



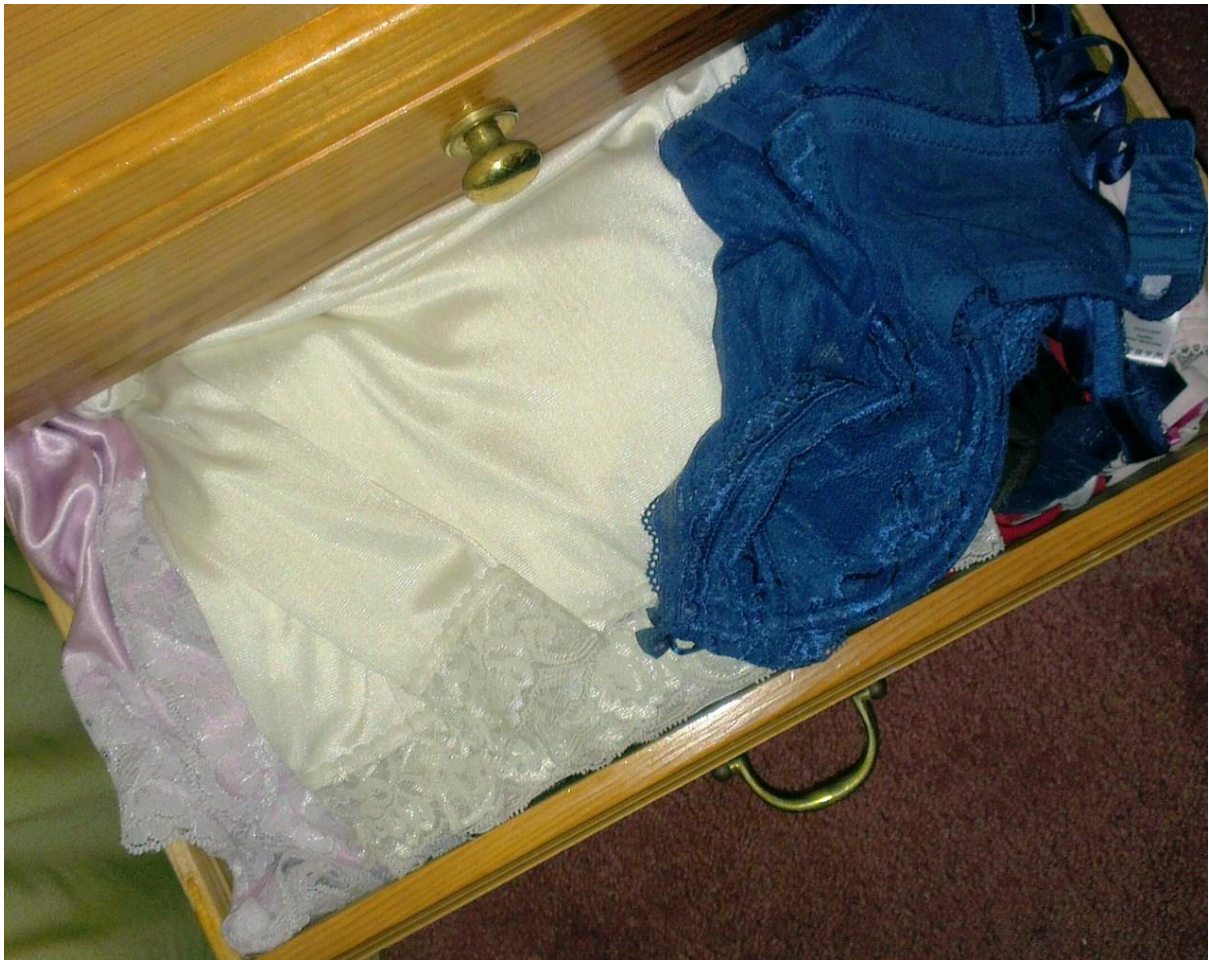
A photo story by Andrea and Stew

Uncle01



It was when Mike leant down to pick up his Mum's suitcase from the drive way to take inside the house that Albert could not help notice the unexpected peep at a very lacy pair of panties and suspender belt that had appeared in the gap between shirt and trousers. Interesting!





What was also interesting was that Albert's wife, Barbara, was dressed up to the nine's for the visit of her sister Alison. A moment after lunch Albert went upstairs to check Barbara's lingerie draw to discover that she was wearing a slip, French knickers and stockings for the first time in years as these items were missing from her lingerie draw.

Not that there were many slips and French knickers left in the draw as Albert had gradually "borrowed" some of Barbs lingerie over the last few years and hidden it in an old suitcase in the loft. Except of course the ones he was wearing today.

Uncle03



He shucked off his shirt and trousers. Albert could not resist a wank as he ran his fingers through her two remaining slips. He knew he had to be quick whilst everyone else was still downstairs. He eased up his full slip and slid his hand into his bulging lacy knickers.



Uncle04



Oh God, how he loved lingerie and the thought that Barb, after his repeated requests to wear slips and stockings again, had finally listened, probably not to him but to her sister. Alison, who was always elegantly dressed, would sometimes reveal a pretty lacy hem and stocking tops, either accidentally or deliberately. He wasn't sure which, but it didn't matter as he always enjoyed the view.

## Uncle05

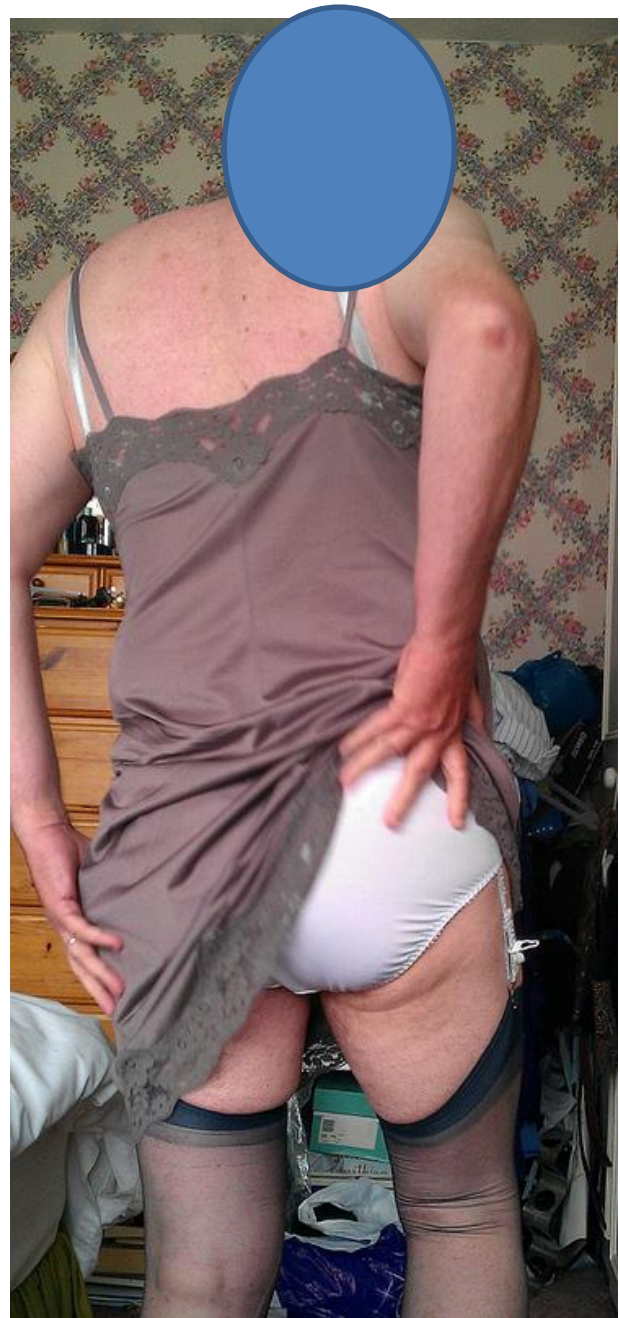
Mike had only been persuaded to go with his Mum to visit his uncle and aunt in Cheshire because his Mum had told him that Uncle Albert had Sky Sports. He knew that he would be able to catch at least some of the lunchtime game between Man Utd and Fulham. After lunch he sat and watched the game.

At half time, with Man Utd 1-0 up, he nipped upstairs to the guest room to get a magazine from his bag. As he moved quietly up the stairs he could not help notice that the master bedroom room was slightly ajar and that through the crack he was astonished to see his Uncle Albert standing in a nylon slip having a wank over Auntie Barb's lingerie draw. At a quick glance Albert appeared to be wearing a very pretty silky slip with a lacy hem, the colour of milk chocolate. Mike couldn't tell if Albert's nylon clad legs were tights or stockings, he hoped it was stockings.

Then Uncle lifted his slip. Mike could see the white panties, the suspenders and the stocking tops that Uncle was wearing under the slip. Interesting! Mike thought that he was the only man in the world who had lured into the forbidden world of feminine silky lingerie, but it now appeared that he was not alone.

Mike stifled a gasp at the sight of his Uncle in pretty nylon lingerie. He dared not let him know he was there as his Mum and Auntie were still downstairs, getting ready to go out shopping.

Instead he crept into the room he was staying in to relieve the stiffy in his panties. He did wonder if his Uncle had seen anything when he picked up the bags in the driveway as he could feel the cool breeze on his back.





Mike dropped his trousers and eased his protuberance out of his pink panties and thought how far he had come in a couple of weeks since exploring his Mum's lingerie draw. He was hooked on nylon and could not bear the thought of spending a whole weekend without wearing some silky lingerie.

He had borrowed some lacy pink and white panties, bra, and suspenders from his Mum's lingerie draw together with some sheer black stockings. Although he had thought about a slip he decided this might be a bit bulky under his jeans and reluctantly decided to forgo the pleasure of wearing a slip. His Mum's bra had not quite fitted but he had found some bra extenders in her bra draw that did the trick.

Now that he had seen his Uncle in a pretty chocolate nylon slip he began to wish he had worn a slip after all as he just loved slips. Mike grabbed some tissues from his bag and without making too much noise he suddenly came, excited by both what he was wearing and had just seen.

After he had mopped up he thought he had better change back into his boy underwear before his Uncle (or Auntie for that matter) caught him and he could still catch the second half of the football match he had been watching earlier





Alison and Barbara had soon cleared up after lunch and were ready to depart for the Trafford Centre. Barbara left instruction with Albert to get young Mike to help him clear up the loft. Something he had been promising for weeks. Both Mike and Albert, without being too obvious, admired what the two sisters were wearing, Alison in her seamed brown stockings and Barbara in her sheer black stockings with a hint of a lacy cream slip just showing through the thin black skirt.





After the football match finished, Albert said, "Right let's get cracking with shift that junk from the loft. You can go up the ladder, young Mike, as you have younger legs than me. "In reality Albert did not want Mike to see his stocking clad ankles if he had gone up the ladder first. He had already spotted that Mike was wearing socks when he was watching TV. He wondered what happened to the panties and suspender belt he had glimpsed earlier on the driveway, was Mike still wearing them, and stockings presumably.

The two men headed upstairs and Albert opened the loft hatch and set up the ladder. As he sent Mike up the ladder he said, "It's those suitcases on the right we need down. Turn on the light. It is not very good; we might need a torch as well. Will you be alright for a minute, I will go and get a torch from the kitchen just in case we need it?"

Mike was still thinking about seeing his uncle's slip earlier and turned left at the top of ladder. He found a suitcase and started to lift it. It seemed very heavy so he wondered what was in it. It wasn't locked so he popped open the catch. Some old photos spilled out onto the floor of the attic.

It was fairly obvious that they were of a man, wearing ladies lingerie. Mike gasped. It was Uncle Albert in slips, panties and stockings. Some were a bit blurry. As Mike picked up the photos he noticed, even in the dim light that the reason the suitcase was so heavy was that it was packed full with lingerie and even heels.

## Uncle09

“No, on the right,” said Albert as he popped his head through the hatch with the torch. “Ahh...., you found my collection of silkies. Don’t think badly of me. It’s a long standing fetish of mine and I know you like them as well.”

“What do you mean,” asked Mike?

“I saw your suspender belt and lacy panties when you picked up your bags on the drive way when you got here,” said Albert. “Are you still wearing them?”

“No,” said Mike with some embarrassment.

“Well never mind,” said Albert a little confused. There was silence as both men wondered what the next step was going to be.

“These photos, Uncle, they are a little blurry.” Mike cleared his throat nervously. “Would you err, like me to err, take some better ones? I have my camera with me; it’s a good one, digital.” Mike picked up some of the pretty slips from the suitcase running his fingers through the silky nylon with pleasure. “Perhaps you could dress up for me and I could take some photos of you in your slips,” he said in a quiet voice?”

“Well, err, yes... perhaps we might have time for a few snaps. But we must do some clearing of the other old suitcases before the women get back. Lift down my suitcase then,” said Albert



## Uncle10

Mike lifted the heavy suitcase down for Albert to the master bedroom. Mike was sent downstairs to get the camera ready whilst Albert changed out of the brown slip and white lacy bikini's, which were a bit sticky by now from Albert's early activity. He did wonder if perhaps he had not shut the bedroom door properly and that Mike had seen something. Perhaps that was why Mike was no longer wearing some lingerie and was embarrassed about it. No matter, Albert would lay out some of Barbara's pretty lingerie in the guest bedroom for Mike to wear later, if things went the way that Albert hoped.

Albert delighted in putting on a black set of lingerie. Although he had "requisitioned" some of Barbara's slips and panties, he had added far more of his own from local charity shops and eBay. It was not surprising that the large suitcase was quite heavy with all his lingerie and even some high heels and skirts in his size that were a recent acquisition.





## Uncle 11

The new set of black undies included a favourite pair of French knickers made by Brettles, they were so soft and silky with pretty lace on the hem of the legs. He remembered when he and Barbara were first engaged and how nice it was to grope her in the darkened back row of the cinema. She would let him slid his hand under her skirt and feel her silky petticoat. He was always delighted when he discovered a garter tab closely attached to a sheer stocking top rather than tights. It usually meant that she was wearing loose legged French knickers and she relax her legs a little so that he could slide his fingers up those loose legs and into her damp privates. It stayed private so long as the lights stayed down. No sex before marriage she told him, that was still the norm then, but Albert didn't mind.

Albert loved putting on nylons slips, or was it petticoats? He was never sure of the difference. Barbara always said that petticoats were in layers and made skirts stick out but slips were thinner and closer fitting but women always seemed to use the words interchangeably. As he pulled on his black full slip over his French knickers and sheer black stockings he admired himself in the mirror, Albert was bit of an exhibitionist at heart. He was going to enjoy this photo session with young Mike and was looking forward to getting some better pictures. As they would be digital perhaps he could put some of them on line on that Flickr thing he had only just started using. There were always some interesting lingerie photos on there.



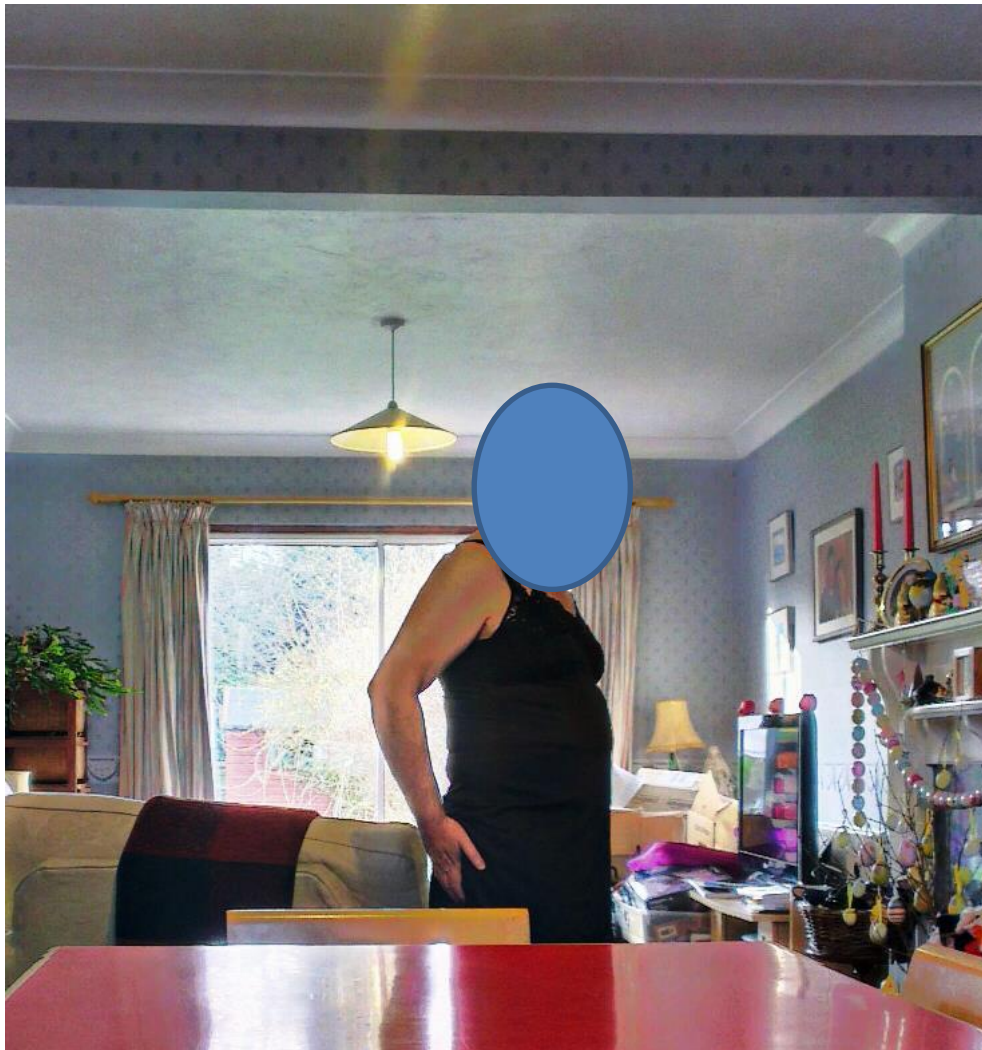
## Uncle12

Mike got his Nikon out of his camera case and checked the settings. He was a little nervous about photographing his uncle in his slips but as he thought about he started to get stiffer. Mike regretted taking off his lacy white panties after his earlier wank and was wondered if he had time to go and get changed. Just then Uncle Albert walked into the living room.

"Wow Uncle Albert, you look fabulous. That black slip looks really silky," said Mike feeling his erection growing again. "I have never done this before, well, not with someone else. I have played with my Mum's slip a few times. Sorry, I am rabbiting on, I am a bit nervous."

"Don't worry Mike, I am a bit as well," said Albert sitting down in the edge of the arm chair with his silky black slip draped around his stocking clad legs.





Mike glanced at the front window. "Do you want me to close the curtains," asked Mike?

"No don't worry about that. I often walk around in my lingerie when Barb is out."

Mike looked concerned. "Won't your neighbours see?"

"I have one elderly neighbour across the road who can just about see into this end of the living room from his front bedroom. He tries to hide behind a curtain but when he sees me in my slip and stockings he starts wanking and makes the curtain twitch. He's in his 70's and I think his eye sight is going. I expect he thinks I am Barb walking around in my lingerie doing the cleaning. Poor old sod. I on the other hand, get quite a kick out of knowing someone else is wanking off seeing me in my slip and stockings," said Albert.

Mike looked a little doubtful at this suggestion.



## Uncle14



Mike spent the next 15 minutes taking lots of photos of Albert with his digital camera. There many different poses, sitting, standing, slip up, slip down, slip tight, slip loose. Albert was rather enjoying posing and it was so much easier to get someone else to take pictures. Mike was rather enjoying taking them as well. His jeans were getting somewhat uncomfortable and he really wished he too was dressed in silky lingerie as he could see from the tent in Uncle's slip how excited Albert was becoming.



"Can I just adjust your slip better," said Mike at one point? He draped the hem of the black slip so that the stocking tops could just be seen as if in a casual pose. As Mike adjusted the slip he brushed his hand against the tent in Albert's French knickers. His own trousers were becoming increasingly uncomfortable.

"I think it's time you joined in the fun and I take some photos of you as well," said Albert. "Would you like to try on some of Auntie Barbara's lingerie?"

"Well yes, I suppose so, if that is OK, won't she mind," asked Mike?

Albert smiled. "I have been borrowing her slips and panties for years and she has never said anything. Go upstairs to your room; you will see I have laid out some things for you to try on.



Mike bounded up the stairs and ripped off his clothes. Laid out on the bed was some very pretty lingerie in pink and white. One of the items was very lacy and seemed to be both a bra and suspenders all in one with lots of hooks on the back. Mike struggled to get all the hooks done up. He slipped the pink panties on and then slid the sheer barely black stockings up his legs.

He attached the front suspenders but struggled to get the back ones done up. He would need some help. Mike picked up the slip. It was a silky waist slip in bubble-gum pink with a delightful wide lacy hem. With great pleasure he slid the slip up over his sheer stockings. He was already tenting the panties.



## uncle17

Mike walked down stairs in his auntie's lingerie. He loved the way the stockings made a hissing sound as he walked. Back in the living room he asked his uncle to help.

"Can you help me do up the suspenders on this thingy, Uncle Albert?"

"Wow, don't you look mighty fine in your basque and slip," exclaimed Albert when he saw the silky vision in front of him. He was delighted that he had laid out some silkies out for young Mike.

"It's a what," asked Mike?

"A basque, bra and suspenders and waist nipper all in one. Maybe it came from Spain, I don't know. Whatever it is you look fabulous in it. My turn to take some photos of you. Show me how the camera works."





This time Mike had to pose for the camera with Albert taking the photos. The tent in both French knickers was rather obvious now. After some minutes of snapping pics of Mike in his pretty undies Albert put camera down and lent over in front of Mike. As he adjusted Mike's slip he could not resist doing what Mike had done earlier and brushed rather firmly Mike's nylon clad cock, not once but twice as he pushed the pink slip up out of the way, perhaps testing the water.





Mike gasped but offered no resistance. Albert went further by sliding his hand right inside the French knickers and firmly taking hold of Mike's cock. Mike was so excited it only took a few moments of masturbation before he was coming into his Auntie Barbara's pink panties. There were no tissues this time as he turned the pink nylon dark with his love juices.



## Uncle20

Albert already had his hand in his own French knickers at the same time, wanking two nylon clad cocks simultaneously. He had never done that before. It was not long before Albert came in the black knickers. He gasped and let go of Mike's deflating penis.

"So what are we going to do with these photos then," asked Albert as he did find some tissues to clean up the mess?

"Oh I can email you copies, I promise it can be private," said Mike once he had recovered.

"Oh, I don't know, we might want to share the photos with other like-minded folk. What do you know about Flickr, Mike," asked Albert?

"Flickr, you know about Flickr, uncle," exclaimed Mike?

"Don't sound surprised Mike, some of us silver surfers know a thing or too," said Albert. "If you hadn't picked up the wrong suitcase none of this would have happened," said Albert wistfully.

"Now we had better get changed and put my special suitcase back in loft before the girls come home from the shops. We are supposed to have moved those other old suitcases we are going to throw away. Barbara might be a bit suspicious if we haven't sorted them out like I promised. Chop chop, we can't sit around in lingerie all day," said Albert.





Mike and Albert had cleared up the evidence of their lingerie exploits and changed back into their male personas, perhaps with some regret, but that was life. Mike took the old suitcases out of the loft and put them in the back of Albert's car. Albert planned to take them to the dump the next day.

Alison and Barbara came back from their trip to the Trafford Centre some time later. They insisted on showing the men their purchases. Both Mike and Albert feigned a lack of interest but of course they were both fascinated by the new silky slips which Barbara had bought at M&S. Alison showed them her new panties and stockings. The two sisters revelled in the discomfort they were causing the two men as they fingered the delicate, silky fabrics.

Barbara and Alison winked at each other. Whatever efforts Albert (and Mike) had made to allay any suspicions about their desire to wear silky nylon lingerie,, Barbara and Alison both already knew from their previous conversations the secret their husband and son, respectively, were trying so hard to keep beneath the surface. Perhaps they had some secrets of their own?

### **The End**

Uncle by Andrea Slip, with some additional ideas by Stew.

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