my slip, I will have to take it off.”

Martin was shaking, his legs felt weak, he had to sit down on the pink chair.

Meg took off her white slip. Martin feasted his eyes on Meg's frilly white panties, which were still showing a tent, despite all the row of frilly lace. There was a lacy white suspender belt peeping out above the panties as Meg pulled up the panties up tight. Her white bra was also very lacy.

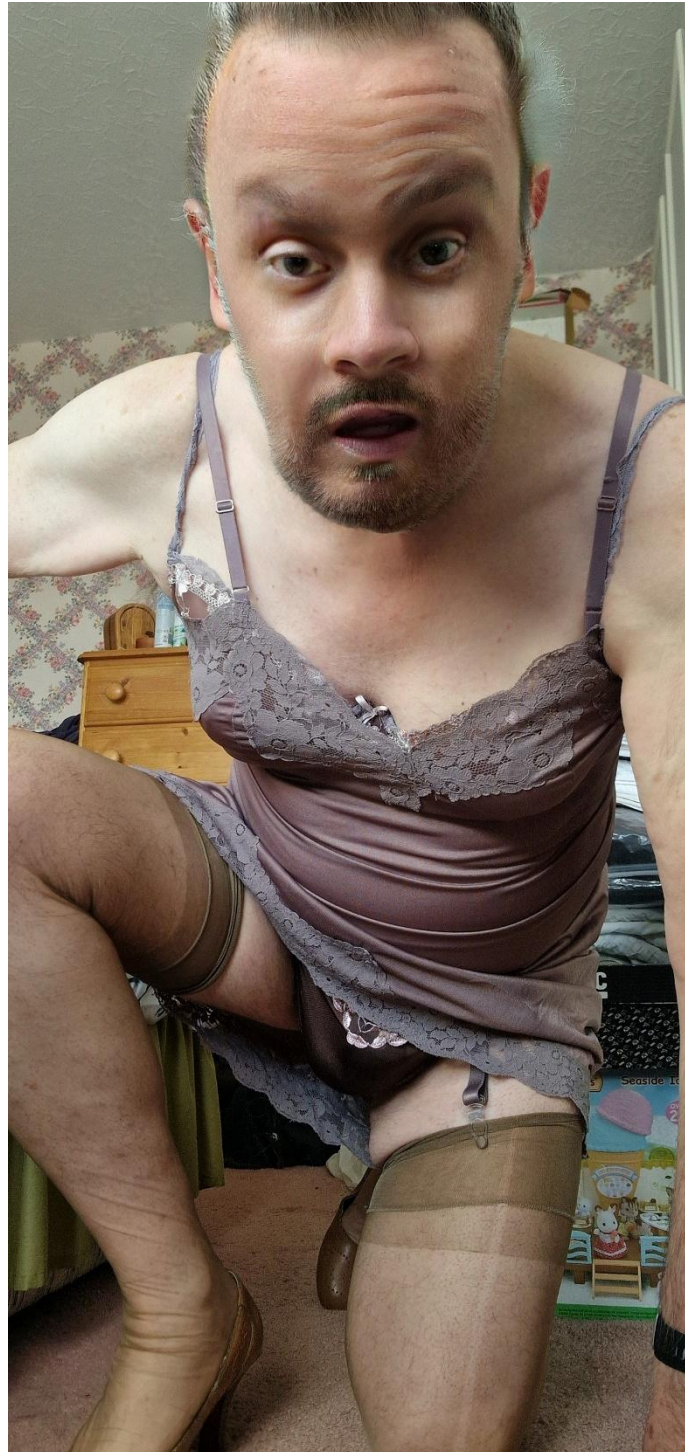


bra

“My turn,” said Meg.

Martin knew what to do. He knelt in front of Meg and ran his hands up and down her stockings, then slowly over her panties. He could feel her hot clitty growing as he rubbed the nylon tent.

“Oh yes, now pull them down and suck,” said Meg.



Martin did as he was told and was getting hard again. He slowly pulled Meg's panties down and took in the view of her small clitty poking out. Then he gently kissed the stiff protuberance.

"Quicker," said Meg.

Martin was new to this, but he was learning to enjoy it.

He speeded up and took the whole clitty in his mouth. He sucked it in and out, like Meg had just done to him. Then Meg ejaculated into his mouth. Martin nearly choked but held on and exploded himself into his panties. The brown panties were a sticky mess.

"Stand up and kiss me," said Meg.

Martin stood and kissed Meg, they exchanged bodily fluids.

After a few moments their bodies parted, they pulled up their panties and sat down on the chairs, both were exhausted.

Meg pulled out some tissues and offered a couple of them to Martin. His panties and stockings were a mess.

Never to miss a sales opportunity Meg said, "Your lingerie is a mess, you will need some clean panties and stockings to wear home. Let me see what I can find."

Meg put her dress back on and went back into the main shop. She took down the closed sign on the door. It had only taken 15 minutes since Meg had put the closed sign on the door.





A couple of minutes later Martin was dressed and followed Meg back into the shop. He could see Meg had put some new lingerie and stockings on the display stand. They were a baby blue colour. They looked gorgeous.

“This is a beautiful matching set of baby blue panties and bra by a new Irish manufacturer called Shein. They will look fabulous with these black stockings. They are Gio seconds so much better value. They will be a special price of £20, the Charnos slip is £18, so that is £38 altogether.”

“I will take them,” said Martin said even before Meg had finished speaking. He got out £40 cash and paid. Yet again he had spent far more than he intended. Meg took the notes and gave him some change. Meg then put all the Polaroid photos on the worktop.



“Why don’t you pop back into the fitting room and change whilst I find some clean knickers. Mine are a bit of mess too, and don’t forget to take the Polaroid photos with you,” said Meg. Martin would treasure those photos for many years to cum.

The End

Copyright Andrea Slip - 24th August 2026

Read Fashion Faux-pas and **Meg -Part 1**. the prequels to this story.

i_love_slips@yahoo.co.uk

Other photo stories are at <http://www.software04.uk/> Please use the **contact form** for comments, positive feed-back and ideas for future stories

Edited AI Summary

Martin's Secret Lingerie Interests

- Martin secretly wears lingerie, including slips, panties, stockings, and suspenders, often in private.
- His fascination is driven by past experiences and arousal from his mother's lingerie, leading to repeated masturbation and guilt.

Shop Interactions and Lingerie Purchases

- Martin visits Lacy Lingerie in Portsmouth, buying slips and lingerie under false names to hide his interests.
- Meg, the shop assistant, becomes aware of his secret and shows interest, encouraging him to try on lingerie and takes photos of Martin with her new Polaroid camera

Meg's Personal Involvement and Flirtation

- Meg is depicted as flirtatious, wearing sexy lingerie and giving upskirt views. She hints at personal service for Martin.
- She secretly writes a suggestive note to Martin, inviting him to visit the shop for private encounters, revealing her awareness of his secret.

Photographic Exploration and Self-Expression

- Meg uses a Polaroid camera to take explicit photos of herself in lingerie, experimenting with different outfits and poses.
- She considers using a professional photographer for discreet prints and fantasizes about capturing her sexuality but decides it is too risky

Martin's Internal Conflict and Fantasies

- Martin struggles with guilt over his lingerie obsession and secret masturbation,
- He fantasizes about being with Meg, including intimate acts, and plans to buy more lingerie to indulge his desires.

Family and Personal Life Context

- Martin visits his mother, Margaret, who still wears slips and stockings, and receives lingerie mailings addressed to him.
- He keeps his lingerie stash hidden and avoids revealing his interests to his wife Jackie, who has lost interest in sex.

Implications of Secret Desires

- Martin's secret lingerie activities are intertwined with fantasies of cross-dressing and sexual arousal.
- His behaviours include secretly dressing and masturbating in lingerie, with ongoing internal conflict about his identity.

Shop Environment and Staff Dynamics

- Lacy manages the shop, with Meg as her assistant
- The shop's promotional flyer features Meg prominently, and she manipulates mailing lists to target Martin.

Overall Themes

- The story explores themes of hidden sexuality, fetishism, and the tension between private desires and social norms.
- It depicts a complex web of secret behaviours, fantasies, and interactions centered around lingerie and sexuality.

Intimate Scene Description

- Characters engage in explicit sexual activities involving oral sex and bodily fluids.
- The scene ends with them dressing and exchanging photographs.

Clothing and Lingerie Details

- Meg wears frilly white lingerie, stockings, and a slip.
- Martin purchases matching a brown full slip plus a blue lingerie set and stockings.

Shop Setting and Interaction

- Meg offers to take photos, Martin accepts