

Funeral



Brenda and Alan continue their [adult education](#) class with Madame DuPoint, learning how to make petticoats and French knickers. Sadly Madame's health declines and she passes away. Brenda passes the sad news to Alan and they decide that they have to attend the funeral. But what to wear, traditional all black or something frillier and lighter?



Brenda and Alan continued their [adult education](#) dress making class with Madame DuPont over the next few months. As promised some weeks before, Madame got them to make a simple half-slip, a short pale lilac one for Alan and a longer cream one for Brenda. Brenda loved the way the cream slip hugged her nylon clad legs and that she could wear it under her longer skirts. It had a very pretty, wide lacy hem.



Alan thought he might wear his shorter lilac slip to work as it would comply with the new office dress code. The two apprentices enjoyed modelling their slips for each other after class, in Brenda's bedroom, with rather enjoyable results as they became lovers.



Neither of them had noticed Mike, Brenda's [neighbour](#), observing them from just outside the bedroom door, on the first occasion they had made love. Mike was trying to slip out of the house unnoticed after a foray into Brenda's slips whilst she was out at her sewing class.



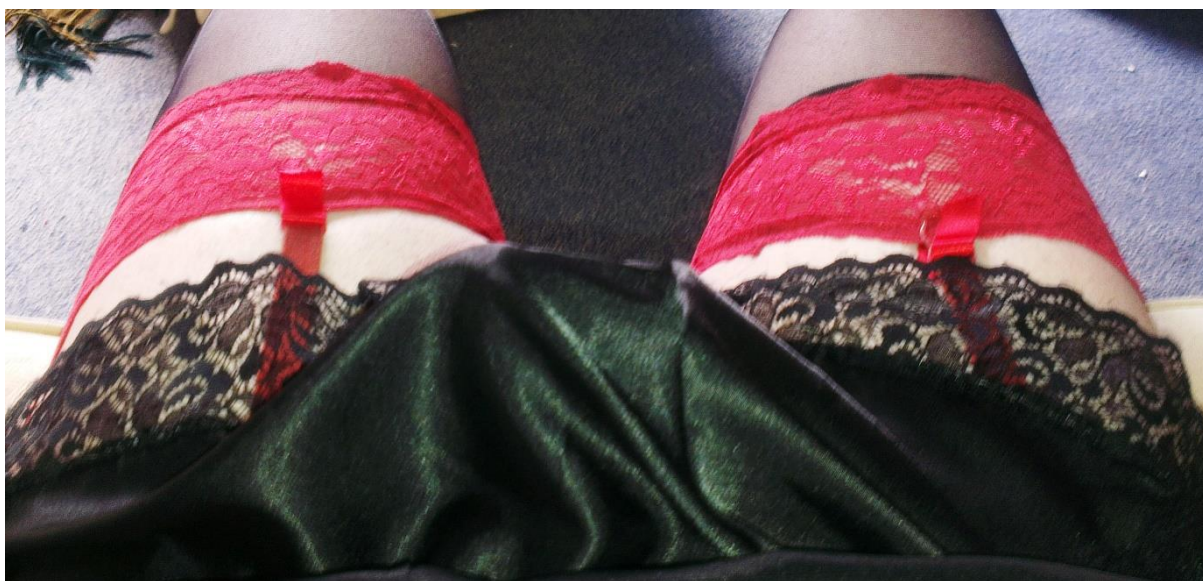
The only thing Brenda noticed was that she couldn't find her new red waist slip the next day. She assumed it must have still been in the wash but then she found it a few days later when she lifted out a black slip from her draw. "Strange," she thought, "I am sure that red slip wasn't there, how did it get back clean and ironed? I must be going batty, or I must ask Alison (her neighbour and Mike's Mum) if she has [washed any red slips](#) recently."



From making slips they moved onto making some French knickers. The style was the same for the two pairs they made, with lashing of lace on the hem but in pink for Alan and in black for Brenda. The knickers looked gorgeous with stockings, the lacy hem falling loosely over the stocking tops.



When they modelled their French knickers properly, in Brenda's bedroom, she could not resist running her hand up inside of Alan's slip and inside the loose leg of his pink knickers and tossing him off without even seeing his cock. Alan enjoyed how hard he was inside the knickers and loved what Brenda was doing to him. After so many years of doing this for himself he did wonder if he really preferred masturbation to full sex.



He returned the favour later by sliding his hand inside her black knickers and into her moist slit. Brenda was really enjoying sharing her love of silky lingerie and stockings with a man who had the same passion, something she had never done before.

Brenda had got to know Madame DuPont well over the last year at dress making class but it was apparent that she was becoming very frail and house bound. Madame had a daughter, Nadia, who lived in London and came to see her about once a month. Now that Brenda was retired she was able help out Madame with her shopping and other things she needed some help with. Madame DuPont loved to tell Brenda tales of her days in Paris and London as a dressmaker in the fashion houses, including some more detail about what lingerie some of the male fashion designers liked to wear themselves. This was why she had no problem with helping Alan discover his feminine side. Madame had never really got over the flu from a few months earlier, it returned and she was hospitalised when it turned to bronchitis.

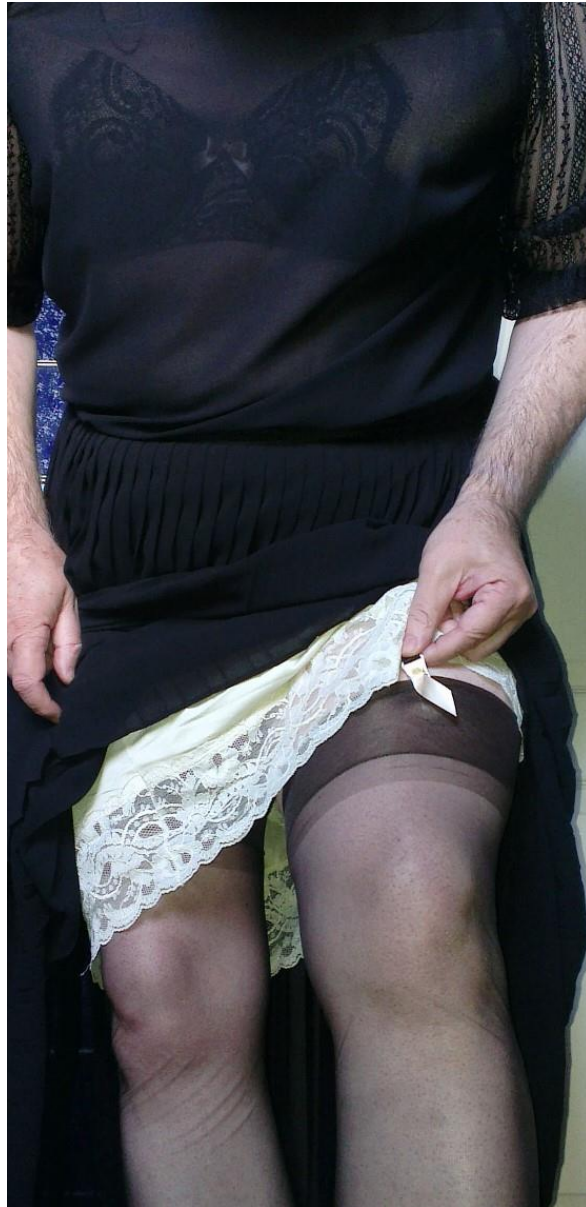
Madame was going downhill rapidly and never recovered. Brenda got the call she was dreading when Nadia phoned one evening to tell Brenda that her mother had



passed away. Brenda had grown very fond of the old lady, and she knew that Alan had as well. Brenda shared the sad news with Alan straight away by calling his mobile. She could hear Alan crying. When he had stopped he said, "I will always be grateful to her for helping me on my journey and accepting me for who I am. She never judged me and was so helpful with making my skirts, dresses and lingerie, I am wearing the pink French knickers we made with a pink slip, they are so pretty. I learnt so many new skills. We have to go to the funeral, Brenda, but I am not sure if I am brave enough to go dresses en femme yet. When is it and what are we going to wear, black or not?"



The funeral was about 10 days later at the local crematorium. Brenda had gone with black; she wore a long black skirt with a black blouse that had lacy seams. She also wore seamed black stockings but chose pale lingerie as contrast to the black top layer. Alan chickened out of going in drag and wore a black suit. He felt it was Ok to wear a dress for the office but not for a funeral. The funeral was rather beautiful, as was befitting of Madame DuPont. After the service they looked at the flowers which had been laid on the ground outside the chapel. There were so many. Alan was standing behind Brenda. "Your seams are crooked," he whispered in her ear."



"Oh no," she said, "I had better adjust them before anyone notices. "

She found a quiet corner and lifted her skirt and cream slip, the one she had made with Madame of course, to adjust the seams of her sheer black stockings when Nadia walked round the corner.

"Oh, you must be. Brenda," said. Nadia glancing down at Brenda's stocking tops and lace edged petticoat. "She told me all about you and how you loved petticoats and stockings, just like Mama," said Nadia.



Brenda smoothed down her slip and dropped her skirt. They shook hands. "And you must be Alan, not dressed up today Alan?" Alan blushed at his secret revealed. "Mama wouldn't have minded if you had come today en femme, as she would say."



Of course Alan was wearing some pretty black lingerie under his male suit; a full black slip, panties, bra and sheer hold up stockings. Although his black slip may have shown a little through the white shirt only Alan and Brenda really knew what pretty treasures lay beneath the male exterior.

"I thought it might upset some people seeing a cross dresser," he said. "Oh Mama knew lots of cross dressers, right back to the time she worked in Paris. Some of them are here today, although you wouldn't know it." Alan looked surprised but then realised that there did appear to very few men at the funeral. "Come back to the house after the wake. Just before she died she told me that there was something she wanted to give you both."



The wake was held at a local hotel and although sombre was not dreary as Alan and Brenda met some of Madame DuPont's cross dressing friends, some of whom looked very elegant in black and dark colours, especially black sheer nylons. Alan was one of the few people in trousers. Eventually people started to leave and Nadine asked Alan and Brenda to meet her at her mother's house in 20 minutes.



Nadine opened the door of her mother's house and let them in. "Although my mother only knew you both for a short time she did talk about you. She told me, just before she died, that she would like you to have a gift from her collection of slips and petticoats. She asked me if I wanted some but I find them a little old fashioned. I know that you would appreciate them more than me so please come upstairs and choose some slips."

Brenda and Alan looked surprised but also delighted at this unexpected legacy. They followed Nadine upstairs, the first time they had been upstairs despite many visits to the house. Nadine opened her mother's lingerie draws and told the two dutiful apprentices to help themselves to whatever slips they liked. "That's very kind but perhaps we might only take one each to remember your dear mother. " Nadine nodded and left them to it.

Madame DuPont did indeed have a wonderful collection of slips and petticoats; full slips and half-slips; nylon and silk; from black to white and almost every colour in between but all had lashings of lace and very silky. They held up the slips and were hard pressed to choose. Brenda was drawn to a pink half-slip with white lace, hanging on a hanger in front of the draws. In the end they choose a full slip and half-slip each. They took them downstairs to show Nadine. She said it was a good choice and found a bag to put them in. Alan and Brenda expressed their gratitude to Nadine, wished her well, and bade their farewells.



Once they were back in Brenda's bedroom they slipped off their outer clothes to reveal the lingerie they had worn to the funeral, Brenda in the bra and cream half-slip she and Alan had made with Madame. Alan took off his suit to reveal his full black slip and sheer black stockings.



They both removed their slips to stand next to the bed in their pretty panties, bra and stockings. Brenda was wearing a very pretty matching set of panties, bra and suspenders with black overlaid on gold. Brenda emptied out the four slips, which had come from Madame's collection, and now their own, onto the bed.



Alan tried on the half-slip first. It was a beautiful creamy coloured slip with a wide lacy band on the hem. He wanted to try on the full slip as well over the top of the half-slip and just couldn't resist giving in to temptation. He pulled the pretty black full slip over his head and down over the half-slip.

"I have never worn two slips together," he said glancing at Brenda. She smiled at the pleasure he was getting from the two layers of nylon rubbing together, something she already knew from her younger days when she had been more sexually active. He played with the double layer of slips, it was noticeably that it was making him even harder.





"My turn," said Brenda. She tried the pink half-slip first. It was a pretty silky pale pink slip. She had gone for this slip as it was a colour she did not often wear and because of the contrast between the pink nylon and the cream lace on the hem. She stepped into the slip and pulled it up over her seamed stockings.

"That slip is gorgeous and you look so sexy wearing it," said Alan as he put his arms around Brenda and hugged her, their nylon slips rubbing together. He could feel his erection rising and pushing his nylon panties up against his two slips and Brenda's one. He was in nylon heaven.

"Down Tiger," said Brenda pushing Alan away, "I need to try on the other slip as well."



She picked up the full slip and slid it over her down over her head. "See, we can both wear two slips." The full slip was in a beautiful pale orange colour. The reason Brenda picked this particular full slip was because the pretty swirly lace had some orange accents. She loved the colour contrast.



"I sometimes used to do this; I mean wear two slips, when I was younger to tease my lovers. They would put their hand up my skirt, push my full slip out of the way above my stocking tops and then expect have a clear run to goal in my panties. They were surprised then to find a second slip baring the way, especially if I wore a tight waist slip under the full slip," said Brenda. Her mind wandered back to one evening when she had worn a black full slip with a front split, a little red waist slip underneath, black lacy panties and sheer red Gio stockings. She had felt like the bees knees.

"Did they mind," asked Alan?



"It wasn't much of a barrier, although I can remember one young man who liked to fiddle with the lacy hem of my two slips and then rubbed the two slips over my nylon panties. That made my pussy very wet, just as it is now." said Brenda, her breathing getting heavier at the memory of that evening and the effect of wearing her two new silky nylon slips.

"Let me see," demanded Alan.

Brenda lifted her two slips so Alan could see the damp patch forming on the front of her black panties, the ones which she had worn to the funeral. He gently cupped her lower regions and started rubbing the nylon slip and panties over and then into her vagina. The stain on the front of Brenda's knickers got darker and her breathing more laboured. Alan frothed Brenda by pushing the silky nylon panties further and further inside her with his fingers.



Alan's own erection was massive inside his own black panties. Brenda pushed Alan onto the bed, lifted his two slippers and reached inside the silky black knickers and grabbed hold of his dick so that they mutually masturbated each other. Suddenly Brenda breathed in, not realising that she had been holding her breath as the sexual tension had risen, and flooded Alan's hand with her love juices. Alan could feel Brenda relax. The wetness on his hand and in her silky nylon knickers was a trigger for his own climax.

They hugged again but this time they were both in their full slippers and they continued to run their hands over each other's silky back for the next few minutes. Alan was soon hard again and climbed on top of Brenda, pulling down her black panties. As he did so he thrust his nylon clad cock inside Brenda, frotting her for a second time in only a few minutes and a second climax only a few moments later. Alan collapsed on top of Brenda, exhausted from what had been a very emotional day.

The End

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