

Neighbour – A photo story by Andrea Slip



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Mike is aroused by his Mum's warm slip and panties in the bathroom. He then discovers he has a new neighbour who likes to dress in pretty feminine clothes, just like his Mum. Mike cuts her grass over the summer but is surprised that she offers him a house key to look after her cat when she goes away for a few days. The payment is a little unusual.

This story is best enjoyed whilst wearing some pretty nylon lingerie. Perhaps it should include panties, bra, stockings and even a slip. So are you sitting comfortably, dear reader? Then I shall begin.



Mike was walking home quickly in the rain from the bus stop. As he approached his house he could see his Mum, Alison, standing on the door step of the house next door talking to an older lady, maybe about 60 as she had short grey hair, who was holding a large black cat in her arms. She must be the new neighbour who had just moved in earlier that day when Mike had been out at his part time job at the local Sainsbury [supermarket](#). Mike was feeling a little damp, so the first thing he wanted to do was run a bath and strip off the nylon undies he had worn to work.



As Mike started to run the bath he pulled off the pale green slip he had worn under his work uniform and was about to toss in the wash basket when he noticed a very pretty cream half-slip of his Mum's hanging out of the laundry basket.

It was still warm; she must have just changed out of it when she got home from work. As he picked the nylon slip up he noticed some matching cream panties underneath and a pair of seamed stockings she had worn to work as well. She didn't normally change straight after work, why today? He did remember that she said she had been interviewing someone for a job at the office.



As he picked up the cream panties he could not help notice a strong female odour on the knickers. Mike was still wearing some pale green panties and black hold up stockings that he worn under his full slip and work uniform. He did not dare wear a bra or a suspender belt to work as he did not want any bumps or straps to show through.

He slid the pretty half-slip up over the raging erection that was tenting his green panties; he had an over whelming urge to smell those panties. Mike pulled the panties over his head. He revelled in the fact that his nose was now where his Mum's beautiful body has just been and left such a strong scent. He wondered how [the interview](#) had gone if she had got in this state of arousal.



The bath was running, so he didn't have long. He pulled down the green panties he had been wearing all day. In reality he didn't need long as the effect of wearing his Mum's panties on his head and rubbing his erection through the pretty nylon half-slip had the required effect very quickly.



He tried to pull the slip out of the way at the last minute but some cum did splash on the nylon. Who could blame him? Wearing such pretty and silky lingerie always had the same effect on his male libido. When he had recovered he mopped up the few sticky spots on the slip. As he did so he noticed that his stains were not the only ones on the slip. The other must have been his Mum's. What had she got up to at the office?

Mike heard the front door bang shut, his Mum must have been back from talking to the new neighbour. He turned off the hot water tap in the bath and tossed the cream waist slip and panties back in the wash basket together with the full green slip, black hold ups and green panties. Thank goodness he didn't have to hide his preferences (or his stains for that matter) from his Mum any more. His Mum would probably ask him to put all the lingerie in a pale wash that evening anyway. This was something he really enjoyed, handling all the silky slips, panties, suspender belts and bras.



As Mike lay in the hot bath his mind wandered. His Mum, Alison, seemed to be wearing shorter skirts with lots of pretty slip and seamed sheer stockings to work almost every day. What did she get up to in the [staffroom?](#) Mike also wondered about the relationship between his Mum and Sophie. They both worked in the same office but Sophie was also a part time [maths tutor](#) to Mike. Things seemed to have changed since Mike had been [caught](#) wearing his [Mum's lingerie](#) and he himself had some fun at his [second private maths lesson](#) .

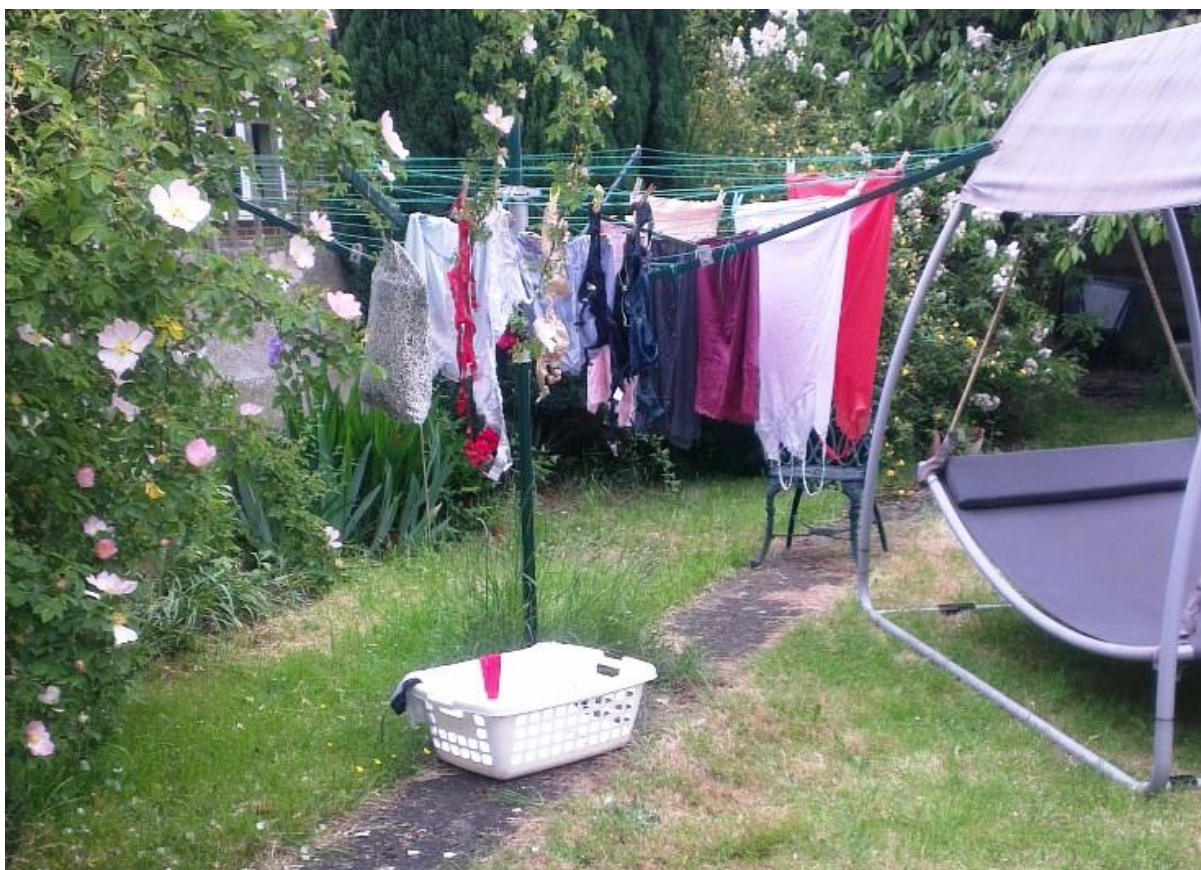


Later that evening Alison told Mike all about Brenda, their new neighbour, who lived alone and what a nice lady she was. She had invited Alison in for a coffee and a chat when Alison went round to welcome her to the neighbourhood. Mike was not really paying much attention to all the personal details about the old lady next door as he could not help staring at what his Mum had changed into after getting back from work. Alison's legs were sheathed in sheer black nylon, topped by an incredibly short black skirt, so short that Mike thought he could see the welts at the top of her stockings and a cream silk t-shirt. He wondered if she was wearing a slip as well, she really couldn't be as the skirt was so short.



Well, Mike was wrong about the slip, not that he could see, but you, dear reader, can see Alison's slip. She was in fact wearing a cute ultra-short cream mini slip with a lovely lacy hem. The sort of silky slip you might be wearing yourself as you wank to this story.

Mike's mind was drifting when Alison said that Brenda might be looking for someone to take care of her garden and feed her cat when she went away that Mike's ear's pricked up. That was not all that pricked up but OMG this was his Mum, even if she did look hot in her little black skirt and nylon clad legs. He tried to think about the neighbour's cat instead and his erection deflated.



A couple of days later Mike looked out of his bedroom window at his neighbour's garden to see how much grass she had, if she really did want him to cut it for her. Not that he had met her yet. As he sized up the small rectangle of grass he realised that she had her washing out on the line. It did look as though she had hung some of underwear up to dry in the warm summer air.

Mike could see what he thought looked like some full slips with the tiny spaghetti straps hanging down and may be some waist slips as well. Mike was becoming an expert slip watcher and could spot a nylon slip at 50 paces or in this case probably a 100 paces. His erection grew instantly. It reminded him of seeing Sophie's washing hanging in her garden when he went round for his first [private maths lesson](#).



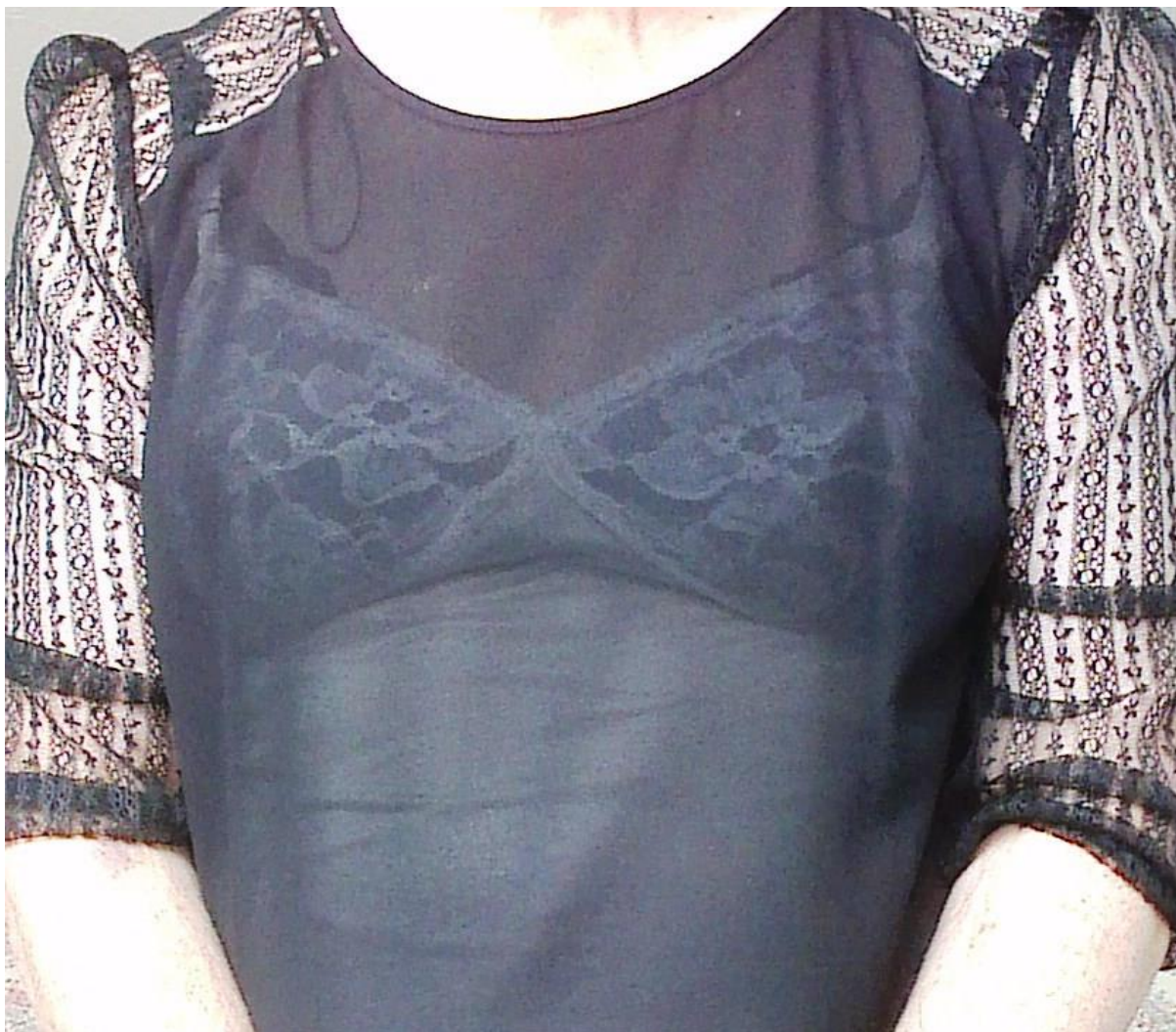
Was he wearing? Of course he was, he did most days. He pulled down his sweat pants (so easy to take care of business!), pulled up his blue waist slip and slid his hand inside his navy blue knickers. I say his slip and his knickers but they were of course “borrowed” from his [Mum’s lingerie draw](#). Mike continued to look at his neighbours washing line as he rubbed his cock. He thought he could see some panties and bra’s hanging up but no stockings or suspender belts. He hoped that the panties were as silky as the full slips and half-slips. Yet again he was soon, all too soon, spurting cum into his panties in a very satisfying climax. He needed to get changed quickly into his Sainsbury uniform as he needed to catch the next bus to work.



When he got to the bus stop a few minutes later he realised that it was Brenda, his new neighbour, standing in front of him, the only other person waiting for the bus into town. He could see she was wearing a slim blue and black cheque skirt but below the knee. His attention was drawn to the thin black line down the back of her sheer black hosiery and her black high heels. Was she wearing stockings or tights? The skirt was so long he would never be able to tell, but he was wrong about that, as we shall find out.



He dragged his attention away from Brenda sheer black hosiery and looked again at her black blouse. It had very lacy sleeves and he now realised that it was somewhat semi-sheer. As he looked more closely he thought he could two sets of straps, one was black bra straps under what seemed to be a lacy slip or maybe a camisole, he wasn't sure. What he could make out was a lacy band at the top of the slip/camisole and ripples of nylon below. He drew in a sharp breath getting excited at what he could see. Brenda must have heard this and started to turn towards him.



"Oh hello, you must be Mike, I spoke to your Mum Alison, and she made me so welcome to my new home. I am Brenda" said Brenda offering her hand to Mike.

"Oh, oh.... Err... yes, I am Mike," stuttered Mike as he tried hard not to stare at the lacy top of Brenda's ever so pretty slip / camisole that was peeping through her semi sheer black blouse.

"Pleased to meet you, Mike."

Mike had to force his eyes to look at Brenda's face, not her lacy clad breasts, and tried a wane smile to show he was paying attention to her face.

As he looked up he dropped his travel card by accident.



Before Mike could react Brenda had bobbed down and scooped up the Blue and white travel card.

“You want to hold on to that,” said Brenda.

“Oh, err, thanks,” said Mike.

Mike could swear Brenda gave him a wink as she handed him the card from the ground. His eyes lingered on the delicious upskirt view Brenda was giving her neighbour. Mike almost came as he feasted on her orange and black see through panties, her lace edged slip and her black stocking tops. No, she was not wearing tights, they really were sheer black seamed stockings under that long skirt. No, it was not a camisole she was wearing over a lacy black bra but a silky cream coloured full slip.



Mike's mind wandered to what Brenda would have looked like as she was dressing in the pretty slip that morning as she slid the full slip over her panties, bra and stockings. What did it feel like, what did it look like? What brand was it (Vanity Fair perhaps)?



What if she lifted her skirt for a better view of her stocking tops and panties?

Mike was shaken from his day dream by Brenda speaking to him.

“Your Mum said you might be able to cut my grass for me. You look like a strong young man. I would pay you £10.”

“Oh yes, I think I could do that, said Mike enthusiastically just as the bus arrived. Mike sat on his own on the bus and began to wonder what might happen if he had a key to Brenda’s house and free access. What silky treasures would there be lying there?



Mike called next door at the weekend to cut his neighbour's grass. She had asked him to come through the side gate that was shared by the two houses and knock on her kitchen door that opened at the side of the house. As Brenda opened the door a large black cat shot out of the door. Brenda was wearing a plain black t-shirt and black trousers, not as glamorous as when Mike had seen her at the bus stop. Brenda took Mike round her to her garage to she showed him the lawnmower and her other tools. The lawnmower was a small plug in one but adequate for small lawn. It took Mike just over an hour to cut the grass and trim the edges. He was really disappointed that no washing was hanging out on the rotary drier but he guessed that Brenda wouldn't hang it outside if she knew that the grass was going to be cut. When he was finished he knocked on the kitchen door. Brenda invited him in to have a drink; he accepted a glass of water.

"Come into the living room and I will give you £10, my handbag is in there," said Brenda. She handed over the cash and showed Mike to the front door this time. Although he was pleased to earn a bit of cash he was disappointed not to have had a closer look at her lingerie.

As they walked to the front door with Brenda expressing her gratitude for his labours over her shoulder he suddenly realised that Brenda's washing was not drying in the garden because it was on her radiator racks just inside the front door. Was this why she had wanted him to come to the kitchen door so he wouldn't see her silky nylon so close he could touch?

Brenda was in front of him leading him to the front door, nattering away about how grateful she was. As he walked past the racks he ran his fingers through her silky white slips. In an instant he took in the view of slips, panties, suspender belts and bra's hanging there, memorised for later recall. They were mostly white, he could understand that, all the pale colours going in one wash or did she just wear white underwear? His erection was instant and he was excited. Brenda opened the front door and bade him farewell.

On this occasion Mike was not wearing anything silky as he didn't want an accidental flash of suspender belt or panties if his shirt rode up when he leant over to empty the grass box. He was so excited at the glimpse and feel of Brenda's silky white lingerie he knew he had to go and find some of his Mum's lingerie to slip into and have a dam good wank.

When he had seen Brenda's washing drying in the garden a few days before he couldn't tell if her panties were nice and silky. He now knew that she liked to wear silky knickers with lots of lace, suspender belts and stockings as well as nylon full and half-slips.

Now that he was back in his house and his Mum was out he was soon dressed in silky lingerie. He had found some pale blue undies in his Mum's draw with some sheer brown stockings. Normally Mike took his time to dress but on this occasion he hurriedly put on the pale blue bra, panties, suspender belt and little waist slip. In his hurry to attach the sheer brown stockings he made a run in the fine gauge nylon. He would worry about that later.





He even slipped on a pair of his Mum's brown high heels, loving the feminine look it gave his legs. Mike had not tried heels before but loved it even if he did wobble a little at the unfamiliar thin stiletto heels. He thought about the silky white lingerie he had just seen next door, drying on Brenda's radiators. He wondered if one of the slips he had just seen was the one she was wearing at the bus stop through her black blouse and up her skirt (it was!) The photo recall, together with the new experience of wearing sexy high heels made Mike spurt as he rubbed his large nylon covered cock.

There were several more occasions that summer when Mike cut Brenda's grass and she always showed him out through the front door. To Mike's delight there was almost always some silky lingerie drying there, usually white but sometimes black and other coloured slips as well. He did begin to wonder if she was sending him a message. She did sometimes wear slightly shorter skirts with and high heels. He had often admired how sexy her legs looked in sheer black tights (and maybe stockings as well, like at the bus stop) for an old woman of 60.

Into October the grass cutting eased off and Mike was getting worried that he might not get the treat of seeing Brenda smartly dressed or see her pretty lingerie drying by the front door as much over the winter.

But then out of the blue she said she was going away for a few days with an old friend. Could he feed her cat, Taby, and check that the house was secure. She would pay him and leave him a key but he would need to check all the windows were shut properly, including upstairs. Mike's eyes lit up. His dream of having a key was coming true.

Brenda popped round the next day and had a coffee with Alison, Mike's Mum. The two women got on really well, they seemed to share lots of common interests, and often had a chat over a coffee. Mike wondered what they talked about as he was not usually there. But on this occasion Brenda had asked his Mum when he would be back from work as she wanted to give him the keys and tell him what to do with the timed feeder for Taby.

"I'll leave your payment upstairs on the bed," she told him as she handed over a spare set of keys.

"OK, no problem," said Mike, curious to know exactly why it would be on the bed.

"I'd rather not leave it in the kitchen where someone might see it," she explained.





The next day Mike went round to his neighbour Brenda's house to feed Taby whilst she was away for a few days and check that the house was secure. Brenda had promised to leave him some payment in the bedroom. There was no sign of the cat when he unlocked the front door with Brenda's spare keys. After putting the cat food and water in a timer feeding bowl he started checking the windows. When he went upstairs he checked the bathroom and spare room and finally the master bedroom. He was so looking forward to this but a little worried about invading Brenda's intimates.

As he walked into the bedroom his eye was caught by a pair of pretty white French knickers lying on the carpet next to the large mirror. He wondered why they were discarded on the floor and not in the wash basket. He picked them up and sniffed them, they only seemed to smell of fabric conditioner and not that they had been worn. His erection was rising. But then he realised the reason for Brenda discarding them was that the elastic in the waist was a bit slack. She must have tried them on, realised they had loose elastic and dropped them on the floor in a rush to be ready for her taxi. Mike was excited by handling her pretty knickers, even if they were too loose for him to wear. But where was his money, Brenda had said it would be on the bed?



He couldn't see any money but there was a dark green Marks and Spencer bag. Mike spilled the contents out onto the bed. There was a brand new pair of Per Una black lace panties, a matching bra and a pair of black lace top hold up stockings. There was a little note with a beach picture on the front and a handwritten note inside which said,

"Mike, your payment enclosed, many thanks, enjoy!"

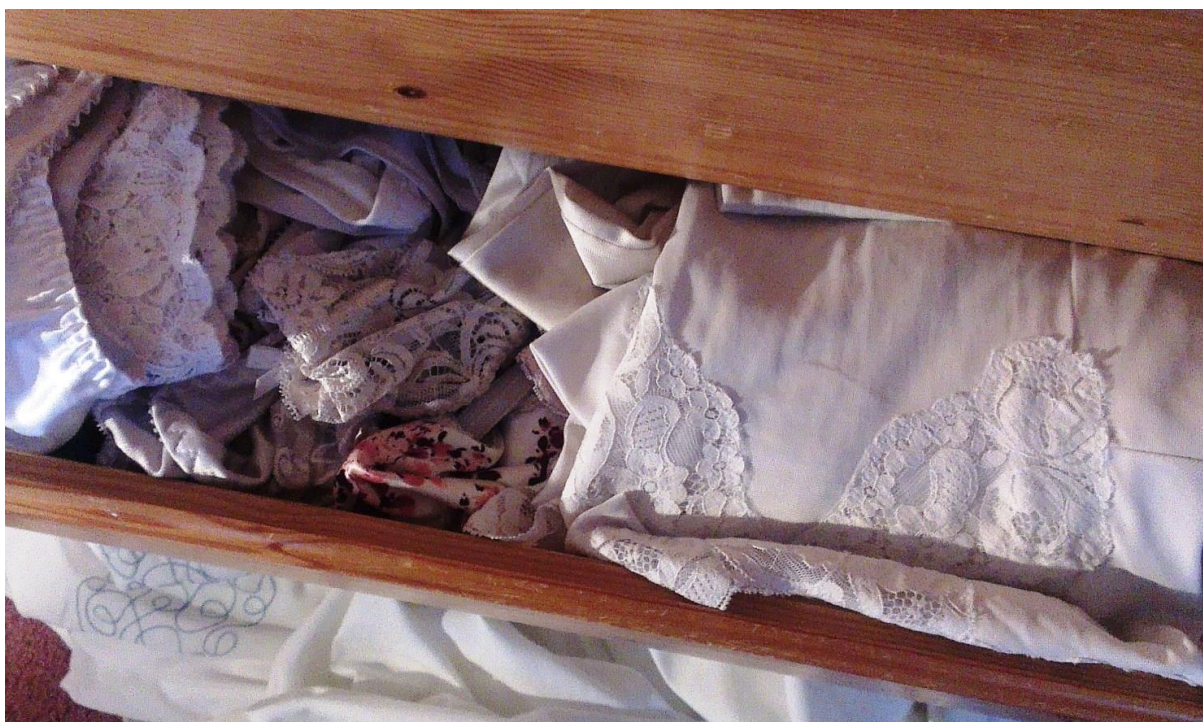
"OH MY GOD," said Mike out loud and almost came on the spot. She had known all along or was that what Brenda and his Mum had been chatting about over coffee? He couldn't wait to try the new lingerie on. **New lingerie!** He had never worn brand new lingerie before, he had always borrowed from his Mum, and on one occasion from his math tutor Sophie at the end of his [private lesson](#).



Mike opened the package of 15 denier appearance hold up black stockings very carefully as he wanted to remember how he opened “his” first pair of stockings. Perhaps, you dear reader, remember your first pair of brand new stockings? Mike was delighted to find that the stockings had a lacy top and that the little bands of silicone inside the lacy top could not be seen. He adjusted the stocking top and was pleased to find that they stayed in place very easily.



Mike stood up and admired himself in the full length bedroom mirror. His intention had been to explore Brenda's intimate lingerie draws and he had felt a little bit anxious about this invasion of privacy about going behind her back. However, this gift had changed all that. Brenda knew about his habits, did not object and was even encouraging him by giving him this new lingerie. Mike just could resist starting to play with himself over the pretty panties and bra. Although he had only been wearing them for a few moments he already loved the look. They were so lacy and pretty, they made him feel so feminine. But the look was not quite complete.



With Brenda having gone this far with approval he didn't think she would mind if he explored her draws to see what slips she had. Although he would be careful he knew that he put any slips he wore in the wash with his Mum's lingerie and get it back ironed before Brenda came back from holiday.

He opened each draw in turn and found to his delight she had just as many, maybe even more slips, than his Mum. They were mostly white, but he already knew that from what he had seen drying on her radiator racks and occasionally on the rotary drier in the garden if the weather was dry and warm.



Mike pulled a delightful white full slip out of the draw.



He slid the silky white slip down over his black lacy undies.



He looked in the mirror and admired the view. The slip was quite short and he could still see his lacy stocking tops, especially with the sexy little split over the left thigh.



He wanted to explore Brenda's other slips as well, despite the throbbing erection in his black lacy panties. Mike opened another draw and found some waist slips. Would there be a black one? Yes there was. As he posed in front of the mirror he remembered that he had tried on a pair of his Mum's high heels. There was a neat row of shoes in the bottom of a wardrobe. A pair of strappy black sandals was soon on his feet. They were a little too small but he was able to slip his feet in without doing up the strap. With the heels on the mini slip showed his lace stocking tops completely.



He took off the black slip and shoes and went back to the draw of full slips to find a nude full slip with lashings of lace. He slid the full slip down over his body. There was a pair of nude court shoes in the wardrobe that would look perfect with the slip, but would they fit? He sat down on the bed and tried the shoes on; he was able to just squeeze into them. As he sat on the bed adjusting his heels he glanced at the mirror and loved the view he could see. He wanted to remember this moment so reached for his phone to take a photo of him wearing “his” new stockings with Brenda’s gorgeous slip and heels



He put the phone down and stood in front of the mirror admiring how he feminine he looked in the slip stockings and heels, especially his legs clad in sheer black nylon. When he pulled the thin nylon of the slip close into his body he could faintly see his stocking tops and black lacy panties through the nude nylon. He was getting very excited now, as perhaps you are as well sitting there so comfortably in your own pretty slip and stockings?



It was not good, it was excellent. He pulled the slip up and slid his hand into the black panties. Mike began to stroke his cock. It was already slippery but he lasted longer than expected enjoying the feminine vision he could see in the mirror. But all good things cum to an end. After a few minutes of enjoyable fisting up and down with his hand inside the panties he pulled the panties down and rubbed his cock with the silky nylon slip. The slip tipped him over the edge as above all he really did love slips, he spurted into the silky nylon, just as he had done many times, and no doubt, you dear reader, have just done so as well into your own nylon slip.

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