

Aunty Mary

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Steve remembers his Aunty Mary and how she triggered his love for nylon lingerie and stockings

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Dawn had been to serve divorce papers on her soon to be ex-husband, Eric and collect some of her clothes. She had caught him wearing her grey panties, bra and slip. He was wearing his own grey blouse, skirt and high heels.





She found this quite amusing but told him to keep the undies.



When Dawn got home Steve was already in bed. She took off her skirt and blouse to reveal her white slip and bra. He asked Dawn if her soon to be ex-husband had given her a hard time.

“Oh, he was hard all right but from what he was wearing. He has turned into a right sissy, he was wearing my slip and bra, just like this, and he had huge boobs, way bigger than mine. He, or should I say she, looked very cute and sexy.”



Dawn started to take off her slip.

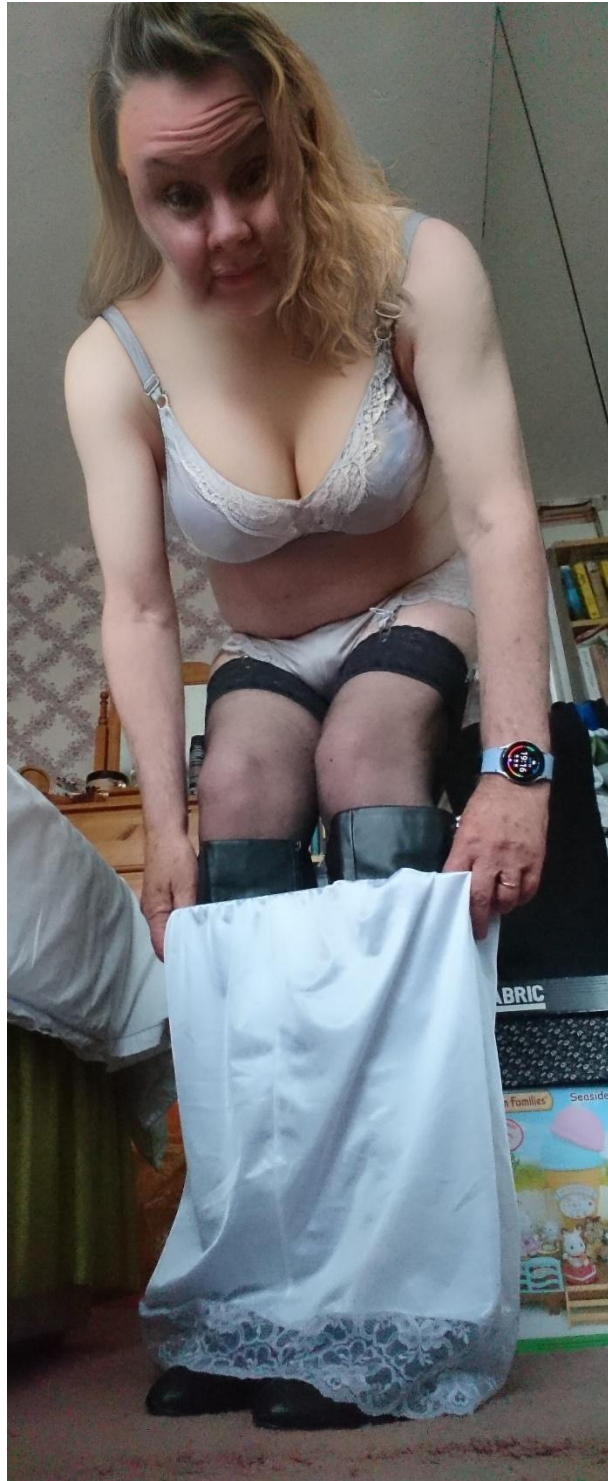
“No, leave it on, let me show you what a real man can do,” said Steve.

“Oh my god, you are so hard, now you can do me,” said Dawn grabbing his stiff cock and rubbing it over her silky slip. They rolled over with Steve on top.

Soon the slip was pushed aside, panties pulled down over her suspenders and Steve was pumping his stiff 8” cock into Dawn. She wrapped her stockings around his bare back. Suddenly they both came. As he deflated, he pulled out of Dawn she cleaned up his dribbling cum with her silky white slip.

“Wow, that was good,” said Dawn.

“What brought that on, was it me wearing a slip and stockings?”





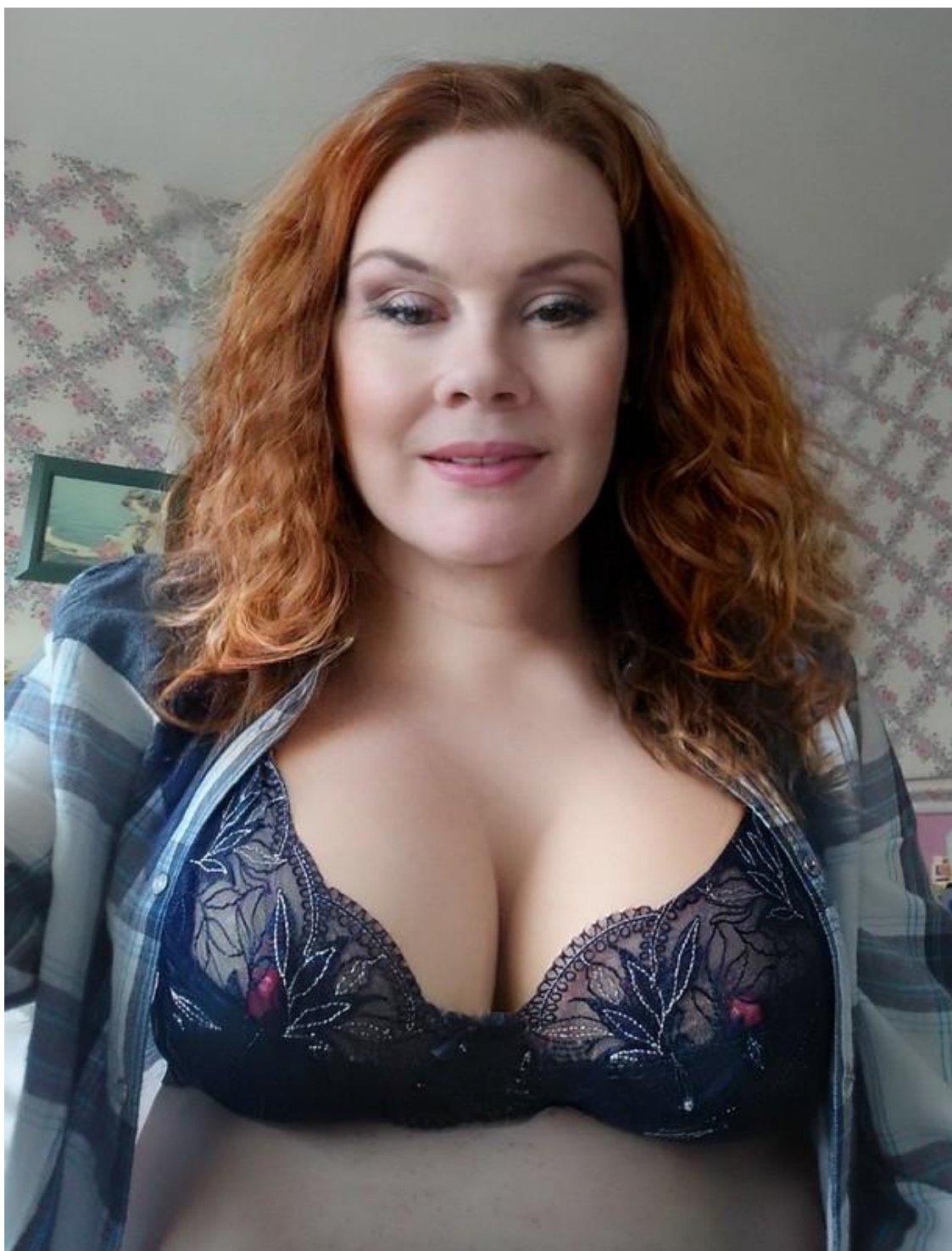
“Oh god yes, it reminded me of my Aunty Mary from back home. She wasn’t really my aunty but my mum’s best friend, they had grown up in the same village in Scotland but now lived near us in a big house in Cheshire. She was very elegant, classy, much more feminine than my mum. She would often come round for scones, tea and a natter.



Her husband was a wealthy businessman, so she was always smartly dressed in a skirt, blouse or a silky dress. When I was about 16, I started to notice what nice clothes she wore, a slightly sheer blouse that showed some lacy underwear, sheer tights and leather high heeled boots.



She realised I was staring at her clothes, probably even that I was getting stiff in my loose shorts that I wore at home. When mum was in the kitchen she opened her legs. I could not help staring up her skirt to discover to my delight that she was not wearing tights but black stockings and silky black knickers. She smiled at me, said nothing but then closed her legs again. I was so hard. I made my excuses and went up to my bedroom and had an amazing wank over seeing something that had never happened to me before but had dreamed about or seen on Xhamster.



Sometimes she would just pull up her blouse or loosen the buttons on her dress to show me her nipples showing through a lacy bra, boy did she have big tits. Time for another wank.



I later found out that the lacy lingerie I could see was called a slip. She often let the hem of her lacy slip show under her dress. She almost always wore a slip. My mum doesn't wear slips, she wears jeans most of the time. When I was about 17 Mary was widowed, her husband had a heart attack that killed him. They said it was from overwork.



Sometimes she would give me a £5 note just before she left. I remembered that on one Saturday visit, just after she had been widowed, she reached down into her handbag for some cash. She gave me another view up her skirt of her lacy yellow panties, cream slip, and sheer black stockings. My mum was in the kitchen clearing up the tea plates. Aunty Mary was in no rush to hide her assets. She must have seen the tent in my shorts. She closed her legs and stood up.”

“Could you come and cut my grass, Steve, I have no one to do it now Ken has gone?”

I was pretty sure that Ken and Mary had an old man as a gardener, they were rich enough to have help but perhaps Mary had got rid of him.

“I would pay you well.”

“OK, I will cycle over tomorrow afternoon then.”



When I went to bed that night, I had a huge wank over what I had seen up her skirt and I imagined that she as she took off her skirt and blouse, she would reveal her slip. Perhaps she would fiddle with her suspenders and then take off her slip.....

..... to pose for me in her lacy yellow panties, black stockings, bra and black high heeled boots. I was sure she was wearing suspenders and not just hold ups, just like I had seen online on porn sites. Would all be revealed the next day when I went to cut her grass?





Indeed, it was. Aunty Mary showed me the petrol mower in the garden shed, it was an older version of one I used at home. it was quite tricky to start but once I got it going it was fine. It took me about 2 hours to cut the big back lawn. When I had emptied the grass box for the last time on the compost heap, I was quite hot. I had taken my shirt off. Aunty Mary invited me into the house for a drink. She said I was fine as I was.

“Now I need to pay you, she said as she handed me a glass of water.”

She reached for handbag in the same way as she had at our house the day before. She gave me a £20 note but this time she didn’t close her legs. She winked at me.

“Do you like what you see, Steve? You enjoy looking up my skirt, don’t you? Oh, you naughty boy. Although of course you are not a boy anymore, judging by that stiff cock showing in your shorts.”

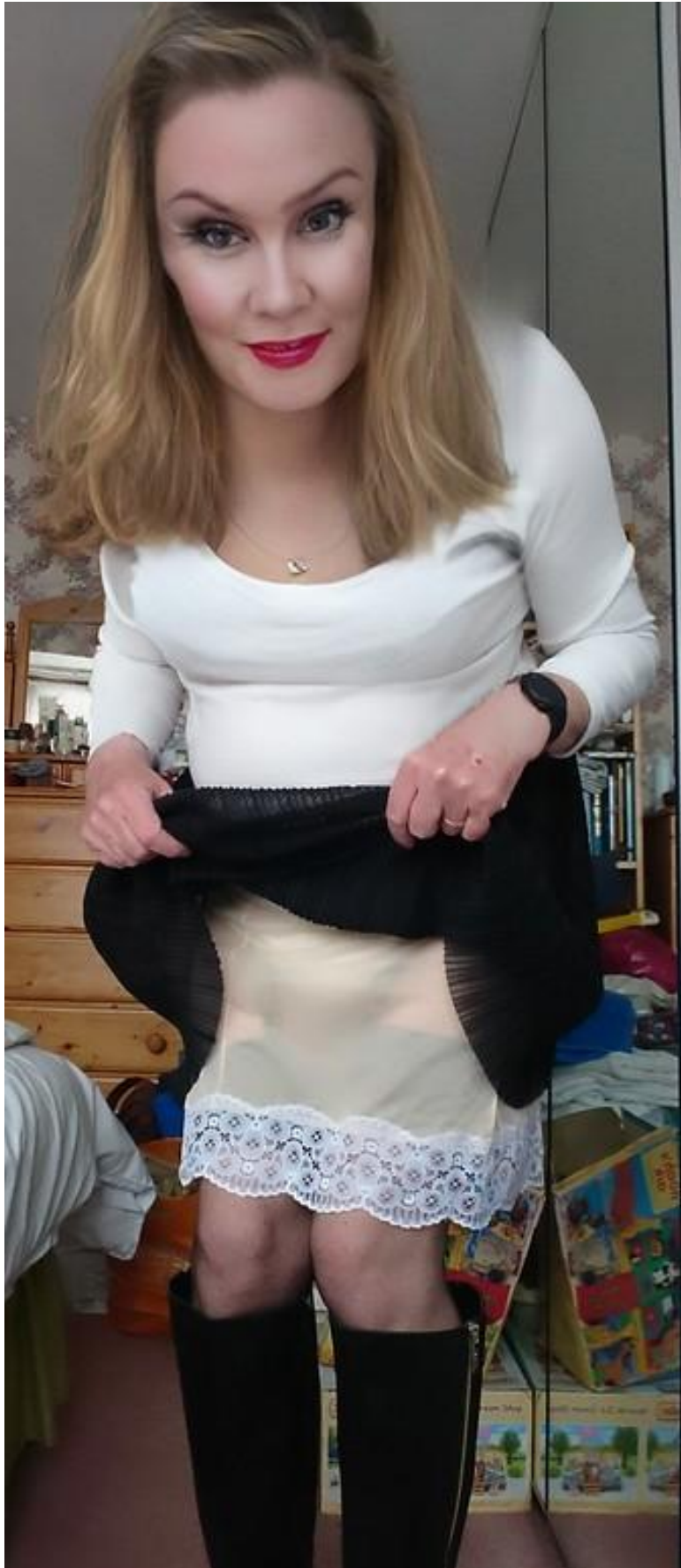
She stood up and slowly lifted her skirt to reveal her slip. I could see her stocking tops and panties through her thin slip.

“Do you like my slip, Steve?”

“Oh god, yes,” I said.

“I thought you would, I wore it with my stockings and suspenders specially for you today, just like I did yesterday. Do you want to see my bra?”

“Urghhhh.” I thought I was going to explode.





Mary took off her white blouse to expose her black lacy bra, it caressed her big boobs. She must have hiked her black pleated skirt up a few inches as the lacy hem of her slip was poking out from below the hem of her skirt over her sheer black nylon stockings.

“You can wank if you want to but don’t cum yet.”



I plunged my hand into my shorts and underwear. I was so stiff. I did not know if I could stop myself from cumming. As she removed her skirt I could see her cream panties, stocking tops and suspenders under her sheer slip. I was wanking furiously.



“Let’s go upstairs,” said Mary.

As she turned away from me, I could see her panties and black suspender belt through her sheer cream slip. Her plain stocking tops showed under the white, lacy hem of her half-slip. Her leather boots were long and had spike heels. I had to stop wanking as I followed her upstairs.



In the bedroom she took off her slip so I could now see her silky panties framed by a very lacy black suspender belt. I was so stiff. She ran her hands over my chest, pulled down my shorts and underwear, then pushed me back on to the bed.

She took off her boots and dropped her slip on the floor. Mary then climbed on top of me and rubbed her panties on my near vertical appendage.

“Oh, I haven’t had a stiff cock in me for a long time,” she exclaimed.

She started to frot my pole with her panties. I had my hands glued to her peachy bottom. The silky panties felt so good on my cock and on my hands as I squeezed her butt through the back of her panties. I was already leaking precum. Her panties were wet from both sides. I was ready to cum but then she pulled her panties to one side and eased my cock inside her vagina. She was so wet and loose. It was my first fuck with a mature woman.

“Oh yes, fuck me big boy,” she said.”

I pumped into her, then exploded.

“Oh yes, yes, yes,” she yelled as she came. It was a good job there were no near neighbours as she was so vocal. I was exhausted.

“You can cum back next Saturday and do the front lawn, then you can do me again.”



That was the pattern for most weekends for my last year at school. I played rugby at school on Saturday mornings, schoolwork in the afternoon, drinking with mates in the evening. Sunday morning, I would cycle over to Mary's, cut the grass or sweep up the leaves, have a drink of water, take my clothes off, strip Mary to her lingerie and fuck her.

Mary almost always wore a slip and stockings unless my mum gave me a lift to come and see her old friend to have a cup of coffee and a natter. I don't know if mum suspected something was up, but she never confronted me about it.

There were a few weekends when I was away at rugby tournament or visiting university open days. I always looked forward to seeing Mary in her beautiful lingerie.





She had so many beautiful slips. Quite often it matched her suspenders bra and panties.



One day I could see her yellow lacy slip peeping out from under her blue dress as she sat down on the bed.

“Do you remember the day I asked you to cut my grass, and I let you see up my skirt.”

“Definitely,” I said.

“This is the dress and lingerie I wore that day. I made sure you got a good look at my panties.”

“Oh god yes. I had to excuse myself and run upstairs to have a wank. I imagined you taking your dress and slip off to reveal your yellow lacy panties and stockings.

“I know, it had the desire effect on you and I was a little damp when I got home.”

She took off her blue dress.

I started wanking.

She slowly took off her slip.

“Now you don’t have to imagine anything. This is the exact lingerie I was wearing that day. Do you like it?”

She leant back against the bedroom wall, nonchalantly posing in her panties, bra and stockings.

I was wanking furiously.

“Agghhhh.....” I suddenly came, my hand was full of cum. Some splashed on her black stockings.





I do remember one time she wasn't wearing a slip or stockings. She had been out to a do or something, I can't quite remember. I helped take off her dress to find she was wearing gorgeous black lacy panties, a lacy bra and sheer nude tights. She looked so sexy. No sooner had I started wanking than I suddenly spurted cum all over her nylons, again.



I hardly ever fucked her in the same slip twice, but it came to an end. I passed my A-levels and went off to Exeter Uni to study Economics.

I did get one more fuck with Mary, she came to visit me in Exeter, during my third year at uni. She sent me a text to say she was moving back to Scotland in the summer to live with her sister. The house was too big for her. She said she wanted to visit me, for old times sake, as she was in Exeter for a conference at the cathedral on Tuesday and Wednesday, would it be convenient for her to cum over one evening. I said Tuesday about 7.30pm would be good. My house mates were all in a band together and they would be at a practice until about 10pm.

When I opened the door of our student house, she stood on the doorstep in her coat and a black and white dress.

“Cum in Mary, lovely to see you. How are you?”

“Ready for a fuck, the conference is rather dreary, lots of boring vicars and overweight pompous ladies”



As she came through the door, she took off her long black coat and handed it to me, with her scarf. I hung it on the coat hooks just inside the door in the hallway.

The first thing I noticed was her heels. They were two tone, black at the front, to match her black lacy dress and red at the heel. The heel was a very high stiletto.

“Christ, did you walk from the cathedral in those heels, Mary?”

“God no, I got a taxi here, it’s over a mile. These are my fuck me heels, not for walking. The taxi driver gave me an eye-full, just as you are, Steve.”

My eyes followed up her legs over her sheer black hosiery. I was not sure if they were tights or stockings, I was hoping for stockings and suspenders.

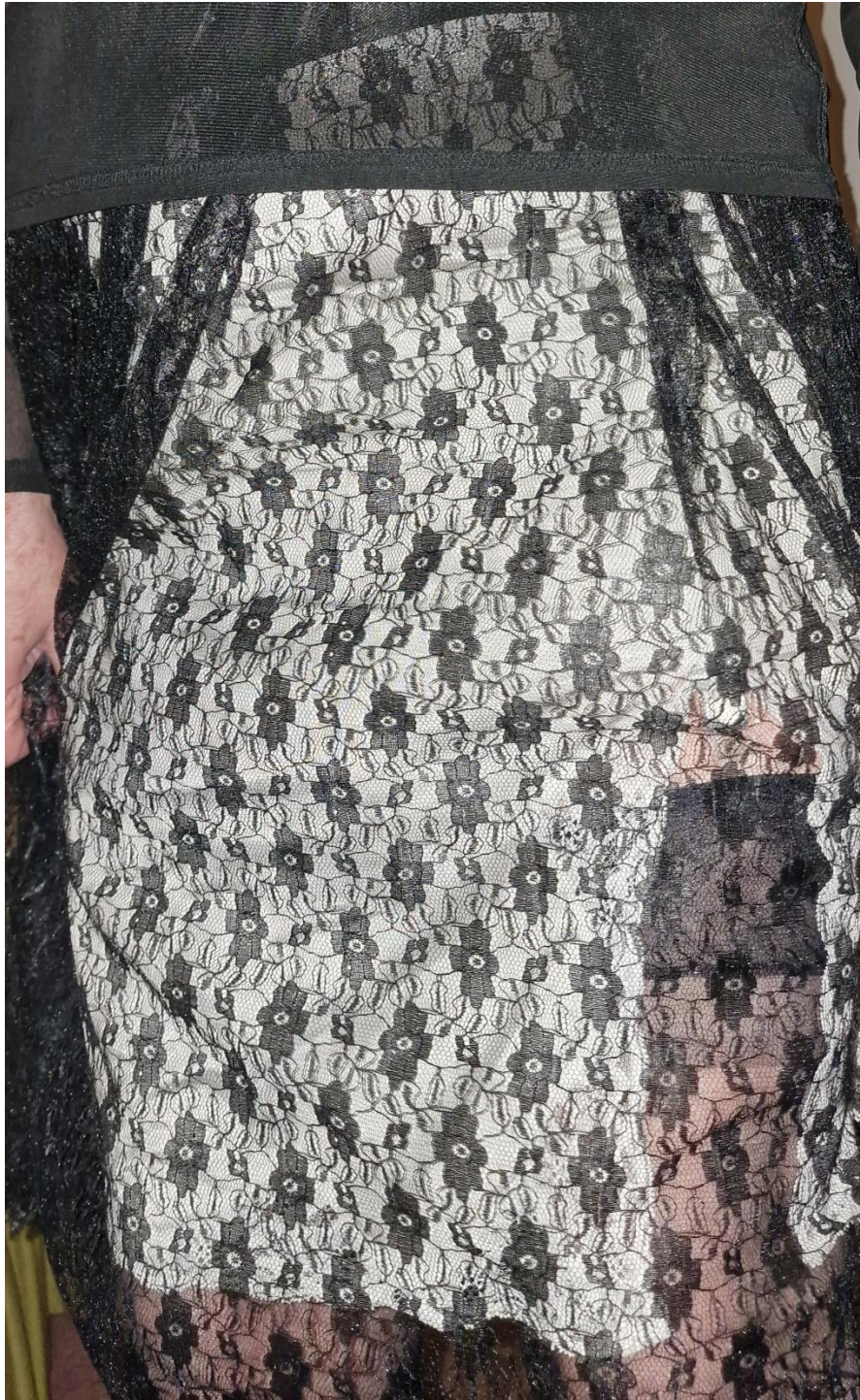


She was wearing a sheer black blouse and a long black lacy skirt, not a dress. At first, I was disappointed that there was no lacy hem of a slip peeping out from under the hem of her skirt or from a low-cut top as usual. But then I realised that there was no need as I could clearly see a white slip under her almost transparent and sheer black lacy skirt.

“Wow, what an outfit. Did you wear that at the conference?”

“Oh God no, the congregation would have run me out of town. I changed at my hotel after dinner.”





The slip had a long lace edged split that ran up over her left thigh. The split was so long that I could see her stocking top and the strap of a white suspender belt peeping out at the top of the lacy split. I was getting hard, really, really hard. She was dressed to impress.



Her blouse was also plain black but sheer. I could see a very lacy white bra and lots of cleavage. It was no wonder she had worn the long coat to cover up her sexy clothes. I told her to go upstairs to my room.



I followed her upstairs, looking up her skirt as she took the steps, just like I had done the first time I had cut her grass when I was 17. She walked up stairs slowly and carefully in her black and red high heels. As she leant forward at the top step, she looked back at me and smiled. I could see right up her skirt at her lace edged white slip, and white satin knickers. There was no doubt that she was wearing stockings and suspenders. I could clearly see the darker back welt of her sheer stockings.



As I closed the door of the bedroom, she turned towards me. She lifted the top of her sheer blouse to reveal her very lacy white bra and then took off the blouse.

“Do you remember when I used to tease you by lifting my blouse or let you look up my skirt, at your house, when your mum was in the kitchen, Steve?”



“Oh God yes, and your peeping lacy slip, it made me so hard. It’s making me hard right now.”



She took off her lacy black skirt.

“You always appreciated my frilly underwear and stockings. I wore it specially for you, a strapping young man after my John passed away. Your reaction did not disappoint.”

I had missed her beautiful lingerie. By then I was fucking girls my own age at uni, but their underwear and leggings were boring. Sex wasn't quite the same without slips or stockings. I had never forgotten how much silky lingerie and nylon stockings turned me on.

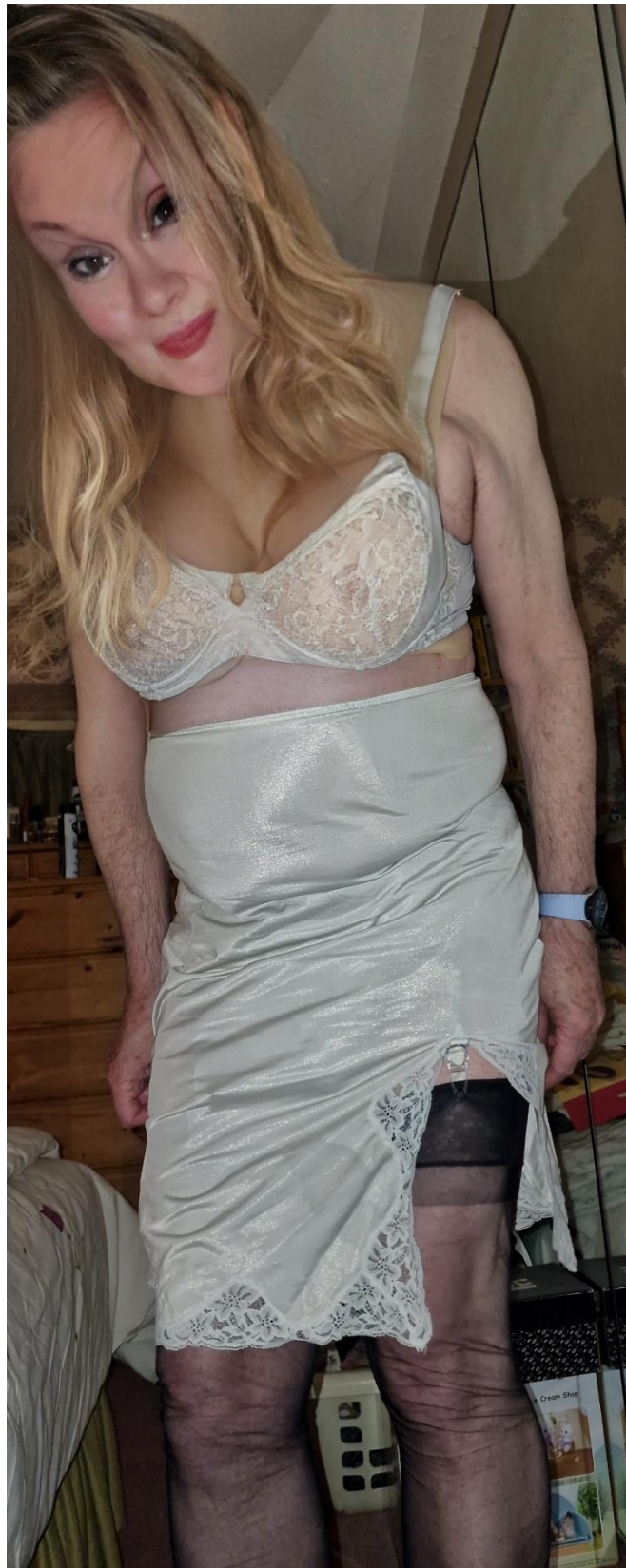
"Do you like my slip and bra, Steve?"

"I love the split positioned over your left thigh," I said as I ran my hands over her silky slip.

"It is supposed to be worn at the back under the walking split in the skirt, but I wore it this way round so that you can see my stocking tops and suspenders. "

"It looks so sexy, Mary," I said as I pulled off my clothes. My stiff dick sprung out.

"This is my oldest slip. I wore it under my going away outfit on my wedding day. I wore a hooped petticoat under my white wedding dress but then changed into a going away outfit."





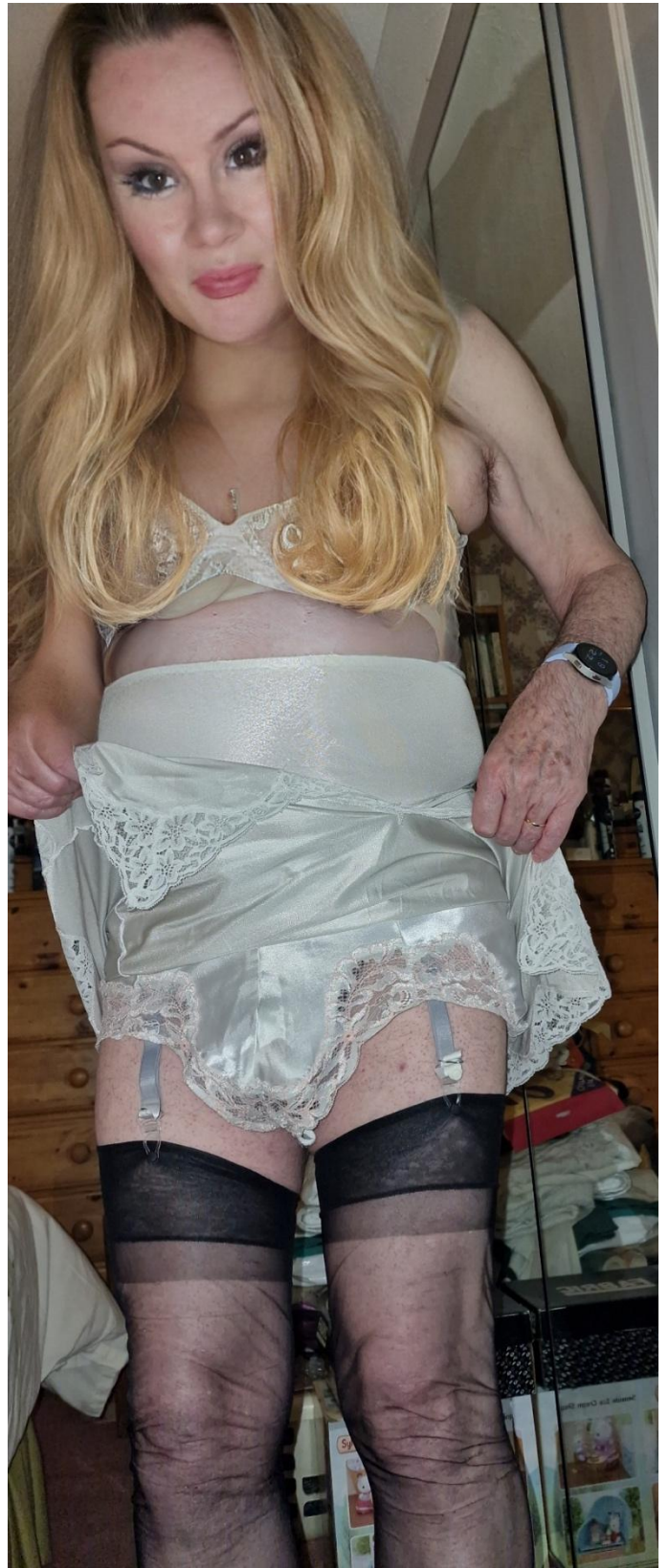
“My going away outfit was a black dress with white wedding bows, it was slightly sheer, everyone in the wedding party came out of the hotel to wave us off. They could all see I was wearing a white lace-edged slip under my thin dress; almost all ladies wore slips in those days and brides always wore a white trousseau. John couldn’t wait to get his hands on me that evening. It started our honeymoon with a bang.”

Mary was wanking my stiff cock with the slip.

“I want to see your panties,” I said.

She released my dick and slowly lifted her slip. She was such a tease.

The panties matched the slip, they were silky white satin with lots of frilly lace, French knickers. I continued to wank my cock. This was such an exciting sight for me.

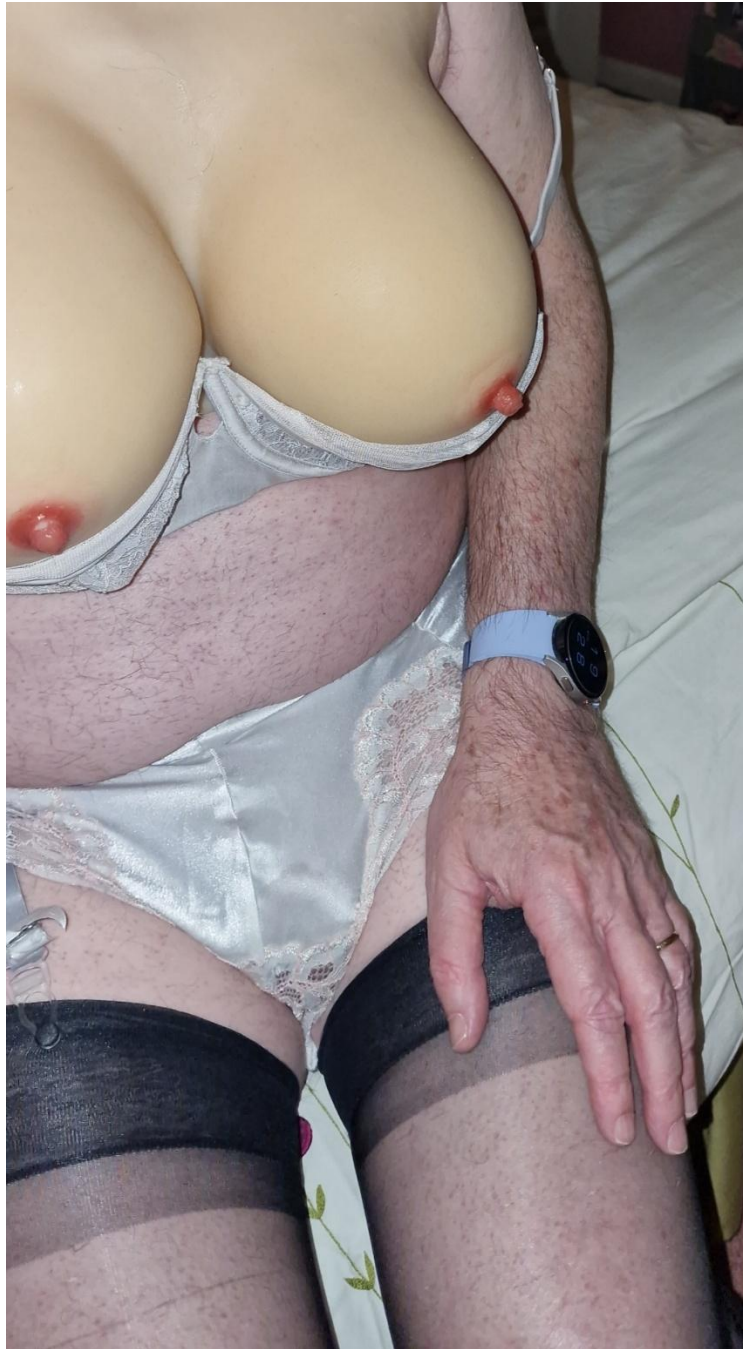




Then she slowly pulled the slip down over her panties and stockings.



The slip formed a puddle on the carpet. I could now truly appreciate her long stocking clad legs now as well as her lacy white suspender belt, her pretty panties and her lacy bra. Mary kept her heels on. I loved that.



Suddenly she sat down on the bed. She had a wonderful cleavage but then pulled her bra down to expose her big tits.

“Feel my breasts, Steve.”

Rather than touch her big tits with my hands I put my hands on her panties and started to tug them down to her knees. She lifted her backside off the bed slightly to make the passage of her knickers easier.



Now I could see her hairy pussy as the pretty panties sat on top of her sheer black stockings at her knees. I then started to rub my stiff cock all over her tits. Mary started mewling like a cat. Her pussy was glistening. She stopped for a moment to take off her bra completely and opened her legs wide. I was ready to spurt hot cum all over her tits, panties and stockings.



I loved seeing white cum on nylon stockings. This had happened a couple of times when I got too excited and came too soon over her sheer nylons.

She took hold of my cock and started to suck, slowly at first but then more quickly. Mary let go of my cock and laid back on the bed. She pulled me into her sloppy pussy. She was so wet and so was I as I climbed on top of her. She wrapped her legs around my back. I loved the feel of the silky nylon stockings on my bare back. As I rammed into her she started mewling again and beat her heels on my naked back. This was heaven, no need for protection, so I could feel all of her hot pussy on my cock. Then I came and came again as I pumped my seed into her. She shouted as she came too, "Yes, yes, yes."



When we had recovered she stood up and picked up her slip and panties, they dangled off her fingers.

“Do you want to keep these as a souvenir, Steve?”

“No thanks Mary, I am not one of those tranni poofs.”

“You love seeing and feeling me in my silky lingerie. I might be wrong, but I think you would like wearing it.” A seed had been planted.

It was the last time I saw her before she moved back to Scotland.

“Other women I was with weren’t interested in pretty lingerie until you, Dawn, came along and bent over the filing cabinet in my office. When I saw your lacy slip peeping out over your boots and seamed brown stockings it took me right back to Aunty Mary, 10 years before. I knew I had to have you, but you were married to Eric. You took that little problem away by locking my office door, marching over to me, yanking my zip down, fishing out my stiff cock and sucking me off. Had you planned it like that, Dawn?”

“Things weren’t going well at home, Eric didn’t satisfy me, he had such a small dick and came too soon even if he could get it up. It was no surprise he turned out to be a sissy. When I started working for you, I thought here is a real man. How can I attract you? I had to plan it. I wondered if a peeping slip and stockings would do the trick. Strangely it was Eric that got me into slips, I think it reminded him of his mum growing up.

So, I found a short lacy slip that was the right length. It sounds just the one your Aunty Mary wore when she first seduced you. The stockings had to be seamed as that would make you look up my skirt. It worked and here we are. Oh God you are hard again.

Now put that stiff cock in me again and tell me how I compare to Aunty Mary.”





“Fantastic darling, I love fucking you in your slip and stockings, you are just as good as Aunty Mary.”

Steve fondled Dawn’s black slip and then slid easily inside her. She wrapped her nylon clad legs around his naked back just as Mary had done many years before. Soon they both came again.

“Well, you must thank Eric, my ex, for all the slips he bought me. Telling you about my sissy ex got this started. Would you like to see him all dressed up as Erica?”

“Oh god yes, can we do that?”

“Oh, I think so, he/she / they will have to bring the signed divorce paper round sometime soon.”



So, when Erica came round to get the divorce papers, she was made to suck Steve's cock and then was made to watch as Steve fucked Dawn. Erica was cuckolded.

Steve was fascinated by Erica's lingerie. He had never seen a man wearing frilly lingerie and stockings before. The panties were sheer, they showed Erica's stiff clitty. The bra was just as sheer and showed the nipples of her big tits. It made Steve stiff too.



When Erica started wanking in her sheer panties that made Steve cum hard, even though he was pumping into Dawn at the time. It germinated a seed that had been planted by Mary some years before.



It was inevitable that the seed planted by Mary, would germinate with Steve wearing Dawn's slip, panties and stockings when Dawn was away on a training course for a week. What, perhaps, was not inevitable was that Steve would invite Erica round to share lingerie and suck each other off, but they did. A new friendship was born.



How ironic that Dawn had gone behind her husband's back to link up with Steve because she wanted a real man and now Steve was doing the same by getting together with Dawn's ex. Touche.

The End

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