

Party Dress

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Charles had been transformed in Charlene by his wife, Andrea, when away on holiday ([Walk in the Woods](#)). Charlene carried on dressing up from time to time. When Andrea suggests that Charlene wear Andrea's black dress to a fancy-dress party rather than her, Charlene jumped at the chance.



Charles was standing at the vanity mirror, trimming his beard, when Andrea came in from a Christmas meal with colleagues from work. She sat on the bed as they chatted about her lovely evening out. Charles did not miss the fact that Andrea was wearing a pale green half-slip with a pretty lace hem that was now peeping out from under her black lacy skirt.

"What are you going to wear to my brother's party, Andrea?"

"Isn't it fancy dress?"

"Well sort of. Some people didn't bother at his last fancy dress party."

"Don't know, maybe Men in Black," said Andrea

"How about that lovely black dress with red flowers," Charles suggested.

"No, I think Men in Black would be good for fancy-dress," exclaimed Andrea.



"You look lovely in that dress, especially with a black slip and stockings," said Charles.

"If you like it so much you wear it, with stockings....and a slip. It is fancy dress after all," said Andrea putting her arms around my waist and tickling Charles's ear.

"Well ... I am not sure...."

“Oh, I know you like wearing my stockings and panties.... and slippers. You will look fab it with some makeup and a wig,” she whispered in my ear.” I will look perfect as the Man in Black to escort an alien.”

“You seem to have forgotten, **Charlene**, that it was you wearing that black dress with my black half-slip, when we were on holiday in Norfolk in the summer, not me.”

(see [Walk in the Woods](#))

“Oh, I had forgotten about you calling me Charlene,” said Charles, lying through his teeth, as that was the start of his dressing up en-femme.



Since discovering Andrea's deliberate mistake in packing underwear for their summer holiday that had only included her pretty lingerie and none of his boxers, Charles had been forced into wearing silky panties, slippers, stockings and even a bra during their trip to Norfolk. Truth be told, he had not resisted very hard, as he always loved seeing Andrea in her lingerie and stockings. It had awoken an urge in Charles to dress en-femme as often as Andrea left him home alone for her evening class. He always got very excited wearing silky nylon lingerie. He was always careful not to cum on her lingerie or stockings and replace everything in the right place. Often, he would pick out some panties and a slip from the wash basket. Sometimes he wore a dress and blouse with a pair of black heels that seemed to fit.





In fact, earlier that evening, whilst Andrea was at the Carvery with her colleagues from work, Charles had been wearing Andrea's brown skirt and brown jumper that she often wore to work, with a pretty brown half-slip, lacy bra, French knickers and sheer brown stockings. He loved how his lacy bra showed through the tight brown jumper and that the lacy hem of his brown slip peeped out from the skirt.

Jan went to the wardrobe, hooked out the black dress with red roses and held it up in front of Charles. "Perfect she said," and hung the dress on the back of the door. "Now let's find you some matching silky lingerie, **Charlene.**"





Andrea bobbed down and started sorting through her lingerie draw. Charles was scared she might notice that he had not returned her brown half slip in the right place. However, although Andrea was not too precious about how tidy her lingerie was, she had known for ages that Charles had been wearing her lingerie, especially her stockings, since they had got back from holiday in August. She had been meaning to get him back into lingerie, with her, and now was the perfect opportunity.

Charles was starting to feel hard again as he looked up Andrea's black lacy skirt at her pale green slip he could see she was wearing stockings and pale green panties to match the slip. He also noticed that although the skirt had a built-in cream, silky lining, but Andrea had still worn a slip. Charles liked that and could feel, despite his earlier wank in Andrea's lingerie, that he was getting stiff again.



Andrea found some gorgeous red French knicker, suspenders, half slip and bra. The red bra had some lovely black lace on the cups. She stood up and picked out some lovely black stockings with a red seam that would look perfect with the black and red dress.

"Here put these on, Charlene" said Andrea, handing the red lingerie and black stockings to her husband.

"What now," asked Charlene?

"Oh, are you still wearing the brown French knickers from earlier this evening," asked Andrea all innocently?

Charlene blushed deep red.

"Well no."

"Don't worry darling, I always know what lingerie you have worn. We should do it together more often. Now is the perfect chance to try on the dress and pretty undies in practice for the party. I know you are getting hard again since you were looking up my skirt at my stockings and pretty green panties. Now strip, **Charlene** and put on these undies," said Andrea as she again emphasised the femme name she had invented for Charles during their summer holiday in Norfolk.



Charlene did as she was told and wrapped the red suspender belt around her waist like a seasoned pro, attached the black stocking, pulled up the French knickers. Andrea stood behind her and helped her fix her red padded bra. The ease with which Charlene put on her lingerie did not go unnoticed.

"I think that you have done this before, whilst I have been out at my evening class, haven't you Charlene," Andrea whispered in Charlene's ear. Yet again, Charlene, blushed crimson to match her pretty red lingerie.



“Try these black heels,” said Andrea. “They should fit you, as you probably already know.” Charlene eased her nylon clad feet into the black shoes. “Now this slip,” said Andrea, handing Charlene a pretty black half-slip with creamy lace. Charlene lifted her spiky heels, stepped carefully into the lacy black slip and slid it up over her black stockings. She shivered as it felt so good, nylon sliding over nylon, and even sexier being able to do it in front of her partner.



"You look lovely, darling. I think I have got a black camisole that would go nicely with that half-slip. Let me see." This time Andrea bent over with her back to Charlene. She could clearly see Andrea's frilly slip and a lovely diamond shaped seam running up the back of her black stockings. She had never seen these before.

"New stockings, Andrea," asked Charlene?

"Oh... yes, they are. I got them in the Secret Santa draw at work. Do you like them? Silly question."

Charlene had got Christmas socks in his office Secret Santa. How she wished they had been sexy stockings like Andrea's.

Charlene's little clitty was getting really hard now, both because she was wearing silky lingerie and because her wife was flashing her stocking tops and slip at her. Charlene started to rub the stiffie through two layers of nylon.

"Stop that," said Andrea without even turning around, "or I will have to put it into a clitty cage to control your urges. Here we are, slip this cami on and these bra inserts."





Charlene fitted the bra inserts into the bra and then pulled on the black cami. She squeezed the cami and bra, rather liking the feeling of filling the bra properly.

“Now the dress, Charlene.” Andrea took the dress off the hanger on the back of the door and handed it to Charlene.





Charlene stepped into the dress, rather than pull it down over his head, as most women would. She fitted her arms into the sleeves and pulled the dress up over her black lingerie.



"Can you zip me up, darling," asked Charlene? "I have always wanted to say that."

Andrea stepped forward pulled up the back zip up slowly. She pushed her breasts into Charlene's back and reached round the front of the dress to see the effect on Charlene's cockette. It was definitely stiff and would ruin the shape of the dress. Andrea would have to do something about that as her green panties were getting very damp.



“Now lift the front up and tug the slip down so it doesn’t ruck up,” said Andrea.

Charlene had done this many time before, but it was a real turn on to do it under command of her wife. There was no doubt about who wore the trousers in this house, or should phrase actually be **“there was no doubt who wore the petticoat in this house?”**



"Now check that the four suspenders are attached firmly to the stocking tops," said Andrea.

Charlene lifted her dress and slip and fiddled with his red suspender strap, as she had seen Andrea do when she wanted to tease Charles.

"Oh, nice red knickers, Mrs. I hope you don't do that at the party."

"Certainly not," said Charlene indigently. "What sort of gurl do you think I am?"

At some point Andrea had taken off her black lacy dress and green blouse and sat down on the bed in just her slip, bra, stockings and heels. She looked critically at Charlene. "With some make-up, a wig, and some nice gold jewellery you will pass for a very good alien to go with my Man in Black. The beard might have to go though"



Andrea pulled Charlene down onto the bed beside her and started to run her hand over Charlene's stockings and lift up the black/red dress to reveal her lacy black slip, red suspenders and black stocking tops. She felt for Charlene's stiff nylon covered cockette and gently massaged it.





Andrea then stood up and took off her green slip. She climbed back on top of Charlene and pushed her slip out of the way to reveal her stiff cockette in her red panties. Meanwhile Andrea had her right hand in her own green panties which showed some signs of wetness.

She pulled Charlene's red French knickers down and took hold of her cockette in her left hand. It didn't take many rubs until Charlene was spurting cum all over Andrea's breasts and green panties.





A couple of weeks later Andrea and Charles did go to his brother Fred's Christmas fancy dress party, Andrea as the Man in Black (not Will Smith, the other one) and Charlene as the beautiful alien. Charlene wore the red and black dress with black stockings, having shaved off his beard and shaved her legs. Andrea wore a black trousers suit with a white shirt and carried an alien blaster gun.



Andrea had to warn Charlene to keep her legs together and not to flash her red knickers and black stocking tops.



The white lace of Charlene's slip did peep out a little, but Andrea deemed this acceptable. Charlene rather liked flashing her lacy slip and everyone knowing that she was wearing pretty lingerie under her pretty dress. She did get many admiring glances from the other party goers, although Fred was still perplexed by seeing his younger brother Charles looking so femme as Charlene in a dress and sheer hosiery.

Although Charlene enjoyed the dressing-up she couldn't wait to get home and take off the heels. She had not worn high heels for this long before and her feet were starting to cramp.



Although Andrea had worn a trouser suit and a thick white flannel shirt, she had not skimped on her lingerie. She wore a black lacy bra and a pair of black cami-knickers, with a black suspender belt and sheer black stockings.

Charlene thought she looked wonderful and sexy as she undressed in the bedroom. Andrea took off the cami-knickers and lay back on the bed.



Charlene stripped out of her wig, dress, camisole and slip. As she pulled her red panties down, she had a massive boner. Andrea opened her stocking clad legs and pulled Charlene's stiff clittie into her wet vagina. Their nylon clad legs rubbed against each other as Charlene thrust into Andrea. She wrapped her stockinged legs around Charlene's back and ran her hands up his stocking clad legs and red suspenders. This only served to make Charlene feel even more aroused and after a few more pumps she was about to cum. At the last minute she pulled out, not for fake birth control, but so that she could spray her hot white cum all over Andrea's black stockinged legs.

"Well you can lick that off my stockings as you have made such a mess, and I am still not satisfied, so you had better get that tongue to work. So, Charlene did, licking up the cum from Andrea's nylon stockings and then gently depositing it in her wet opening. Charlene kept licking and poking Andrea's hot spot with her tongue until Andrea came in a stream into Charlene's mouth.

It was the end of a delightful evening. Perhaps one that the couple would repeat in the future?

The End

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