

## Air Trans – Part 2





Andy picked up the photo from the bureau. It was of two women, in their early 20's, both were wearing the air stewardess uniform of Trans Air. The blonde on the right was his mum, Anthea, the dark-haired woman on the left was "Aunty" Jess. They looked very smart in their uniform and so sexy.



He looked closely at the uniform in the photo, a lacy bra or slip showed through his mum's sheer blouse and the lacy hem of the full slip peeped out from under the short grey skirt.



He knew all this because he was now wearing that exact uniform with a white slip and sheer black stockings underneath.



As he looked at the old photo, he tried to remember the first time he had noticed his mum's silky lingerie. He had a vague memory of getting dressed in his bedroom aged about 8. He had stubbed his toe on the bedpost, and it was really painful. He rushed into his mum's bedroom wearing only his underpants and burst into tears. Anthea was getting dressed as well. She scooped him up onto her lap and gave him a cuddle. Andy couldn't remember exactly what she said but something about taking him back to when she breastfed him in her slip.



Anthea nestled him into her breasts and calmed him down. As he was only in his underpants, he could feel her slip and bra on his skin. The slip became rucked up and he could feel her stocking tops and suspenders. He fiddled with the slip like many children do with a silky blanket. He calmed down quickly. He liked the feel of his mum's underwear.

After that he became fascinated with his mum's lingerie and always noticed what she was wearing.

Anthea had given up her job as air hostess when she had divorced John, Andy's dad. She had discovered that he had been having an affair with a client. John was an accountant. He was well off and could afford to be generous with the divorce settlement, Anthea kept the house and received a monthly allowance. Anthea now worked as a secretary at the local primary school that Andy went to. She was able to take him to and from school and had the same holidays.

She could still afford nice clothes, including lots of pretty lingerie.

Andy's dad had remarried after the divorce and had twin boys only a year younger than Andy. They were quite rough and were really into football, Andy was not, he much preferred watching his mum dress.





After school Andy was allowed to sit in the office with his mum until she finished work at 5pm. He often had homework to do, when he finished, he loved reading. He also had some toy cars that he played with on the floor.

As he played with the cars, he glanced up at his mum just as she reached over for a file. Her legs parted and he could see right up her skirt to her silky grey panties, grey stocking tops and a lace edged grey slip

Andy could feel something stiffening in his trousers.

Suddenly, Anthea closed her legs.

“Andy, it is rude to look up a lady’s skirt.”

“Sorry mum.” Andy felt embarrassed but would not forget the feeling.





Despite the telling off at school Anthea was at home she loved explaining to him what she was wearing, she told him all about panties, bra, suspenders, stockings and slips. She liked to match her underwear with the same colour. She told him all about half-slips,



.....and full slips.

“Can boys wear slips, mummy?” he asked.

“No, dear, well .... not really.”

Andy was disappointed, he still loved being cuddled by his mum when she was in her underwear, especially if he was only in his underpants.



Andy distinctly remembered mum undressing to reveal that she had worn a green half-slip to work. It had a split with lots of lace on the hem and on the split.

As Anthea carefully took off the slip Andy noticed that she was wearing seamed stockings with a lacy green pattern at the top. She was also wearing green French knickers and a matching bra with high heels.

Andy was about 9 by now.

“Are those stockings mum?”

“Yes, they are seamed stockings, do you like them, Andy?”

“Yes, they look pretty and go really well with your green slip, French knickers and bra.”

“Aww, you are so sweet Andy.”

“What is holding up your stockings, mum?”

“It is a suspender belt.”

“Do most women wear stockings and suspenders.”

“Until I started working for Air Trans I had never worn stockings or a slip for that matter, most women don’t these days. They wear tights and lined dresses, or trousers even more so, which I think is a shame.”





“I don’t think Miss Tickner (his Year 5 class teacher) wears stockings or a slip. She sometimes wears a short dress that rides up when she is getting books from the top shelf of the cupboard. She must be wearing tights,”

Although Miss Tickner mostly wore black trousers to work at school, Anthea did think that some of her dresses were too short. Anthea would have to have a word with her about being more discrete. She would also have to be more discrete herself with Andy, he was getting too old to see her dress or undress. She decided no more showing him her underwear.

Andy was banished to his bedroom whilst she was getting dressed, and no more silky cuddles.



Andy did sometimes get a sneaky glance through the bedroom door as he walked past and could see mum adjusting her suspenders with her slip and skirt pulled up. He liked seeing that, it made his little fella feel stiff in his trousers,



Sometimes Anthea dropped something in the kitchen. She would bend over to pick it up, forgetting Andy was there. He loved looking up at her skirt but had learnt to be discrete and say nothing. Andy could tell she still wore a pretty lace edged slip, lacy panties, stockings and suspenders. He thought his mum was the prettiest lady in the world.



Sometimes he would get a glimpse of a peeping slip and stocking tops as she sat down to do her makeup.





When Andy got to secondary school, he would do his homework at the kitchen table. Usually, his mum would be cooking but sometimes she was ironing his school shirts or a blouse.

He distinctly remembered when he was about 14 his mum standing at the ironing board dressed in a pink slip and camisole ironing a slip or a dress. He could see her black panties, black bra and her stocking tops showing through the pink slip and cami. He was getting excited, unzipped and slide a hand inside his shorts for a sneaky wank.

His mum couldn't see what he was doing under the table. He had discovered a new hobby, masturbation. He nearly came when she took off the pink half-slip and cami, only to replace it with the black full length black slip she had just ironed. He was hoping she might leave the pink lingerie, but she picked it up.

"I am in a rush Andy, I am going out with Jess, you can heat up the Bolognese for tea, is that OK."

"That's fine. "Andy often helped with the cooking and household chores.



Sometimes Jess, mum's old friend from their airline days, stayed over. Andy wondered if she slept on the sofa. The house had 3 bedrooms but the spare room did not have a bed. It was full of wardrobes and dressers with Andrea's clothes.



The other chore that Anthea sometimes asked Andy to do was bring in the washing. Although it was usual a mix of his underwear, shirts and mum blouses. If it was her lingerie, she would usually collect it herself but one time, when he was about 15, she was in a rush to get to the shops to get something before they closed and asked Andy to bring it in.

Andy was on his own and could take his time to admire the silky lingerie in all sorts of colours. There were frilly bras, French knickers, half-slips and four full slips on hangers.



They looked so beautiful, it was a shame he could not wear this pretty lingerie.



He took the washing off the line and folded it carefully and put most of it on the bed, as his mum had asked him. He put the slips on the ironing pile. He thought about volunteering to do the ironing, but his mum might be suspicious of this, ironing a lady's slips was not for boys.

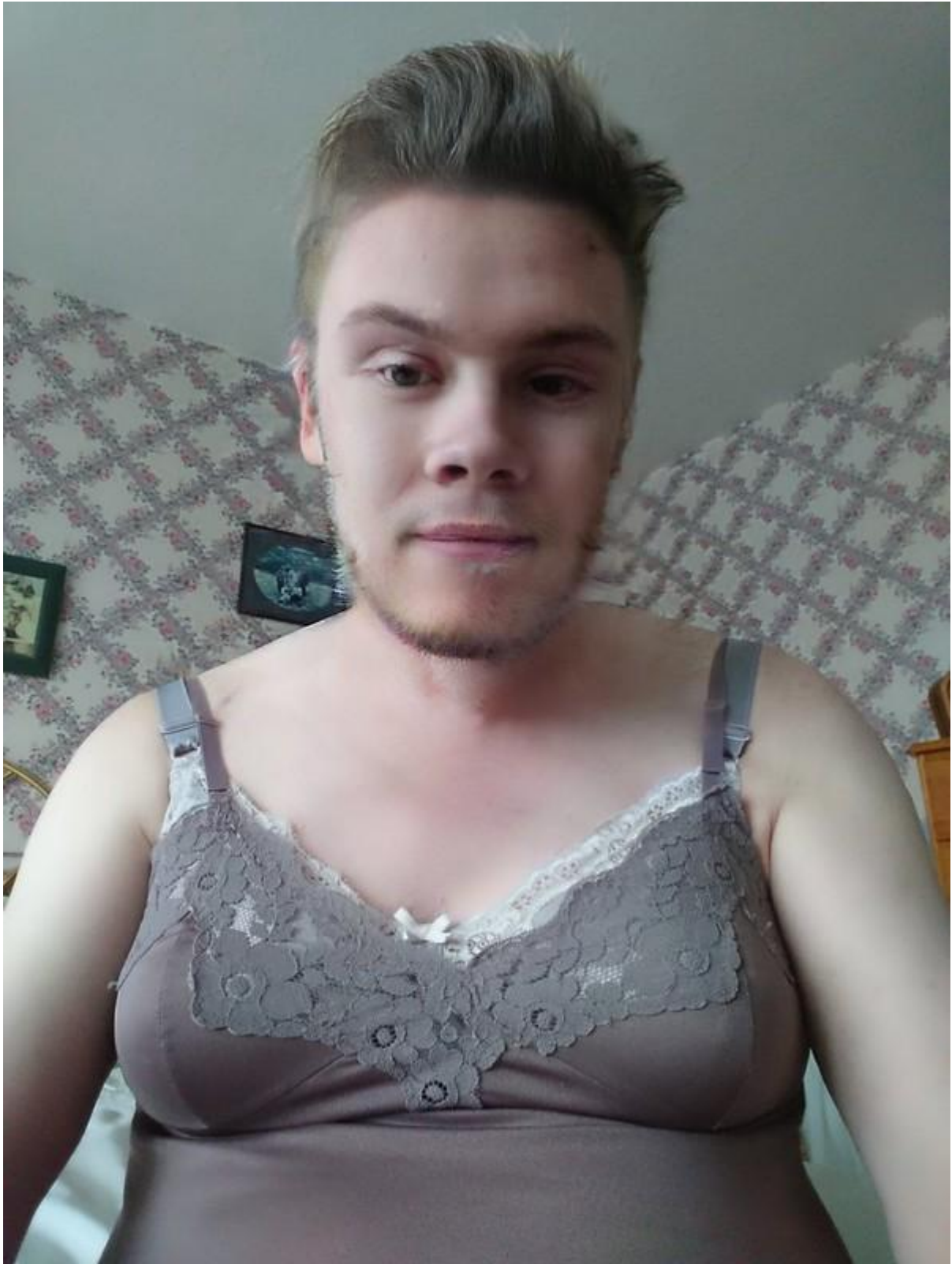
He had a sneaky look in her panty drawer and sighed; this was not for boys either.



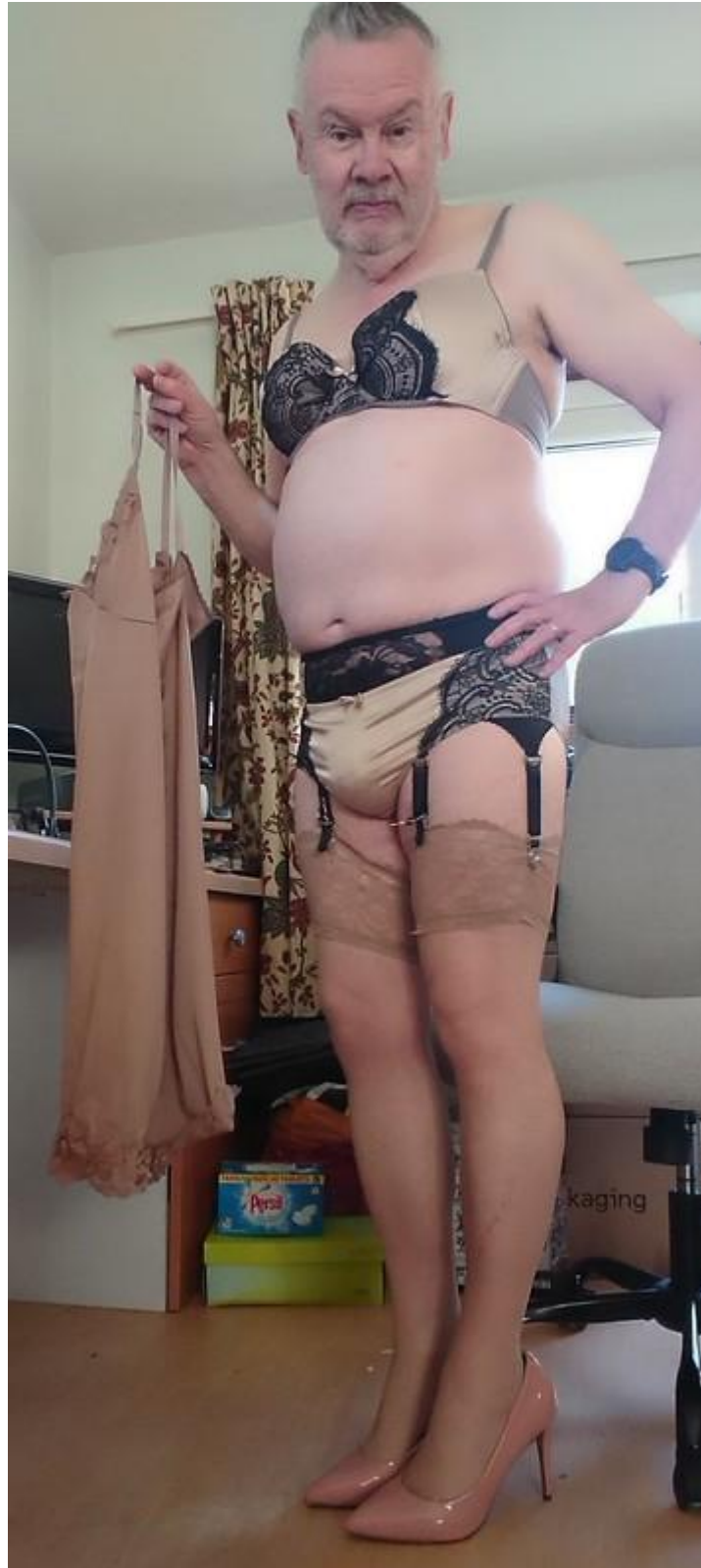
When he was 15, he discovered Flickr. He knew from searching for slips on Flickr that very few women wore slips, but lots of men did wear pretty lingerie.



And some even wore slips.



Slip wearers were all sorts of ages, young and old.



Andy wondered if he was gay as he found men in slips, stockings and suspenders really sexy.





Some men not only wore stockings and suspenders but also high heels, slippers and even sometimes French knickers, just like his mum. Most women may have stopped wearing stockings and slippers but there were some men who kept that tradition alive.



Andy was amazed at how some men could appear to have cleavage and big boobs. How did they do that?



A search on eBay showed him fake boobs. It looked so sexy, so life like.



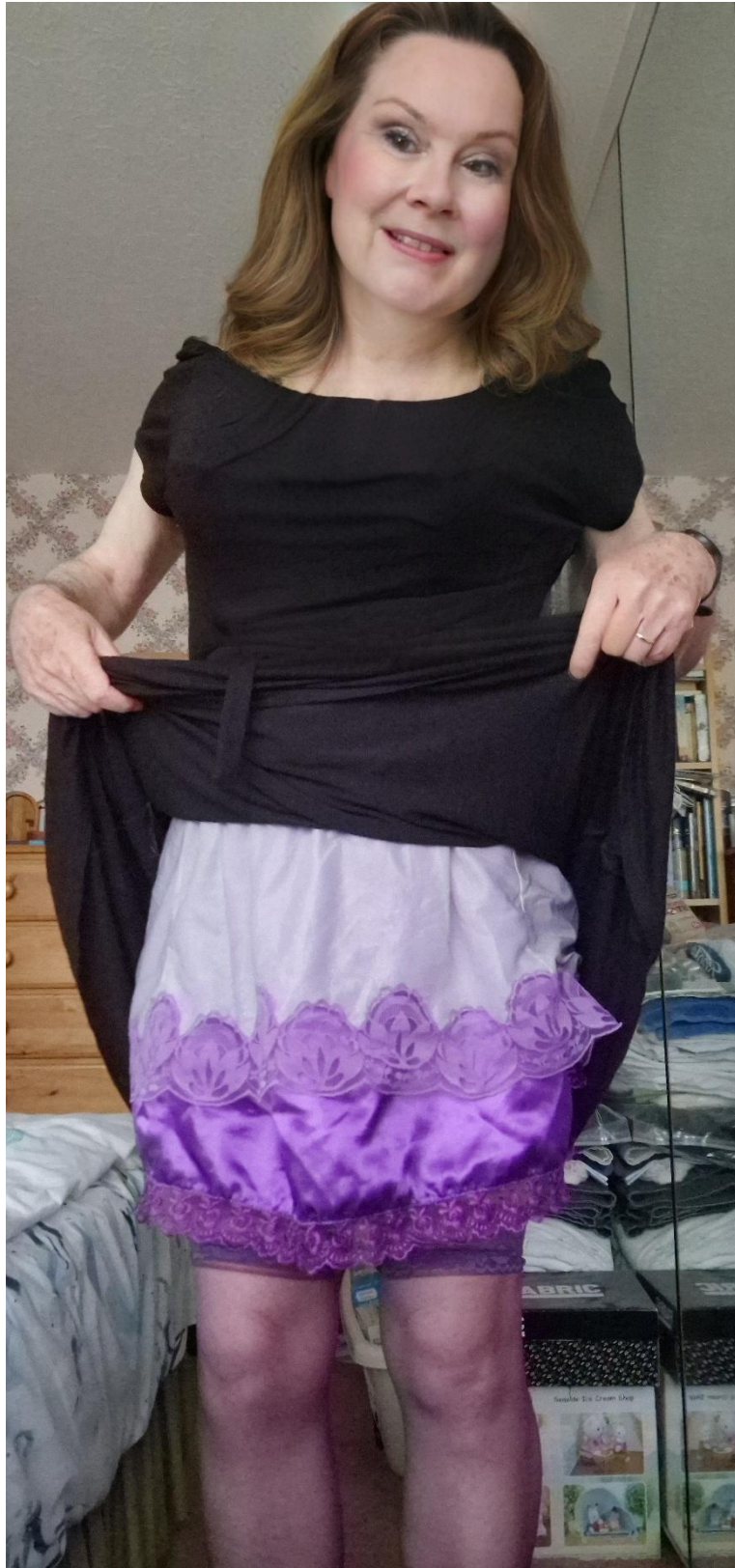
He really wanted to be one of those men who showed off their lacy panties, stockings and lacy slips. This is what made him cum every time he went on Flickr.



A couple of days later he was walking past his mum's bedroom. She had come home from shopping and disappeared into her bedroom but then ran a bath. Anthea was going out with Aunty Jess. Whilst his mum was in the bath Andy had a sneaky look in the room, wondering what she was going to wear. It looked like she had bought some new lingerie at M&S. It was a matching set of navy panties, bra and a suspender belt lying on the bed. There was also an old matching half-slip and some black heels. A lacy blue blouse and a long navy-blue skirt were hanging on the wardrobe. Mum was obviously going to wear this out with Jess.



His thoughts turned to Aunty Jess. She wasn't really his aunty but mum's best friend. What would Jess be wearing? Would she let her slip and stocking show like mum sometimes did.

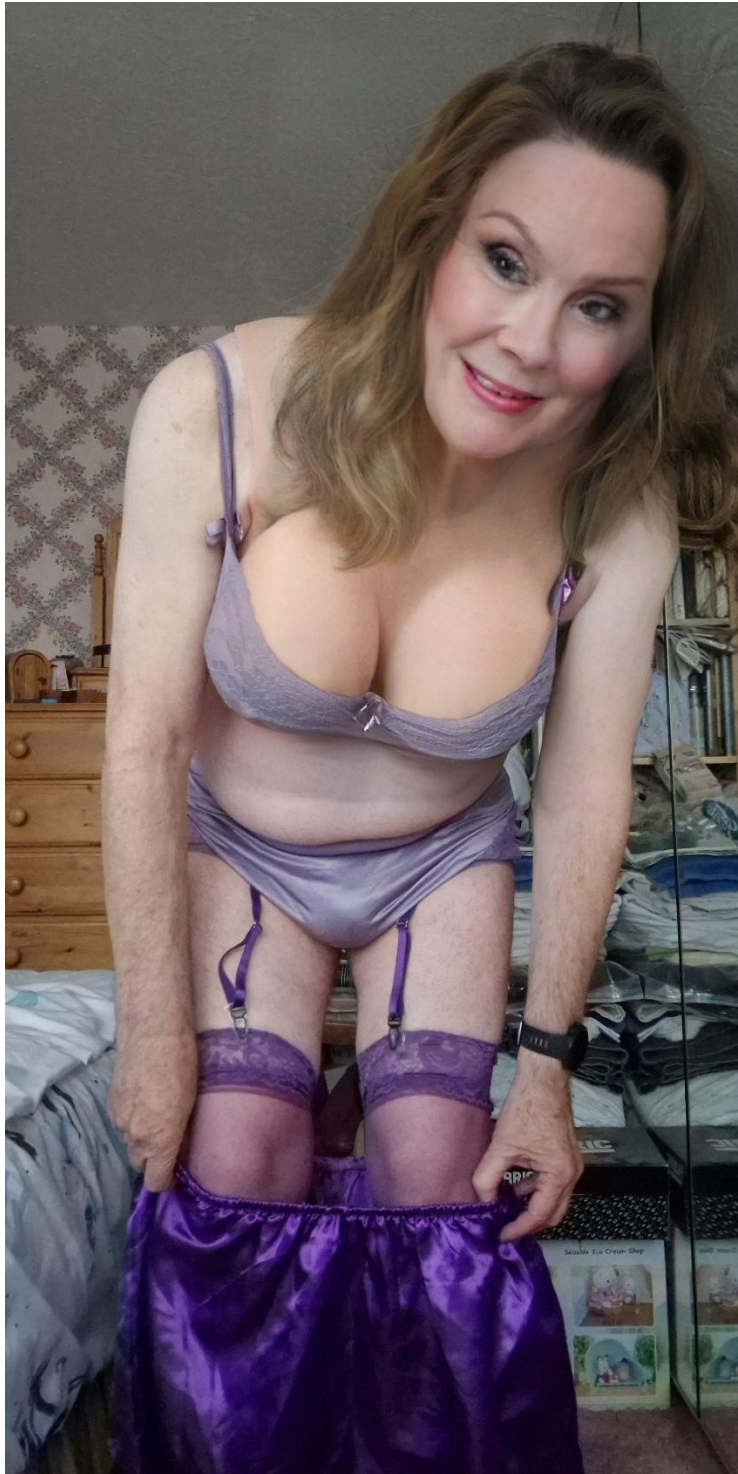


Andy went back to his bedroom and shut the door. He started to wank over the thought of Jess lifting her dress to reveal a purple slip, no, 2 purple slips.



She would lift the dress to reveal a lilac full slip and a purple half-slip.





She would take off her two slips to reveal that she was indeed wearing purple lace topped stockings with a purple lace suspender belt. The panties and lace bra were matching in pale purple. As she stepped out of the half-slip she leaned forward, he could admire her big cleavage. He was looking forward to seeing Jess's big boobs as she released her bar but then he spurted cum, and again, and again. Aggh..... he had cum too soon.

About 30 minutes later there was a knock on the door. Mum was in her bedroom doing her makeup.

“Andy, can you let Jess in, I am not quite ready.”

“Hasn’t she got a key”, asked Andy? Jess sometime came to feed their cat if they were away.

“Just answer the door, Andy.”

“Ok,” Fortunately he was dressed by then and went downstairs to open the door. Jess was a red patterned blouse, a black skirt, black hosiery, heels. The hem of lacy red slip peeped out from under her skirt.

“Hello Andy, you seem to have grown six inches every time I see you.”

“Come in Auntie Jess, mum’s not quite ready. Can I offer you a tea or coffee?”

“Oh, coffee, with milk and no sugar would be lovely. You can drop the Auntie bit now you are a strapping young man.”

Andy was getting stiff again but disappeared into the kitchen to make coffee. He could hear mum coming downstairs and greeting Jess.

“Oh, what a lovely outfit, still showing your slips, Jess?”





After Jess and Anthea left for a restaurant, Andy had a revelation. If Jess came back later, as she often did, she must be sleeping with mum in her bed, not on the sofa. They must be lovers. Mum would take off her skirt and blouse to show Jess that she still loved wearing slips as well. Perhaps her stocking tops would show through the thin blue slip.



Then sit on the bed and take photos of Jess undressing.

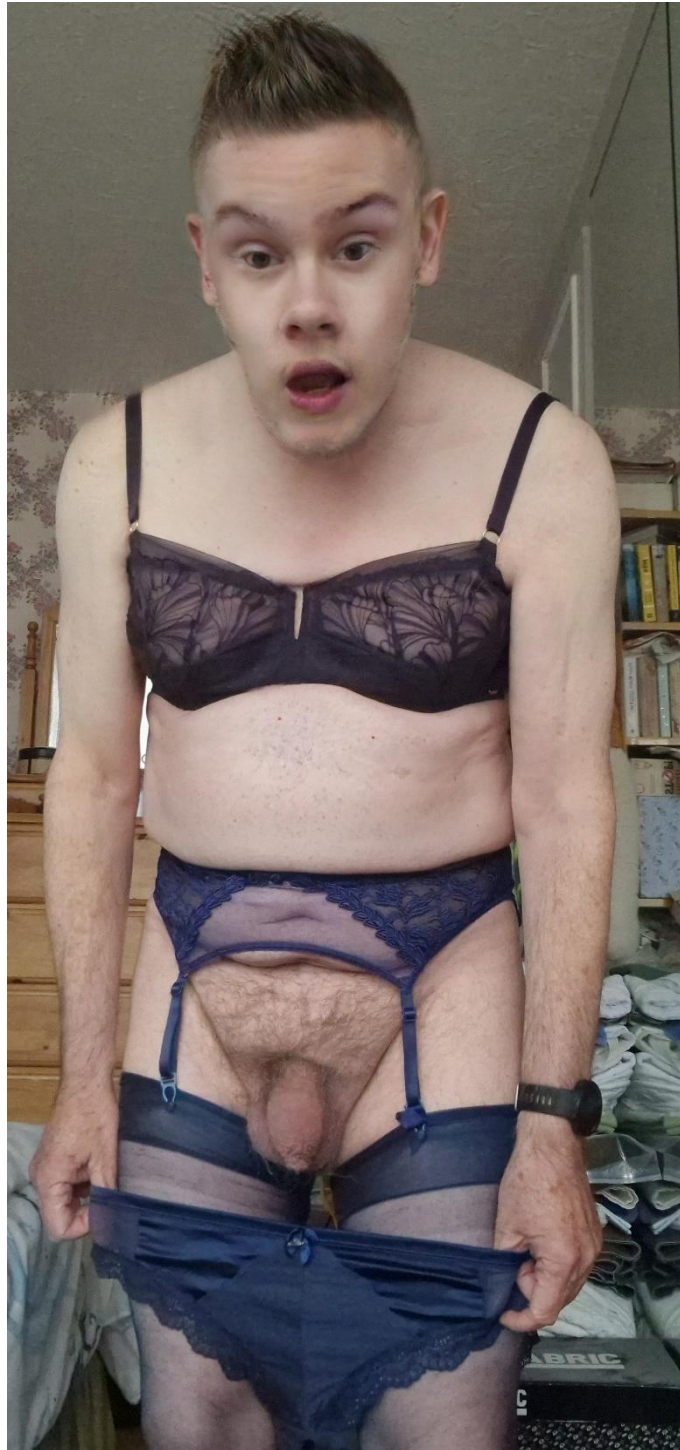


Perhaps Jess would lift her skirt and blouse to reveal her dark red full slip.



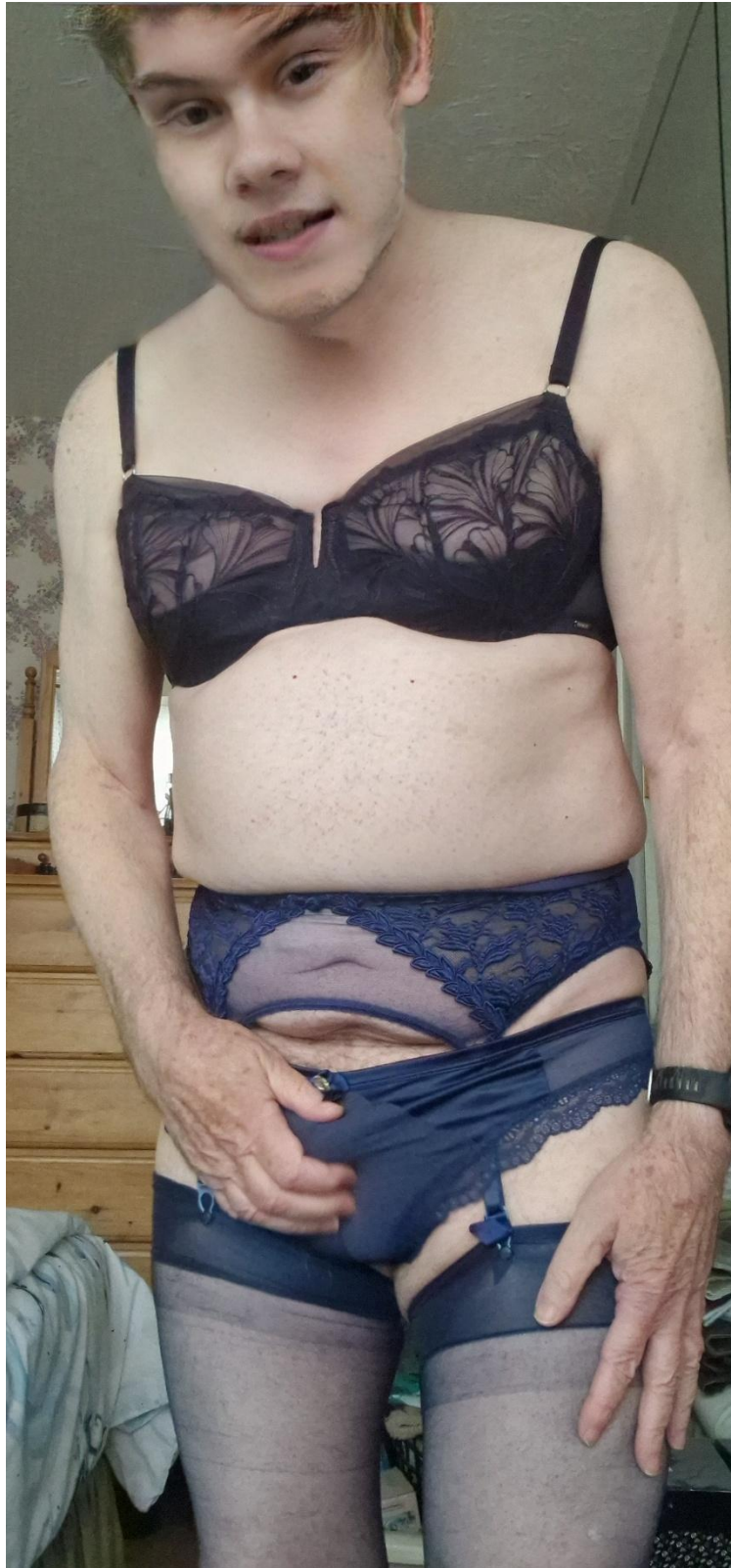
When she took off her slip, she would reveal that she was wearing stockings and suspenders as well as matching red panties and bra. Oh no, Andy came again thinking about Aunty Jess. He was becoming obsessed with both lingerie and her. He had to try wearing some lingerie again.

There came a chance the next day when Anthea had to stay late at school for a parents' evening.



Andy went to have a bath and had a quick look in the wash basket, the new navy-blue lingerie was at the top, waiting to be washed. All thoughts of a bath went out the window.

He put on the suspender belt and pulled up the sheer navy-blue stockings. The bra was a bit fiddly, but he got it done up in the end



He was already stiff has he pulled the matching blue panties up over his legs. He felt like he was going to spurt but did not want to cum yet.





Fortunately, the slip was in the wash basket as well. He picked it up and stepped into it, really enjoying the feel of the silky nylon slip sliding up over the sheer stockings.



How he wished it was him Jess could see wearing the navy-blue lingerie as he massaged his stiffy through two layers of silky nylon.



OMG, it was wonderful. Andy lifted the slip, pulled the panties and spurted cum everywhere. It was just as good as he imagined. He had to sit down on the bed to recover. After he calmed down, he felt guilty about what he had done. Andy pulled all the lingerie off and then cleaned up the cum that had splashed on his mum's stockings, panties and slip as best as he could.



It wasn't quite good enough as his mum found the stiff spunk on her stockings and slip a couple of days later when she was sorting the washing.

She knew immediately that the stains must have been from Andy masturbating with her lingerie. Had he worn it? She realized that he must have put it all on. She shouldn't have been surprised really given how he had grown up seeing her in her lingerie and had loved silky cuddles. It would have been so much easier if he had been born a girl, he was such a gentle and caring boy.

What was she going to do? She knew what to do, she would speak to Jess.



Jess knew exactly what to do.

“Have you still got your old Air Trans uniform?”

“Well yes, it is in a storage bag in my spare wardrobe,” said Anthea.

“What a surprise, you never throw anything away. Do you still have the slip and the pink heels?”

“Not sure, maybe.”

“Good, get it all out and hang the uniform in your spare wardrobe. We are going to set a little trap. Pick up the photo on your bureau and reminisce with Andy about the good times we had.”

“They weren’t good when a passenger put his hand up my skirt.”

“Well, there is a young man who might enjoy that being done to him.”

A few days later Anthea picked up the photo as Andy was standing next to her.

“Ah, those were the days, that’s when I first met Jess,”

Andy picked up the photo. “I know that, but did you know that your slip and stockings were showing under your uniform?”

“Oh yes, that was the airline policy. It was so old fashioned, even in the late 90’s. I didn’t have a slip; I had to borrow one from my mum. The slip had to be full length and white. All the underwear had to be white, although I know Jess cheated about that sometimes. “



Anthea giggled at the thought of the black and tan panties and bra that Jess had shown her at the hotel in Athens.

“Jess bet me that I still have the uniform and the slip. I probably do in the spare wardrobe.”

Andy was getting stiff. He had to explore that spare wardrobe to see if the slip and uniform was there. He wanted to try it on and look just like his mum and Jess did in the photo.

He might get the chance next week as he was on half term, but his mum’s school was the following week. Anthea didn’t make him go to work with her anymore if their holidays didn’t overlap.



On Monday morning Anthea went to work, and Andy had a lie in. He was supposed to be doing some revision for his mock GCSE exams but that could wait. Andy had something much more important to do.

When he got up at about 10am, he went to the spare bedroom and started hunting through his mum's clothes. There were so many. Then he found it at the back, the grey skirt, the white blouse and pink silky scarf. There were some shoes at the bottom of the wardrobe, including a pair of pink high heels.

What about the white underwear and a slip? He took the uniform and heels through to his mum's bedroom and put them on the bed. It should fit as Anthea and Andy were pretty much the same size.







Andy opened Anthea's lingerie draw. He had been here before just to look at her pretty panties, but that was all he had done. Mum had an amazing collection of panties. This time there was no holding back. He found some white panties with lots of lace. Then he moved to her bra draw, lots to choose from there.



Andy selected a very lacy white bra. Would it fit? The new navy-blue bra that he had worn recently was a bit tight, but this white one might be all right. He would need something to fill the bra this time.

In the sock draw he found stockings and some lacy suspender belts. Andy pulled out a lacy suspender belt and some black stockings.



Next, he looked for slippers. He couldn't remember if his mum said she had to wear a full slip or a half slip. She had a whole drawer of slippers of lots of different colours. Andy's eyes fell on a white half-slip. He picked it up, it was so silky and had a very lacy hem, he was getting hard. The lacy hem would show well beneath the skirt.



He was so excited at attaching the lacy suspender belt, the bra and panties. He slid the sheer stockings up his legs and attached the stocking tops to the straps of the suspenders. The only downside was that the bra didn't look right. He did not have the fake boobs that some trannies showed on Flickr. He went to mum's sock draw and found some pale-coloured stockings and shoved them into the cups.



Andy picked up the half slip and slowly slid the silky nylon up over his sheer back stockings. He was determined not to cum too soon again and not over mum's lingerie. With the bra cups filled and the slip in place he looked in the mirror. He liked what he saw.

What Andy did not know was that this was the white half-slip his mum had bought from M&S to carry as a spare slip in case of emergencies.





Andy put on the skirt, blouse and the scarf. When he got to the pink heels it was a bit more difficult, they were very tight. “How can women wear these,” he thought as he squeezed into his first high heels.

He wanted to compare himself to the photo downstairs. He could barely walk in the heels, so he took them off as he walked downstairs.



He put the heels back on and walked a few steps to the bureau. He could see his mum in the uniform and adopted the same pose, lacy underwear on show, sheer stockings and pink high heels. Now he was wearing that same uniform and the same (almost) lingerie. Andy heard a noise behind him.





“Andrew, I have come to feed the cats.” Andy was startled by a voice behind him. He had hadn’t heard “Aunty” Jess open the front door.

“Wow, I recognise that uniform. That takes me back to our Air Trans days. Boarding cards and passports ready for inspection please.”

Andrew straightened up in surprise at being caught dressed up.”



Andy turned round to see Jess standing there. He had forgotten she had some spare keys and might pop round sometimes. She must have thought his half term was next week like mum's.



She was wearing a long flowery skirt with black boots and a black top.



“Very good, Andrew, but we need to make sure that lacy slip shows a bit more under the hem of the skirt, let me help you with that.”

Jess now did many men had done to her and Anthea, she lifted the skirt and felt his slip. She wanted to see if he was wearing stockings. He was.



“I can see your lacy bra through your sheer blouse and the hem of your slip, but it should be a half-slip not a full slip. That’s a uniform violation. I will need to punish you. “



Jess walked into the living room and sat down. A lacy black slip and lacy stocking peeped out from the split in her skirt. Andy recovered from the shock of being caught and was getting hard at the sight of Jess's lingerie and stockings on show.

“Now let me look at you and do a full uniform check,” said Jess.



“Now take off your skirt and blouse.”

Andy hesitated. “Will you tell my mum?”

“Your mum already know about you wearing her lingerie. Don’t be nervous, it is just us girls here. Tell you what I will take my skirt and blouse off as well as I know you love looking at lady revealing her pretty slip.”

Andy blushed.



Jess took off her flowery skirt and black top to reveal her black half-slip with a very lacy split and a lacy black bra. They both stood in their slips and bras





“I need to check if you are wearing white panties and stockings held up with a lacy suspender belt to conform with the female Air Trans dress code” She giggled. “There were a couple of male stewards who would have loved to have been in your position, Andy, and tried on the lingerie and female uniform.”

“Now lift your slip, although it should have been a full slip.”

Andy lifted the slip. As he did so his stiff cock fell out of the leg of the French knickers.



“Definitely stockings, suspenders and white French knickers. Very sexy. What is this poking out of your French knickers,” asked Jess as she took hold of his stiff cock. “This is not in the dress code.”



“Now, much as you might want to, you can’t fuck me as I don’t want to get pregnant, but I can suck you off. Would you like that, Andy?”

“Aghhhhhh....” was all Andy could manage.



Jess leant forward and continued to wank Andy.

“So hard, so big,” she said and then took his stiff cock in her mouth. It felt so warm to Andy. He did not need much encouragement as she licked and sucked. Andy’s teenage dreams were cumming true.

“I am going to cum, “ he said.

Suddenly Jess stopped sucking, leant back and pulled her tits out of her bra.

“Cum over my tits,” she said, and he did. Lots and lots of white cum.

“What’s all this then,” said a voice from behind them.

“I only came home for lunch to see if you were doing your revision, Andy, and I find you two up to no good,” said Anthea lifting up her black dress to reveal the cream slip, silky panties, lacy suspenders and white lace stocking tops she had worn to work.

“Are you ready Jess, I am going fuck you even if Andy can’t. Andy, you can watch what Aunty Jess and I get up to in our silky lingerie.”





Jess smiled, stood up and took off her black slip. Andy was hard again and started wanking again.



Anthea took off her black dress and cream slip. Andy was wanking even harder.

“You seem to like wearing my slips and lingerie, Andy. You can put this on and wank into the nylon.” She tossed her son her cream slip. Andy pulled the slip on, down over his stiff cock. The slip was still warm.



Andy sat down on a chair as he watched Jess and his mum.



Jess and Anthea tangled on the bed and showed Andy what sucking, licking and fingers can do. They gently caressed each other's boobs, legs and pussies through their panties and stockings.

Then panties came down and the stroking got more vigorous. Suddenly both women screamed with pleasure and flooded their pussies with their love juices. Andy, who had been vigorously wanking into his mother's cream slip flooded that with his love juices.

What an education for young Andy.

### **The End**

Thanks to Paul for inspiring this story

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*14<sup>th</sup> November 2025*

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