

Fancy Dress Party



A photo story by Andrea Slip

Barbara and Alison want to find a way to get Albert, Barbara's husband to admit he is a cross-dresser. They hit on the perfect solution, a fancy dress party to which everyone, well nearly everyone, has to wear a costume which involves wearing silky lingerie and stockings underneath.



Alison decided she would go and see her sister Barb at the beginning of October. They planned to go shopping again at the [Mall](#), it was so much fun last time they went flashing on the up escalators. Alison had intended to take her 18 year old son Mike with her but he protested that he had too much college work to do and he could the [washing and ironing](#) whilst she was away.



She trusted him to do the washing and ironing as she knew he loved ironing all her silky slips but she wondered what else he might get up to whilst she was away for the weekend.





So Alison travelled up to Cheshire, on her own. When she got there she greeted both Barbara, and her husband Arnold, with a peck on the cheek. After asking how her journey was Arnold excused himself and went upstairs to read an ebook on his new Kindle, a birthday present from Barbara.

The two sisters sat down with a cup of coffee and rolled back the years. They recalled the flashing they had done on their last shopping trip to the [Mall](#). This triggered a memory for Barbara about when she was about 16 and still dancing. She needed somewhere to practice her Cancan dance routine but didn't have enough room at home.

"Didn't Great Uncle Tom let you use his conservatory to practice your routine," asked Alison?

"Only because he wanted to see my stocking tops, petticoat and panties," said Barbara. "He would keep telling me to lift my skirt higher and higher."



"Did you," asked Alison?

"Oh yes, I loved flashing my black panties with lots of frilly white lace at him, he loved it too, the dirty old man. He kept trying to touch my panties but I would dance away from him"

"I never knew that, I always thought he was so kind, letting you go to his house," said Alison. "What reminded you of that story?"



“Well, Arnold used to go on at me to wear a slip but I had stopped wearing slips and stockings until our last shopping trip. It revived my interest in silky underwear. Then I started to wear them again under my uniform to [work](#). One of the old boys I cooked and cleaned for, Ted he was called, lovely old soldier, he was just like Uncle Tom, kept dropping £5 for me to pick up so he could see up my skirt. Then it went it a bit further when I started wear silky panties, stockings and a slip after our trip to the mall. His eyes were on stalks when he saw I was wearing sheer seamed stockings and a petticoat. It reminded him of his wife. He started dropping £10 notes so I let him touch my panties and eventually tossed him off with my cream panties. I can tell you Sis, it got me going as well, but I made him very happy,” said Barbara.

Alison looked shocked, “I bet it did. Probably the best wank he had in years.”



“What does Albert make of you wearing all these new slips and stockings for work,” asked Alison?

“When I am getting dressed in my silky lingerie he pretends to be asleep, but when I look in the wardrobe mirror I can see his eyelids and the duvet moving. He takes great interest in what I am wearing but he is never interested in making love anymore, says his back hurts,” said Barbara.

“What happened to that old man, Ted,” asked Alison?



“Oh my tossing him off with my panties, well, it finished him off, but he died happy,” laughed Barbara. “His son, Darren, phoned me to tell me Ted had passed away and that his Dad had been very happy at the end of his life. He was always talking about me and how much I had helped him. Then there was a pause as if Darren wasn’t sure what to say next. He told me that his Dad had some of my things which should really come back to me. I was a bit puzzled what that might be. Then Darren told me it was a pair of my panties which he had found in his Dad’s bedside draw with a note to say where they had come from. Did I want them back?

I asked if they were they cream nylon panties with lacy inserts, made by Warners? Darren said they were. I asked him if he shared his Dad’s love of nylon panties and stockings? He paused again and then whispered “yes”. I made him squirm a bit and asked him to speak up and repeat what he had said because I couldn’t hear him mumbling. He said “yes” again, but louder. I told him if he liked panties so much he could keep them and wear them himself. He said he already was! I asked him if he was wearing anything else. He said sheer black stockings and suspenders. I told him he was a very naughty boy for wearing the panties before asking permission from his mistress. He didn’t reply to that but made some strange grunting noises. I think he was wanking into my cream nylon panties as we spoke.”

“And what were you doing, you naughty girl,” asked Alison?



"I certainly was getting wet by then and had pulled up my skirt and my slip. My fingers were inside my French knickers. I was dipping those fingers in and out of my wet pussy like a jack rabbit. I think I came at the same time as he did! Those panties were soaked, I had to go and change."

"Wow, what a story Barb, I didn't know you were into phone sex!"

"I am not usually, Arnold isn't interested in that sort of thing," said Barbara.

"Coming back to [Arnold](#), you suspected he was wearing your slips and panties, have you caught him yet," asked Alison?

"Not yet, I think he is usually very careful, but I did find some spunk stains on those French knickers when I picked them out of the wash basket to do my lingerie wash," said Barbara

"Perhaps he overheard your conversation with Darren, worked out what it was about and wanted to have his own wank in them. Have you asked him about it," queried Alison?

"No, I don't want to scare him," said Barbara.

"How about we set a trap," asked Alison? "I know what we can do. I will invite you both to a fancy dress party at my house. I can invite my [neighbour](#) Brenda."

"Oh... but I don't think he would agree outright to dress up as a women, he's kept his cross-dressing very quiet," said Barbara.

"Don't worry about that, I know exactly how we can do it."

Albert was sitting on the bed reading on his new Kindle when Barbara came into the bedroom carrying a skirt and top. He didn't recognise the skirt or the top.

"Is that a new skirt love," asked Albert.

"No, Alison has leant it to me for a fancy dress costume," said Barbara.

"What fancy dress?"

"Oh, she has invited us to a fancy dress party. She suggested that you can go as a cowboy and I go as a cowgirl. She said she had the perfect skirt and blouse for me. I can wear it with my new boots and a cowboy hat."

"But what can I wear," asked Albert perplexed about this turn of events?

"You can wear your blue denim jeans and your checked shirt. I think there are some of the kids toy pistols and western belt in the loft, probably in that old suitcase," said Barbara.

Albert knew exactly what was in that old suitcase in the loft and it wasn't toy guns, but he thought he knew where they were.

Barbara took off the pale cream wool dress she was wearing to reveal to Arnold her slip and stockings. Arnold felt a boner rising in his slacks immediately as he looked at her seamed stockings, her pink slip and silky panties. She tried on the lacy black skirt and the white blouse with lacy black frills on the shoulders.

The unexpected rise in Arnold's trousers pushed his Kindle off his lap. It slid onto the floor.





Barbara heard the soft bump as the Kindle hit the carpet. She turned round, knelt down and slowly picked up the Kindle. He was in shock but not so bad that he could not take in the view of the shiny nylon panties, the sheer barely black nylons, the garter tabs, the silky nylon slip, the high heeled boots and the lacy skirt.

“There you are dear, you wouldn’t want to damage your new toy,” said Barbara as she handed the Kindle back to Arnold. She stood up.

“So, what do you think Arnold?”

“Err.. I think that slip is too short, I can see your stocking tops through the lacy skirt, goes nicely with the blouse though,” said Arnold, his dick exploding with pleasure at the sight of his wife before him, and asking him his opinion.

“I know the slip is wrong, I need a much longer waist slip and to wear my beige boots,” said Alison.





Barbara took off the skirt, the blouse and her full slip to stand in front of Albert in her pale pink panties, bra, suspenders, seamed stockings and boots. She knew the effect her silky lingerie was having on Albert.

She walked over to her lingerie draw and pulled it open.

“Now where is my long white half-slip,” asked Alison, more to herself than to Arnold, or so Arnold thought. “I think perhaps a white slip would show up better than black. If you are going to wear a slip with a skirt you have got to flaunt it? Hmm, Arnold? I can’t seem to find many of my slips, do you know where they are,” she said turning to look straight at him.”



Albert wondered if she knew, has she got x-ray vision? Could she see the pink full slip he is actually wearing under his jeans and t shirt, or perhaps even through the slip to see the pink French knickers, bra, suspenders and stockings he has on under the slip. He was wearing all his own lingerie, none of it is borrowed from Barbara. And now he had just come into those pretty pink French knickers.

"I... I don't know, your slip must be there somewhere, why would I know," he managed to stammer out in his defence.



Barbara turned back to the lingerie draw and found a pale cream waist-slip. She knew that it was probably not quite long enough but she tried it on anyway. She put the skirt and top back on. After a glance down at her skirt she lifted it to tug the hem of the nylon slip down to cover her stocking tops.



Finally she sat down on the bed to look down at the lacy hem of the pale cream slip peeping through the lacy black skirt. She could wear a black slip at a more conservative event as it would be like a skirt lining but the detail and colour contrast would be lost a little. Yes, a semi-sheer white slip with a wide lacy hem will be perfect for this cowgirl outfit for the Halloween fancy dress. She would change her boots to her new beige ones as they had floppy folds and looked more like western boots. Finally add a cowgirl hat and she would be ready. Then she could plan the real outfit for Arnold.



A few weeks later Barbara and Arnold travelled down from Manchester to Birmingham for the party at Alison's house. Alison said that she had invited some neighbours and friends from work. The plan was for Barbara and Arnold to change when they got there. Mike, Alison's son, showed them to the spare bedroom. Barbara unpacked the suitcase with the costumes and laid out her cowgirl outfit on the bed. She then took out her lingerie and put it on top.

"Arnold, where is your outfit," asked Barbara?

"I put it in a carrier bag and gave it to you, liked you asked me to, why?"

"Oh no, I must have left it on the bedroom floor. What are we going to do? "

"I could just go as I am," said Arnold.

"Arnold, you are wearing a tracksuit, fine for driving but no good for fancy dress. I know, I will see if Alison has a dress, I have some spare undies, you can go as a women, maybe even a tart," said Barbara.

"But....but I can't dress as a woman," protested Arnold, "I will look ridiculous with my beard."

"You will be fine. There's that advert on TV for Victor Bet with that bearded bloke in a tight dress and black tights, he looks quite sexy, and it is fancy dress after all. You will look great as a tart."

"I don't know, maybe," said Albert hoping that it was not too obvious that he was delighted at this turn of events and not seen by his wife to be caving in too quick. It was something he had not even dared to suggest or engineer. After all, how many married men want to wear their wife's pretty silky lingerie, nylons and dress?

"We have plenty of time. I'll go and speak to Alison and see what we can come up with between us," said Barbara.

The matter was settled, Albert would go to the ball, perhaps not as Cinderella but in women's clothes, something that he dreamt about. What would they find for him to wear? He desperately hoped it would include a silky nylon slip and stockings, as well as panties and bra.

Arnold was not disappointed. His lingerie was combination of red and black; black panties, lacy red suspender belt and red bra which Barbara had brought with her for the weekend. The panties were indeed the French knickers Barbara had masturbated in when on the phone with Ted's son Darren.

Arnold had, as Alison had guessed, overheard that sexy conversation from the living room and had himself masturbated in the same panties the next day whilst Barbara was at work. He had not meant to cum when he found them on top of the wash basket but he could smell her love juices on the silky nylon. It got him very excited and as he rubbed the silky panties over his face, and then his cock, he had suddenly spurted cum on the panties. He wiped it up as best as he could and shoved them back in the basket hoping that Barbara would not notice. He was wrong about that.

Arnold dressed in the bedroom in the pretty lingerie with some assistance from Barbara. She went to help do up his bra but he had already clipped it up. She smiled, he was more of an expert at dressing femme than she had realised. She handed him some black stockings with red lace tops, which were Alison's (specially purchased for this outfit). He slid them up his legs and attached the front suspender tabs. Barbara did help him do up the rear tabs as they can be a bit tricky to get right. She handed him a very short black full slip, borrowed from Alison. Arnold pulled the silky slip down over his lacy red bra and black French knickers. He loved the feeling of the nylon sliding over the nylon, so femme, so pretty, so sexy.

"Well that is quite a bonner you have in those panties Arnold, " said Barbara looking at the bulge that was tenting the front of the black slip. "And not for the first time in those panties I think."

Arnold glanced at her but didn't say anything, the game was up. His panty clad cock had given him away. She knew what loved to wear to make him feel sexy, and she needed to be part of that to get their sexual relationship back on track.



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“You won’t look very lady like with that sticking out the front of your dress,” said Barbara as she pushed him down onto the bed. She rubbed his slip over his red stocking tops and then lifted it to see the protrusion in his French knickers.

Barbara stood back and lifted her own dress over her head to stand in front of Arnold in the slip, stockings, bra and boots she had travelled in. It was a very similar red and black set of lingerie, specially planned by Barbara and Alison to match what Arnold was wearing.





She pushed his nylon clad legs apart and knelt in front of him. Arnold took in the view of her lacy red bra and matching red nylon panties that he could see under the waist length black slip. Her black nylon stockings had a star pattern and she had her black high heeled boots to complete the picture.

Alison pushed his slip up further and took his nylon clad cock in her mouth whilst slipping a couple of fingers in inside her red panties and into her juicy slit. Arnold was ecstatic at being sucked off through his (well Barbara's really) black French knickers. He was throbbing with excitement and pulled Barbara's head closer to him. She eased the black knickers down but Arnold could not hold back any more and splattered her face with his cum. Although this surprised Barbara her two fingers found the sweet spot in her quim and she too flooded cum into her nylon panties.



Alison was getting ready next door in her own bedroom, putting on her makeup. She smiled when she could hear the bed springs of squeaking in the spare room. She hoped that what she and her sister had planned would help Arnold out of the closet and improve their sexual relationship.

She put on her blue panties, stockings, bra, and suspender belt. Over these she pulled a short blue waist slip in electric blue that went perfectly with her 1960's mod dress. Alison pulled the dress on over her head and slipped on her black heels. Alison thought about her guests and wondered whether they would all come in fancy dress with some pretty lingerie underneath, she thought that they probably would.



Alison looked in the mirror to check everything was OK and was so pleased that she had found this dress so cheap in Primark when looking for an outfit. She knew exactly which slip and stockings she would wear with it. She left the slip peeping out below the hem of the dress as the blue lacy hem of the half-slip matched the lacy over pattern of the dress. She still remembered showing a little slip under a mini dress in the early 70's when a teenager when going to a party and how much attention she got from the boys. Perhaps that would happen again this evening. Now she would have to make sure that Mike was looking pretty in his costume.



Indeed Mike did look pretty in his clown costume once Alison had sorted out his makeup and long red wig. The ripped fishnet black tights and red high heels made his legs look so adorable. She had offered to lend him some panties and bra but he said had his own to wear. She didn't doubt it. The costume was a little too short to wear a slip with, which was Mike's only regret.



Soon the other guests started arriving. Sophie, from the [office](#), was dressed as a Cheryl Cole look alike. She looked gorgeous in her sticky out black dress, nylons and high heels. Mike could not take his eyes off her and kept trying to imagine which of her numerous French knickers he had seen on her washing line she was wearing. Were they black or was it the salmon pink ones Sophie had lent Mike after his first [private maths lessons](#). And was she wearing stockings or tights? He was dying to know.





Brenda, Alison's [neighbour](#) arrived next with her friend Alan, who Alison had [interviewed](#) and given a job to at [Software04](#). Barbara looked stunning in a long black and red dress, with a crown on top, dresses as Elvira.

Alison barely recognised Alan as a wicked witch, complete with broomstick, he looked amazing. There was no clue as to their choice of lingerie or hosiery until Brenda's long dress parted as she stepped through the door and Alison got a very sexy glimpse of stocking top and a little flash of a red lacy petticoat.



Brenda and Alan had taken great care with their makeup, costume, accessories and lingerie, having [made the costumes themselves](#). Brenda was wearing a nylon full red slip which showed her black panties and stockings tops in certain light conditions. Alan was also wearing a full slip under his black wicked witch outfit. It was a silky white, semi-sheer slip in contrast to the black dress. He too was wearing black stockings, which could be seen attached to suspender straps through the thin white nylon. Brenda has chosen the lingerie for Alan, including the white lacy panties which she could see so clearly through the thin slip. She liked seeing Alan's stocking tops and pretty panties through a thin nylon slip.



Barbara and Arnold had indeed been making love on Alison's spare bed, brought together again by a shared love of lingerie. They were both very happy to have revived their sexual relationship after a gap of many years.

After making love Barbara had a quick shower and back in the bedroom started dressing in her lingerie while Arnold had his shower. As Arnold came back into the bedroom Barbara was just putting on her new white slip. She had bought it on Ebay as it was a longer length and had a very pretty wide lacy hem that she thought would look just right under the lacy black skirt.



“Oh there you are Arnold, this slip is so long I can’t see if my seams are straight, can you see if they are,” asked Barbara innocently.

At first Arnold was speechless. “That is a beautiful slip Barb.”

“My seams Arnold,” asked Barbara again as she lifted her slip a little so the seams of her sheer black stockings came into view above her beige high heeled boots?

“Er, not quite,” said Arnold, lying through his teeth. “I think you may need to adjust them a little on your right leg. Do you want me to do it?”

“Hmmm, we are already late and I can hear some of the guests are already downstairs. I’ll do it or we will never get there,” she said with a wink in her eye. Barbara lifted her pretty slip and fiddled with the suspender strap, checking that Arnold could see in the mirror the flash of stocking tops and black panties. Although Arnold was only wearing a towel he could feel his cock rising again.

Barbara reached into the suitcase and tossed Arnold a clean pair of black French knickers which Alison had provided for just this situation.

“Down boy. Here, put this clean pair of knickers on, but you will have to wear the red topped stockings, whilst I do my makeup and hair,” said Barbara.



Barbara sat down at the dressing table, touched up her makeup, combed out her hair (she had not washed it in the shower). She was almost ready but time to get Arnold into his dress and makeup.



Alison had provided a long patterned silk shirt for Arnold to wear as a dress with a brown belt. It was supposed to be worn with leggings but looked rather sexy with a black slip and red topped stockings peeping out from under the hem. A pair of Alison's low heels completed the picture. Barbara wanted to put some light makeup on and Arnold reluctantly agreed.



Barbara finished dressing herself. She put on the lacy black skirt, which she had borrowed from her sister, and adjusted her slip length. Then it was on the frilly white and black blouse. She picked up her cowboy hat; she was ready for the Rodeo.



"Just sit down for a sec, I want to take a photo," said Arnold picking up his phone. "You look fantastic in that lacy skirt and frilly top, the boots, the sheer stockings and even the lacy hem of your bright white slip peeping through, it is so sexy."

"Ok," said Barbara, "but we must join the party, Alison will wonder what we have been up to."

Arnold took several snaps of Barbara in her cowgirl outfit. "Have I ever told you about photos on Flickr," he asked casually?



The party had started slowly but the atmosphere picked up as a few more people arrived. Alison and Barbara exchanged a sly smile when Barbara and Arnold joined them. As people became more relaxed so did Alison, as Sophie, Alison's work colleague, noticed when she got a lovely flash of Alison's pale blue panties as Alison got up from a chair.

"You look lovely in that dress Alison, and so nice to see you wearing authentic 60's stockings and Vanity Fair panties to match the dress. That blue slip is perfect. I love panty flashes, as you well know," said Sophie looking up Alison's skirt without any hesitation.

Alison giggled as she thought about their previous [steamy encounters](#) in the [office staffroom](#) and stood up to go and put some more sausage rolls in the oven.



Arnold had beaten her to it and was already taking out the sausage rolls from the fridge ready for the oven, whilst Barbara was cutting up some tomatoes for a salad. As Arnold reached up into the fridge for the sausage rolls his dress rode up a little to reveal his black slip and red stocking tops. This did not go unnoticed by Sophie who was now standing in the hall, next to the kitchen, talking to Mike.

“Arnold could you check that everyone is helping themselves to the nibbles, I will pop the sausage rolls in the oven,” said Alison



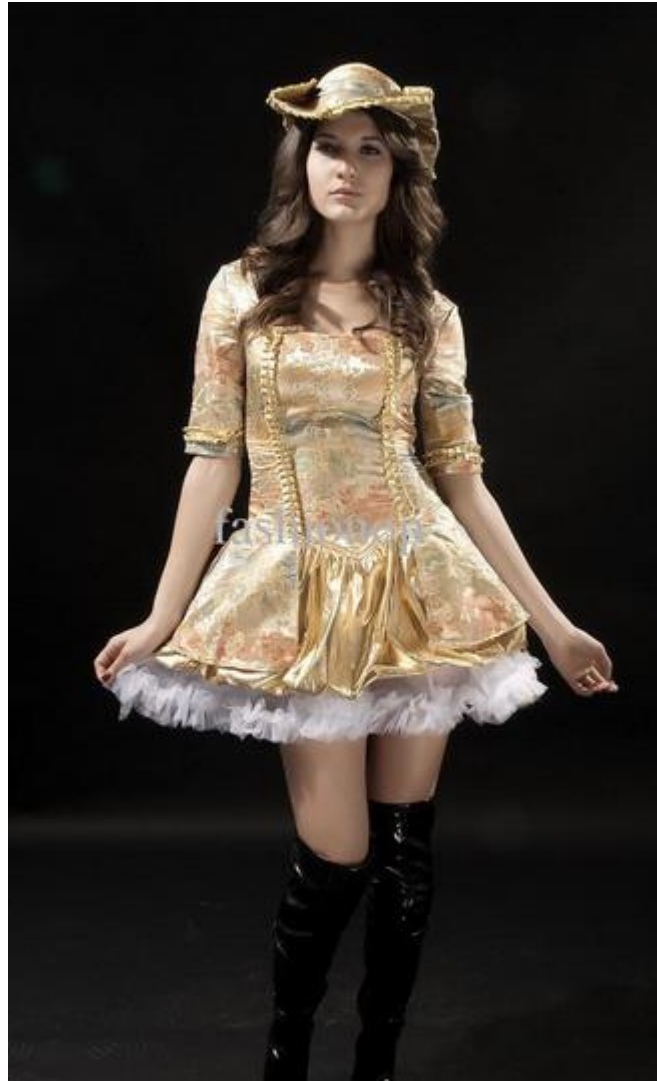
Arnold picked up a bowl of peanuts and walked out into the hall and offered some to Mike and Sophie. Sophie took a handful but dropped a few on the carpet.

"Let me get those," said Arnold as he bobbed down, forgetting that he was wearing a short dress.

"You make a lovely maid Arnold, your petticoat, stockings and black panties look perfect together, darling," said Sophie.

Arnold blushed as he realised that he must have flashed his knickers and stocking tops to Sophie and Mike. Mike, Arnold's nephew, was just grinning. As he stood up Sophie flipped up his dress at the back and pinched his bum through the black slip and panties.

"Don't you just love nylon, panty boy," said Sophie whispering in his ear just as Barbara came out of the kitchen. She glared at Sophie, as if to say he might be a panty boy but he's my panty boy.



Adam and his wife Agnieszka came as historic 18th century male and female Polish characters, although Agnieszka dress was rather short and showed a rather lovely white organza petticoat, perhaps not quite authentic but very pretty never the less. Alison wasn't sure that they would come as Agnieszka had caught Alison inspecting what was inside Adam's panties in a [dress code](#) check at work. Agnieszka knew that Adam desperately needed the job and that she told Alison on the phone that she wouldn't make a fuss if he got some more hour, but she would take action if it happened again. Alison promised it wouldn't and she would see about the possibility of increasing Adam's hours as IT support. Perhaps the fact that Agnieszka was a Polish Catholic also made divorce out of the question.

After a few glasses of wine at the party a tricky situation was eased. Alison did observe to Sophie that Agnieszka seemed to be wearing more feminine clothes these days and that Adam wasn't, except to comply with the office dress code. He was not wearing feminine lingerie to and from work anymore, only changing once he got there. Well, she would have said this to Sophie but she and Mike seem to have disappeared.



The fancy dress party had been a great success. Alison smiled at the glow on Barbara's face and how relaxed Arnold was showing his lacy slip and stockings to the others. He had indeed come out of the closet. But there did remain just one question.

What colour panties was Sophie wearing? Mike did find out when he and Sophie slipped away from the party to his bedroom. She took off her Cheryl Cole dress to reveal a short black full slip. The dress was so short that her stocking tops and garter tabs showed below her lacy slip. It was definitely not tights.

Mike took off his girl clown outfit but left his fishnet tights, panties and bra on.

“You’re my panty boy now,” Sophie commanded.
“Kneel at my feet and worship me.”

Mike knelt in front of Sophie. There was a large bulge in the black slip.

“Pull down my French knickers, pantie boy.”

Mike’s hands were trembling as he lifted up the silky black slip to reveal a very pretty pale pink French knickers edged with white lace. He loved the panties, they were so silky and straining to hold Sophie’s cock. He eased the panties down over her nylon stockings and licked his lips as Sophie’s cock sprang forward.

“Suck, panty boy,” barked the Mistress.

He did and he did and he did until she came in spurts in his soft warm mouth. Mike was so glad he had found out that Sophie was wearing stockings not tights, and the colour of her panties. Soon he was spurting into his own lacy black panties. It was a fancy dress party he would always remember.

The End

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