

Irish



A photo story by Andrea Slip

When Sian discovers stiff marks on her pink panties she knows that they came from only one source, Seamus, her 18 year old son has been abusing her silky lingerie. It takes her back to growing up in Ireland when she did the family washing and her Mama taught her why sometimes there was spunk on her silky slips and panties. Sian knows exactly which slip she will use to catch Seamus, her little white half-slip which used to belong to Mama. This story contains references to incestuous relationships and has revealing photos.

Seamus locked the fan light window in his Mum's bedroom and was heading out the door when his eye caught on a pair of pink panties sitting on top of his Mum's wash basket near the door. He didn't have long as he was going shopping with his Mum in a few minutes for some new trainers. He picked up the pink panties and felt a buzz go through him as he fondled the silky pink nylon and lace. Seamus looked out of the bedroom door to make sure his Mum was not standing there. He thought that she might not approve of him touching her lingerie.

He could feel the physical effect of the sight of his Mum's silky lingerie was having on his body. He quickly unzipped, pulled his underwear down and thrust his growing cock into the pink panties. Underneath the pink panties was a piece of blue nylon. Seamus picked that up as well and recognized it as one of his



Mum's full slips. It looked so pretty. She often wore full slips and seamed stockings, she was a real lady. He thought of when he had seen his Mum wearing this slip as she ironed a dress ready for a night out with friends. He spread the slip out over the top of the washing and pumped his cock with the pink panties. As he thought about how sexy his Mum looked in her dark slip he suddenly spurted his white seed all over the panties.

"Are you coming Seamus? Have you locked the fanlight?" shouted Sian up the stairs.

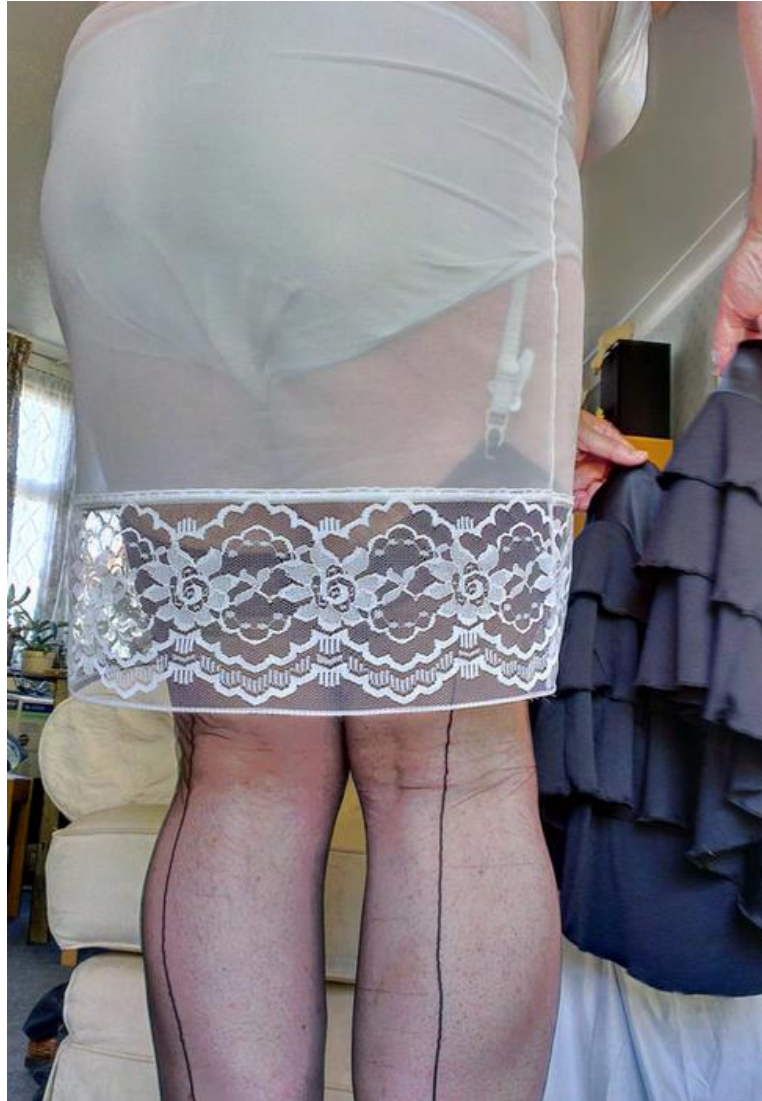
"Mmghhhh, yes... I am cuming," gurgled Seamus, dropping the soiled panties on top of the blue slip. Seamus was hooked on nylon lingerie, there was no going back now.



When Sian came to sort out the washing later that day she noticed immediately how stiff her pink panties felt. There was only one source, spunk, and it could only have come from one person, her 18 year old son Seamus. It took her back to her teenage years growing up in Kerry in South West Ireland when she had to do the washing for her large family. Her Mama used to love wearing silky slips, panties and stockings. Often Mama's slips, and sometimes her silky knickers, were stiff in the wash basket. She could not work it out at first until her Mama eventually told her about men's spunk.



Since that conversation with her Mama Sian had learnt all about men's love of nylon lingerie, and knew exactly what to do about Seamus. Sian opened her lingerie draw and had a root around until she found right at the bottom a short white half-slip with loads of lace made of a silky sheer nylon that was impossible to find these days. This slip had HISTORY for Sian.



Sian had been 15 when her Mama had bought the slip in 1985 from a small ladies lingerie shop in Killarney. Mama had tried on the slip and showed it to Sian in the changing room.

"I love the pretty lacy hem but.....It's rather see through Mama, isn't it," Sian asked her Mum in the local Gaelic. "I can see your panties and stocking tops, I thought slips were supposed to keep your modesty"

"Exactly. . Your Dad will love it, he gets very excited when he sees me in sheer silky slips. Sometimes he doesn't even get it in me before he cums all over my slip!" Mama roared with laughter. Sian was shocked but then laughed as well.

"So that's why your slips have spots and are a bit stiff?"

"Spunk," roared her Mama, "that's men for you." When she had stopped laughing she said, "Just wash the spots with a bit of soap before you put the slip in the washing machine."

Sian found out just how much her Dad liked to see women wearing stockings and nylon lingerie a couple of years later when her dear Mama passed away from an infection. It was quite clear that Dad expected Sian, as the eldest daughter, to take her Mum's place in more ways than one, including wearing this white slip and getting fucked in her parents bed.

Although we today might disapprove of this incestuous relationship it was not uncommon in rural Ireland at that time and Sian was nearly 18 by then. So, Sian wore her Mama's panties, stockings and slip and was quite glad when her Dad got over excited and came all over the pretty white slip too soon. He did sometimes manage to fuck her as well, with protection, despite being Catholic. Pretty soon Sian overcame her reluctance to have sex with her Dad and enjoyed the feeling of a cock inside her, ironically something that her Dad would not allow with someone else, unless she was married.



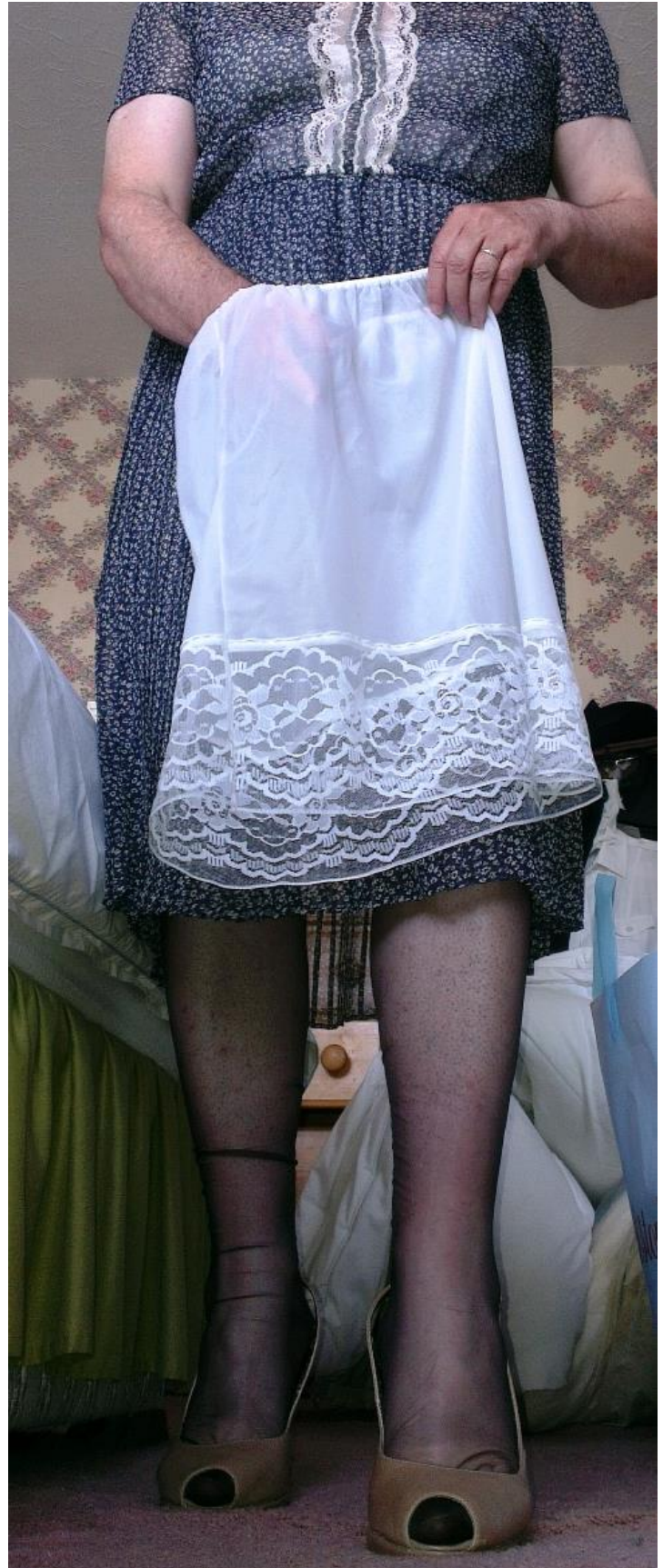
She became very attached to this virgin white slip as it reminded her of her dear departed Mama and maybe even the fact that she lost her virginity whilst wearing it. Often was the time when she had to wash panties and slips crusted with stiff spunk. Even when she left home at the age of 20 to move to Liverpool to train as a teacher she took the slip with her and warned her younger sister, who was left behind in Kerry, what to expect from their Dad with his penchant for dressing up and fucking his offspring.



Sian's future husband also loved her white slip when she wore it on dates under a short skirt, so much so that after they were married and living in Manchester, she had come early from her teaching job, because she was unwell, to find her husband Joe dressed in her clothes, including wearing the white slip himself. His cock had looked huge through the thin white nylon. Sian lifted the slip and slipped Joe's cock in her mouth. More spunk stains to wash out. Sian now learnt what cross dressing and giving head meant.

Joe, Seamus's Dad, had died from a cardiac arrest nearly three years ago. Although still in her early 40's Sian had not been with another man since then. Recently she had noticed how grown up Seamus had become when he came out of the bathroom. After seeing the stains on her pink panties she knew what effect this little white slip, with its long history, would have on his young cock.

Sian found a pretty white suspender belt, bra and some see through panties and placed them next to the white half-slip in her draw. Soon there were some sheer white lace top stockings on the top of her stockings pile in another draw. Although the slip was quite old it was well made and still in good shape. She held up the slip and slid her hand inside, remembering what a cock looked like through the thin white nylon. She smiled at the memory of Joe's cross dressing in this slip.





Sian bent down to put the little white slip back in her draw, right on the top of her slip pile, so Seamus couldn't miss it and the other delightful white nylon lingerie.



All this activity and thinking about stiff cocks clad in nylon, especially the memory of fucking Joe whilst he wore her slip, was starting to get Sian excited. She had to lift her dress to feel her increasingly damp panties through her slip. Rubbing her soft spot through two layers of nylon had the desired effect, Sian shuddered with pleasure. She didn't know when her plan would come off, but in the meantime she needed a shower to clean up the sticky mess in her panties.



Whilst she was waiting for the shower to warm up she decided she would need to put the pink panties and the blue slip, which were still in the wash basket, in the washing machine, in order to force Seamus to look in her lingerie draw. She could also take upstairs some clean slips and panties from the ironed pile so that she would have an excuse to go into his bedroom after her shower.



It was whilst his Mum was having her shower that Seamus sneaked back into his Mum's bedroom, as she knew he would. There were no panties or slips in the wash basket anymore. He decided he would have to look in her lingerie draw. He opened one draw to find his Mum's jumpers, he closed it and moved on. The next draw was more what Seamus was looking for. There was a very lacy white slip right on top. As he ran his fingers through the silky nylon, he almost drooled. He had to be quick as his Mum would be out of the bathroom soon. Seamus picked up the lacy white and purple suspender belt next to the slip. He just knew he had to find some stockings, a bra and panties to go with the sexy little slip.

Back in his own room, only just in time as he could hear his Mum had turned off the shower, he pushed his bedroom door to and dressed slowly in the borrowed lingerie. He took his time, savouring each item of nylon underwear as he pulled it on. The bra was a little tricky to get the catches on the back but somehow he managed it. He tightened the suspender straps on the white stockings. Next he slid the white panties over his nylon clad legs and over his increasingly stiff cock. Seamus slid the little white slip up his legs. He loved how the silky nylon felt on his body, it was having a dramatic effect on his erection.





Seamus lay down on the bed and slowly started to masturbate through the layers of silky nylon. He thought about what his Mum would look like in the pretty lingerie and wanked even harder. Seamus was in severe danger of developing an Oedipus complex about his Mother and her nylon lingerie.



Meanwhile, his Sian had finished her bath and had got dressed again but with some clean white knickers and some seamed RHT stockings. She had thought about putting on her favourite French knickers as she could ease those to one side and easily slip Seamus's cock inside her vagina. However, perhaps that would be best saved for when she was sure she had some protection. So instead she slipped on some bikini style knickers with a silky crutch that would be perfect for frotting.



She picked up the pile of clean washing she had brought upstairs whilst her shower was warming up and stepped out onto the landing. She waited a moment and could hear Seamus grunting. Sian pushed open the almost closed door of Seamus's bedroom. Seamus was somewhat surprised to see his Mum walk into his room as he wanked into her lingerie. He sat bolt upright.



“Don't worry my love, I brought you some clean slips and panties to wank into.” She put the clean clothes down on the bed and stared longing at her son's cock almost bursting through her Mama's old white slip. “Relax. Let me help you with that,” she whispered softly as she sat down on the bed and placed a hand on his nylon clad cock and rubbed, remembering when she had caught her husband wearing this slip many years before Seamus was born. The only difference was that this was exactly as she had planned it.



Sian's skirt had ridden up to show the lacy edge of her petticoat and stocking tops as she sat on the bed and wanked Seamus. He noticed the stocking tops and lacy edged slip come into view and this pushed him over the edge. Seamus exploded into the white nylon panties.

“My turn now,” said Sian standing up. She slowly took off her dress to reveal to Seamus that she too was wearing a white slip with a lacy hem, except that this slip was a full slip which clung to her every curve. Sian stood in front of her son with her hands on her hips. “I can see that your cock needs more,” she said.





Seamus didn't know what to say, he knew they shouldn't do this but his cock did not lie. He was still ever so hard at the sight of his Mum in her pretty lingerie, just as he had imagined when he had started his wank a few minutes earlier. She knelt on the bed, still with her high heels on, eased up her full slip and slid forward above Seamus.



She then pulled her son's still erect but drooling cock out of his slip and panties. Seamus ran his hands up and down her stocking clad legs. Sian lent forward to push his cock up against her sopping vagina, only covered by the thin nylon of her panties. As Seamus frothed his Mum, by pushing his erect cock against her silky knickers, she started swearing in Gaelic. She had not had a cock in three years and she was loving this.



Seamus moved his hands from her stockings and suspenders to his Mum's nylon clad back. He ran his hands up and down the back of her full slip and over her bra strap. He pulled her closer so that he could kiss her breasts through the nylon slip and bra. "Yes, yes, fuck me," she shouted in her native Gaelic. Seamus didn't need a translation, he knew how excited he was and how excited his Mum was. Then Seamus grabbed his cock and came, for the third time that day. As he spurted his cum all over the front her panties and slip he could feel his Mum shuddering and swearing even louder. She collapsed on top of him in a heap. After a while Sian recovered and said, "Next time I will wear my French knickers and you can fuck me through the leg, would you like that?" Seamus could only nod, wondering what on earth French knickers were.



He soon found out what French knickers were as Sian and Seamus shared all manner of French knickers, panties, slips, bras, basques, suspenders, RHT stockings, suspenders, girdles, and yes, even tights over the next few years. Seamus did not care if it was stockings or tights he was wearing when he fucked his Mum, so long as it was nylon he would get hard and always managed to stay hard before he slammed his cock into her slick vagina. Sian had gone back on the pill to make sure that there were no little accidents and they could share their love of nylon.

Of course it did come to an end when Seamus moved out in his early 20's to get married. She even gave him a few slips and panties to get his own collection started. The one slip she did not let him have was the little white half-slip. The slip, which had so many memories for Sian, stayed in her slip draw, but it was always available when Seamus popped home from time to time. Despite being married to a lovely young wife he still had a penchant for his Mum's lingerie.



The End

With thanks to Olivia for the idea

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