

Three short stories by Andrea Slip and others



1: Alison

My compulsion to wear silky slips had taken over my life (see [Paul's Journey](#)). I found myself dressing more. I had even started wearing skirts and dresses, makeup, high heels and wigs whenever possible. That first initial thrill I got from my first experience wearing a slip, panties and bra never left me though I never thought of myself as gay as I'd always been interested in girls. Well maybe their clothes, to be honest but the thought of seeing and meeting another cross-dresser certainly interested me.

Mum, at this point, still had no idea, or so I thought. I'd become overconfident, perhaps even careless, in fact. There were just little things at first. I'd see her looking at me with a strange expression on her face. She'd say nothing but then I'd notice in the mirror that I'd left traces of eyeshadow or pale lipstick. Sometimes a perfume I'd bought that I couldn't disguise as aftershave. I somehow managed to keep my collection of lingerie secret from her, hidden in the loft, somewhere she never went.

It all came crashing down one weekend. She said she was going to see my aunt, her sister, in Manchester, for the weekend, would I like to come too. I had college work to finish but secretly it meant I'd be able to dress fully all weekend becoming Alison. Maybe if I could find the confidence actually go out fully dressed en-femme.





After mum had left, I had a long hot bath full of scented bath salts. It was called for, after all, a girl doesn't want to smell like a teenage boy.

I did my makeup, just a little eyeshadow and pale pink lipstick then plenty of gorgeous perfume the effect was wonderful. I added my big tits and a long blonde wig. Then I started to get dressed.

I put on my favourite silky black French knickers, bra, suspenders and stockings. The matching bra and panties were edged in white lace.



Next was my favourite black slip. It was wearing my mum's slips that had got me started wearing lingerie. I added a pair of mum's black boots. the effect was wonderful if I could have fucked myself, I would have, feeling totally feminine.



On top of my delicious black lingerie, I added a black and white dress. It was my mum's dress, but she had not worn it for a long time, it was quite short. The skirt was black, slightly flared and the top white with lace on the shoulders.

I looked so femme, I felt so femme.

I decided to venture outside as the dark nights had started, I felt confident as I drove to the nearest quiet country lane, I parked a little way off the road then taking it steady I walked for a while the feeling was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. A cool breeze up my skirt felt wonderful the hem of my skirt touching my stockings felt so sexy.

Feeling a bit braver I drove into town parking in a quiet place I walked up the main high street it felt fantastic being able to look at all the female fashion shop windows admiring the gorgeous clothes and of course the lingerie shops my clitty certainly responded to that.

Thankfully there were not many people around but as one couple walked past, the man winked at me, smiling. That earned him a slap from his wife and a good telling off. I couldn't help giggling to myself, but I must admit it felt fantastic to be taken as a girl finally but thinking I've pushed my luck for one night.



I drove home. I'd never felt so elated as I did when I got back, I was certainly on a high. If I'd been more observant, I'd have realized I wasn't alone as I sat in the lounge crossing my stocking covered legs and playing with the lacy hem of my black slip. I was feeling so relaxed and happy.

Mum's voice from the doorway brought me back to reality.

"So, care to explain all this?"

Mum stood there looking at me. I froze, unable to speak. She walked in sitting opposite me looking me up and down.

"So how long as this being going on, Paul? I knew you were up to something. I was never going to visit Val this weekend (her sister), that's next weekend. I went to the cinema and came back after a couple of hours to find out exactly what you were up to."

I thought I was going to pass out with fear, but then I stood up trying to leave as quickly as possible.



“Stop,” she said, her voice demanded. She stood up, walking around me.

“So, this is what wearing my knickers and slips has led to? Take off the dress. Are you wearing my underwear?”

“Please mum,” I managed to say.

“Don't try to explain,” she snapped, “Now take off my dress.”

I took off mum's black and white dress.

“Well at least that is not my slip or stockings. It's obvious you feel you're a girl. Do you? Look at me. Well, you certainly make a very attractive one. I'll say that for you. Going out as well?”

I shook my head.

“No tonight was my first time. I'll get changed.

“No,” she snapped back. “You wanted to dress like this you can stay dressed until I say different. Do you have a female name?”

I nodded looking down.

“Ok what is it?”

I managed to mumble, “Alison.”

“Well at least it's an acceptable name. Right Alison, what do we tell people about you?”

“Please mum. We don't have to say anything to anyone.”



“Oh, sorry girl, you're going to have to face it though what people will think, God knows. Please don't tell me your wearing my underwear.”

I quickly said, “No it's all mine.” I lifted my slip to show her my black French knickers and lacy bra.

“Nice matching panties and bra. Those are my boots, aren't they? You can get your own. You have worn my slips and knickers, haven't you?”

I nodded, “I'm sorry mum.”





“I bet you thought I'd not notice the stains,” mum said laughing. “There are only two of us in the house. I knew it wasn't me that left the stiff spunk on my knickers, so it was obviously you.”

“But you never said anything,” I replied.

“I was hoping you'd confess to me,” she said.

“I wanted to, but I was too scared how you'd react.”

“Well, now you know. I'm not mad but I'm bloody upset having to find out like this. Why couldn't you talk to me and explain how you feel? Am I so unapproachable?”

“No mum honestly, I was just too scared.”

“So, what happens now? Have I got a son or a daughter?”

“Can't you have both,” I asked.

“What if I get confused and call you Alison in front of someone?”

“Please mum we can make it work?”

She looked at me.

“Well, your birthday present will be easy next month, a couple of pairs of knickers and stockings. Oh, and some shoes or boots and you'll be happy with that, won't you? I always wanted to have a daughter I could buy pretty lingerie for, now I can.”

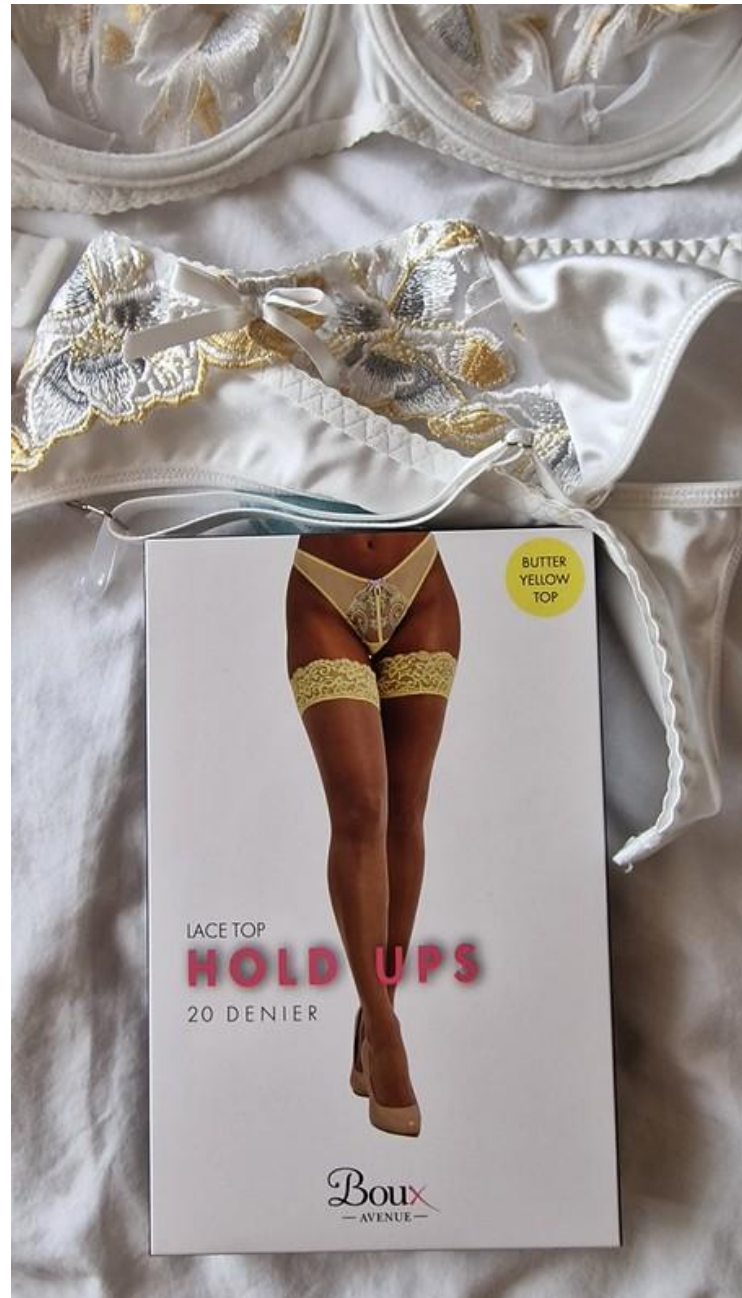
She walked around me again

“I always told you girls would die for a figure like yours never thinking you'd become one. I need a drink” she said.

“I'll make you a coffee,” I replied.

“I need something bloody stronger than coffee Alison,” looking straight at me. It shook me hearing her call me Alison

“I'll get you a whisky,” I said.



“Make it a double,” she shot back. Mum sat down on the sofa. My hands were shaking as I handed her the whisky. She almost drank it in one go.

“Christ! I needed that after this shock. Get me another I poured another one

“Please mum, go steady with that.”

She looked at me. “Your lecturing me dressed like that. God, girl you've got a bloody nerve. She took a small sip. “I suppose you'll be wanting to wank yourself off, will you?”

“Please mum don't.”

I could not help noticing that as mum knocked back the whisky that her black skirt had ridden up, and I could see the lacy hem of her cream slip starting to peep out.



Much as I didn't want to, I was getting hard.

"Well, isn't it what you normally do, wank yourself off dressed as a girl. I can see you are getting stiff. Is my slip showing?" Mum looked down and giggled.

"There is a very unladylike bulge in your slip. Dressing up in girls clothes helps you get off. Does it help you cum?"

It was true. Alison always got stiff, wanked and came when wearing lingerie. I had photos to prove it.

"Please mum, I know your angry with me."

"Alison," she snapped. "You don't know the half of it. Well, you will stay dressed for the rest of the weekend. We will need some shopping tomorrow. Let's see how you cope with that."

"I can't go into the supermarket. People will see me."

She laughed. "That's the idea Alison."

"Can I at least put jeans on?"

"No" she snapped, "a skirt or dress. take your pick, it's what you wanted anyway."





Before we went to bed, mum insisted that Alison wear a nighty. She found a pale blue one.

“You can borrow this one tonight. No more pajamas for you, now that you are a girl.”

“Thanks mum.”

I took the pale blue nighty, together with some matching panties and stockings.

“Tomorrow morning I want you fully dressed understand?” Alison nodded.

“Good” she said,



The next morning I did my hair and makeup and had a think about what to wear. I decided to wear a skirt and blouse. She put on my big boobs, black French knickers, suspenders and stockings. I stepped into a black half-slip. Black is my favourite colour.



The skirt was black with a pattern of white bows. The top was plain white jersey. I put on my one pair low heels. I paused to take a photo on my mobile. Then I put on the skirt and blouse.



I sat on the bed for another photo, but a bit sexier this time. I lifted my black bra so my big tits could be seen. I really wanted to have a quick wank but could hear mum downstairs making breakfast. I finished dressing in my skirt and blouse.

“That looks nice, Ali. Let me take a photo of my beautiful daughter. You look so like me all dressed up in pretty clothes.”

Without waiting for an answer, she picked up her mobile and took a snap.

I looked at what mum was wearing; a brown skirt, a brown jersey and brown boots. She didn’t usually dress up for a trip to the supermarket.





I noticed a lace edged slip peeping out from under skirt. Her hosiery was sheer brown, was mum wearing stockings? Oh, no, I could my cock getting hard.



“Are you wearing a slip? “

“Yes, a black half-slip,” I said.

“Show me,” commanded mum.

I lifted my skirt slowly and carefully, not wanting to show a tent.

“Very nice, now do a twirl.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Just do a 360 turn so I can see the back view.”



I did a twirl round.

“Oh gosh, seamed stockings, as well.” She took another snap.

“Your slip is showing a bit too much. I will adjust it for you, Ali. Lift up your skirt.”



I hesitated then lifted my skirt. Mum crouched down in front of me. She tugged the slip up. I wished I could take a photo of mum as she crouched in front of me. Mum was wearing brown stockings, suspenders, a brown half slip and brown silky panties edged with lace.



“OMG you are wearing stockings as well mum.”

“Well spotted.” Mum stood up, lifted her slip and skirt to briefly give me another view of her slip, panties and stocking tops.

“I thought that you would probably be wearing stockings so I decided I would too, for our shopping trip.”

Alison was getting hard, but this was mum. Mum patted the obvious tent in the front of my black slip.

“You need to attend to that bulge in your slip, and I need to finish cooking breakfast. After we have eaten, we can go to Sainsburys and Marks. “



I rushed back upstairs to finish the wank I had wanted to start when dressing.



As I started to wank my stiff cock I remembered the image of looking up mum's skirt. Then I imagined mum lifting her brown jumper. Was she wearing a brown lacy bra and showed her big tits? That was enough to make me to cum. I shot a big load into my French knickers. My wank didn't take long. I cleaned up, changed knickers and touched up my makeup. I was ready for breakfast.

After breakfast we hopped in mum's car and drove towards the local Sainsbury in the big retail park on the edge of town. There was a Marks and Spencer on the same site.

"You look terrified, Ali."

"Can we go to a different one than normal mum?"

Mum smiled, "Oh you'd like that, wouldn't you? No sweetheart we're going to our normal one. We can go to the lingerie department in M&S after getting the food."

"But people might know us."

I sat nervously playing with the hem of my skirt,

"Your enjoying this aren't you?" I asked.

"No, I'm not. in fact, I'm ashamed, hurt, humiliated but it's what you want."

The supermarket was busy as it was Saturday morning. Thankfully no one paid attention to them apart from one assistant, who obviously knew mum.

"Paul not with you today, Mary?"

"No, I've bought my daughter Alison."

"Oh, I didn't know you had a daughter."

Mum looked at Alison. "She doesn't get out much, do you Aly?"

"No not much," I managed to squeak.

"She's really pretty," the assistant said to mum. "She looks a lot like Paul, same eyes as well. I love your skirt and pretty slip peeping out. I mustn't keep you, tell Paul I asked after him." I tugged my skirt down so my slip and stocking tops didn't show.





Our next stop was M&S. Fortunately, we did not bump into anyone we knew. We looked at knickers, as mum had promised Alison that she could have some new panties and bras for her birthday that was coming up soon.

I picked a red set of panties, bra and a suspender belt. Mum said it looked nice



Then a cream set of panties, bra and a camisole.

“Do you want to try them on, sweetie?”

“No, I know my size. I will try them on at home.”



I disappeared upstairs as soon as we got home. I felt really sad at being outed in the supermarket. After a few minutes Mum came upstairs and found me sitting in my bedroom looking glum. I had not even tried on my new lingerie. She walked in sitting beside me on the bed.

“Ground rules ok Alison.” I looked at mum.

“First, you can dress as much as you like at home, all the time if you want but if you want to go out, we will go together, ok? I'm not happy about things but we've got to make the best of it.” She slipped her arm around my shoulders. Her attitude had softened as she got over the shock. She still loved her son / daughter.

“Thanks mum,” I said.

Mum smiled. "Let's see if your still happy after I've taught you how to use the washing machine, do the ironing, cleaning, making beds cooking, after all it's what a good daughter should be doing.

"I'll learn mum I promise." I thought that I would enjoy washing and ironing both our slips. No more midnight washing, no more secrets.

She shook her head. "You haven't got a clue what's in front of you Ali. You honestly haven't."

Standing up she said, "You've got a good taste in lingerie. It looks nice, I must get myself some more slips and French knickers like yours. Perhaps I can borrow yours, Ali?"

I looked at her, a puzzled look on my face.



"Only kidding Aly. Before I go an make lunch here is an old red slip of mine you can have to go with your new red panties and bra. You look a bit glum, why don't you try on your new panties and bra. That will cheer you up but please don't make too much noise. It's embarrassing when you're wanking yourself off. At least I won't have to keep looking out for cum stains in my knickers anymore. Next time we go shopping we can get you some heels, a handbag, a new nighty. This is going to be fun."

I took the red slip from mum; it was lovely and silky with lots of lace. Perhaps I will try it on.

I took the new red panties, bra and suspenders out of the M&S bag. I changed out of my old outfit and put on the new lingerie, only keeping on my black stockings.

I picked up mum's old red slip and stepped into it.



I shivered as I pulled the silky red slip up over my nylon stockings.



The lace on the slip was very unusual; it was an asymmetric swirl that revealed my stocking tops and suspenders over one leg.

It wasn't a perfect colour match but it was close. The whole outfit looked and felt so sexy.

What was I going to do now?





There was only one thing I could do, have a wank of my stiff cock through the silky red panties and slip. As I came I remembered to be quiet so mum could not hear me christen my new lingerie with loads of cum. My spirits were lifted and things were back to normal

Ideas by Paul

Read previous episode - [Paul's Journey](#)

2: Sean



My journey into wearing lingerie started as a teenager. I lived alone with my mum, I was an only child, never knew my father. My mum was never one to cover up in front of me. She was always wandering around on weekday mornings in various stages of undress.

I loved seeing her ironing her work uniform while standing there in her bra, knickers, stockings and suspenders. She usually wore stockings to work.





She also wore a half-slip under her uniform. She worked at building society in the High Street. Her slip normally matched the colour of her matching bra and knickers. Weekends were different.



On a weekend morning she come downstairs in a black nylon nightie and robe. These didn't leave much to the imagination. I could see her boobs and black panties through the sheer nylon. One day my curiosity got the better of me. I had always wondered what her lingerie and nightwear felt like. I tried on her black nightie on with stockings and suspenders; I got instantly hard and came without touching myself.



Her lingerie wasn't safe after that.



I wore it all and had lots of wonderful wanks.



Occasionally mum's twin sister, Evie, would sometimes stay with us, they had to share a bed, as it we lived in a two-bedroom flat. I kind of wished aunty Evie had to share with me so that I could see her undressing. She was gorgeous, and sexy. Sometimes I could tell, she was wearing a slip, just like mum. The lacy hem would peep out.



However, both their lingerie, full slips, half slip, panties, bras, stockings and suspenders all got used and abused by me.



I nearly got caught a couple of times by aunty Evie when I got careless at shutting my bedroom door when I had forgotten she was staying. It would have been embarrassing if she had caught me wanking into her slip and panties. Secretly I had hoped she had caught me.

Idea by Sean

3: Patricia

Patricia was aware that she was being watched, as she hung her gorgeous silky lingerie in the garden. She knew exactly who it was. It made her smile thinking someone still fancied her even though she was still in her early thirties.





Things in her marriage had gone downhill in the last two years when she caught her husband screwing his secretary at his office when she walked in unannounced. Miranda, the secretary, was just taking off her blouse, her skirt around her waist. She was wearing lacy lingerie and stockings. They covered up quickly but had been caught.

Pat decided she could wear pretty underwear and stockings in an attempt to patch up the marriage. It didn't work. Splitting up really affected her confidence.

After the divorce they had to sell their house. She got most of the proceeds as he admitted it was his fault. It meant that she had enough to buy this new house. She moved in about 6 months ago. The neighbors were friendly.

Pat was tall, slim, extremely fit, with big boobs and long blonde hair. She was not beautiful but attractive in a certain way. She now loved the lacy lingerie she had started wearing when trying to save the marriage.

She decided to put on a little show as today she was wearing stockings and not tights. She lifted her skirt and adjusted her stockings. Her brown slip, edged with white lace, and her sheer stocking tops came into view.





It was just a pity the person watching her was her neighbor's son, Jason. Though he was in his early twenties she thought him much too young, it still made her pussy damp between her legs. She'd need to use her dildo, her only form of satisfaction these last three years, when she got back in the house.



Jason watched Patricia as she hung her gorgeous silky lingerie out,



What Patricia couldn't see was that Jason, her neighbor, was wearing his mum's beige bra, half-slip. He looked at Patricia longingly, especially when she had given a quick flash of her slip and stocking tops, was that a deliberate tease? He nearly came when he saw she was wearing a slip and stockings.

Sean was wanking himself off through his mum's white knickers. It was not the first time he had tried on his mum's lingerie whilst watch Patricia hang out her washing.

He'd secretly fancied Patricia from the moment she had moved in about 6 months before. Sean's mum had chatted to their new neighbour a few times.

They discovered that she was newly divorced and wanted to start again in a new area. She was about 10 years older than Sean. He was too shy to chat up an older woman. In fact, he was really shy with all women his own age. He did not have a girlfriend.





After seeing her hanging out in the back garden, he wondered what silky lingerie she was wearing underneath her dress. He loved seeing her lingerie on the washing line almost as much as he fancied her.

What he would give to wear Pat's silky French knickers and slips. She had so many different colours. His mum's lingerie was boring in comparison, mostly white or beige and plain.

A wank wearing his neighbor's lingerie would be incredible, he felt his cum rising. He pulled his stiff cock out of his panties and slip.



Just then Pat dropped a pair of panties, she bent over to pick them up, giving Sean a clear view up her skirt of her seamed stockings and brown slip with lashing of lace.

Sean's cum hit the window and windowsill.



“Oh God yes,” he cried out, breathing heavily he watched Pat walk back into her house. He took off his mum’s white knickers. He used them to wipe cum off his cock and then the window.

“I must get these washed before mum finds them,” he thought.



After finishing hanging out the washing Pat went back inside and found her dildo. She took off her jumper and skirt and stretched out on the sofa. Her stiff nipples showed through her sheer brown bra.



She turned the dildo on to maximum and started work on her wet pussy, first through her brown panties, pushing the nylon into her pussy imagining it was a big cock frotting her panties. Then she pulled the panties down and showed the vibrator between her wet lips. She was buzzed that her neighbor had probably been wanking as he watched her hang out her pretty lingerie. She suddenly came. As she turned off the vibrator she wondered if perhaps, she could take this to the next level with her admirer, if the right opportunity arose.

A few days later Jason was washing his blue VW Beetle,

“That much cleaner now, Bluebottle,” said Jason to his car.

He hadn't noticed Patricia come up behind him, giggling, on their shared driveway.

“Who calls their car bluebottle?” she asked.

Startled Jason turned round with the hosepipe in his hand. The water caught the front of Patricia’s dark blue dress.





“Oh God I'm so sorry Pat,” he said dropping the hose and rushing to her,

“It's ok, its only water,” wiping the front of her skirt,

“Is there anything I can do to help?” he asked Patricia.

She smiled,” No it's fine. Anyway, why do you call your car bluebottle?”

Jason smiled. “Well, she's blue and sounds like a bluebottle when she's running,

Patricia laughed,” You are so funny Jason.”

Pat lifted her dress to shake off some of the water. Jason felt himself getting hard. She revealed that she was wearing pale blue slip and panties. Jason was getting hard.

Pat could see the reaction Jason was having to seeing her slip,

“I'd better get out of this dress,” she said looking at him, “before it gets ruined.”

Jason's eyes were still fixed on her slip,

“Oh yes,” Jason said finally. “I'm so sorry.”

“Don't worry about it.” As she turned to leave, she asked, “Do you know much about car's Jason?”

“A little bit why?”

“There's funny noise somewhere in mine, it might be under the driver seat. You wouldn't have a look for me, please?”

“Sure,” he said, “I'll look right now.”





Patricia took him to her garage. Inside was her yellow VW golf, she handed him her key.

“I’ll just slip out of this dress while you see if you can find anything.”

Sean was hoping she might take the dress off in the garage, so he could see if she was wearing a full slip or a half-slip, but she didn’t, she headed back into the house.



He also wondered if she was wearing tights or stockings. From his observations of her washing line, he knew that she often wore tights but sometimes stockings and suspenders. He found stockings and suspenders very arousing from his trawl online on Flickr. He wondered what it would be like to wear stockings; his mum certainly didn't wear stockings and suspenders. Her underwear was very conservative.

When Pat got to her bedroom she took the dress, it didn't look too badly damaged by the water. She thought about putting on a dressing gown or another dress but decided against it to see what happened.

She walked downstairs and then through the internal door to the garage wearing her slip and tights. Tossing her long blonde hair over her shoulder she asked Jason,

"You find anything?"

Jason waved something at her.

"I found this under your seat."

Patricia froze, embarrassment on her face quickly grabbing it off Jason.

"Not sure what it is," Jason said,

Patricia tried to smile.

"It's ok I know, what's it for," said Pat,

"Oh God, how could I leave a dildo in the car," she thought and how do I explain it to Jason?

"It's nothing really," she said,

"It looks funny," Jason said with a curious look on his face. "The batteries need replacing, that was what was making the buzzing noise."

Thankfully Jason had noticed what Patricia was wearing, his eyes were glued to her slip.

"Well thanks for finding it. would you like a drink?"

Jason, still looking at her slip, suddenly realised that she was speaking to him,

"Oh yes please."



He followed her into the kitchen. Patricia quickly slipped the dildo into a drawer, she made them both a cup of tea, sitting on a stool opposite Jason. She crossed her nylon clad legs revealing more of her slip and her nylon clad legs. Jason tried desperately to hide his erection, but Patricia had noticed, “Oh God,” she thought, “Jason's cock looks enormous in his pants.” Her knickers were becoming damp, she stood up. Jason could now see her gorgeous silky slip in full, pale blue, it fitted her perfectly. Her hosiery was sheer black nylon with little black stars. Her legs looked so sexy in nylon. Jason thought that they looked like tights rather than stockings. He was a little disappointed but was still very hard.



The lacey hem of the slip caressed her nylons, oh fuck Jason thought I'm going to cum in a moment, Patricia could see the effect her slip and sheer tights was having on him, she slowly ran her hands over the silky material,

"I love wearing slips," she said.

"Me too," Jason said without thinking.

Patricia looked at him with curiosity. Jason tried to hide his embarrassment.

"I mean you look great wearing it."

Patricia smiled. "That's not what you said is it?"

"Please Pat, just forget what I said."

Patricia came closer to him he could smell her perfume,

"So, is that how you get your satisfaction crossdressing?"

Jason blushed, "Please don't say anything about this to my mum"



Patricia opened the drawer pulling out the dildo "This is how I get my satisfaction since my divorce," she said turning it on, Jason watched as it started to vibrate. "It's not as good as the real thing though. Nothing can match that," she said looking at Jason's stiff erection in his trousers.



“I’ve seen you looking at my lingerie hanging in the garden and staring at me to see if I am wearing a slip. You like it, don’t you. I bet that you’d love to wear some of it,” she giggled.



“I can tell by your face you would. I'll make you an offer. I'll let you wear some of my lingerie, anything you like, in return, you service my pussy, agreed?”

Jason nodding enthusiastically.

Pat put the dildo back in the drawer smiling, “I won't be needing that.”

She took Jason's hand. “Come on girl, let's find you something more suitable to wear.”



Patricia opened one of her dressing table drawers. To Jason it looked like an Aladdin's cave of silky delights; slips, knickers, bras, suspenders, stockings, tights of every colour imaginable. Jason's mum only wore white slips and underwear.

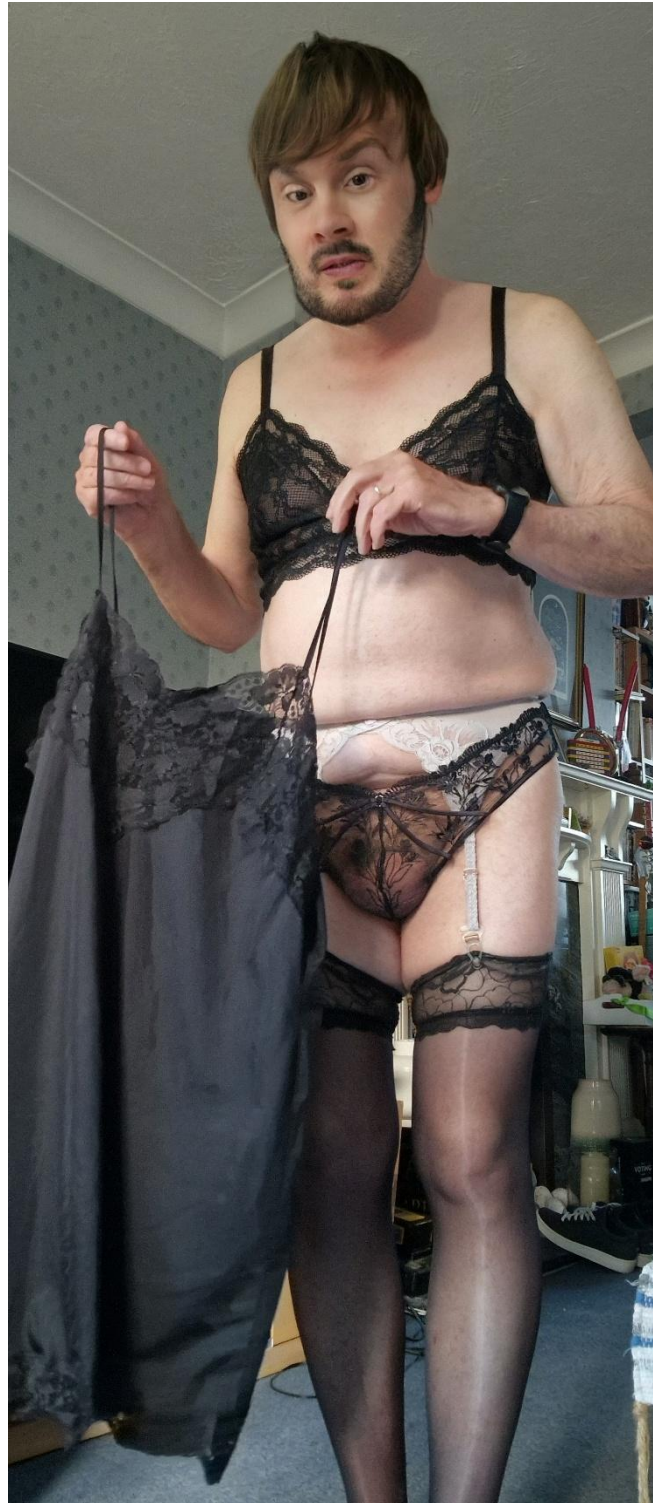
"Which would you like to wear?" Patricia asked. He looked longingly at a black silky slip with matching lacy knickers, bra and suspenders. Patricia giggled again.

"Good choice but kinky for a boy," she said smiling at him.

"I'll leave you to get dressed, when you are dressed meet me in the living room."

Jason couldn't believe what was happening, but he quickly undressed. Patricia's lingerie was like nothing he'd ever worn before, it felt wonderful, so lacy and sensual. He attached a black lacy bra and a white lacy suspender belt. He pulled up black lace top stockings and attached them to the suspenders. Then he stepped into a lacy pair of black panties. They were so sheer they hid nothing.





Lastly, he pulled the black full-length slip over his head and down over the rest of his lingerie. This was the first time he had worn stockings. They felt amazing, much better than just wearing his mum's half-slip and knickers.



He was stiff and there was a tent in the smooth front of his black slip.



Jason could not resist wanking his stiff cock through his panties and slip. It was wonderful. Then he remembered that Pat had told him to meet him in the living room. He quickly went downstairs. Pat was not there. Jason sat down on the sofa, he was slightly nervous.

As Sean sat down Patricia returned with 2 glasses of white wine.

“Just a little something to relax us. Have a sip, I am just going to pop up stairs for something and NO wanking while I am gone.”

Sean had a slip of the wine; it was nice and cold. However, he could not resist feeling his stiff cock through the black slip and panties whilst Pat was out of the room.

“Oh, you are a naughty boy,” said P a few minutes later.

Sean had not heard her come back into the room. He stared at her standing in her slip with her hands on her hips. There was something different about Pat. Sean could not quite put his finger on. He would shortly.

Looking at Jason in his black slip, she said, “Stand up. Wow! That lingerie might have been made for you. How does it feel?”

Jason blushed. “Fantastic actually.”

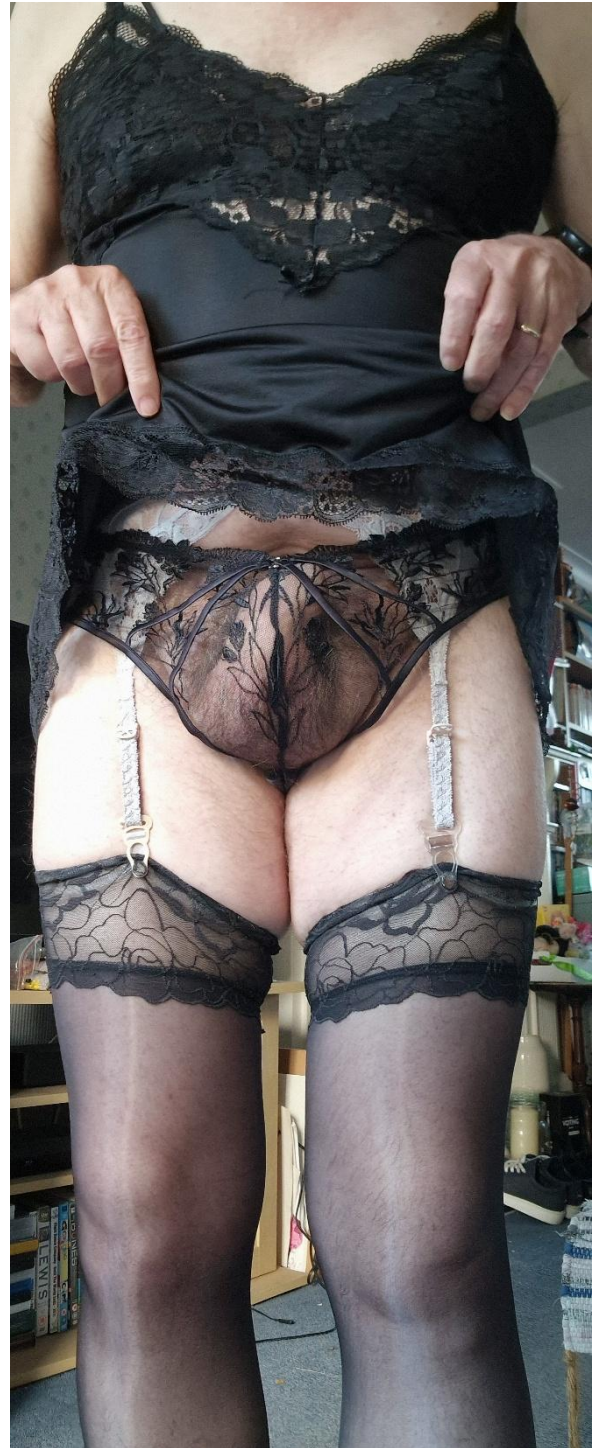


Pat stepped closer, her perfume overpowering him. Their slips touching, she could feel Jason's erection getting harder in his black slip.

“Lift up your slip,” she commanded.

She smiled at him as she took in his stiff cock showing through his sheer black panties.

“My panties look good on you, something wants to come out and play, but first my pussy needs attention. Take my knickers off for me.”



Jason got on his knees slipping his hands under her slip. He could feel her nylons; they were so silky but looked different. As he pushed up her slip, he suddenly realized that she had swapped her tights for stockings, stockings held up by suspenders. This made him even harder, Sean ran his hands over her stocking tops and suspenders. The pale blue suspender belt matched her pale blue satin panties.

“I knew you would like me in stockings and suspenders. Much easier for you get to my pussy.”

Then he found her knickers. As he pulled them down there was an obvious damp patch showing through the thin nylon.

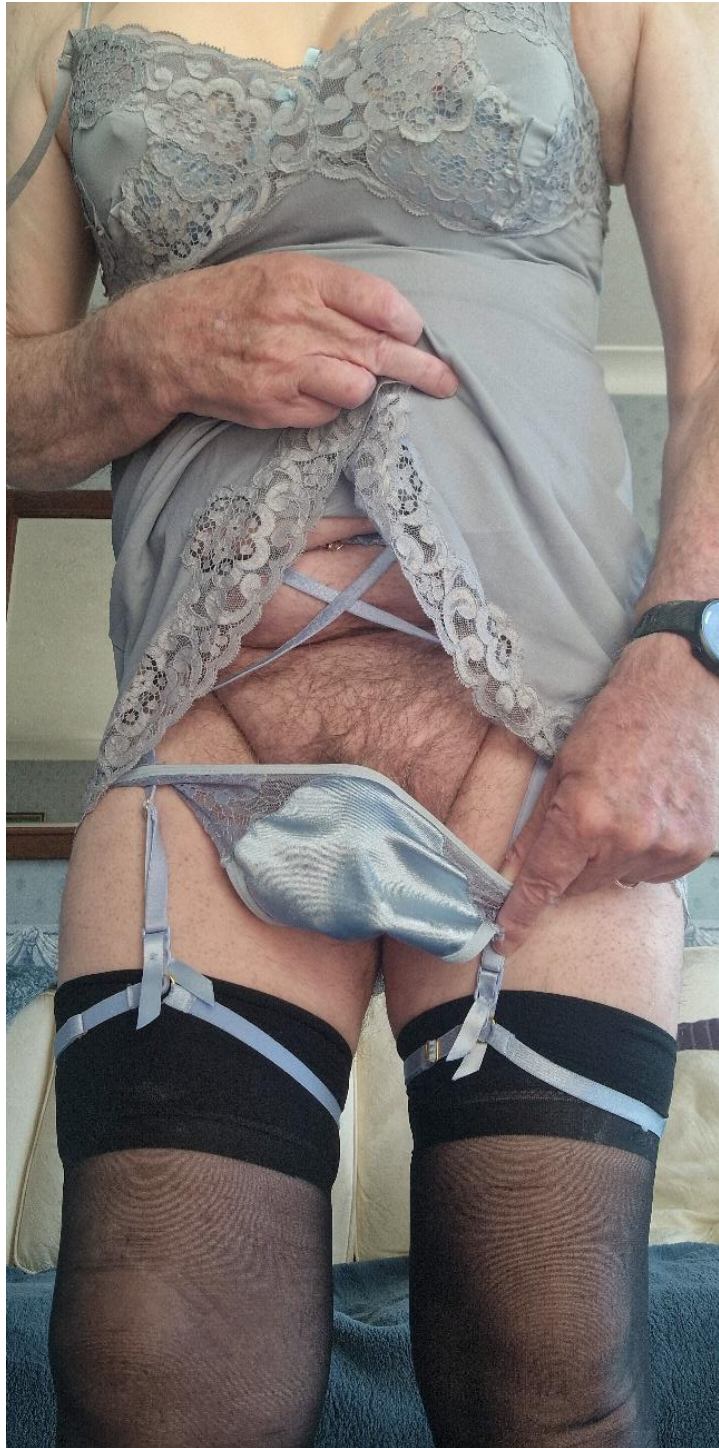


Patricia sighed. “Oh god that feels so much better.” She pushed her crotch into Jason's face.

“Do I smell nice?” When she had put on her stockings and suspender she had sprayed perfume on her pussy.

“Wonderful.” Jason replied, his cock now throbbing inside his knickers,

“Lick my pussy sweetheart, let your tongue play with it”





Patricia pushed his face deep between her legs. His tongue found her pussy lips.

“Oh God yes, that's it girl, please don't stop.” She started to tremble throwing her head back her long blonde hair flying everywhere as Sean pushed his tongue in and out of her damp pussy.

“Oh God,” she cried again.

“I'm going to cum. Open your mouth girl,” she said.

Suddenly Jason's mouth was filled with her pussy juice as she climaxed repeatedly.

“Oh fuck,” she cried. “That was fucking brilliant. I can't remember cumming like that before.” She collapsed on the sofa, her boobs heaving as she tried to catch her breath. Pat slipped her hand inside Jason's knickers.

“Oh God your absolutely enormous.” She pulled him on top of her so that his cock was between her boobs.





“Fuck my tits,” she said

Jason was in heaven as he rubbed his cock against her silky slip and boobs, Then Pat pulled her bra and slip down to expose her big boobs to Jason’s hard stare and even harder cock. Pat pulled his stiff cock out of his lacy panties and took it in her cleavage. Her tits felt so soft, Jason nearly came.



“Don't cum yet sweetheart,” Pat said as she kissed the tip of his cock, then she kissed his balls.

“Now fuck me. she said pushing him between her legs. She guided him inside her.

“Come on girl let me feel your balls banging against my bum.”

Jason fucked her as hard as he could, moaning with pleasure. “Oh God I'm close Pat.”

“It's ok baby girl fill me with your cum.”



Jason exploded inside her great spurts of cum filling her pussy, Patricia sighed with satisfaction.

“God, I needed that,” kissing him passionately.

Jason found he was still hard.

“Can we do it again?” he asked Patricia.

She giggled, “Definitely wearing my slip and lingerie really turns you on, doesn't it?”

Jason could only reply, “Oh God yes, definitely.”

He took off the slip and started to pull down his black panties.

“Hold on, let's go upstairs.”



They made love nearly all night finally falling asleep in each other's arms, Jason whispered, "You won't say anything about tonight will you Pat?"

She smiled, "No baby girl, it's our secret. We're both getting what we want and need."

The End

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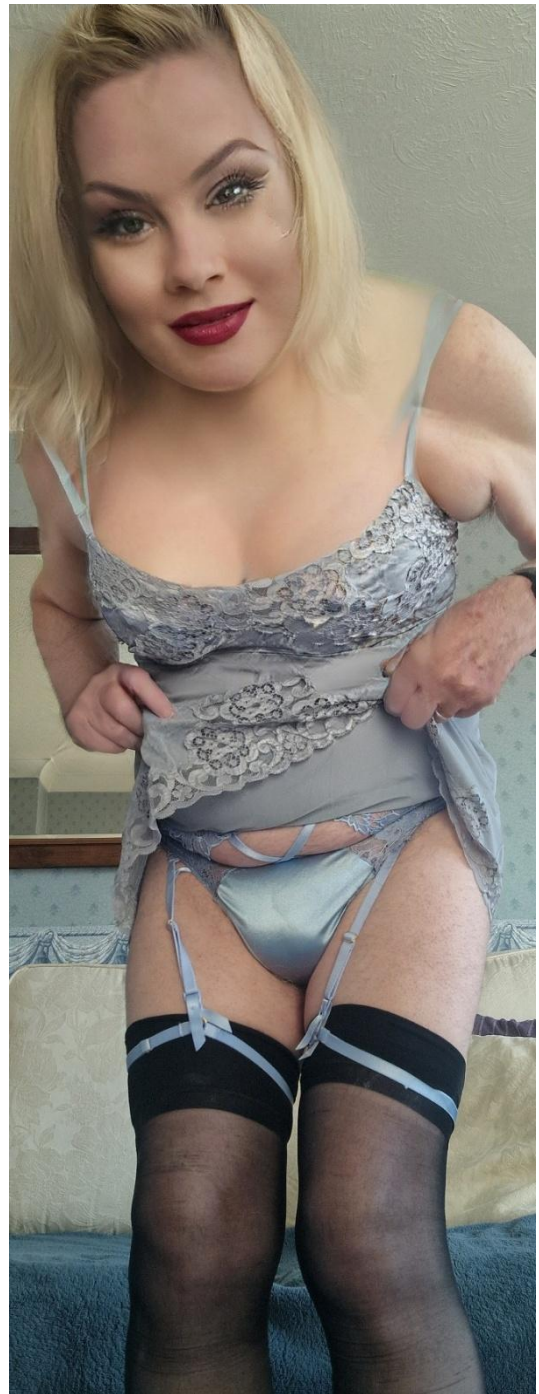
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i_love_slips@yahoo.co.uk

With thanks to Paul and Sean for the ideas

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

Please use the **contact form** for comments, positive feed-back and ideas for future stories



AI Summary

This document depicts three stories about young men exploring cross-dressing and gender identity, resulting in tense confrontations.

Alison's Secret Cross-Dressing and Family Conflict

- Alison develops a strong obsession with wearing lingerie, dressing femininely, and venturing outside fully en femme.
- Her mother gradually discovers Alison's secret, leading to a confrontation where Alison adopts the name Alison and faces her mother's mixed feelings. The mother offers support, including shopping for lingerie, but insists Alison must stay partially dressed publicly.

Sarah's Childhood Exploration of Lingerie

- As a teenager, Sarah began wearing her mother's lingerie, including slips, stockings, and nightwear, which brought her sexual pleasure.
- Her curiosity was heightened by her aunt Evie's presence, which she secretly admired, and she used her mother's garments for masturbation and fantasies, risking discovery.

Patricia's Flirtation and Voyeurism

- Patricia enjoys hanging her lingerie outdoors and sensing she is being watched, which excites her. She feels attractive and empowered despite personal marital issues.
- She observes her neighbor Jason secretly watching her, which fuels her desire to tease him, leading to sexual exchanges involving lingerie, mutual masturbation, and intimacy.

Cross-Dressing as a Shared Experience

- Both Alison and Jason find a sense of identity and arousal through dressing as women and wearing lingerie.
- Patricia's interactions with Jason involve exchanges of lingerie and sexual acts, with Patricia encouraging cross-dressing as part of their shared intimacy and fantasies.

Secret Sexual Encounters and Fetish Acts

- Explicit scenes of masturbation, oral sex, and intercourse involve characters dressed in lingerie, with both feelings of excitement, shame, and taboo.
- Patricia, Jason, and Sean engage in sexual activities that incorporate lingerie, stockings, slips, and other feminine garments, heightening their arousal and reinforcing their cross-dressing fetishes.

Familial and Social Tensions Surrounding Cross-Dressing

- Alison grapples with her gender identity and her mother's reactions, balancing secrecy, and acceptance.
- Patricia deals with emotional distress from her marriage breakup and uses lingerie and voyeurism to fulfil her needs, while her neighbor's son Sean and Jason also indulge in voyeuristic and masturbatory acts inspired by watching Patricia and his mother.

Key Themes of Sexuality and Gender Expression

- Characters find liberation and arousal through cross-dressing, lingerie, voyeurism, and sexual exploration.
- The stories emphasize forbidden desires, secretive behaviors, and the complex emotional dynamics involving family, attraction, and gender identity.

Appreciation and Creative Support

- Thanks are given to Paul and Sean for ideas.