

Gotcha – A photo story by Andrea Slip



Alison has had her suspicions about her son Mike wearing her lingerie. She finally catches him in the act. At work she makes a startling discovery about what her colleague Sophie has under panties.



Sophie was up early. She had to go and see a client north of Birmingham and she didn't want to get caught up in the traffic on the M6. She chose her lingerie careful, mindful of the fact that she would see Alison, the office manager, around about lunch time when she got back to the office.

She chose a pretty matching set of pink blossom silky bra, panties and suspenders. She slid some brand new sheer brown Gio's, with old fashioned seams, up her smooth legs. As she was going to wear a longer skirt today, with a printed silk T, she chose a long pink half-slip that went nicely with her matching pink blossom undies. She put on her skirt, her top and her brown heels and admired the look in the mirror as she swished her skirt. What would Alison wear today? Would she be wearing a slip and stockings as she had told Sophie she did most days to the office? Perhaps she would show Sophie her slip, stocking tops and panties again, as she had a week or so ago. Would they go a little further? Sophie revelled in being able to choose the prettiest and silkiest lingerie to wear under her skirt and top. She had not always been so free to make these choices.



Alison has had her suspicions that her son Mike has been delving into her lingerie draw and borrowing some of her pretty slips and panties. There were the stains on her blue panties for a start that could only have cum from one source, male semen. Then there was the faint effect of a round suspender belt tab on her sheer stockings. She remembered she had seen spunk on these particular panties before.

When her husband had left her she had a couple of lovers, one of whom had got very excited at seeing her in slip, panties and stockings. As they lay entwined on the top of his bed he had insisted on frotting his cock over her silky mini blue half-slip. Her lover then pushed up her nylon slip over her hips to reveal her panties and stocking tops. He ran his hands up her stocking clad legs as he rammed her matching nylon panties into her damp slit with his cock. He then exploded his cum over the panties before he had even got to penetrating her. She had rather enjoyed the feeling in her panties. He slide his fingers under the leg of the panties and into her damp slit but kept massaging the front of the nylon panties with his thumb and cupped hand as he masturbated her to a very satisfying climax, making the panties even damper.

The next time they met up he wanted to wear her lingerie, she said no and that was the end of the relationship. However, she later had some doubts about whether she had done the right thing. She often wondered what might have happened if she had said yes and they were both wearing lingerie when they made love. This was in sharp contrast to her ex-husband, who had always been a slam, bam, thank you Mam merchant, so quick that it often left her unsatisfied. Her ex had never appreciated her wearing pretty lingerie and always wanted naked sex in the dark under the bed covers. There were a few occasions when he let Alison give him head. He wasn't missed.

After the divorce she decided her role as a mother was more important and concentrated on bringing up her son Mike. However, a recent trip to see her sister and her brother in law had confirmed her suspicions about how many men just loved wearing slips and stockings. She thought that this was something she might have liked after all from her previous experience with that one lover many years earlier and wondered about finding another slip lover.



Alison decided it was time to find out for certain about Mike. She picked out some pretty lingerie for herself to wear for work. As she did so she decided to position a pink full slip, which was at the top of her pile of slips, very carefully in her draw so that she would know if it had been moved. She didn't think that Mike would be able to resist, especially if she gave him a little incentive to get started. A plan was forming in her mind.



Alison picked out a gold half-slip and bra with some dark brown French knickers to wear to work. She was starting to get excited thinking about what her colleague Sophie might be wearing at work as well, so she decided to wear a tan pair of stockings with a very pretty lacy black pattern down the back seam and black tops. She loved dressing in a slip, French knickers and stockings for the office but she usually wore dark colours and conservative semi opaque stockings. As she pulled on her stockings she could hear Mike getting up to go to the toilet. Usually Alison dressed with the door shut but decided to pull the door open just a fraction so that there was a visible crack. With the door slightly open she slid her nylon half-slip up over her sheer tan stockings.

Mike got up earlier than usual and went to the bathroom to have a wee. He had a stonking erection as usual first thing in the morning. He knew he would have to relieve it as soon as his Mum had left for work. Mike just cannot stay out of his mum's lingerie draw. He had to have another dip into the honey pot.

As he made his way across the landing to the bathroom he noticed his Mum's bedroom door was slightly ajar. That was unusual, it was normally firmly shut. Mike had to wipe the sleep out of his eyes as he could see his Mum through the crack in the door, standing with her back towards him, brushing her hair. She looked so innocent, and yet so feminine, in a pretty gold slip, bra and the most gorgeous lacy pale stockings with a zigzag lacy strip down the back of her legs. Mike rarely saw his Mum in just her lingerie and he had never seen these stockings before in her draw. No, she didn't look innocent, she looked hot, but this was his Mum. His erection got even stronger, how could be getting excited about his Mum? He couldn't dally otherwise she would hear him. His bladder was calling as well so reluctantly he reluctantly carried on towards the bathroom.





Alison chose a shorter skirt than she would normally wear to work. She was still fairly conservative dressed for the office, apart from the racy zig zag line down the back of her nylon clad legs giving a hint to the pretty treasures lying underneath. Only one other person at work would guess that she was wearing a slip and stockings.

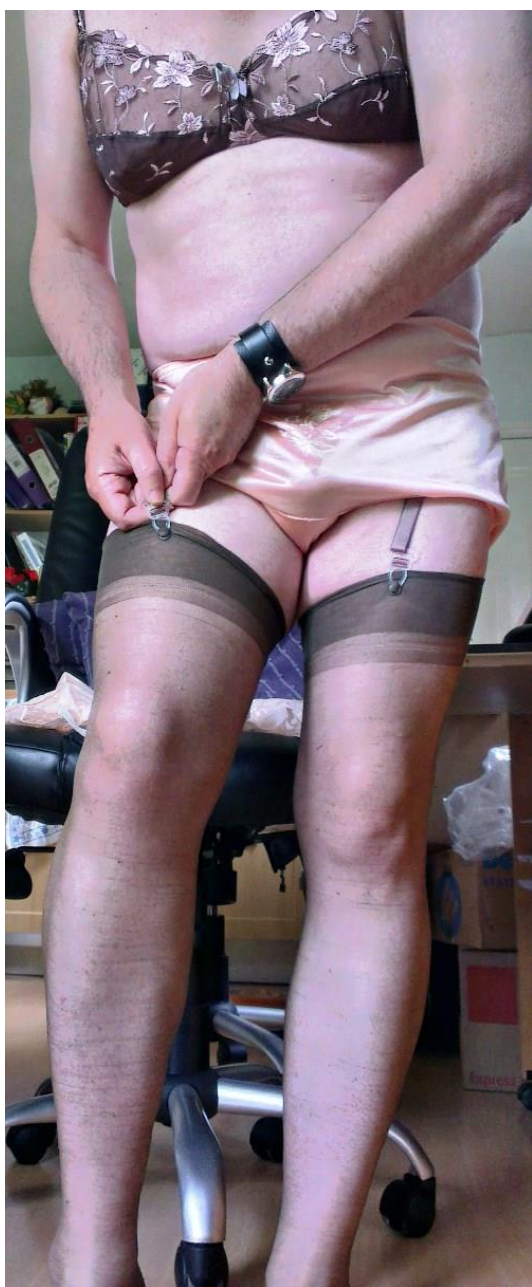
After breakfast she shouted bye to Mike up the stairs and smiled at the thought of what he must have seen through the crack in the door.

Mike thought that his Mum normally wore dark tights to work, so it seemed a bit of a departure for her to wear seamed stockings. Why was that, had she met a man at work, was she dressing for him? He knew she had some seamed stockings because he had seen a chocolate brown pair in her stocking draw. What did they feel like to wear, how do you keep the seams straight? So many questions were buzzing around in his young head. This was his Mum he was getting excited about, that was wrong but he just couldn't help it. He was so excited by her silky lingerie and seeing her wearing it made it even worse.

He would normally wait 15 minutes until after his Mum had left for work but after seeing what sexy lingerie his Mum was wearing to work he could not wait today. He crept into her bedroom as soon as she banged the front door shut. He heard start the car and drive off.



As Mike opened her lingerie draw his breath was taken away by a pretty peachy pink slip lying on top of the pile of silky nylon treasures. He took great care lifting the slip out of the draw, noting how it was folded in three and laid it on his Mum's bed. He did not want his Mum to find out he had worn this slip and would return it later making sure it had no stains and was folded exactly the same. It had such pretty lace on the bust and on the hem. He had to wear it. But what to wear with it? He stripped off his PJ's and started looking through her other lingerie draws to find some panties, bra and stockings that would go nicely with this pretty slip.



He found some pretty peach full size panties that would look good with the slip. He then found a lovely pink silky bra but couldn't find a matching suspender belt. What he did find was a lovely brown suspender belt with creamy pink lace that might work. Mike went back to the bra's and found a brown lacy bra with flecks of pink, perfect to tie the two colours together.

Mike just loves dressing in nylon panties, bra, stockings and slips. He carried his little treasures back to his own room where he put on his Mum's pretty lingerie that he has chosen so carefully. In his Mum's stocking draw he had found the pair of chocolate brown seamed stockings he had been thinking about earlier. As he slid the stockings up his legs and attached them to the garters of his suspender belt he was not disappointed, they were so silky and feel fabulous to wear. It was hard to contain his excitement in his nylon panties but he had to hold back a little as he still had the slip to put on yet.



The moment he had been waiting for had arrived. Mike slid the pretty peachy pink slip down over his other lingerie. He loved the contrast of the lacy hem of the slip to his nylon clad legs.



Wearing seams was everything he hoped for. He lifted the hem of the slip to check that the seams were straight. He smiled. Not quite straight but not a bad effort for wearing seams for the first time.



If he had been a girl perhaps his Mum would have helped him straighten the seams of his first pair of nylons. The thought of this got him even more excited so he lifted the lacy hem of nylon slip and slid his hand inside his pretty peach panties to relieve the huge erection that was making his panties bulge with excitement. He always took great care that when he wanked he caught any dribbles of cum in a tissue without staining the slip or panties.

“Gotcha! Your seams aren’t quite straight by the way. Would you like me to help you straighten them ,” asked Alison who had quietly come back into his bedroom, unseen by Mike?

Mike nearly had a heart attack seeing his Mum standing behind him.

“Wwww what are doing here,” stammered Mike,” I thought you had gone to work?”

“I forgot my purse. You should have waited your usual 15 minutes, you know. I have suspected you have been wearing my lingerie for some time and I wanted to make sure. It’s OK, I don’t mind. We can talk properly when I get home. I have got to go to work. You don’t need to change; I will help you with your seams when I get home.” With that Alison turned on her heels and walked out.

Mike was staggered and had to sit down. He didn’t know what to make of being caught by his Mum. He felt really guilty and despite his Mum telling him he could stay dressed, and would help straighten his seams as he had fanaticised early, he quickly stripped off his Mum’s silky lingerie.



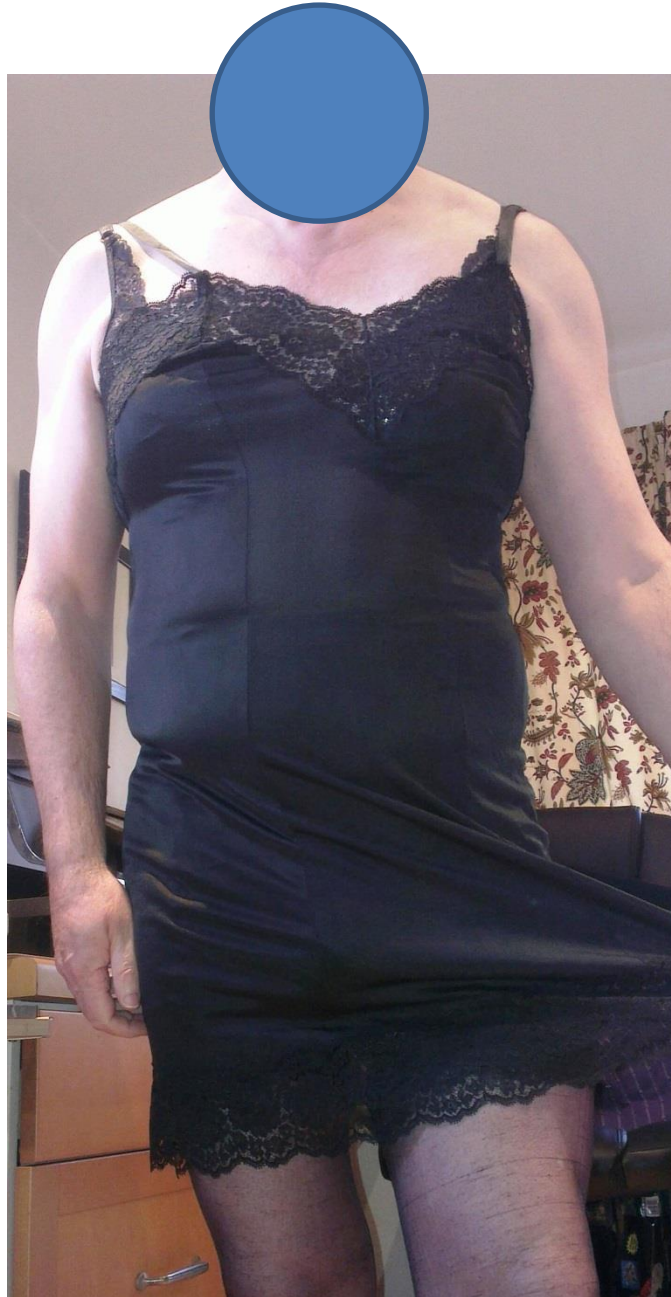
When Alison got to the office just after 9, worried that she might be a bit late after her delay, she discovered that she was the only one there. Although she was relieved that her boss would not know that she was a few minutes late she was also slightly disappointed that Sophie was not there. She had become firm friends with Sophie, one of the account managers, over the last few weeks. Alison put her thoughts about Sophie aside as she got on with her first job of the day, emptying the dishwasher.



When all the clean cups and plates were stacked away Alison sat down at her computer to catch up on her work emails.



As Alison worked at her computer she suddenly noticed that her skirt was a little thinner than she remembered. She could see that her slip had ridden up slightly and her stocking tops and suspenders tabs were just visible through the thin chiffon material. She stood up and pulled her half-slip down a little further. At least with wearing a half-slip today, rather than a full slip, she could adjust the length of the slip to the skirt so that she didn't show her stocking tops too easily.



Mike sat in his bedroom in despair, what was he going to do? His Mum had said it was all right but he still felt guilty about it. He then had a brain wave. He would ask his Uncle Albert, who Mike had discovered was also a cross dresser when he had visited a few weeks earlier. He had promised to send his Uncle the photos he had taken from their rather steamy photo session, but had not done so yet.

He started up his computer and found the camera memory card so that he could send the pictures via email. He hoped that wasn't illegal. As he attached the photos of Albert in his pretty black full slip he told Albert about being caught by his Mum wearing her lingerie and asked what should he do? Even just getting his worries off his chest made him feel better.



Alison was standing at her desk sorting out some papers when she heard the front door of the office bang.

“Wow, don’t you look pretty as a picture,” said Sophie coming into the office and dumping her bag. “That’s a different look for you.”

Alison turned round and smiled to see that it was Sophie. “Do you like it? This skirt isn’t too short for the office is it?”

“Oh no, I wear skirts that length as well, some of our customers seem to like it. Although I think it might be snowing in Paris, your petticoat is showing slightly. I love those zig zag stockings, what brand are they,” asked Sophie?

“I think that they are called Romantic by Trasparenze. I bought them online from Stockings HQ.” said Alison.

“They make your legs look fabulous and I love the hint of the lacy hem of your slip, it is so girly,” said Sophie.

“Thank you, they are actually hold ups but I just love the tug of suspenders and even wear them with hold ups.”



"I just got some Gio seconds from SHQ, look, I am wearing them," said Sophie as she raised her pale pink slip and long brown skirt to show Alison her sheer brown Gio's with back seams. "Let's go in the staffroom, I am dying for a coffee after being stuck in traffic on the M6. There's no one else in today, is there?"

"No, just us," said Alison with a wink.



The two women took their coffee into the sitting area of the staffroom.

“So let me see that slip properly,” said Sophie.

Alison lifted the hem of her skirt slowly and her slip came into view for Sophie to enjoy.

“You are quite a tease Alison. That is a beautiful slip, I love the gold colour. Is it another M&S slip, like your black one?”

“No, I bought it on eBay, it has no label. Do you want to see more Sophie, “teased Alison?

Sophie swallowed. “Are you wearing Frenchies again today,” asked Sophie?

Alison smiled as she slowly lifted her gold slip to reveal her chocolate brown French knickers.

“I think we had better sit down,” said Sophie.



As they sat down Sophie hand moved across to caress Alison's breasts through her sheer white blouse. They kissed tenderly.



Then Sophie moved her hand onto Alison's leg. Alison didn't mind Sophie leading the way as this was a new experience for her. Sophie ruffled Alison's thin chiffon skirt upwards so that she could see the pretty gold slip, the black stocking tops and the gold suspenders.



Alison responded by pulling up Sophie's long skirt to expose her pink slip and stocking tops.



Alison's breathing got heavier as they continued to kiss and Sophie's hand crept ever higher. She played with the gold suspender tabs. After what seemed like age, at least it did to Alison; Sophie slid her fingers under the loose legs of her French knickers seeking the increasingly wet honey pot. As her fingers slid into Alison's vagina she left her thumb outside the knickers and cupped her quim with her left hand and continued to massage her French knickers. Alison remembered the last time this had happened but this time it was with a female lover, or so she thought. A few more strokes of Sophie's nimble fingers and Alison love juices gushed all over Sophie's hand and her knickers.

Alison has no time to recover as Sophie told her she wanted not Alison's fingers but her tongue. Alison blushes as she has never done this before on a woman but as she was still excited from what Sophie has just done to her she decided this was the time to learn.

As Alison kneels down Sophie opens her legs and pulls Alison's head gently towards her panties.

"Kiss my panties first," commands Sophie.

Alison obliges as she puts her head under Sophie's pretty pink slip. Alison runs her hands up Sophie's sheer nylon stockings, knowing how much she likes this herself, as any woman knows.



Sophie's pink blossom panties seemed to bulge as Alison leant in to kiss them.

"I have a little secret, I hope you don't mind. I haven't always lived as a woman," whispered Sophie.

Alison stops a second, but then carries on, she has recently come to desire having another slip lover, now she is about to find out. She closes in on the bulging panties and starts raining little kisses on the nylon.

Sophie gently pulls her head closer. Alison takes her right hand off Sophie's stockings and eases the pink panties down, Sophie's cock springs forward. Alison knows what to do with this. It's not very big, much smaller than her ex's, but then more than a mouthful would be a waste anyway. She slides the hard protuberance into her soft mouth. Sophie pulls her closer as Alison sucks her cock. This was not something she did very often with her husband but she had not forgotten how to give head.

Sophie is holding her breath and then lets out some little squeals as she gushes into Alison's sweet little mouth, not a lot but enough. As Alison releases the cock she swallows the sticky white semen in her mouth and plants a lipstick kiss on Sophie's still hard cock.



They cleaned up quickly, pulled down their skirts, conscious of what they had just done in the office staffroom. Although they were not expecting any one else in the office today they didn't want to get caught out.

"Well that was a surprise," said Alison, "But a rather nice surprise. I have been wondering what it would be like to have sex with someone with us both of dressed in slips and stockings. "

"It is lovely to make love with another slip lover," said Sophie.

"How long have you been living as a woman," asked Alison?

"I used to be a maths teacher in a secondary school and dressing only in private. But then I felt I was living a lie so decided I had to live as a women. I couldn't carry on with my old job, the kids would have made my life difficult so I changed jobs and got into IT about 5 years ago. I started with an IT services firm down in London and they never knew me as anything other than Sophie."

"My son Mike is studying for an A-level maths retake. He needs it to get into University but he doesn't seem to spend much time revising in between working at Sainsbury, playing on his computer and wearing my underwear. I caught him this morning wear my pink full slip and seamed stockings. I don't mind, I love slips so why should he not just because he is a boy, society is so unfair."

"Would you like me to help him revise? I do sometimes take some private students for A-level maths. I would have to charge but I can give you mates' rates," said Sophie.

"Oh would you, that would be really helpful, you could show him how to revise."

"Let's sort out a time and I can start with him this week. Did you say recently that he stacks shelves at Sainsbury in Edgbaston, "asked Sophie? Alison nodded. "Oh I think I know exactly what lesson's he needs then."

The End

Copyright Andrea Slip 2013 i_love_slips@yahoo.co.uk

Other photo stories are at <http://www.software04.uk/>

Please use the [contact form](#) for comments, positive feed-back and ideas for future stories