

Washday



A photo story by Andrea Slip

Whilst Brenda was out at a dress making and sewing adult education class her young neighbour, Mike, was exploring her lingerie draws. Inevitably some spunk marks got on her silky slips and panties so Mike had to take them home to wash. This was not a problem as Mike regularly did the washing and ironing of his Mum's lingerie.



Mike had been amazed to be given a gift of black panties, bra and stockings by his [neighbour](#) Brenda for looking after her cat and house for a few days whilst she was away on holiday. When she had given him the house key his first thought had been to explore her lingerie draws as he knew she loved wearing slippers and stockings from his experience at the bus stop when he first met her and from when he had cut her grass over the summer.

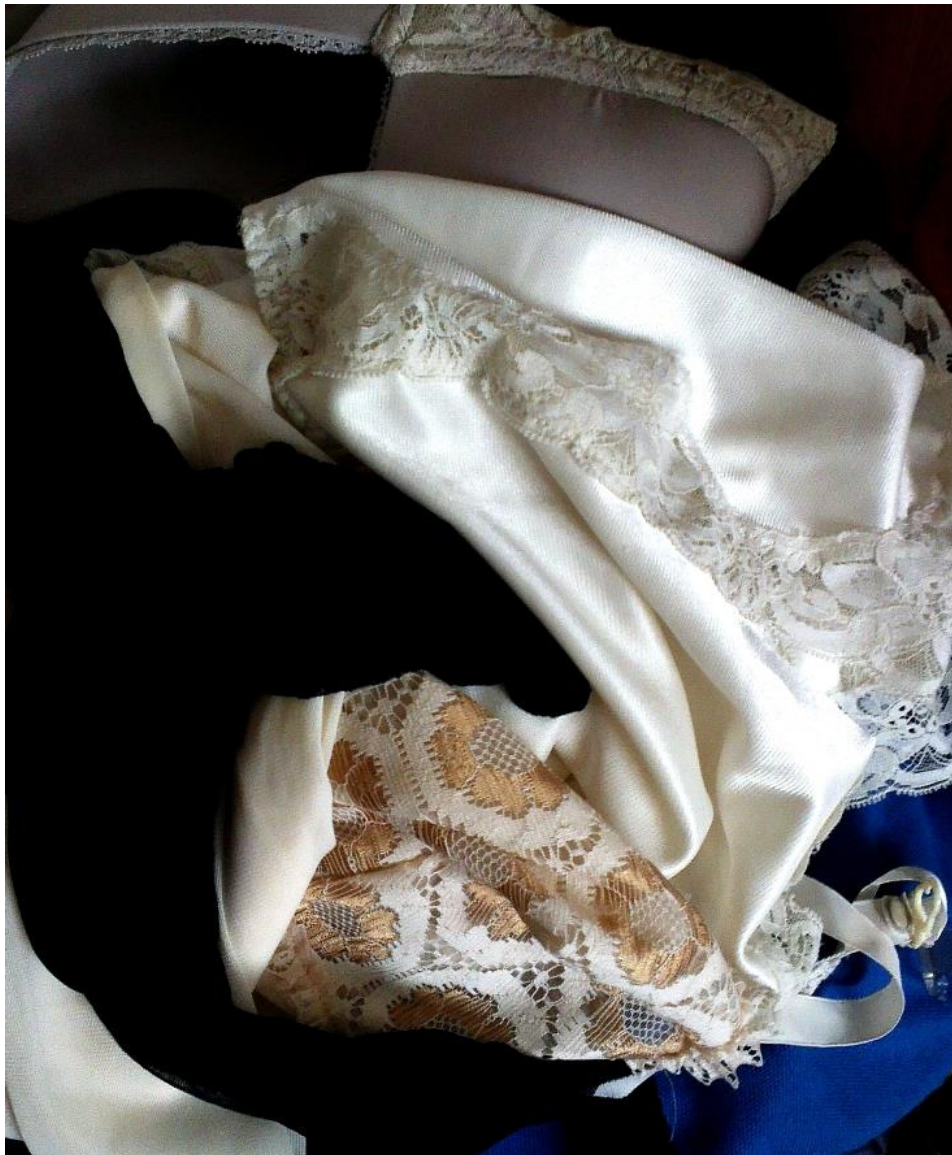
The gift of lingerie, left in the middle of her bed, had been a complete surprise and thrown his timescale of investigating her slippers, panties and bras. He had hurriedly pulled on several of Brenda's silky slippers and enjoyed the experience of being fully clad in slippery nylon. It was a nylon fetish dream. However, it was the only time he had managed to achieve this during the few days Brenda was away due to chores he had to do for his mum, like washing, doing college work, going to [private maths lessons](#) and his part time job at [Sainsbury's](#). He desperately wanted to go back and explore Brenda's lingerie draws, and she had many draws to explore, but he just didn't have time for more than feeding the cat. Anyway, his Mum would have been suspicious if he had spent too long at Brenda's house.

Alison, Mike's Mum, mentioned one evening over dinner that Brenda was going to an [adult education class](#) in dress making with Alison's [new member of staff](#) so that she could have some nice skirts and dresses to wear to work. Mike hadn't really been paying attention and hadn't caught her name. He thought it a little strange that this new lady didn't already have some suitable work clothes. But then the penny dropped. Brenda would always be out of the house between 3.45 and about 6.15 on a Thursday as the new lady was taking Brenda to and from the class, and even better, his Mum worked late that evening.

Brenda knew that Mike also worked a late shift on a Thursday straight after college, and had mentioned this to [her fellow student](#). What Brenda didn't know was that Mike had swapped his Thursday shift for a Friday with a mate as a late Friday shift was not popular with youngsters, for some reason. Mike didn't mind working on Friday if he gained regular access to Brenda's slips and panties the day before.

Mike had much fun on late Thursday afternoons, after he got back from college, going through all the pretty slips and other silky nylon lingerie which Brenda owned. He tried them all on and even some of her shoes as they had similar sized feet. Although he sometimes got spunk stains on the pretty nylon he knew that he could slip the lingerie into the wash at home as he now washed all the lingerie that he and his Mum wore. She didn't mind so long as he kept up his side of the bargain after she had [caught him](#) wearing her slips.





Mike loved washing and ironing the silky lingerie. He picked up all the silky garments from the wash basket in the bathroom and dumped them into the white washing basket and then sorted them out on his Mum's bed. His preferred time to do this was about 6pm as sometimes his Mum liked to change her clothes as soon as she got home, including her undies. He couldn't quite work out why she did this unless there was something going on [at work with Sophie](#). He liked to sniff his Mum's panties, when they were still warm, he could smell her feminine scent, perhaps slightly musky, part fishy. This would always give him a stiffy.



He would drop his trousers and pull off his shirt. Most days he would be wearing lingerie anyway, usually a slip (half or full – he liked both), hold up stockings and full cut or bikini panties. If wearing lingerie all day he tended to not wear a bra and suspenders to avoid detectable bumps and straps. He had become addicted to silky nylon undies ever since he had explored his [Mum's lingerie draw](#) and caught his [Uncle Albert](#) wearing a slip whilst his Mum and her sister had gone shopping at [the Mall](#).

Up would go his slip to fondle the bulge in his tight panties, then his panties would come down. He would rub the silky knickers, the ones his Mum had just worn to work, over his cock to a satisfying explosion of cum. He did not worry about cuming over her knickers as he was going to wash them anyway. She seemed to especially like wearing large silky French knickers with lashings of lace. Mike loved to wank with her Frenchies but preferred to wear bikini knickers all day as they kept him snug. Some French knickers were very loose in the leg and over the course of day he would find that his dick kept falling out of the leg and would need adjusting.



He would collect up and sort the pretty underwear into colour piles, whites and darks and then set aside the stockings for hand washing. Then he would separate the slips and panties into one pile and the bras with the lacy suspender belts in another. The bra and suspenders went in a separate mesh bag to stop them getting tangled but sometimes they burst open and would tangled up with the spaghetti straps of the full slips. Although this take some time to untangle Mike did not mind as he loved handling the silky lingerie.



Finally all the piles and bags of lingerie would go into the wash basket and be taken down stairs to the washing machine in the utility room. Mike always made sure he put fabric conditioner in as well with the washing tablets, load the silky nylon into the machine, set the temperature low, choose the program, close the door and switch on. There was always that little pause, long enough to make you think that you hadn't shut the door properly, before it started to whirl into action. If it didn't start a little nudge on the door with his knee would get it going. He knew he would have nearly two hours before he needed to come back to the utility room and check the machine had finished its wash cycle.



In the summer he took the damp washing out of the washing machine, put it into the wash basket, and headed for the garden. Mike hung the clean washing on the rotary drier to air in the garden. He loved to see the slips, which both he and his Mum had worn, wafting in the breeze and the lacy bras or suspender belts just hanging there, such a mix of pretty colours. It was often hard to tell which the bras were and which the suspenders were as they were all so lacy.

Anyone looking over the fence with an interest in sexy underwear would have been impressed by the collection of vintage undies hanging on the washing line. They would never know that it was not just his Mum that was wearing the pretty slips, bras and panties. He did worry that some sneaky neighbour might climb over the fence and steal them, but since Brenda had moved in next door the opposite was true. He was more likely to explore her slips he had seen hanging on her washing line. There was no neighbour on the other side of the garden or at the rear. His garden was surrounded on two sides by a row of garages, the back walls of the garages obscured the pretty lingerie drying in the garden. Brenda's garden made up the third side of his garden.



In the winter the wet clothes had to go in the tumble drier. He loved taking the warm silky slips out of the tumble drier and rubbing the warm nylon over his top lip to see if they were properly dry. Sometimes they had to go on the radiators as well to try. When the slips, panties, bras and suspender belts were dry Mike folded them neatly and sorted the lingerie into piles. He would put the slips for ironing later but took the other lingerie upstairs and put it away for his Mum in her lingerie draws. And now he even had some lingerie of his own to put away in his own draw after the gift from Brenda. His Mum had thought this very funny but had given him a bra and a couple of old slips of her own for him to keep in his new lingerie draw. He was so happy that he now had his own lingerie draw.

There was even one weekend in early October, when his Mum had gone to stay with her sister in Cheshire, and he had been left on his own for the first time as he had some college work to finish. His Mum had left strict instructions about food and that he was to finish the ironing. Mike did not mind as it meant he could have the house (and the lingerie) to himself. He was particularly looking forward to doing the ironing dressed en femme.

Mike dressed in some pretty pink French knickers, pink lacy bra, suspender belt and some sheer grey stockings. He even had “borrowed” some silver grey sandals from Brenda, his neighbour. He then pulled on a pink waist slip. As he knew he had the ironing to do he would have resist having fun, just yet.





Mike really enjoyed ironing the silky slippers, weaving the steam iron this way and that over the silky nylon. He made sure it was not too hot to burn the nylon. He slid the full slippers round the arm of the ironing board and made sure that the lacy busts and hems were properly smooth with no creases in the nylon body. His Mum had shown him how to iron the full slippers as at first he had found it a little tricky. The half-slippers were much easier to iron but he had to be careful to work out which side of the slip he had ironed first, he learnt to count the seams as they came round for the third time he stopped.



As he had been handling the silky slips he had felt himself getting harder and harder and there was a definite bulge in both his panties but also his pretty pink slip. He knew he had to delay his pleasure as he did not want to spurt on any of the clean slips. Mike stood at the ironing board in his heels; he loved the click of the heels on the wooden floor in the utility room. He folded the slips into neat piles and was finished. He was quite glad because he was not used to standing in heels and his feet were beginning to hurt.

He sat down in the chair to relax and could really enjoy feeling the bulge in his slip and panties. Mike pulled up the silky pink slip and plunged his hand into his French knickers to release his cock. It was already slimy with precum. Mike looked at the pile of neatly ironed slips in the basket and down at his pale pink slip and nylon clad legs. As he looked at the pretty nylon lingerie he had a most satisfying wank.

Mike was still enjoying his Thursday afternoon visits to Brenda's bedroom to try on all her pretty lingerie, whilst Brenda was at the dress making class. That was until one particular Thursday, at the end of February, when it all came to an end.

Mike found a very silky red waist slip which he did not remember seeing before. He matched it with a red and black bra, some black lacy panties and some black hold up stockings. He preened himself in front of the mirror, lifting the red slip to see his stocking tops and black panties from Brenda's lingerie draws. The slip was gorgeous and he was getting really hard.

That was until he heard Brenda's car on the drive. "Shit, she's back early from class," he said out loud.

He decided he would try and hide in her spare bedroom as he knew she rarely went in there. He might be able to sneak out if Brenda went into her own bedroom to change. He grabbed his trousers, shirt and shoes and ran into the spare room.





Mike sat down on the bed in the spare room. Even though he was at risk of getting caught and it would be difficult to explain why he was wearing her red lingerie in her spare room he could not help looking down and enjoying the view of his black stocking tops showing clearly through the wide lacy hem of Brenda's red half-slip.

He could hear Brenda coming up stairs and she was talking to someone. He could hear the clip clop of two pairs of shoes. Brenda was telling someone that they could go in her bedroom to change. It must be the other lady from the sewing class who worked with his Mum, but why did they need to change?

"What was her name," he asked himself. He couldn't remember what his Mum had said. Mike was relieved that they both went into Brenda's bedroom at the front and ignored the spare room at the back. Brenda's bedroom door squeaked as she shut it slightly. It was now or never. Mike took his chance to escape.

Mike crept quietly past the door of the front bedroom and stood on the landing. The door was not completely shut and he could just see through the opening. Brenda had taken her silk dress off and was bending over to take off her shoes with her back towards him. She was wearing a very pretty white slip, white panties and white lace top stockings. It was quite a sight. Mike could feel his erection rising again.



Mike then looked again and could see the other woman was also undressing. As she turned slightly Mike suddenly realised that was no woman but a man in drag. He had taken his skirt and top off and was standing in front of the bed in a very pretty yellow mini slip, blue bra and black stockings. It really struck Mike how much his Uncle Albert this cross-dresser looked.

Brenda had moved onto the bed in front of the man. She pulled his blue French knickers down and had started to masturbate his cock through his little yellow slip, something that Mike was very familiar with, and perhaps you are as well.

Mike realised that this must be the person who worked with his Mum, Alison. It was not a woman who wanted to make skirts but a man. Well that would explain why he wanted to go to the sewing class with Brenda and make his own dresses for work to comply with some strange new dress code that his Mum was introducing for the office.



Mike stood on the landing astounded at the sight of Brenda and her friend, both in their lingerie, and starting to get steamy almost right in front of him, totally unaware that he was just outside the bedroom door. He came to his senses and realised he need to make a quick exit before he was spotted. As he crept down the stairs he could hear them talking and if he was not mistaken it was the conversation of lovers, not just fellow class mates.

At the bottom of the stairs he undid the strappy black shoes and pulled on his trousers and shirt over his lingerie so that he could get back to his house before either Brenda or his mum would notice. He would wash and return the red lingerie and shoes later.

He knew that he had over stepped the mark by exploring Brenda's lingerie draws without her expression permission, although she had encouraged him by giving him the black panties, bra and stockings. He also knew that with a new man in Brenda's life (and lingerie it seemed) his days of exploring her vast collection of silky slips were over. Oh well, it had been intense fun whilst it lasted.



The End

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