

Lost Property – Part 2 – a photo story by Andrea Slip





Mathew rang the doorbell of the white cottage. Aunty Angela opened the door after a while.

“Oh, my goodness, Matthew, it’s you, this is a surprise, you are lucky to catch me. I am only just back from my night shift. I was in the middle of getting changed when you rang the doorbell,” said Angela. Then she stopped gabbling and looked at Matthew.

Angela was wearing a button down blue and white cheque dress, but she had not yet done up the buttons. When she realised all was not well, as she opened the door wider to let Matthew in, her dress fell open.

Matthew could see her white slip peeping out through the gap in the front of the dress. He looked down at the ground but then could not miss her shiny stockings and high heels. He felt ashamed and burst into tears.





“Oh no, come in Matthew, what has happened? You look really upset. Why aren’t you wearing your monk’s outfit?”

Angela bent over to pick up some post as she showed Matthew into the living room

Despite his emotional state he could feel his appendage starting to get stiff. Angela not only had been wearing a white slip to work under her uniform but also white seamed stockings. He could see the seams all the way up to the keyholes at the top of the stockings, white suspender straps and even lace edged white knickers.

He remembered he had seen her wearing white seamed stockings for work before but with blue panties and bra as she ironed a blue half-slip.





They sat down at the kitchen table.

“Let me put the kettle on, we can have a nice cup of tea, and you can tell me what’s happened,” said Angela. She filled up the kettle and lit the calor gas.



Matthew held his head in his hands wondering what to say. Soon he was drinking a hot cup of tea. Angela sat down opposite him. Her lacy bust was right in front of him.

He took a deep breath and told his aunty the whole story. "I am not a monk anymore. The Abbott chucked me out for wearing some women's lingerie I found in lost property." It all came out in a rush.

"When did your attraction to women's lingerie start?" Angela thought she already knew the answer but wanted to hear Matthew articulate it. She listened carefully and was very sympathetic.



“It all started when mum and I came to stay with you in July 1944. We were sharing a bedroom, and I saw her undressing to her slip and stockings. Mum didn’t know I wasn’t asleep as I watched in the dim light. I would forget to close the blackout curtains.

“She did say to me she wondered if you deliberately forgot to close them, but you always seemed to be asleep when she went upstairs after we had had a natter in the living room,” said Angela.

“I wasn’t asleep, I just pretended. I found it exciting seeing her undress. Then I ... thenI.” Matthew stopped for a moment.

“Go on,” said Angela gently, “you can tell me.”



“I discovered masturbation. I would quietly have a wank watching mum. She looked sexy in a bra, slip and stockings. It made my.... thingy very stiff.”

“I see, well you were a growing young man, it was not surprising. How did you know about masturbation?”

“Older boys at school had told me about it. I didn’t believe them, but in that bedroom I discovered it. I was scared at first and then had to take a tissue to bed with me. Thank goodness they weren’t on ration.”

Angela laughed.



“Then you asked me to help you to free a zip on your dress. I discovered that you were wearing a black full slip under your red and black dress.

“Ah yes, maybe that zip was not really stuck. Your mum said she thought you might be watching her undress. I just wanted to see your reaction.”

“There were several times you asked me to help you undo your zip. It made me really stiff seeing you in your lingerie. I wanted to wear your slip and panties but did not dare,” said Matthew.

“I noticed the tent in your PJ’s but I never imagined you would want to wear my lingerie. I knew lots of American’s who wanted to get into my panties but none of them wanted to wear them.”

“Have you told your mother you are no longer a monk?”

“Not yet, she will be angry and disappointed.”

“Well don’t worry, she thinks I am a scarlet woman for living in sin with my boyfriend. There is a phone box in the village, you can phone her this evening.”

Matthew looked shocked.

“Don’t worry, Daniel is not here, he is working in Manchester this week and will not be back until the weekend. I have an idea. Why don’t you stay a few days with me? You don’t seem to have many clothes with you,” she said glancing at the very small bag Matthew had dropped on the floor.

“Let’s settle you into your old bedroom, then I can find something for you to wear. Would you like that?”

Matthew nodded, his mood improved. Fate had intervened or was it a message from God?



Angela took Matthew upstairs. She had not bothered doing up her blue cheque dress properly, she carried it in her hand. He could not help noticing the lacy hem of her slip, stockings and heels as he walked up the stairs. She showed Matthew to his bedroom and then she said she would run him a bath, this was in an extension on the ground floor.

Matthew sat on the bed. The cottage looked the same as when he lived here some 13 years ago.

When Angela had run a shallow bath she called Matthew down.

“Sorry, there is not much hot water but just about enough. I have put some bubble bath in the water so you will enjoy that. I will go and find some clothes for you to wear after your bath, I will put them on your bed.”





Angela had a rummage through her draws to find something that would be suitable for Matthew to wear. Well perhaps not suitable but something that he would enjoy following his professed love of her lingerie.



She knew he did love seeing her in her underwear when he lived with her during the war. Sometimes she left the bedroom open deliberately, knowing he might catch a glimpse. She could not miss the tent in his shorts and had wondered how big and stiff he would be. Maybe she had led him on a bit, but she found no evidence that he had tried on any of her lingerie.

That was about to change after his unexpected arrival and confession. Now was the chance to find out how big and stiff he really was, now that he was a man and not a boy anymore. As far as she was concerned, they were both consenting adults. She had not had sex since Daniel had gone up to Manchester 10 days ago. They had an open relationship, which was very unusual for the late 50's.

She found some nice things and put them on the bed for Matthew to try on.



Matthew enjoyed the bath, although it was not very hot. He got out and dried himself in a towel and walked up stairs to the bedroom. He could hear his aunty in the kitchen washing up the teacups. What did she mean by finding some things for him to wear?

When he got to the bedroom he found out. There on the bed was some pale blue lingerie. Was this really for him? There was a lacy blue bra, with some soft cups to fill it out, French knickers and a half slip. Next to the slip were some black high heels. And finally, a matching blue suspender belt. Under the suspender belt was what looked like brand-new stockings, still in the packet.

He dropped the towel ready to start dressing as he had secretly wanted to for a long time, except this time he would not have to face an angry Abbott.



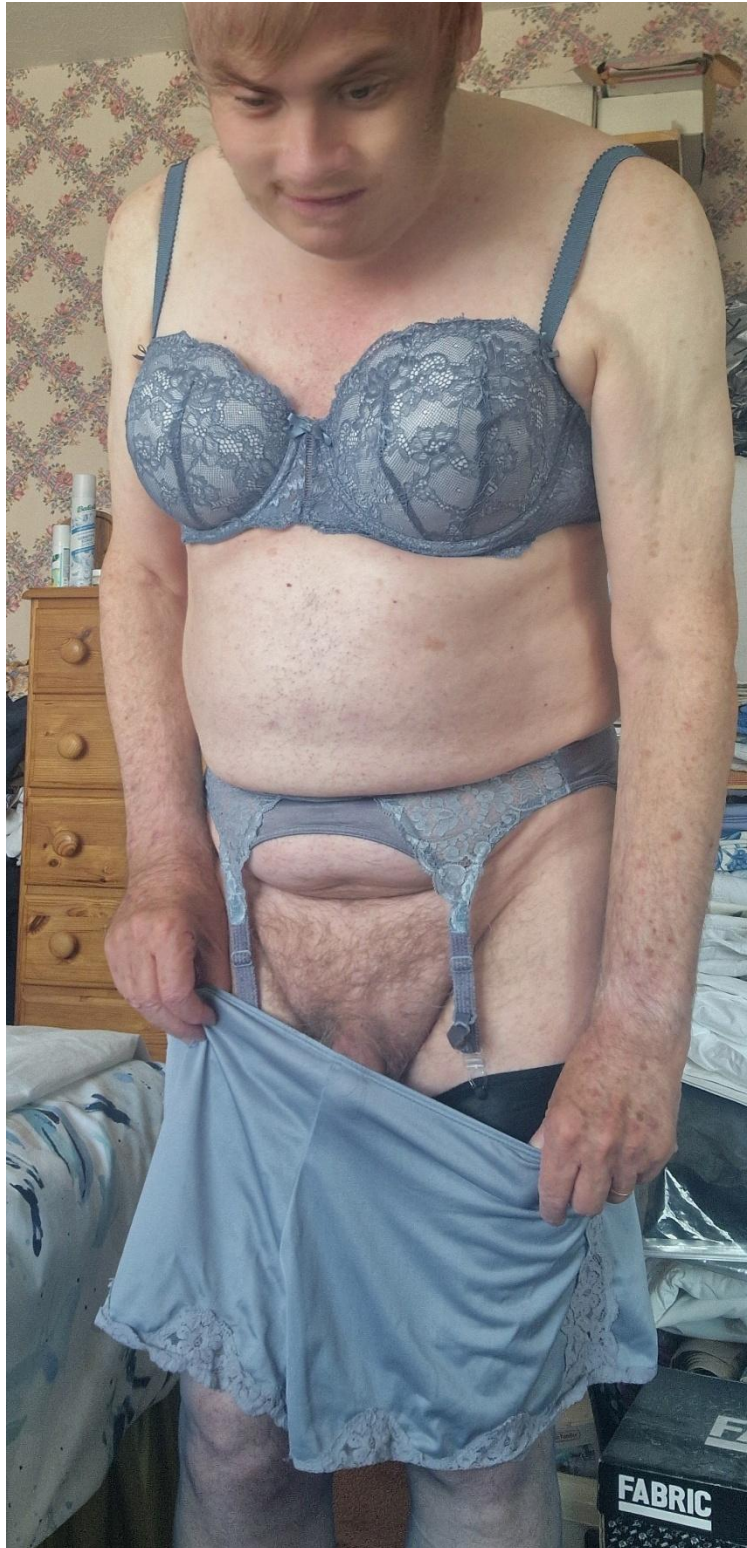
Matthew started with the stockings. He took them out of the packet. The tops were black but the main leg was blue.



He picked up the lacy suspender belt and attached it. He had seen his mum put on her stockings many times, it was not too difficult. Then he carefully and slowly drew the nylon stockings up his legs, oh this was so good. He attached the clips of the suspenders then took a look in the mirror on the front of the wardrobe. He started getting hard at the sight of his cock framed by the lacy suspender belt and the black stocking tops.



Then it was the bra. This was a bit trickier to get the clips attached at the back than the suspender belt. He was glad that Aunty Angela had managed to find something to fill the empty cups, it felt much more feminine with the padding.



Matthew stepped into the French knickers. There were swirls of lace on the bottom of the legs and a wide strip of lace up the side. They were so pretty and matched in colour to both the suspender belt and the bra. The French knickers were so soft and silky and made Matthew's cock stiff. He could feel that he was making them damp straight away.



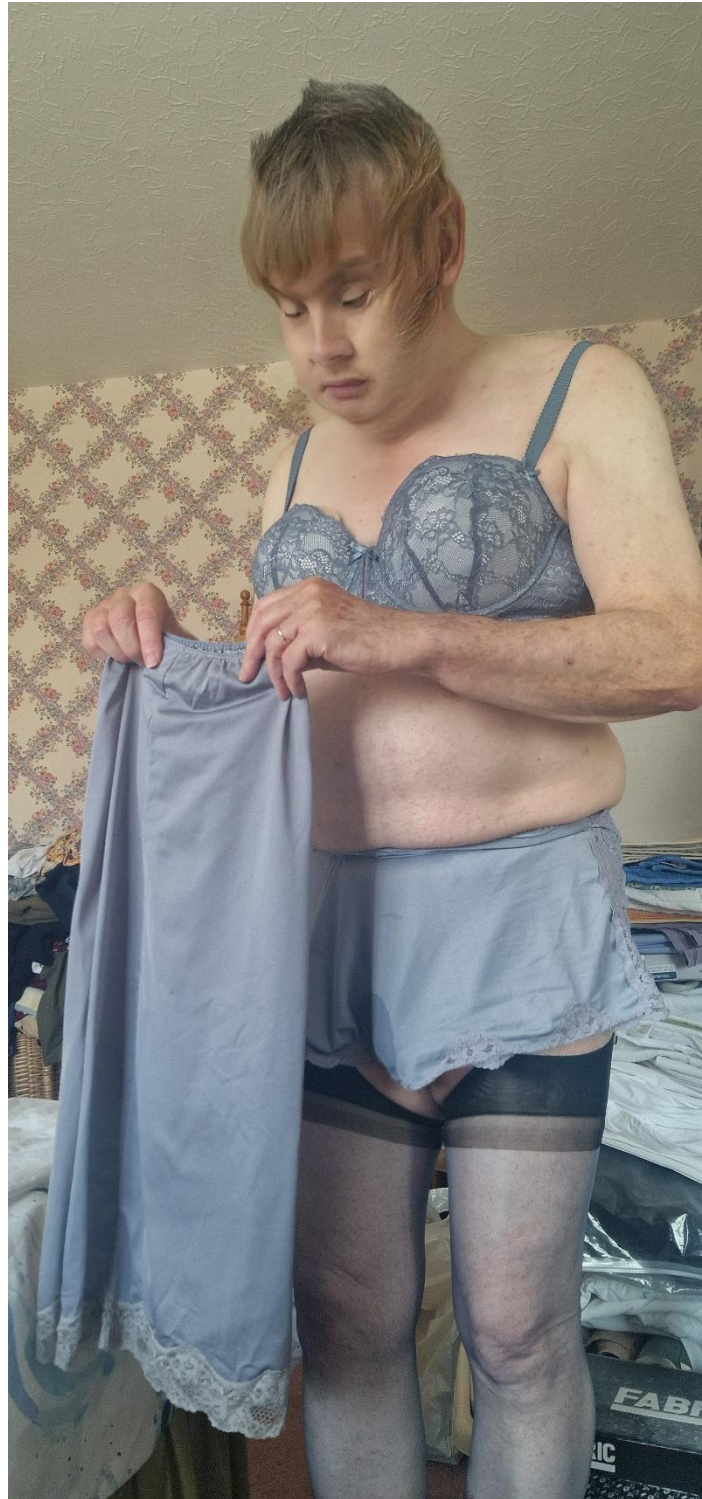
Matthew picked up the black high heels, would they fit?



He just managed to squeeze his feet into them.

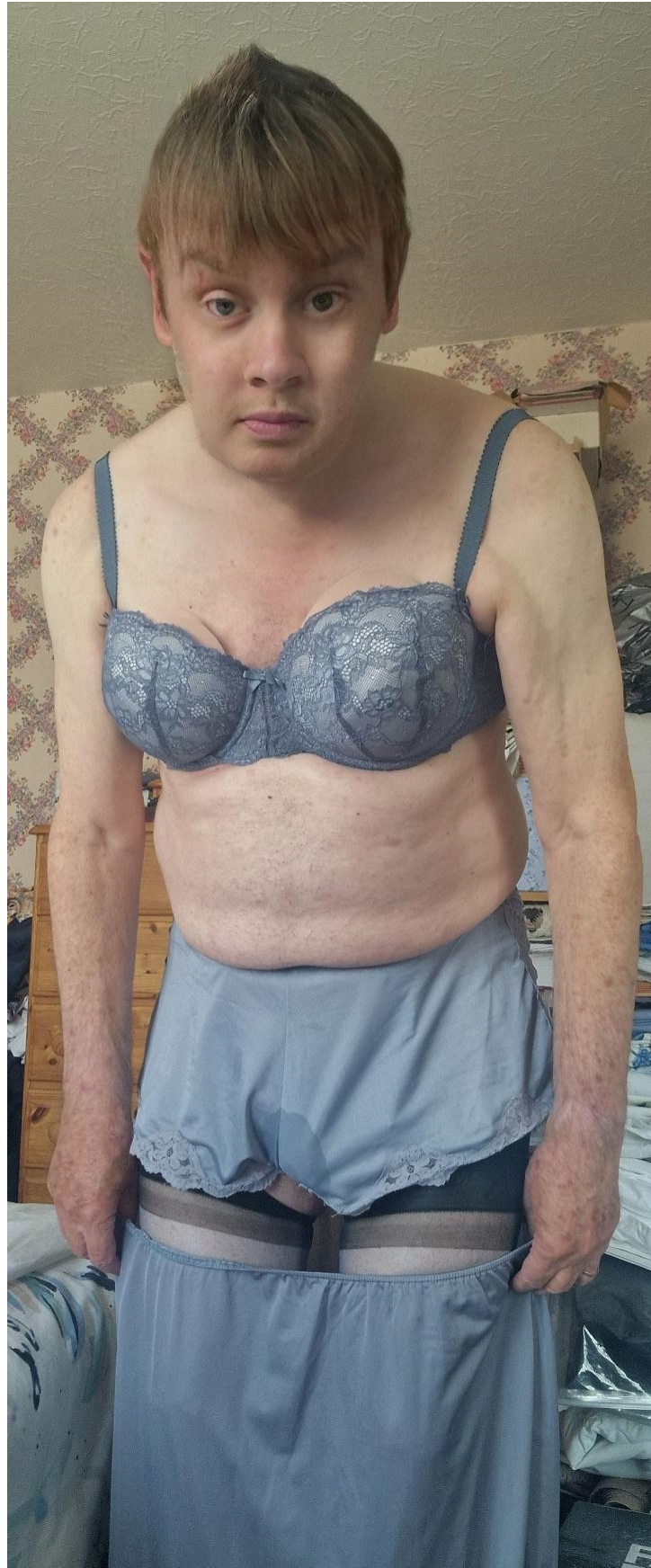


He looked down and realised the tent in the French knickers was making them very damp. It looked like he had wet himself. The stockings were as silky and sexy as he had hoped.



The blue half-slip was beautiful. The swirls of lace matched the swirls on his panties.

Matthew carefully stepped into the slip and pulled up over the stockings and panties. It felt wonderful, so silky and so sexy. He wanted to have a wank as he was getting stiff and started to feel his stiff cock through the two layers of nylon but then decided he had better and show aunty Angela his lingerie.



Matthew gave the slip a swirl and looked in the mirror. It looked and felt wonderful. He hoped his aunty Angela would not laugh at him, a man wearing women's lingerie. He was ready to walk downstairs, in high heels for the first time.

He walked slowly down the steep staircase, placing his heels carefully on the steps and holding onto the bannister.





Angela was sitting on the sofa with her eyes half closed as Matthew walked into the living room. He realised that she had just got home from the night shift at the hospital and was probably tired. She heard him coming and opened her eyes



“Well look at you in your bra and slip, you look wonderful, Matthew. Do a twirl.”

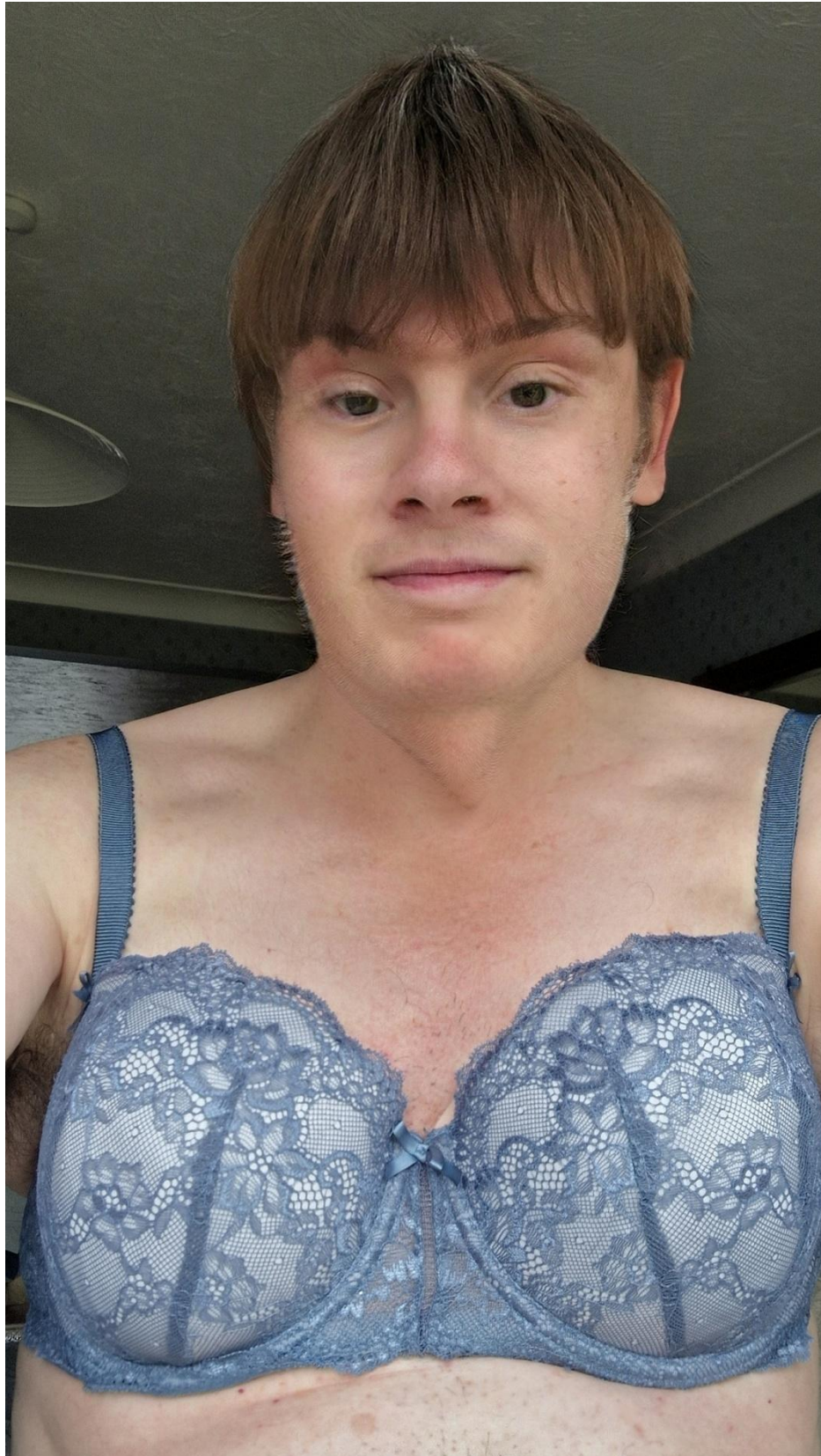


“Well, you do look sexy in that pretty lingerie. Does it fit ok? I wasn’t sure about your sizes. I thought about a full slip but decided a bra and half-slip might be easier.”

“The bra is a bit tight and so are the shoes.”



Angela stood up.



She felt the inside of the back of the straps.

“It is a bit tight, perhaps I can extend the strap with some elastic. It will do for now.”



“Your right shoe is not on properly.”

Matthew crouched down and pulled the shoe so that his foot was fully inside.

“That’s better,” said Angela looking up his slip. She caught a glimpse of his balls peeping out of his panties. This was going to plan. Now she was getting aroused.



Angela sat down on the sofa.

“Stand up and lift up your slip. I want to see your panties and stocking tops properly.”

Matthew stood up and lifted the slip. His French knickers and black stocking tops came into view.

“Have you been playing with yourself, Matthew? I can see stains on the bulge in your panties.”

“I did get excited when I put on the stockings and French knickers. I could not help touching myself.”

“Not surprising, show me what you did with your cock.”



He started to rub the stiff tent in his panties and slip. He was so hard.

“Now pull the slip and panties out of the way,” said Angela.

Matthew lifted the slip and then reached into the leg of his French knickers and pulled out his cock.

Angela let out a sigh. “Just as big and stiff as I hoped,” she said. “I could not do this when you were just a boy, but I can now.”

She reached out and took hold of his cock with both her hands and started to wank him. Then, she let go reached forward and started licking his cock and balls as she ran her hands down his stockings.

“Such a handful and Such a mouthful”

Angela lent forward and took his cock in her mouth and started to suck.





Matthew looked down at his aunt sucking his cock. Had he died and gone to heaven? There was no answer from God about that.

“Aggh.....” shouted Matthew suddenly.

Angela suddenly let go of his cock and pointed it at her breasts. Then he spurted cum all over her breasts, slip and stockings.



He collapsed on the sofa and tried to recover his breath.

“Now that wasn’t too bad, young man,” said Angela.

He looked down at his aunt's lace edged slip and her stockinged legs in front of her. Oh God, he was getting hard again.

"I assume that you are a virgin, Matthew?"

Matthew dropped his head and whispered, "Yes."

"No need to be embarrassed, now you can fuck me as your first, but you need to put this on your penis."

Angela pulled out a packet from under a cushion and tore off the top. She pulled out a rubber condom.

"Stand up," she commanded.

Matthew got to his feet shakeily.

"Lift up your slip."

Matthew lifted the blue slip again. Angela pulled his cock out of the leg of his panties.

"Good you are stiff again so soon after cumming. That makes it easier."

She expertly slid the rubber johnny onto his stiff cock.





Angela stood up and took off her slip. Matthew could see her lacy white bra, white suspender belt with a lacy panel on the front and silk French knickers.

Angela then she pulled her bra down so Matthew could see her big tits. He reached forward and felt the soft globes. Angela lent back on the sofa.

“Take my knickers off, big boy.”

Matthew stopped feeling her tits and leant forward to pull her French knickers down her legs and off and then took off his own blue slip.

He knelt on the sofa with one knee not quite sure what to do. Angela pulled his French knickers down, took hold of his cock and gently but firmly pulled him into her wet pussy. Instinct took over and Matthew plunged in. His balls slapped against Angela. She wrapped her stockings around his back, this aroused him further.

Despite being sucked off only a few minutes earlier he plunged in and out of his aunty. Then he exploded cum and filled her pussy.



“Oh God, yes,” screamed Angela as she came too. “You are a virgin no more.”

The End of Part 2 – Lost Property

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