

A photo story by Andrea Slip





It was an awful night, in Ohio. the rain beat down on the little white car. Janet could hardly see where she was going through the windscreen wipers.

“We are getting low on gas,” said Janet.

“Oh, no,” said Brad, Janet’s fiancé, looking at the needle, it was pointing at empty.

They had been to a wedding and were on their way home but had got lost. It was looking likely they might not make it.

Suddenly the car lurched to a stop.

“Oh...” screamed Janet. “What are we going to do now?”

“We have to get help, look there is a drive to a house there, we will see where it goes.”

“I don’t have a coat,” said Janet looking down at the pink dress she had worn to the wedding, a white lacy slip peeped out from the split in the front of the dress. “I’ll get soaked, my dress and stockings will be ruined. And my new slip that I bought specially for the wedding,” she added.

“We can’t stay here,” said Brad, “It won’t be far up the drive, we will just have to run.”

Janet was resigned to her fate; she was very submissive and always did what Brad said but she sometimes wished he wasn’t so buttoned up. She pulled her white cardigan tighter and picked up her purse.

They got out of the car and ran up the driveway as the wind and rain snatched at their clothes. They were soaked within seconds.





Janet was not used to running in heels, actually she was not used to high heels. Progress up the long drive was slow. They both got very wet. A large mansion loomed up in the dark in front of them. There was a light on over a huge front door, The double wooden door had a big round knocker. It sounded like there was a party going on inside. Brad and Janet looked at other. Brad knocked on the door. After about 30 seconds, the large door creaked, opened by a very tall man in a butler's uniform.



“Well, hello, welcome to the Transylvanian Ball,” said the butler.

“Oh no, we have run out of gas, can we use your phone to call roadside assistance,” said Brad, looking at Janet?



There was obviously a party going on. Lots of people were dancing to a song. The lyrics seemed to be about a Time Warp.

Brad and Janet's eyes were wide open as they looked at the party. Everyone, and I mean everyone, was wearing stockings.

"I am Riffraff. What are your names?" asked the butler.

"Err we just want to...." started Brad.

“Brad Chuck and Janet Weiss,” said Janet cutting in quickly. She was fascinated by what all the men and women were wearing. She wasn’t even sure that some of the dancers dressed as women weren’t actually men.

Riff-Raff announced the new and unexpected guests. “Miss Janet Weiss and Mr Brad Chuck,” he said in his best plummy English accent.



Suddenly a maid appeared.

“Oh, look at you both, you are soaked, we must get you out of your wet clothes and into something more suitable,” said the maid. “Follow me. I am Magenta, by the way,” she said over her shoulder.

She turned and walked up a narrow staircase. She looked back to make sure Brad and Janet were following.

This time it was Brad who was fascinated with the costume the maid was wearing. His eyes followed from her black shiny high heels up the seams of her sheer black stockings to a mass of frilly white petticoats. The dress was white satin with a big black bow mid waist and a lacy white ribbon in her shoulder length hair.

Magenta took them into a bedroom. She took out a large towel and put it on the bed for them to sit down.

“Now, let’s get you out of those wet clothes and into a suitable costume for the Transylvanian Ball. Fortunately, Dr-Frank-n-Furter loves dressing up, so we have plenty to choose from, even for you Brad.



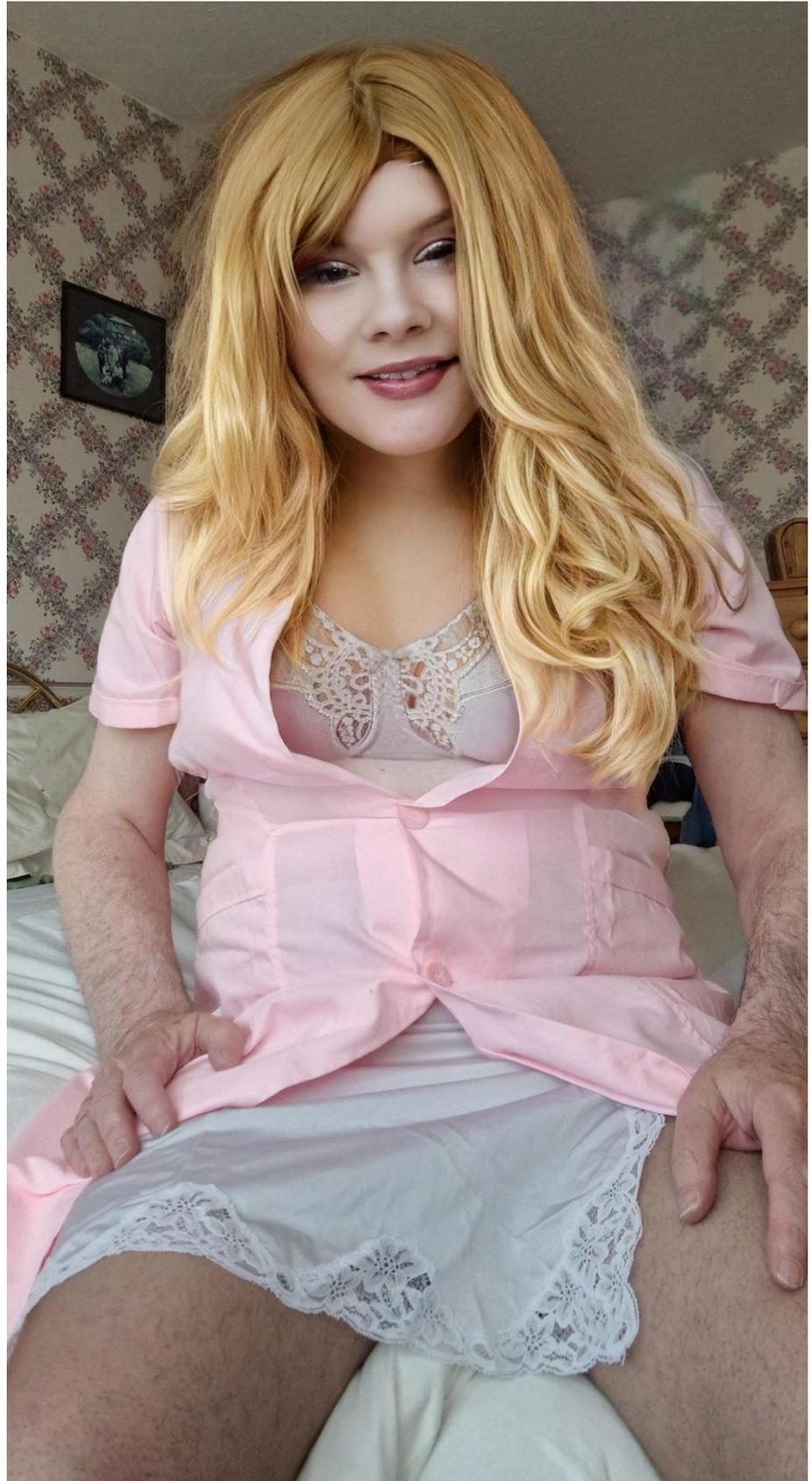
“Thank you, as soon as we get some dry clothes and get hold of a rescue truck to refill our car with gas we will be on our way,” said Brad.

“Humph,” said Magenta. “No chance of that happening before the morning out here. The nearest town is 20 miles away. You might as well stay and enjoy the ball. You can meet Dr Frank-n-Furter and his new creation, Rocky. He unveiled Rocky tonight. He is such a hunk. Now sit and I will see what I can find for you.”



Janet and Brad sat side by side on the bed. Janet could not wait to get out of the wet clothes, she dropped her purse and white cardigan on the floor, Then Janet started to undo a few buttons of her pink dress. Her lacy white slip and bra came into view.

Magenta the maid, noticed this. “Oh, what a pretty slip and bra, so.... trad, honey. But for you, Janet, I am thinking more femme fatal, all in black. Dr Frank will love that. “



Magenta rummaged in the wardrobe and draws. She produced some black lingerie and a dress.

Janet looked at the items in amazement. “I... I... don’t wear black. I only wear white or pink.”

Magenta turned and looked at her.

“Strip honey and tonight will be the first night of your life.”



Janet was nervous undressing in front of a stranger, let alone in front of Brad, her fiancé. Brad had never seen her in her panties and bra before, they had planned to save that joy until their wedding day, planned for in 3 months time.

Brad's eyes were on stalks as she took off her dress and then slid her lacy white slip down. He discovered that she was wearing old fashioned stockings and suspenders, and he loved it as it reminded him of seeing his older sister getting ready for a date when he was a teenager.

A big smile crept across Magenta's face as she saw Janet's 1950's lingerie.

"Very trad wife, honey. Now that gives me an idea for Brad.

Magenta started looking for what Brad could wear but had not missed the slight bulge in Janet's panties.

"I wonder if Janet is one of us," thought Magenta.



Janet was encouraged by Magenta and was starting to enjoy showing off her pretty lingerie and her body. She took off her white heels, bra, panties, stockings and garter belt. She dropped them on the floor and picked up the black lingerie.



She turned her back to Brad and Magenta as she did not want Brad to find out her little surprise just yet. She pulled on the black garter belt on and spun it round. She quickly donned the sheer black stockings, they felt wonderful. The panties were large black tap pants (French knickers), edged with white lace. She pulled them up over her stockings. She shivered and realised that she could no longer play the virgin bride all in white. The black lingerie was doing something to her. It was making her really stiff.

Magenta noticed in a mirror that as Janet quickly pulled up her black panties that Brad would get a very big surprise on his wedding night. He seemed such a straight up tight guy, but things would change that night,





Janet attached the matching black bra. It was slightly sheer and also edged in white lace to match the satin French knickers. She pulled it down over her boobs.



Magenta meanwhile had sorted out what Brad was going to wear. His eyes were wide open in surprise.

“I can’t wear women’s clothes,” stuttered Brad.

“Honey, I saw the way your eyes followed me up the stairs and how you stared at Janet as she stripped to her sexy lingerie. There is also a huge boner in your tights-whities. Now strip or I call security, and they can throw you out into the rain.”

“I...I ...” Brad tried a few half-hearted protests and slowly discarded the rest of his clothes. But this would not be the first time Brad had worn stockings.



When Brad was about 15 Penelopy, his older sister, had started dating. She liked to dress up smart. He was always trying to see up her skirt, occasionally he got lucky. One time she was wearing a long black dress and black pantihose. As she bent over to adjust her heels he could see she was wearing a frilly lace edged slip and stockings, not pantihose like his mum.

“Oh my God, she is going out wearing stockings, does mum know? I wonder who the lucky fella is,” he said to himself?



Another time Brad nearly bumped into sis as she came out of the bathroom only partially dressed. She was wearing a brown bra, matching panties, brown garter belt and sheer brown stockings. Sis was carrying a full-length nylon slip, edged in white lace to match the panties and bra.

“Oh, I thought you were downstairs, Brad.” said sis and scuttled off to her bedroom. Brad was hard and had to abandon his plan for a bath to go back to his own room and have a wank. It was not a long wank as he was so hard and so excited at seeing a real woman in her lingerie and not just a photo in his dad’s adult magazine hidden under his bed.



Brad was so taken with his sister's lingerie he started noticing it in the wash basket. He waited until he was home alone after school one day and decided to try on her blue panties and bra. There was a white suspender belt and some navy-blue stockings in the wash. They all went on; Brad was so excited. What about some shoes? He rushed to her bedroom to find some pink high heels and a discarded blue half-slip on the floor, it matched the panties and bra. Brad put on the slip and heels as well, although the heels pinched his toes. He was so hard but held back from cumming so he wouldn't leave any mess.



He found his digital camera and managed to take a selfie photo in the mirror of him wearing a slip, bra, stockings and pink heels. He would wank over this photo many times in the next few months.



Brad looked down at the edge of the lacy slip caressing the sheer nylons. Even though he could see his hairy legs through the sheer nylons he felt so sexy. Then it just happened. He had not meant to cum all over her panties and slip but just couldn't stop. He was shaking but then he felt so guilty and took all the lingerie off and pushed it back into the wash basket, forgetting that he had picked up the half-slip from the bedroom floor. That was his mistake.

A couple of hours later sis was getting dressed to go out with her new boyfriend and wondered where her blue slip had gone. She was sure she had left it on the floor of her bedroom. She found it in the bathroom in the wash basket. She picked up the slip and confronted Brad in his bedroom. She was wearing blue panties, a blue lacy bra, a wide blue lacy garter belt and sheer blue stockings.

“How did my slip get in the wash basket, Brad?”

He turned red, “I don’t know, perhaps you put it in to wash with your blue panties and bra.”

“Well, that’s interesting, Brad. How would you know my blue panties and bra were in the wash? And with cum stains on the inside of the panties.”

He turned even brighter red.

“Do you want me to share this with mum and dad?”

He shook his head.



“Well stay out of my underwear. Never, ever touch it again.”

He was so scared he never had, until now at the castle.

“Put the garter belt on first, then put on the panties.”

Brad put on the pink panties and then picked up the garter belt . Magenta helped him clip the belt on and attached the stockings. Next it was the bra.

He didn’t need much help.

“Have you done this before Brad,” asked Magenta?

“No” he said quickly, too quickly.

“Hmmm....” Said Magenta.





Brad picked up the bra, he did need some help from Magenta with this.



Janet meanwhile put on some pink high heels. They were higher than she normally wore but felt sexy.



She picked the black full slip that Magenta has chosen for her and pulled it down over her panties and bra. Nylon lingerie always had this effect on Janet. She hoped that the big loose knickers would hide any excitement, and she was excited.



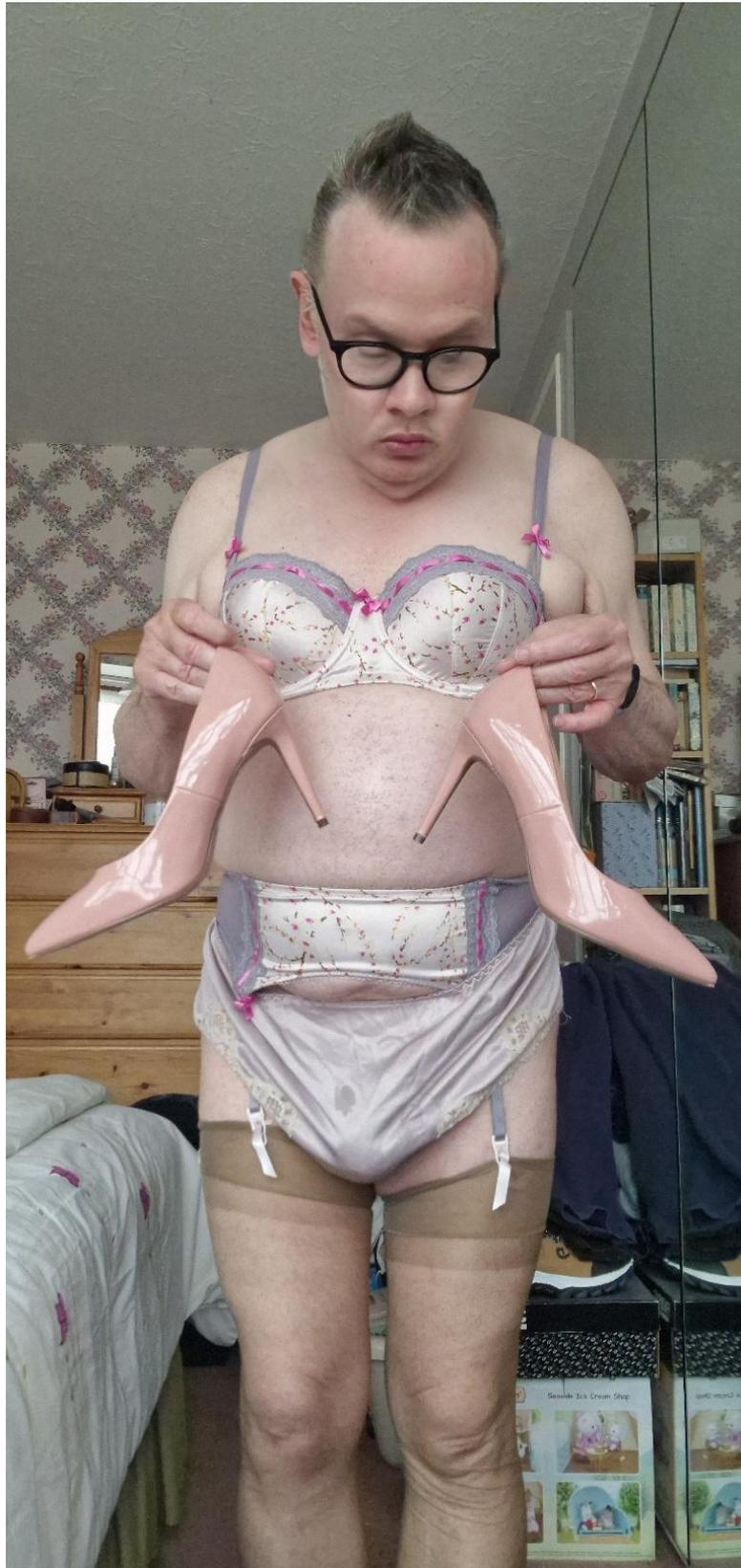
Next was a long black dress and a pink scarf.



She found her purse and did a quick touch-up of her makeup, rubbed her hair with a towel and then brushed it. Her hair was a bit messy but would have to do. She was ready for the party.



Magenta gave Brad some breast inserts to fill out his bra. He pushed them into the cups. He was trying not to show his excitement. He didn't want to cum suddenly like last time when he tried on sis's blue lingerie. The garter belt and bra had a pretty pink blossom on. On no, he was getting hard.

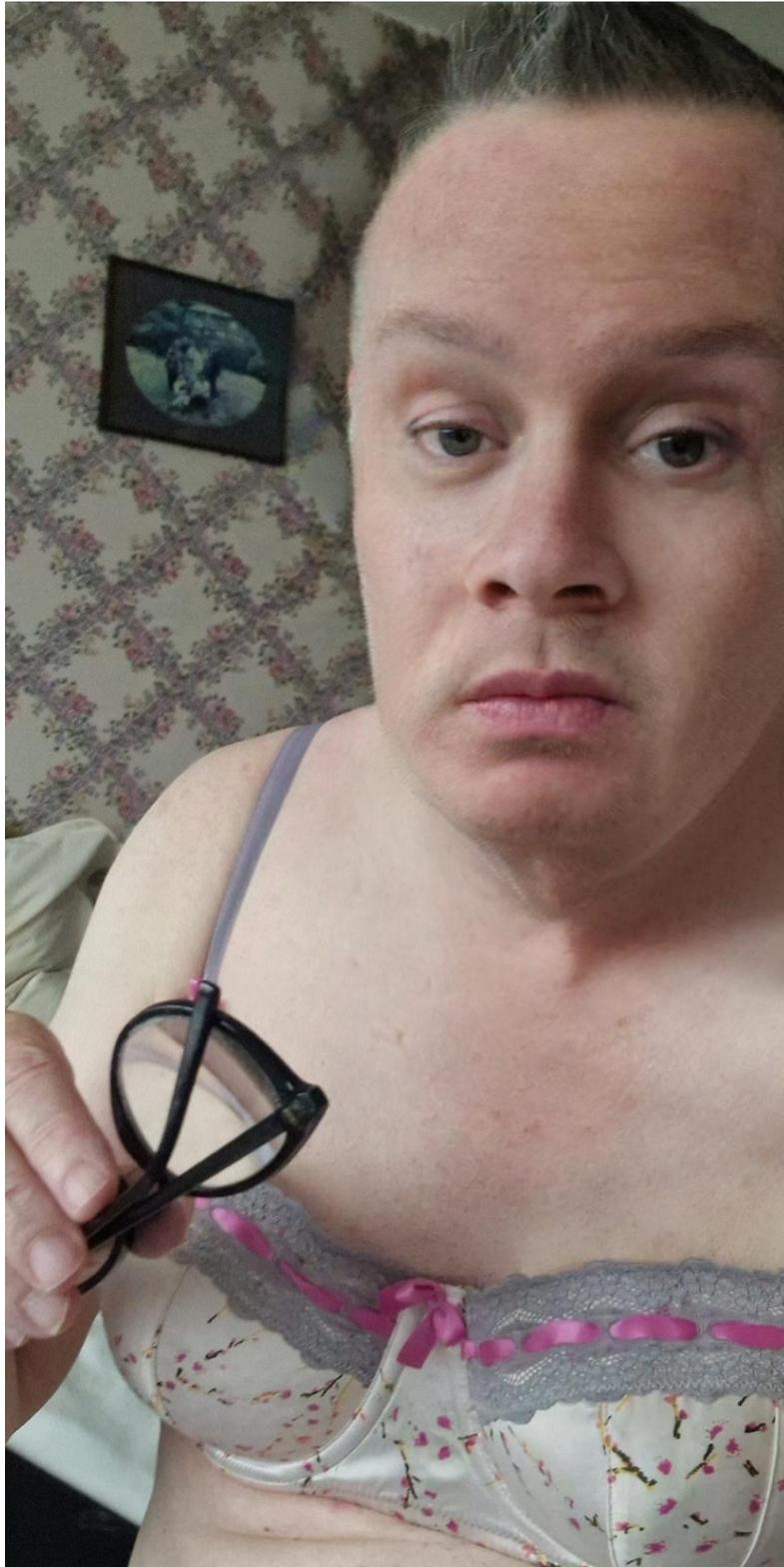


Next it was pink high heels, the same as Janet was now wearing.



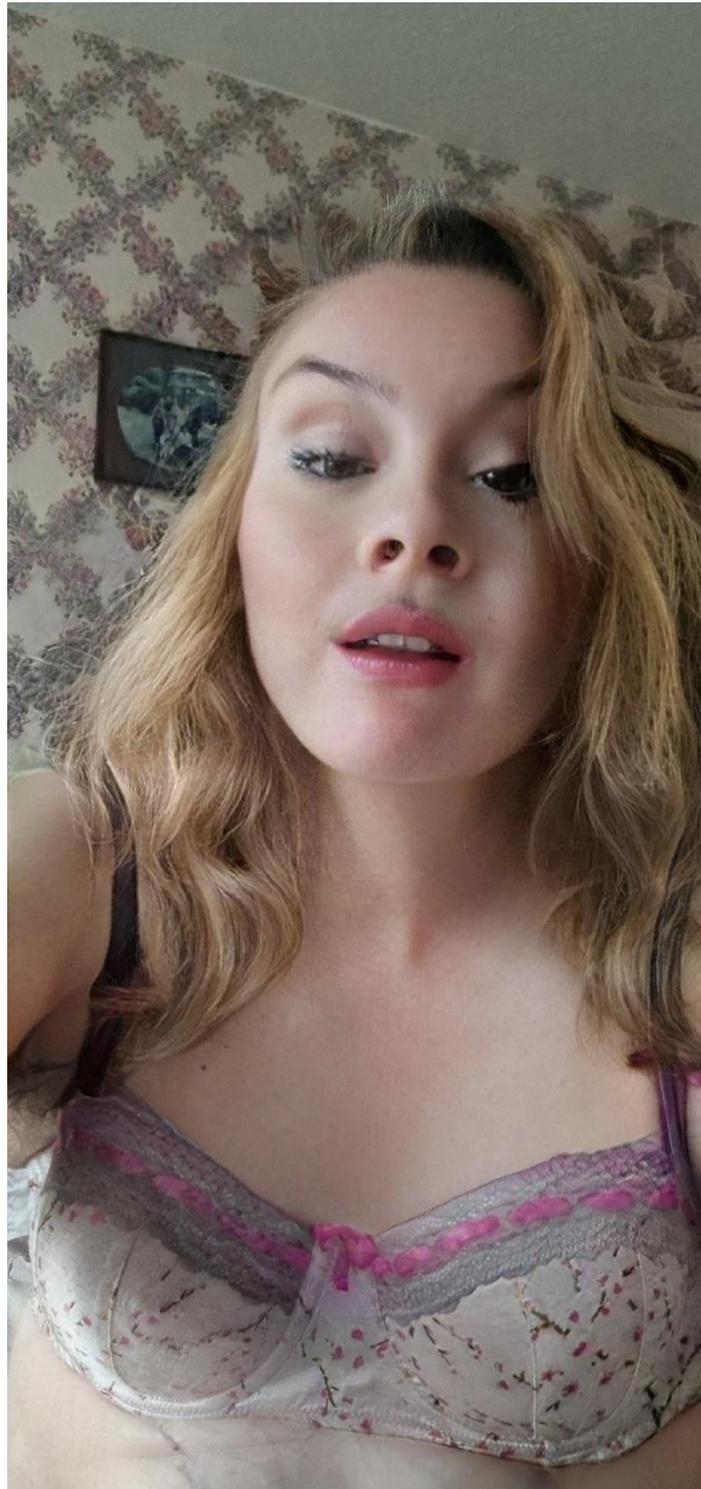
He eased them onto his feet. They fitted better than his sister's heels had, they had been too tight. Brad wondered if he was going to get to wear a slip. He had liked wearing sis's blue half-slip.

“Like a pro Brad. Now for makeup. Sit down at the dressing table but with your back to the mirror.”



“Take your glasses off,” said Magenta as she produced some make up from the dressing table. She worked away for a few minutes, stood back and said, “That’s good. Do you want a touch up Janet?”

“No, I have already done mine,” said Janet.



“OK, you can look now,” said Magenta.

“Oh wow, that looks fantastic, but what about my hair?”

“Oh yes, we have a wig for that. Let me help you with that.”



Brad put his glasses back, picked up his phone from his pile of clothes and took a photo. He saw a pretty blonde girl standing there in her pink bra, suspenders, panties, nylon stockings and high heels. He felt and looked so sexy. Now he looked like sis in her pretty lingerie.



The dress was a long blue dress with little white flowers. Brad pulled it on over his head.
“You can be the trad wife, to go with Janet’s femme fatal,” said Magenta.



“It’s a bit see through”, said Brad looking down.



“Can you see my bra, panties and stockings through the dress,” asked Brad? “It looks a bit sheer for a trad wife.”

“Hmm.” said Magenta, “maybe a bit more femme fatal than traditional,” as she looked at the view of his pink panties, bra and stockings showing through the thin blue dress. “It does look sexy but perhaps a slip might be needed. Let’s see what I can find.”



Magenta rummaged in the wardrobe and pulled out a long pink slip. Brad was thrilled, but tried not let it show.

“Do I have to wear a slip?” he asked.

“No, but you didn’t want to show that you are wearing stockings and suspenders. Take off your wig and dress and put the slip on. You might like how it feels with the silky nylon on your skin.”



It did indeed feel nice with all the silky nylon next to his skin as he slid the slip down over his panties, bra and stocking tops. There was a lacy hem at the bottom and over the bust.



Brad was getting hard again, it also reminded him seeing his sis in a pink full slip, many years ago.

And even occasionally Brad saw his mum standing at the ironing board in a full slip ironing the dress she was going to wear for work that day at school as a teacher.



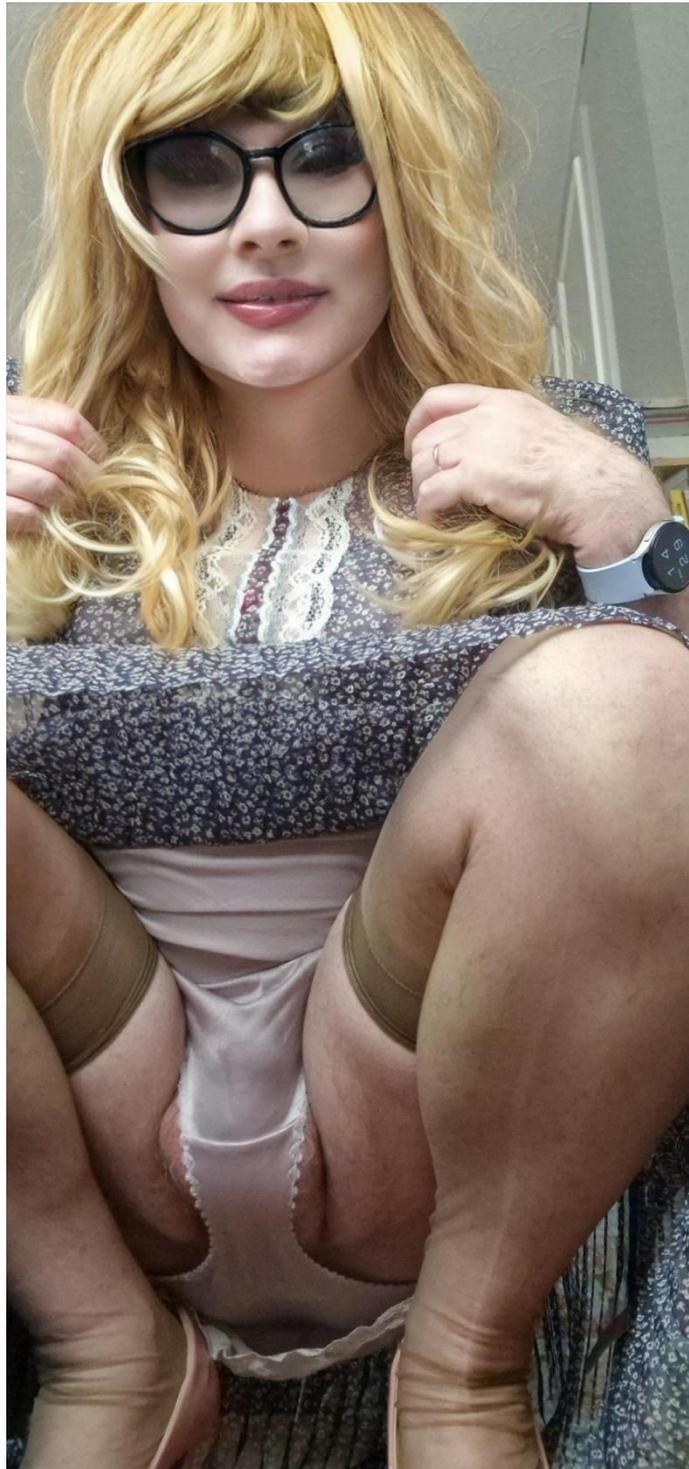


Brad pulled the thin blue dress down over the pink slip.



Brad smiled. “That’s better, I don’t want to appear a complete slut. Nobody can tell I am wearing stockings now.”

Magenta raised an eyebrow



“Bob down and pull your skirt up a bit,” said Magenta.

Brad wasn’t sure about this but did so anyway.

“Now they can, said Magenta as Brad’s silky panties, slip and stockings tops came into view.



“Now bend over at the waist facing away from me.”

“Perfect,” she said looking up his skirt from behind.

“Now you are both are ready to join the party and to meet Dr Frank-n-Furter and Rocky. Follow me.”



They walked downstairs, Brad more slowly than the others as he was not used to walking in heels.

As soon as they appeared in the living room the host came over to greet them.

“Oh, that is much better than looking like drowned rats. What do we have here Magenta?”

“We have Janet as a femme fatal and Brad as a trad wife in petticoats.”

Dr Frank-n-furter purred. “Now Janet come and meet with me in my room. We can see if you can kill me with a fatal blow. You can take Brad to meet Rocky for his first adventure.”

Magenta wasn't sure who was going to have their first adventure, perhaps both.



Dr Frank wasted no time in taking off Janet's black dress. She sat down on his bed and removed her slip over her head.

“Oh, nice lingerie, Janet, black suits you. I love your tits showing through your sheer bra. Now let me suck your tits and then you can suck me.”

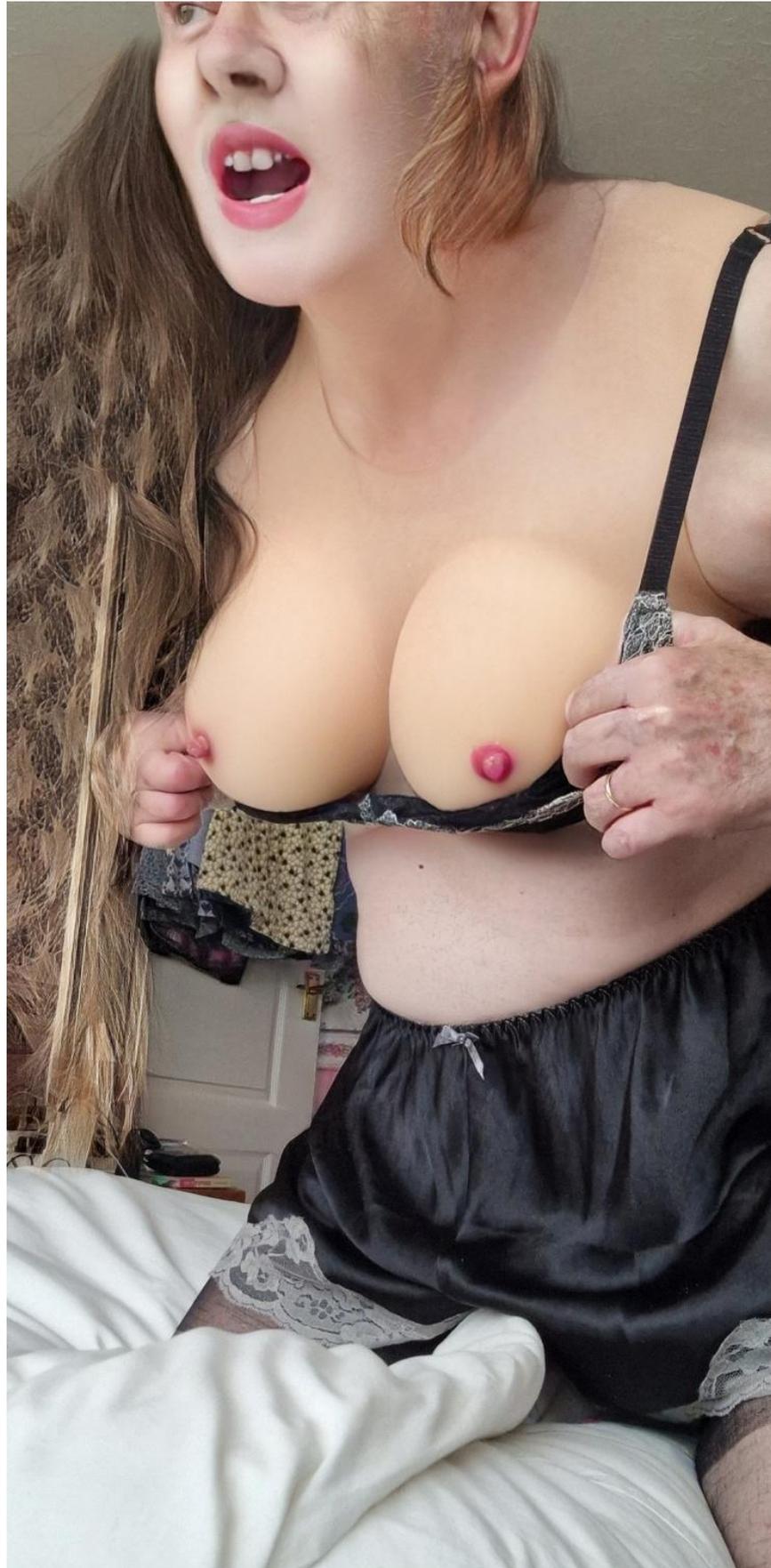


Janet stood up for a moment, posing in her black tap pants, bra and stockings.

Then she scooted forward on the bed, pulled her bra down and exposed her ripe boobs. Dr Frank leant forward and started kissing her big tits. Janet felt in his panties for his stiff cock. She started to massage his clitty inside the panties then pulled it out.

“Oh my God, you are so big Dr.”

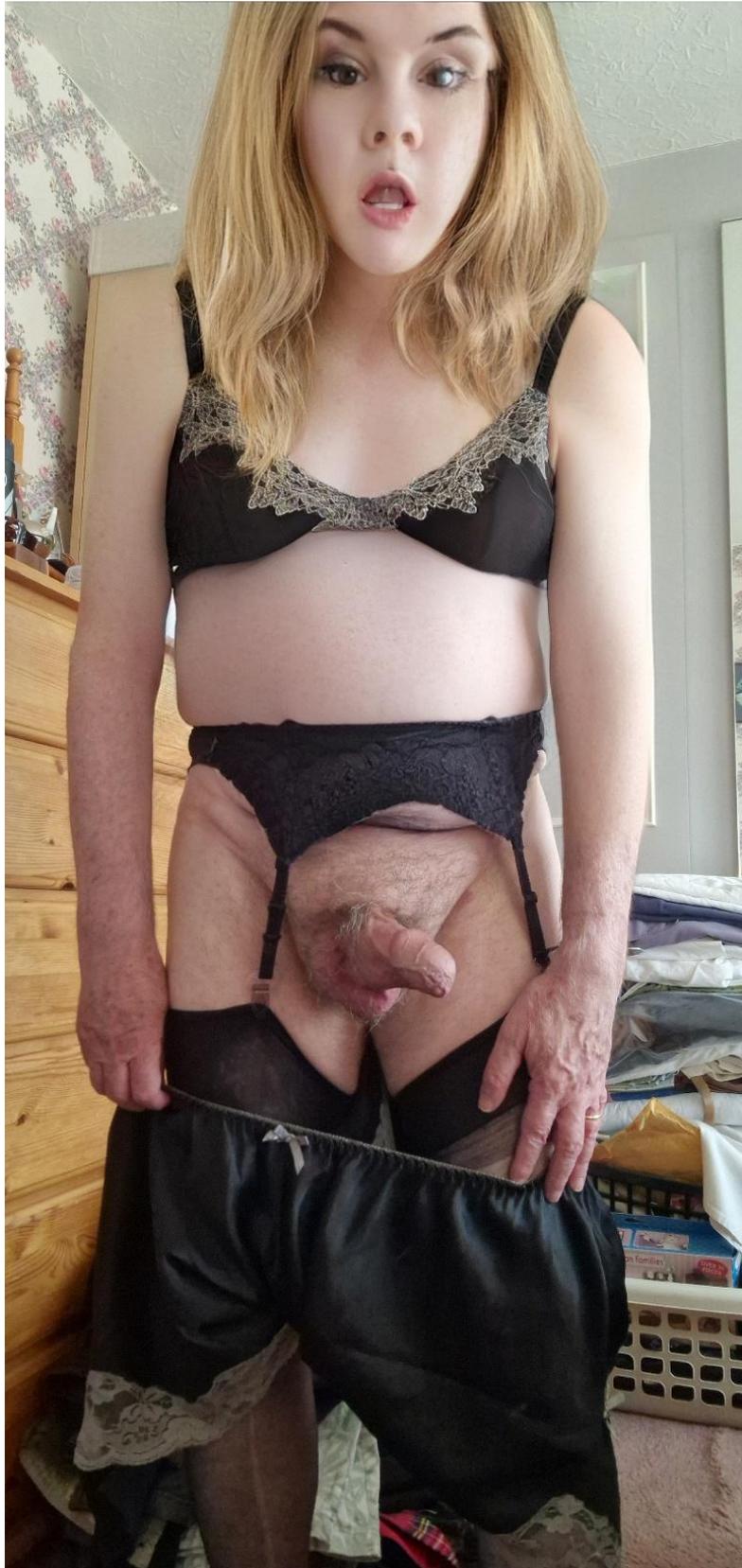
Dr grunted as he slurped on Janet’s boobs. Then suddenly she was handling ropes of cum. It sprayed all over her boobs and stockings. He licked the white cum off her tits and shared a kiss with her.



“Now my turn,” said Janet. “Ready for a surprise, Dr?” she said as she stood up and pulled down her black panties to expose her own stiff clitty.

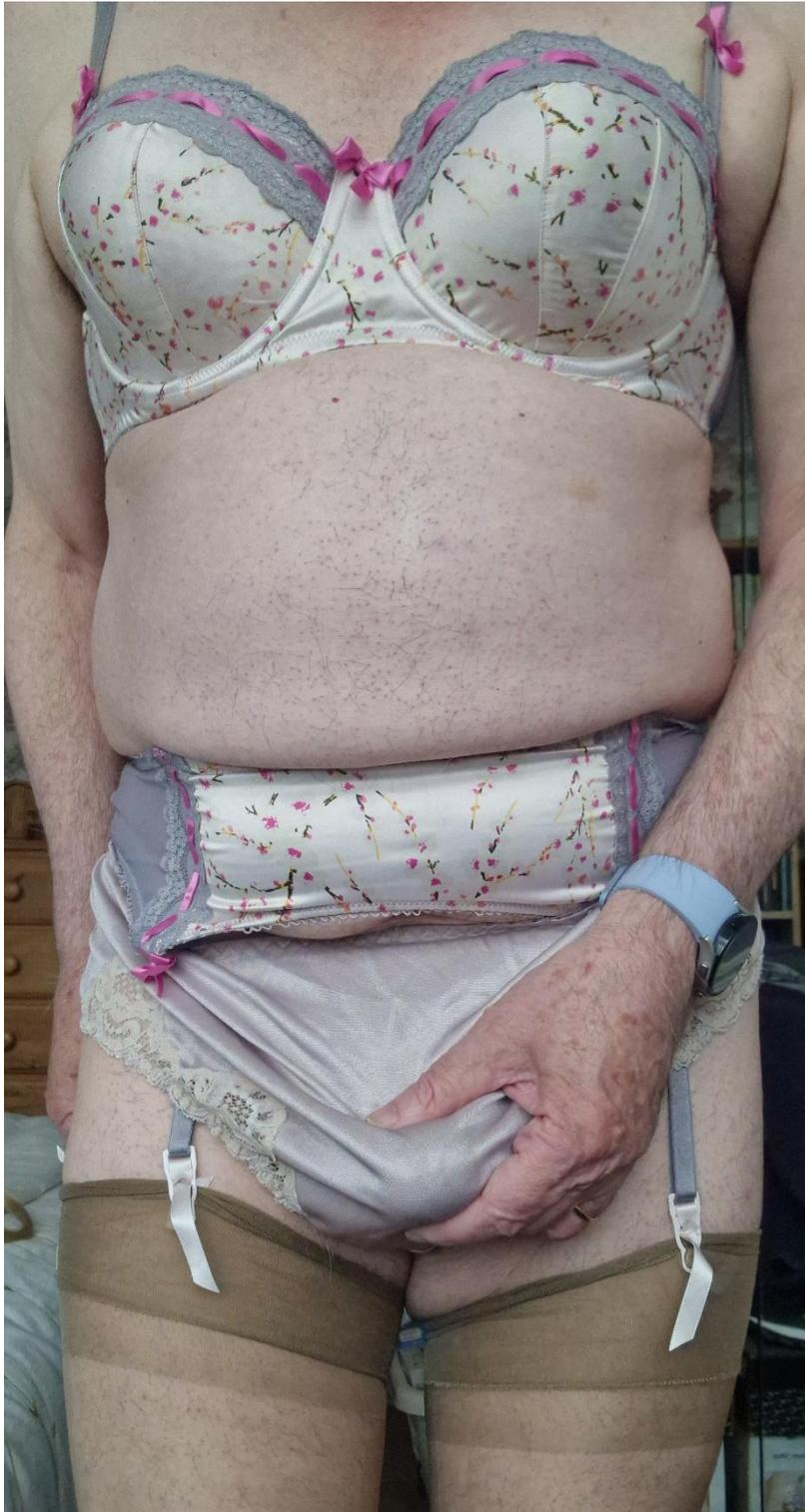
“Oh, that will be no surprise Janet, it takes a TV to know a TV,”

Dr Frank leant forward took Janet’s stiff clitty in his mouth gently licking it with his tongue until Janet spurted her cum down the back of the Dr’s throat.





Brad was in for the same treatment as he met Dr Frank-n-Furter's new creation Rocky. Brad suddenly felt embarrassed at being dressed in women's clothing, but it made no difference to Rocky because of the way that the Dr had programmed Rocky to lust after anything in a skirt and stockings, male or female.



Rocky peeled off Brad's dress and slip and was soon caressing the stiff tent in Brad's panties. Any doubts that Brad had were blown away as Rocky made Brad cum in his pink panties. Brad pulled down the white bandages to expose Rocky's huge stiff phallus. He took the stiff cock in his mouth. First time for everything thought Brad as he sucked away, soon making Rocky have his first ejaculation.



After their bedroom adventures they all got dressed and rejoined the Transylvanian Ball party for the rest of the night. When Dr Frank discovered they were getting married soon he insisted that they cum back for a tranny wedding with all their new friends in two weeks' time. Brad and Janet were thrilled with this idea.

Later that night, or more likely early the next day, they finally slept together for the first time. Brad took off his blue dress to reveal his pink panties and stockings. When Janet pulled her down her black French knickers it was no longer a surprise for Brad.

“Leave them on, I want to feel your stiff cock through the nylon, I know how much I enjoyed that earlier.”



2 weeks later Brad and Janet came back. Brad had his dark suit dry cleaned for the occasion after nearly ruining it on their previous visit. And he had a spare can of gas in the car, just in case. He looked very smart as he and Janet stood before Dr Frank dressed as a clergy man, ready to “marry” the happy couple.

Janet, of course was in traditional white. She looked gorgeous.



Their new tranny friends gathered round behind them.



Janet's white skirt was very thin, and all the friends could see that she was wearing white lace top stockings, white high heels and white lacy panties. She was wearing a white slip, but it was more of a short cami and did not come all the way down over her panties.



Nobody sniggered but they did all get hard in their own panties of course, especially when Janet dropped her bouquet of flowers. They all got a lovely upskirt view of Janet's white lacy panties and stocking tops. Her white lacy slip showed through her white blouse.

The wedding party was just as good as at the previous Ball, 2 weeks earlier. There was lots of music, singing, dancing, and lots of drinking. Soon Brad and Janet slipped away to the master bedroom.



Janet took off her wedding dress to reveal her virgin white wedding lingerie, although she was no virgin now. Brad removed his wedding suit, shirt and tie.

You may have been wondered what under wear Brad had on for the wedding. Was it tighy-whites like last time? No, of course not.



When they had got home from the Ball it had not taken much encouragement from Janet to get Brad to try on one of her slips.



And of course, a well filled bra, panties, lacy garters and sheer nylon stockings. He was happy with just the lingerie. It made him hard, and he was even willing to try full anal with Janet for the first time. A bit of Vaseline helped.



For the wedding he was happy to wear his suit but underneath there was some pretty black lingerie, starting with a full-length black slip, trimmed with lace.



As Brad undressed in the master suite he lifted his black slip to reveal a white lacy garter belt that held up sheer black stockings. These framed a little satin black g string that only just held his stiff cock.



Janet bent over a chair and presented her panty covered arse to Brad. He took hold of her waist, lifted her short slip and frothed her lacy panties with his own panty covered dick. Janet had her hand in her panties and was wanking her stiff clitty. Suddenly he spurted cum.



And so did Janet. She now had cum all over her white nylon panties, front and back.

She took off her soaked white panties to reveal her small but still stiff clitty framed by a very lacy white garter belt and her wide lacy wedding stockings. The sight of this made Brad's dick rise again.

“Now you can suck me off, Brad, followed by a good fuck in the arse.”

How things had changed since their first unplanned visit to the castle.

The End

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