

Buried Treasure

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Mike clears out the garage only to discover some "buried treasure" bringing back many happy memories of his mum and their shared love of silky lingerie.



Mike found his “buried treasure” on a Thursday afternoon in August in the garage. The kids had left home so he decided it was time to have a clear out of old bikes, toys and goodness know what else was cluttering up the space once used by the car. Not only were there things used by his kids but even some old furniture from when he had cleared his mum’s house a few years ago, after she had passed away. There was a brown, walnut wood bureau with 3 draws. The top draw had some old picture frames. The middle draw had some large padded envelopes and some empty plastic bags.

Mike thought that he had checked the contents of the bureau when he moved it from his mum’s. Maybe not. He couldn’t really remember as he had to clear his mum’s house quickly once the sale had gone through. It was when he opened the bottom draw that he had a sharp intake of breath. There were 6 small packages, wrapped in green tissue paper.

He picked them up, they felt very soft and floppy. He wondered what they were. It felt like clothing but Mike realised they just might be buried treasure. He could feel adrenaline rushing through his body. It looked like mum had packed these items up intending to sell them on Ebay but had not done so before she passed away. He knew that she did sell stuff on Ebay from time to time. It made Mike think of his dear old mum and her pretty lingerie.



When Mike was growing up he had loved going into his mum's bedroom to watch her dressing, whether for going out for the evening with his dad, or even just shopping. Like many women in the 60's, when Mike was growing up, mum wore pretty slips, lacy bras and silky stockings held up with suspenders. Even after most women switched to tights and lined skirts in the 1970's she had continued to wear stockings and petticoats.

When his mum passed away he was hoping that she might still have left some of that pretty lingerie in a draw, that he might be able to inherit, as a memory of his mum. It was not to be. Mike's sister, Ali, had already packed up mum's clothes and sent them off to a charity shop before he got to mum's house, leaving him to sort out the bigger furniture. But now, in the garage, a few years later, perhaps all was not lost.



Mike scooped up the green packages and took them upstairs to the bedroom. His wife was out for the afternoon with some old school friends, so he had a little time to enjoy exploring the buried treasure. He nervously pulled apart the green tissue of one of the packages and out fell a beautiful pale pink half-slip. It was so silky and had a large swirl of lace on the hem. It was in good condition, but the nylon at the waist was a little bobbly, so it must have been worn many times by his mum



Mike did remember popping in to see his mum, on his own, a few months before she passed away. She sat in her arm chair wearing a brown skirt and a pink blouse with a flash of a pink slip showing under the skirt. It had a gorgeous wide band of pretty lace. She did not attempt to hitch the slip up or tug her skirt down when she realised Mike was staring at the expanse of pink slip. Gotcha! She smiled, knowing his secret love of her silky lingerie had not gone away. The pattern of lace was, as Mike remembered it, slightly different, so this slip on the bed in front of him must be a different one from the one he saw his mum wearing a couple of years ago.



Mike did not want to waste any more time. As you may have suspected by now, Mike is a transvestite, with a fetish for silky, nylon lingerie. He decided he needed to dress up properly so he could explore what, he hoped, was “buried treasure”. Mike was soon transformed into his alter ego, the more feminine sounding, Andrea.

Andrea decided to wear pale pink lingerie to match her mum’s lovely pink slip. She didn’t know what colour the rest of the packages would be but it seemed like a good starting point. She looked in her lingerie draw and chose a matching set of pale pink bra, bikini panties, lacy suspender belt. She then picked out a pair of sheer black stockings, with seams, and slid them up her bare legs. Andrea was starting to get excited by the nylon she was wearing and by the anticipation of trying on mum’s pink waist slip. She slid her stocking clad feet into some black high heels and padded her bra with some small jelly inserts. Finally, it was time to step into the pretty slip.



It was as lovely as Andrea had hoped. It certainly had an effect as there was now a tent in the pink slip. Andrea admired the pretty swirling lace on the hem and the lovely contrast to the sheer black nylons. She made a mental note that it would soon be time to shave her legs and make them even prettier under sheer stockings when summer changed to autumn and it was no longer necessary for Mike to wear shorts on hot days. Mike could have shaved his legs in the summer but didn't want any comments from his family or his mates about his lack of hairy legs. Perhaps, as Andrea, she might even paint her toenails with pink nail varnish so that it showed through the sheer nylon stockings.



Andrea couldn't resist lifting the pretty pink slip and giving that little bulge in her nylon panties a little rub. The slip felt so tight and silky on her legs and arse. Andrea was getting excited but there were still other treasures to explore.



So, onto the next green parcel. Out of the tissue paper came a lovely dark blue, full slip.

Andrea decided to put it on over the top of the pink waist slip, which might seem a little odd to most people. It looked as though Andrea was wearing a blue slip dress with a pink half-slip that was too long for the dress as it was peeping out from under the hem of the blue dress. From Andrea's point of view the feeling of the two nylon slips rubbing together was rather sexy





Although Andrea loved the feel of wearing the two slips together she wanted to see how the blue slip looked on its own. So, she slid the pink slip down her stocking clad legs and stepped out of the slip. She folded it neatly and placed it on the bed.

Andrea looked in the mirror at how she looked in full slip. The slip was from Mark's and Spencer's, with a lovely lacy bust, wide strap and a little bit of lace on the hem. The colour was dark blue, not quite navy blue, but rather nice. The hem came just above the knees. Best of all, it was so silky and fitted perfectly.

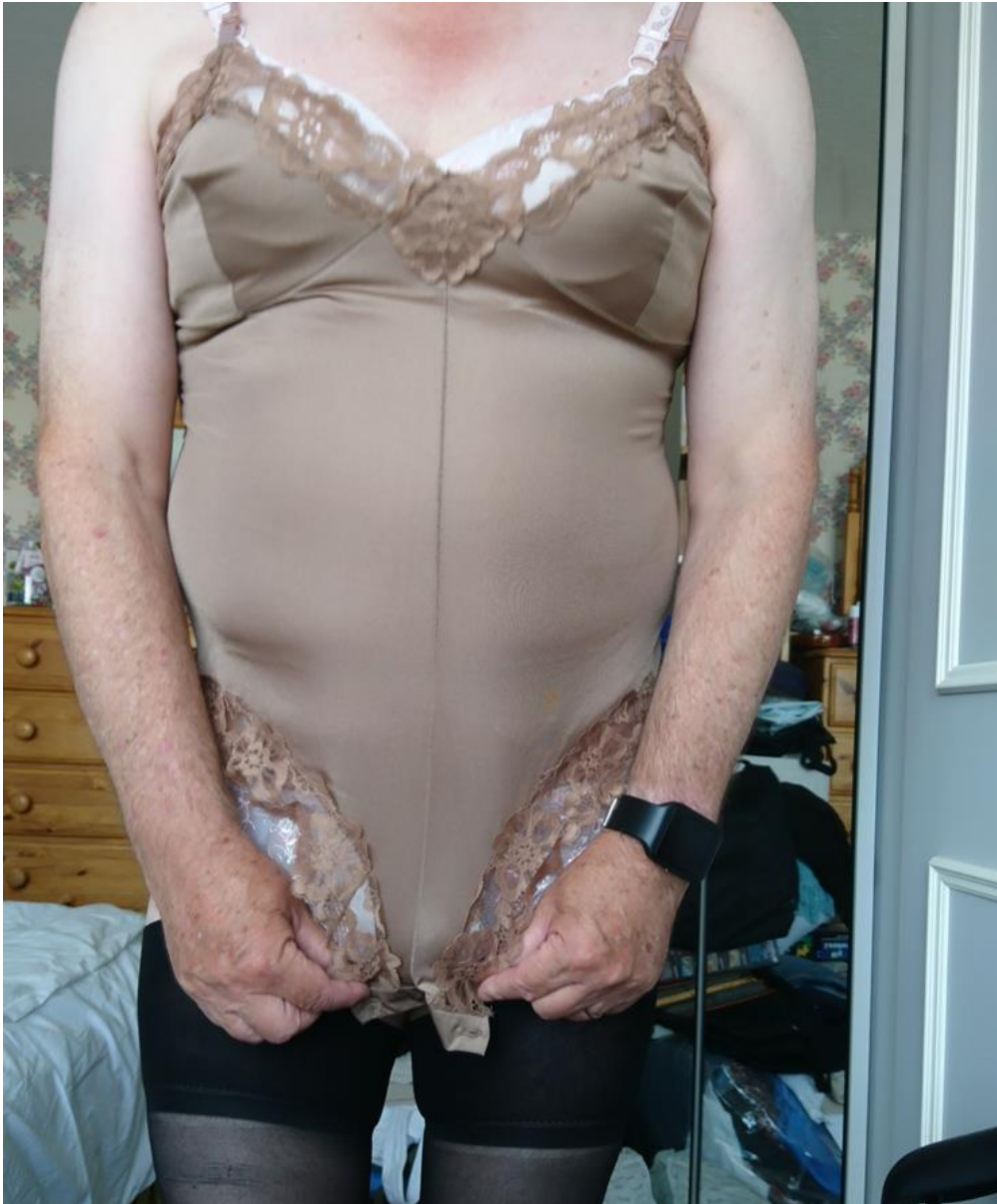
Andrea took off the blue slip, folded it and put on top of the pink slip to make a pile of treasure. She carefully opened the next parcel and was slightly confused by what it was. It was a gorgeous pale brown, milk chocolate sort of colour. But what was it?

At first Andrea thought it was a half-slip as it was quite short but then as she shook it out it was clear it had thin ribbon shoulder straps. Was it a full slip or perhaps a camisole top? But then it was cut more like French knickers as Andrea held it upside down.

Then, as Andrea unfolded it more carefully, she discovered three small buttons on the crotch. It finally dawned on Andrea this was not a full slip, or a waist slip or a camisole but a real rarity, a delicious teddy. Andrea vaguely remembered her mum wearing this when she was much younger and asking what it was. Her mum called them cami-knickers.

Andrea was really surprised her mum still had this item as the cami-knickers must have been over 40 years old. It was still in amazing condition.





Andrea looked at the lovely teddy but was not sure it would fit. She had problems with teddy's / bodies / cami-knickers (whatever you want to want to call them) not being long enough from shoulders to crutch, even if it fitted in the bust.

Andrea slipped the teddy over her head and pulled it down. There was no way she could get the buttons on the crotch done up comfortably. Andrea was pretty much the same size as her mum, but was, perhaps, longer in the back. All the other slips had fitted perfectly but not this teddy. Andrea sighed. It was so pretty with its colour, the lace and silky body. It would seem a waste to not be able to wear it. Then an idea struck Andrea. She could wear it as a camisole with a half-slip.

Andrea left the crotch loose, picked up the pink half-slip from the pile on the bed and stepped into it. She pulled the slip up over the bottom of the teddy. Ta-da, problem solved. Andrea now had a lovely milk chocolate, cami to go with her pink half-slip.

She took off both the half-slip and the teddy / cami, folded them and put them on the pile of tried and tested lingerie on the bed.





Andrea was half way through opening the six green parcels. So far, the buried treasure had turned to gold. She started to tear the delicate green tissue of the next parcel. Pale blue nylon peeped through the tissue. What would it be, a full slip, a half-slip or another mystery item? Perhaps some French knickers? Andrea remembered vividly how mum loved wearing French knickers.



Mike had fond memories of seeing his mum wearing a pair of dark green French knickers one day in the bedroom. He was about 10. Mum did not seem to mind him seeing her in her panties, bra and stockings. He had even lain on top of her matching green slip, pretending to read a comic on her bed.



“Mike, darling, can you pass me my slip, you are lying on it?”

“Sorry mum,” said Mike rolling over and pick up the dark green full slip. It felt slippery in his hands, rather nice. He handed the slip to his mum. “Can boys wear this, mum?”

“No dear, not unless you want to be a girl,” said mum, smiling at Mike, as she pulled the slip down over her head. She smoothed the slip down over her stocking tops. and wondered if Mike’s fascination with seeing her in her nylon lingerie was just a passing phase.

Although it was the first time Mike had touched silky lingerie it was not to be the last. His mum was wrong about one thing, it was not a passing phase but the start of a lifelong fetish for silky underwear.

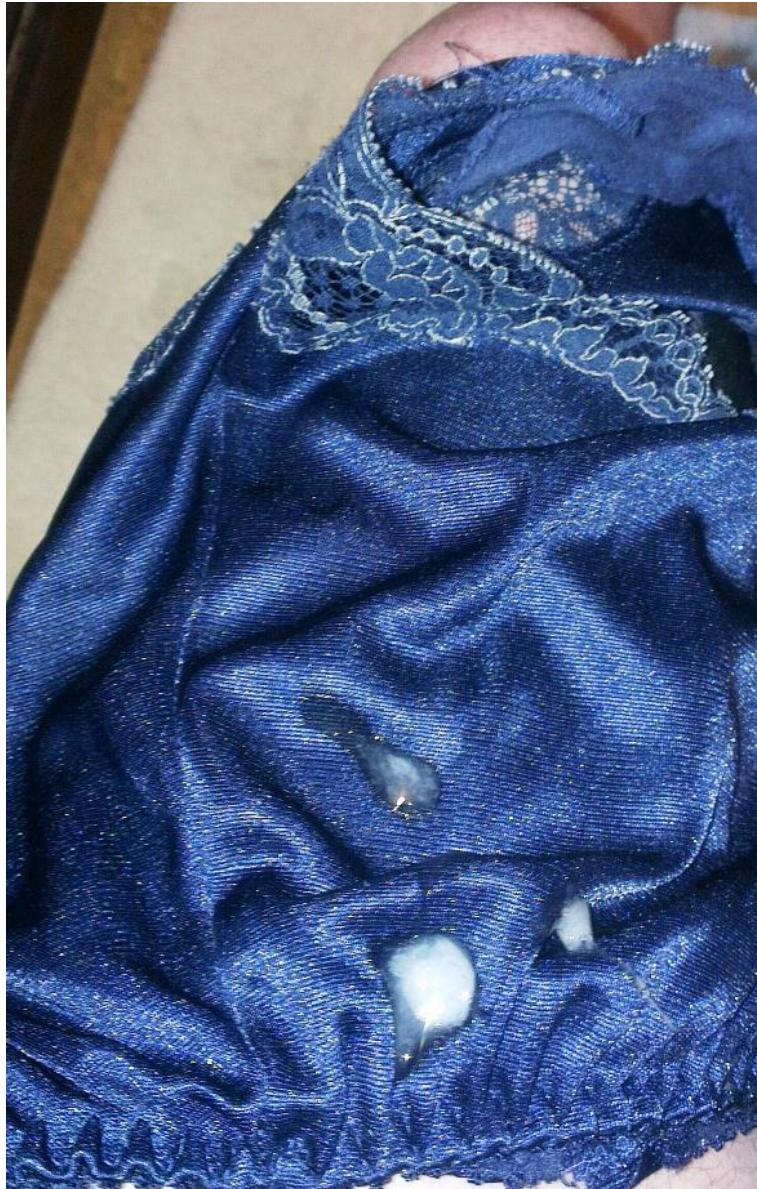


His nylon fetish lay dormant for a few years but It was mum's French knickers in the wash basket that caught his attention one day when he was about 13. He distinctly remembered seeing a pair of blue FK's with very pretty lace, just lying on top of the other dirty washing, almost winking at him and saying, "Try me, try me".

He tried to resist, remembering his mum's words about not wearing silky lingerie unless he wanted to be a girl. Maybe he did want to be a girl, maybe not, but he sure he did want to touch these pretty panties.



He could not hold out any longer and did pick them up to rub them against his stiffening cock. Having an erection and masturbating was a recently new experience for the young lad. Mike rubbed the silky nylon against his cock. He was in heaven and didn't want to stop. But then something strange happened. Mike felt his balls get very hot and seemed to throb the more he rubbed the nylon panties on his cock. Streams of white stuff exploded from his cock all over the blue nylon and his body shook. He knew what had happened. His older cousin had told him what happened when you masturbated. He had just had his first orgasm into his mum's blue French knickers. It felt wonderful.



He tossed the knickers back onto the wash basket, not even thinking that his mum might find the cum stains. She did find them and suddenly realised that his fascination with her nylon lingerie might not be a passing phase. She also realised, a little sadly, that the days of Mike coming into her bedroom when she was getting dressed in her lingerie had to stop now that Mike was growing up to be a young man with sexual desires. Instead he was cumming over her lingerie, well so be it, just like his dad used to, before they divorced.



The next item was not a pair of pale blue French knickers, as Andrea had hoped, but a pale green full slip. Andrea picked it up and pulled it over her head.



The slip was, truth be told, a little tight and the lace on the hem and the bust not quite as pretty as the other slips. It was also a little shorter than the other slips and only just covered Andrea's stocking tops. Andrea didn't mind that. It felt wonderful to wear.



Andrea knelt to get a good look at the lacy bust. Yes, this was a lovely slip, perhaps not the best slip, in the collection of buried treasure, but still very satisfactory to wear and an unusual colour.



Andrea took off the green full slip and added it to the growing pile of lingerie on the bed. She carefully unwrapped the next package. A cream half-slip emerged from the green tissue paper.

The pale cream slip had almost no lace around the hem but when Andrea stepped it and pulled it up to her waist she realised how sheer it was. She glanced in the mirror. She could see her stocking tops, her lacy suspender belt and her lacy panties through the thin cream nylon. Andrea was starting to get a very nice bulge in her panties as her clitty, as she called it when en-femme, was getting stiff. This showed clearly through the slip.





The slip was not completely without lace but it was all reserved for a long split, which Andrea wore as rear walking split when she first put the slip on over her other lingerie and seamed stockings.



Andrea slid the split around from her back to her front and sat down on the bed to get a good look at the lacy split. It was about 9" long with at least another 2" of lace covering the top of the split. Andrea loved slips with lace edged splits. As she looked down she could see that the slip almost reached her black clad knees but, with split opening up the middle, she could also see her stocking tops and even the bulge in her pale pink panties. Oh La La, how sexy was that? The lace was also a swirling pattern, just like the pink half-slip, Andrea loved swirling lace, it looked so pretty.



Andrea moved to kneel on floor in front of the mirror. The slip looked and felt so sexy.



Reluctantly Andrea took off the beautiful cream half-slip. Andrea was really stiff now and was even starting to dribble pre-cum into her nylon panties in anticipation of relief. All these old slips of her mums were so exciting to wear.



As Andrea took off the half-slip it slid from her fingers onto the floor. Andrea thought it looked so pretty lying on the pink carpet. She slipped off her heels and stood with her stockinged feet on the slippery slip remembering back to the second time she used her mum's lingerie.

After the incident with the blue French knickers Mike stayed away from touching his mum's lingerie for a few months. But then one day he found a slip had slid off the dirty washing pile onto the floor in the bathroom. It was not surprising it had slid off, it was so silky and slippery. Mike was on his own in the house and could not resist the idea of wearing the slip this time along with some of mum's other lingerie.

His mum had told him that he was too old to watch her dressing and had shut the bedroom door. Mike missed seeing her in her panties, bra and stockings. So, exploring her lingerie draws for the first time was the next best thing.

He picked up the white slip and took it into his mum's bedroom. Mike opened the top draw and found some lacy panties, a suspender belt and some stockings. In the next draw, he found a white lacy bra. The bra looked complicated but somehow, he would manage.

So, for the first time he wore her underwear. He pulled the silky white full slip over his now bulging panties and sheer brown stockings. It all felt wonderful against his skin. He looked in the bedroom mirror and pranced around the bedroom in the slip, just like he had seen his mum doing, except that it was now Mike wearing the pretty lingerie, looking like a girl.





Mike now had a raging hard on and could not resist any more. He lifted the silky slip plunged his hand into the silky panties and started to masturbate his stiff cock. He tried not to get his cum on the slip or the panties this time but did not quite manage it. The panties and slip would have to go in the wash basket for his mum to find later. The stockings, bra and suspender belt went back in his mum's lingerie draw.



Did his mum notice the spotting on her favourite Vanity Fair slip or the suspender button impression on her Gio stockings? Of course, she did. Did she do anything? Well no, she didn't, except one thing.



Although she would not let Mike see her in her lingerie any more she would occasionally leave some older slips, panties and stockings on her bed when she went to work. She knew that Mike would be first back to the house after school. So, with a little time on his own, she knew he would play with her lingerie, but she wanted some control over what he wore. She really didn't want him wearing her favourite Vanity Fair slip and panties, then leaving stiff spunk stains on the silky nylon.



Andrea picked up the cream half-slip off the carpet, folded it neatly and put on the pile on the bed with the other “buried treasure”. It was time to open the last package. Andrea took a deep breath and then pulled apart the green tissue. A white lacy slip emerged from the packaging.

Andrea shook out the slip and held it by the shoulder straps. It was a lovely full slip in white. The material felt much thicker and heavier than the other slips, perhaps it was a Charnos slip? It was hard to tell as the label was missing.





Andrea slid the slip over her head and pulled it down over her underwear. The shoulder straps were wide and built up, so would not slip down like the thin ribbon straps did sometimes. There was a pretty little flower in the middle of the lace on the bust and there was a lacy hem.

What was unusual, for a full slip at least, was that it had a slit over the left thigh with lace all the way up the 4" split. Andrea didn't have a full slip with a split like that. The thick nylon felt wonderful to wear but was having an arousing effect on Andrea.





It was the last slip, Andrea couldn't wait any more. She rubbed the front of the slip over her bulge, the bulge got bigger. She started rubbing the two layers of nylon harder, then lifted the slip and plunged her hand into the panties, just as she had done for the first time in another of her mum's white full slips, so many years before. Except that this time she wasn't worried about getting the cum all over mum's slip. Just as she was about to explode, Andrea pulled her hand off her cockette and wrapped the slip over the stiff protuberance. Sticky white cum shot all over the silky slip.



As Andrea's body calmed down after her satisfying orgasm into her mum's slip, she thought back to how kind her mum had been to her by leaving her lingerie out on her bed for her to wear when she was a teenager. It was an unspoken pact between them. Andrea, or Mike as he was then, came many times in her pretty slips and panties. Perhaps mum never had meant to sell the slips in the green tissue on Ebay but had left the "buried treasure" hoping that Andrea/Mike would find them when she was gone rather than his sister Ali. What a gift from a mother to her tranny son.

The End

Copyright Andrea Slip - August 22nd 2017

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