

## Wedding Invitation



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A photo story by Andrea Slip

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"Oh look Alan, Fifi is getting married in September, we are both invited to the evening reception," exclaimed Brenda as she opened the post. "What **am** I going to wear?" She looked again at the invitation, "I am going to have to get a new dress, I have nothing that fits the bill. Perhaps a dress with purple accents and matching shoes.

"Who's Fifi," asked Alan?

"Oh you must remember her Alan! She is Jo's daughter, Jo was my best friend at school."

Alan wondered if it would a cross dressing wedding, he had always been jealous of the ladies all dressed up in their frillies at previous weddings. "But what am I going to wear," asked Alan?

"Oh I don't know, the invite says pink or purple dress code. Perhaps you could wear your suit with a purple tie," said Brenda vaguely. Alan frowned and would give it a think.



Brenda did buy a new dress from Jacques Vert. She put it on the outside of the door of her wardrobe, so it would not become creased before she wore it for the wedding. Her wardrobe was bursting with clothes. Alan kept looking at it and thought how nice Brenda would look in. It might be a little chilly in the evening. Brenda had bought a purple cardigan that worked well with the purple flowers on the grey dress. Would she wear stockings and a slip under the dress? Alan thought she probably would.





When Brenda was out at the charity she helped at two days a week Alan wondered what it would feel like if he tried Brenda's dress on himself. He knew it almost certainly would not fit him. As it was a wedding party, he thought he would wear virginal white lingerie. Alan pulled on his bright white French knickers over his black stockings and frilly white suspender belt. Oh how he loved the loose-legged French knickers, so comfortable to wear as his cock began to stir and stiffen.



He picked out a full slip with lots of pretty lace on the bust and hem. The lacy hem looked lovely in contrast with his dark nylon stockings. Although Brenda had many lovely white slips this had belonged to his late wife, he still loved to wear her old slips.





Alan picked out a pair of Brenda's high-heeled sandals and slipped them on. They were a little tight and his toes hung over the front a little. As he looked down, he was glad he had chosen some sheer toe black stockings. The stockings and the sandals made him he feel very sexy.



Alan paused a moment as he sat down on the bed to admire how he looked in his slip, stockings and heels in the bedroom mirror.





Alan put on Brenda's purple cardigan, it just about fitted but the grey dress was impossible to squeeze into, it was just too tight. Brenda was a size 12 (she had slimmed down from a size 16) and the dress was a slim fit. It would look lovely on Brenda but not on Alan. He sighed as he held the dress in front of him.





It was not to be. Alan hung up Brenda's grey dress carefully on the outside of the wardrobe door, just as it had been. Although she knew that he was a cross dresser he did not want her to know that he had tried on her grey wedding party dress. As he took off the purple cardigan it slipped to the floor, Alan bent down to pick it up.



Alan had a look through his dress wardrobe to see what other dresses he had that might be suitable for a wedding party. He found an old red dress with buttons up the front. This dress did fit nicely.

Alan sat down on the bed to admire himself in the mirror. He loved the way that the dress split down the front to reveal his slip and stocking clad legs if he left several of the buttons undone. He started to become excited at the thought of flashing like this at a wedding as other guests saw a peep of his pretty lingerie and gorgeous legs clad in sheer nylons. Alan was an exhibitionist at heart.







However, this probably was not the right dress for an evening wedding party. It was OK for afternoon tea (and perfect for flashing his knickers) but a wedding demanded something more glamorous. He took off the red dress.



The next dress was much more suitable, a long white dress. Alan stepped into the dress, reached behind him and zipped up.



He sat down on the bed to look in the mirror. It was better for an evening do but had much less potential for showing off his pretty lingerie and stockings.





Well except that when Alan sat down the skirt was quite tight and he could see the lacy hem of his slip through this white crepe material of the dress. Maybe this dress would work.

The only way anyone would see he was wearing black stockings and not tights was if he hitched his long skirt up his legs as he sat down or.....



.....pretended to adjust his stockings. Alan was such a flirt as he showed his lacy slip, frilly French knickers, suspenders and stocking tops. His panty-covered cock was getting stiff and starting to make a un-lady like bulge that he loved so much. Perhaps looking at Alan flashing his lingerie and stockings makes you bulge in your silky panties as well, dear reader.





“Ladies don’t do that at a wedding party, Alan, well not unless they are deliberately teasing all the men,” said Brenda from the bedroom door. Alan turned in surprise to see Brenda enter the bedroom. He has been so engrossed in his nylon world he had not heard her come back into the house.

“And you can’t wear a white dress to Fifi’s wedding, although you do look lovely in it. The invitation said pink or purple.

“I have not got a pink or purple dress,” said Alan.

“I might have something for you in a size 16. “ Brenda rummaged around in her wardrobe and produced a lovely pink dress, “try that on. It is quite short; you might want to try tights instead of stockings.”





Alan took off his white dress and found some pink lingerie, black tights and pink shoes to go with Brenda's dress. He stepped carefully into the dress. It was a bit tight. He sat down on the bed in front of the bed of the mirror. He loved the intricate lace on the top of the dress and the sheer layers of the skirt.



However, even with Brenda's help he could not get the back zip done up. It just would not fit. "It's no good Brenda, I will have to take it off without ripping it."





So with some reluctance, because the dress was so femme, Alan took the dress off.

“Do you have any other pink dresses that would fit me,” asked Alan.

Brenda shook her head.

“We are back to square one then,” said Alan.

“Not quite,” said Brenda, “I saw something in the sale at M&S that might do.” Brenda turned and left the bedroom.



Although Alan was disappointed not to fit the frilly pink dress he had tried on several dresses and two sets of lingerie. He had not yet had a chance to enjoy the pleasure of wearing silky nylon in the usual way. He lifted his slip, pulled down his French knickers and slid his hand inside his black tights to massage his cock through a second pair of knickers, Vanity Fair panties this time. He eased the VF panties down inside his tights. His erect cock stood to attention, held up by the sheer black nylon. It was not long before a few pulls on his erection had him spewing semen into the nylon.



A few days later Brenda told Alan to go upstairs to the bedroom and look on the bed. When Alan got to the bedroom, he could see a dark green Marks and Spencer bag on the bed. He looked inside and pulled out an M&S Limited Edition pink dress. Alan looked at Brenda and smiled.

“Can I try it on,” asked Alan, knowing that it was for him.

“Of course. Choose some pale pink French knickers, bra, suspenders and suntan stockings first, but no slip.”

“No slip? Really? You know I love wearing silky slips,” exclaimed Alan.

“No slip yet, it has a long split up both sides that might not work with a slip,” said Brenda

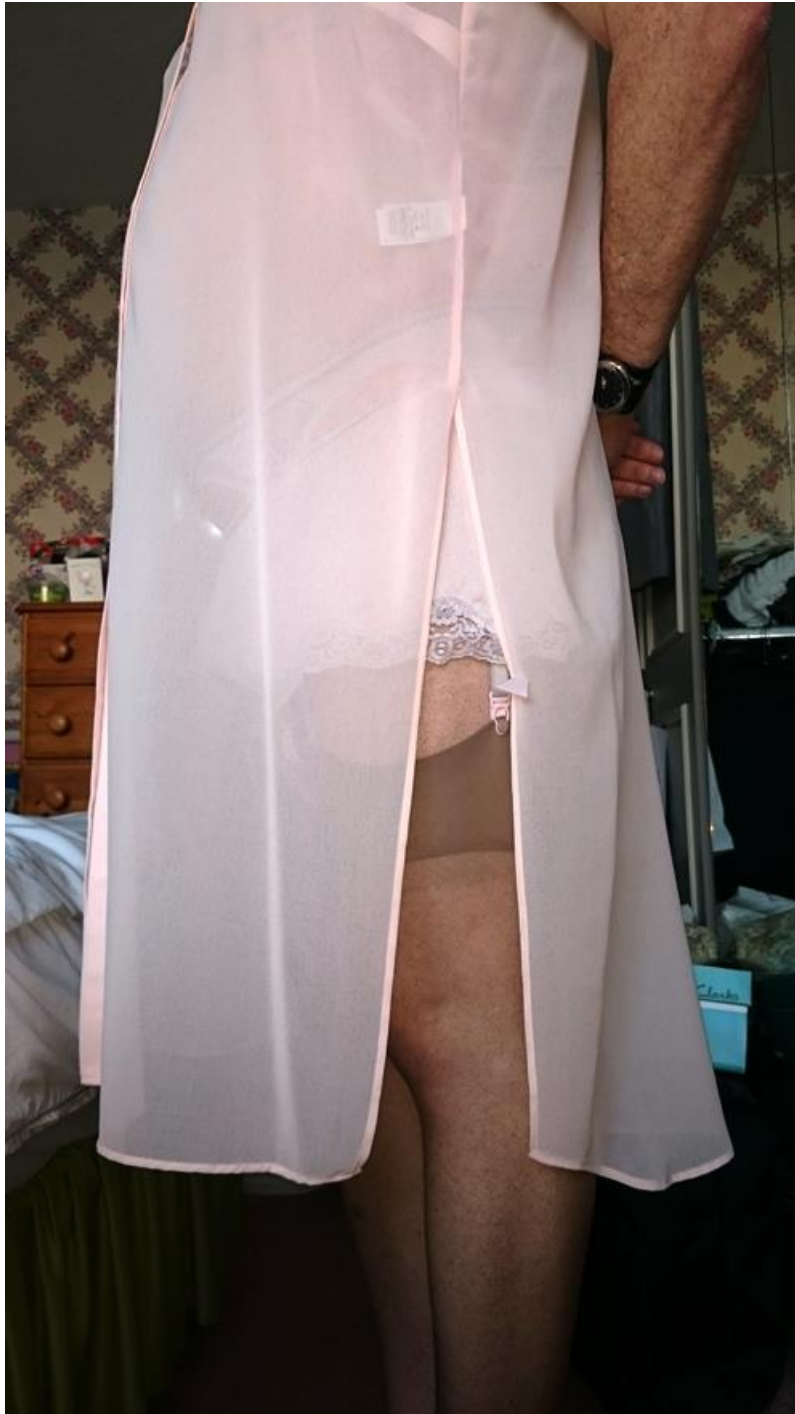




Alan went upstairs and started to look through his lingerie draws and found the perfect combination of French knickers, lacy suspender belt, lacy bra and sheer pale stockings. He slid into his silky, pale pink lingerie. He had also pulled out a pale pink full slip that went really well with his other lingerie, just in case he needed it. He put the slip on the bed and picked up the new pink dress.



Brenda had followed Alan upstairs to see if this dress would fit. She plonked herself down on the bedroom sofa.



Alan pulled the pale pink dress down over his lingerie. It was lovely summer shirt-dress, with a very long split. It was very sheer. He glanced down and could see his lacy French knickers, suspender strap and stocking top all through the very long split on the side. Perhaps women would expect to wear leggings with the dress, but not Alan. He had a much better idea.





He turned towards the mirror. “Brenda, I can see my lacy bra, lacy French knickers. Everyone at the wedding will know that I am wearing stockings and suspenders. Can’t I wear my full slip?”



Brenda looked at Alan's lingerie showing through the thin sheer dress.

"Well, it adds a certain frisson, that I find exciting, but seeing a man in sexy lingerie may not be to everyone's taste. Perhaps you had better try the slip then."

Alan reached over and picked up the slip from the bed. As he did so, the dress pulled tighter.



Brenda, who was now lying on the bedroom sofa, could not help but notice how more clearly she could now see his lacy French knickers, the strap of his bra and suspender belt as well as the dark stocking tops. Not only did Brenda love wearing silky lingerie and stockings but she also loved seeing Alan wearing it as well. She pulled up her skirt and lacy white slip. She slid her fingers over own black stocking tops, suspender straps and onto her nylon covered snatch. Brenda could feel the warm dampness as she squished her fingers into her own white silky panties.





Alan took off the dress and put on a pale pink, full-length slip, which had white lace on the hem to match the white lace on his French knickers and bra.



He did up the buttons on the front of the dress, but not all the way to the top. The lacy hem of the slip show at the bottom and at the top. Alan didn't mind flashing a little slip but not his panties, bra and stocking tops all the time.



He sat down on the bed to look in the mirror what happened to the splits in the dress when he sat down. Alan liked what he could see in the mirror, the lacy slip hem of his slip showed clearly through the thin gauzy dress. The front split was fine, a little slip and a little hint of stocking top but not too much. Alan thought it was a more subtle look with the slip rather than without.

“Do you like it,” asked Brenda?

“Oh I love it Brenda, it is much better with the slip, don’t you think?”

“mmmmm....” murmured Brenda





Alan was starting to get excited. He bobbed down to see what the split on the side would look like, more lacy slip. He got even more excited when he looked at Brenda and could see she had her skirt up and was already frotting her own white silky panties.

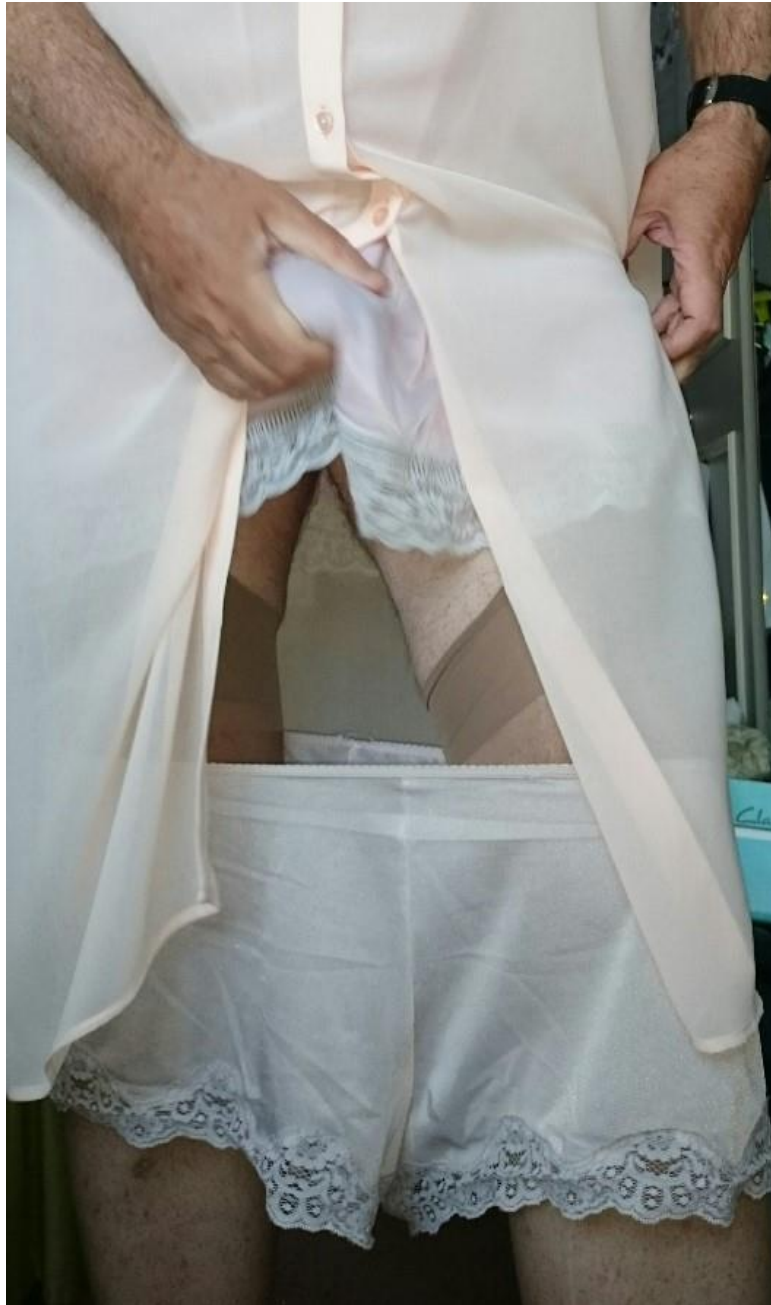


Alan turned slightly to his left, as he knew that Brenda would then be able to see right up his skirt, past his stocking tops to the lacy edges of his pale pink French knickers. Brenda could not help notice this overt up skirt flash and started to move her fingers even more quickly.



Alan really knew how to push Brenda's buttons. He stood up and just had to adjust his suspenders. He slowly lifted his dress and then silky slip. His fingers fiddled with the suspender strap. You cannot do that with hold ups or tights. Perhaps Brenda could even a little of the lace on his knickers above his taught stocking tops.





Not only was the sight of Alan in his silky undies having an effect on Brenda but it was on Alan as well. He just could not stop the growing protrusion covered in nylon. He lifted his slip, slid his knickers down over his stocking tops and dropped the slip back down. As he was massaging his cock in his silky slip, he could hear and see that Brenda was cuming in her panties as she was making some mewling noises.



Alan continued his wank and then lifted his slip for Brenda to see his hard dick, well as hard as he got at his age.

“Suck me,” he said.

She leant forward and took his cock in her mouth. He was so close to cuming. She looked up at Alan in his pretty dress and lingerie, panties round his knees. Alan put his hands on her head to hold her close and then he came into her soft, sweet mouth.

Alan never did wear the dress to the wedding as every time he wore it he got too excited, and it showed. So, it was back to the suit and a pink tie, but with the pink silky lingerie underneath.

The End

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