

Lost Property – Part 1 – a photo story by Andrea Slip





Brother Matthew could clearly remember the exact date of the start of his fall from grace, Thursday 25th September 1958. He was 28 years old and, at that point, a Cistercian monk at Buckfast Abbey, in Devon. He had taken Holy Orders 5 years before. He had committed at a very young age to the Rule of Saint Benedict, simplicity, manual labour, and contemplative prayer. His job was to pray, look after the bees, collect the honey, and do some gardening.

It was on that day in late September that he was walking down to the beekeeper's hut from the Abbey when he discovered something under a bush that must have been dropped by a visitor. Something very unusual. It was black and at first glance looked like a scarf.

There were lots of visitors to the Abbey, who came to see the buildings, the garden and buy honey in the shop. Visitors often dropped things, such as hats and scarfs. There was a lost property box in the back office of the shop.



Matthew looked more closely at the scrap of black material. It wasn't a scarf, it was a slip, a woman's black slip, a full slip. A piece of silky lingerie. How did it end up there? How had a woman dropped a slip?



He picked up the material and looked more closely. It was definitely a woman's slip; it wasn't dirty so it can't have been there long. Then it dawned on him that it was probably a young couple who had sneaked into the Abbey grounds to have a lover's tryst. Although the main gate was locked at night the walls were quite low and could easily be climbed over. The monks would probably be in prayer so it would be easy to get in and find an empty outbuilding where the lovers would not be disturbed.

Matthew knew what a slip was as it was exactly like the slips his mother Betty and especially his aunty Angela wore when he was growing up during the war. However, it was the first time he had ever touched a slip, it felt so silky. Matthew could feel his genitals stiffening.



Matthew still remembered noticing his mum's lace edged slip peeping out from under a blue tea dress when he was about 11. Although this was during World War 2, Betty was always very well dressed. They rarely saw his father, who was a Captain in the army.

Betty not only wore pretty slips but also wore seamed nylon stockings that wrinkled at the ankle. Mother came from a well-off family. It was her American cousin that provided her with some nylons in June 1940. They had just been released in the US by DuPont and were proving to be very popular. She looked after her clothes very carefully when such luxury items were not available to most women under rationing.



Matthew noticed that some of her stockings had seams. He asked his mum about this as he had not seen any of his teachers wearing them. Betty told Matthew that she was lucky to be able to wear real seamed stockings as some women drew a line down the back of their legs with a makeup pencil or gravy browning to make it look like they were wearing nylons. She was able to wear the real thing. Then tragedy struck.



Matthew's dad was killed in the D-Day landings when he was 14. Both he and his mum took this hard, he was an only child. They were not the only families that lost loved ones or were killed in the bombing raids in many British cities. Although they lived in Epsom, on the southern edge of London, Matthew had not been evacuated at the start of the war. The bombings continued after D-Day with rocket attacks on London.

Betty decided Matthew would be better off going to stay with her younger sister Angela, who lived in Devon, where she worked as a nurse in the local hospital in Tavistock. Matthew sensed it was also because Betty was not coping with losing her husband as well as bring up a child.

Angela rented a small two bed white cottage on the western edge of Dartmoor, near Lydeford, well away from the German rockets. It had just been modernised and now had a bathroom and toilet in an extension at the back. Matthew remembered that the only time they had visited that there were ponies that came right up to the garden fence. He liked to feed the ponies and go for walks on the Moor. It was idyllic and much safer than London.



Matthew thought that Aunty Angela was much more glamorous than his mum and much younger. She was only 15 when Matthew was born. She wasn't married. So, after he finished the summer term at his school in south London in July 1944, he moved to Devon to live with his aunty Angela and would start at a new secondary school in Tavistock in September. Betty came with him and stayed for a few weeks; Matthew had to share the spare bedroom with his mum.



Matthew didn't mind this.

When he went to bed Matthew would sometimes forget to close the blackout curtains and then pretend to be asleep when she came upstairs. If she could see that Matthew appeared to be asleep, she would undress in the twilight. She couldn't turn on the light, partly because there was a blackout in war time and partly because she didn't want to disturb her son. So, she turned her back to face her bed and take off her dress. Matthew loved seeing his mum in her slip in the twilight.



When she took off her slip, he would see what kind of panties and bra she was wearing. He started to get stiff in his PJ's hoping to see her boobs but she seemed to be able to keep her back to Matthew without showing her boobs as she quickly put her nighty on.



Betty had to go back to London at the end of August. She was a maths teacher in a secondary school in Wimbledon that was still functioning. Matthew then had the bedroom to himself so no more sneaky views of mum's lingerie but there were other compensations for a growing boy. He had discovered masturbation and the need to cum quietly.

Matthew would only spend one year in Devon but what a year to remember.

Even before his mum had gone back to London Matthew discovered that Auntie Angela also wore seamed stockings and lacy slips. He remembered seeing Angela reach over to water her plant pots. He wondered if Angela had been sent the same nylons and slips by the American cousins as her sister. Matthew did not mind looking up Angela's skirt at her seamed stockings and her lacy brown slip. He started getting hard in his shorts.

What Matthew did not know was that Angela had met several men in the USAF who also had a ready supply of nylons for favours returned by the local girls. Even after D-Day the local airfield was still full of American soldiers and airmen, who were a pipeline of nylon stockings for Angela.





Another difference between the two sisters was that Angela loved wearing high heels and much shorter skirts. Matthew loved the sight of his aunt getting ready to go out to the local pub to meet some friends wearing a flowery dress, a peeping lacy edged slip, sheer black nylons and red high heels. After Angela had gone out Matthew retired to his bed and started masturbating at the memory of aunty Angela all dolled up.

His mum would probably say Angela was dressed provocatively. He hoped he could see more of his aunty when she was dressed like this. What lingerie did she wear under the pretty dress? He thought he would never find out but he was in luck.

When Angela got home from her night out at the local pub, she popped her head round the door of his room to see if he was still awake. He was in bed reading an Eagle comic, only just having finished having a wank.

She said “Hi” then went to her bedroom to undress.

She called Matthew into her room.

“Oh, thank goodness you are awake Matthew. Can you come here? The bloody zip on my dress is stuck.”

He got out of bed and walked into her bedroom.

“My zip is stuck; can you hold the dress and tug it down?”



Angela was tugging at the zip that was already some way down her back. He could see that she was wearing a black slip, a full slip that showed above the zip and below the hemline of the dress. He was getting hard again.

Matthew got even stiffer as he firmly pulled the zip down, it slid down easily. He expected to be told to go back to his bedroom while his aunty finished undressing in private, but she didn't.

She took off the dress and turned to smile at Matthew. He took in the full black slip and all the detail of the lace on the hem and bust. She also had the bedroom light on and her blackout curtains pulled tight. When his mum was undressing in the shared bedroom it was usually semi dark but this time, he was able to take in all the detail of her slip and stockings.

Angela picked up her red and black dress and put it on a hanger.

"Thank you, Matthew, you were really helpful."

Matthew hoped she would not notice the big tent in his pj's.

"It is nice to have a man to gently help take off my dress, not like those rough Americans. You can help me again. Now off you go."

Matthew retreated to his bedroom, time for another wank.





After the incident with the red and black dress, Angela often required Matthew to help pull up her zip or pull it down when she was dressing or undressing. He did not mind at all. He loved seeing all the different slips she wore.



Usually, he only saw his aunty in her slip but there were a few occasions when she was in a rush, and he got to see more. Matthew remembered one time he was having breakfast in the kitchen. Angela stood in her cream panties, bra, stockings and suspenders ironing a slip, just before she caught the train to work.

Angela apologised for not being fully dressed, “Sorry Matthew, I forgot to iron my slip for work last night and now I am in a rush.”

Matthew did mind at all seeing aunty Angela in her panties, bra and stockings. He then got to see her put her slip on and finally her navy blue dress for work.



Sometimes he caught a glimpse of aunty through the door of her bedroom whilst she was dressing. He really enjoyed the view of her big boobs, lacy bra, French knickers, suspenders and sheer brown stockings. Matthew took in all the details. If he didn't have time for a wank before he went to school, he would save up the image of aunty in her sexy lingerie for later when he got home after school.



The black slip Matthew had found discarded at the Abbey was almost identical to the one his aunt Angela had worn under her red and black dress. The memories of seeing Angela in her black slip was making him hard under his monk's habit. He was a monk and had taken a vow abstinence from sex. Was this a test by God? He shoved the slip in his bag and would have to drop it in the lost property, although he doubted that any woman would come and ask for it. Would they?

“Excuse me. I err...lost my slip, last week, its black, full length, lacy hem and bust. I wonder if it has been handed in.”

“How did you lose it, Miss?”

“Oh, well, I errr.... I came for a picnic with my friend and it was so hot I had to take it off. I think it was near the bees.”

That would have been very embarrassing, and nobody would have believed it. Which made Mathew wonder if he really needed to put it in lost property in the office. He carried on down towards the beekeeper’s hut where he kept the beekeepers kit, face mask and gloves.

Under his habit he was still hard as he remembered the times he had seen his aunty Angela in her lingerie during his stay in Devon when he was 14.





Angela did not mind Matthew seeing her in her slip. It was only the two of them in the cottage. Mum was back in London.



Not only did she have a couple of nice black slips but also some white ones that she wore to work under her navy-blue nurse's uniform.



Sometimes she wore a pale green half-slip with a matching bra.

Even more exciting was when Angela wore a blue half-slip with a very lacy blue bra. He could see her nipples through the lacy bra. Her panties and stocking tops showed through the slip. He had to retire to bed as soon as he saw this outfit and have the biggest wank of his life.

Angela listened outside Matthew's bedroom to the sounds of him wanking. Oh, how she loved making men cum over her lingerie and stockings. But he was only a boy and could not fuck her like the American airmen in the back of their trucks. She never brought the Americans home.

She could not miss the big tent in his pj's when he helped her free the "stuck" zip of her dress. He was going to be a handful. Perhaps when he was older, she might find out just how big and stiff he would be.





As Matthew walked down to the bee hives in the sunshine, he remembered watching his aunt's pretty lingerie moving gently on the washing line on a sunny day, just like today. He was tempted to reach out and touch the pretty slips on the washing line, but something held him back. He knew it was wrong to touch his auntie's lingerie. It would be an invasion of her privacy. Even back then, at the age of 14 or 15 he had a strong religious belief. Women wore lingerie and men did not. But they looked so silky and so pretty. He was conflicted.

By the end of that school year the war had been won, and Matthew went back to London. He had not seen his aunt since he had taken orders at Buckfast Abbey. She still lived near Tavistock, only 25 miles away across the other side of Dartmoor. It was not far away. Perhaps he should make the effort to go and see her.

After Matthew had collected some honey from the hives he took it into the hut and filled some jars. He then carried the new jars up to the shop to put some labels on. Along with mead it was a good source of income for the Abbey.

As he got to the shop he remembered he still had the black slip in his bag. He had at least better have a look at the lost property. That was when his problem started.



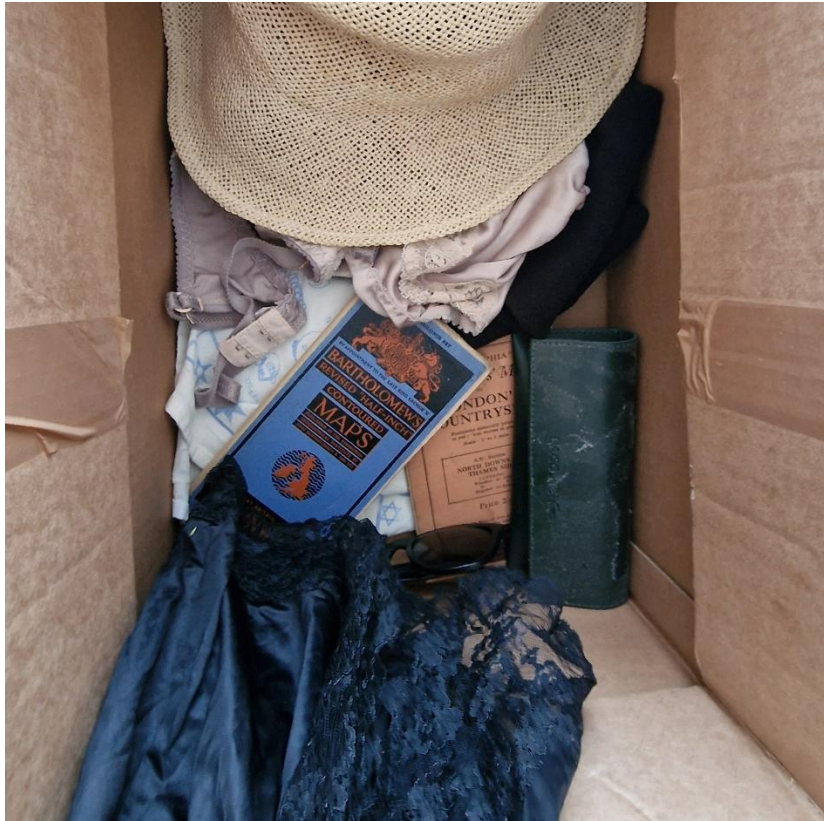
When Matthew got to the shop there was one monk tidying up the stock. There were a couple of visitors browsing.

“Morning Brother Matthew, have you got some more honey jars?”

“Morning Brother Peter, yes, a few more jars, I need to put the labels on first.”

“Oh good, our stock is getting low and it so popular with our visitors.”

Matthew went into the back office to get the sticky labels from a folder. He took the jars of honey from his bag, gave them a wipe with a cloth, then stuck the labels on the jars. They were ready to go out into the shop. But before he did, he pulled out the lost property box from under a desk. He looked back into the shop. Nobody could see what he was doing. Brother Peter was busy chatting to a customer.



There were only a few items in the cardboard box as it was emptied once a month. There was a sun hat, a scarf, sunglasses and some maps. Matthew found the black slip in his bag and was about to dump it in the box when he noticed a pair of pink panties and a pink bra peeping out from under the hat. Pink panties and bra!



He lifted the hat and looked at the pink lingerie. Did they belong to the same woman as the black slip? Had she taken off her underwear and had sex with her boyfriend on the grass near the beehives. Had she taken off her stockings as well? There were no stockings or suspenders in the box. Matthew was slightly disappointed but very stiff.



He picked up the pink panties and bra and without any further ado he shoved all the lingerie into his bag. Oh God, what was he doing? What if someone knew about the pink underwear or even the black slip. Would they notice they were missing? Oh God, what was he going to do with a slip, bra and panties? He didn't know, but he needed to go back to his bedroom as soon as possible. He shoved the box back and carried the honey jars into the shop.

After a quick chat with Brother Peter, he left the shop and headed back to his bedroom. It would be prayers soon and then lunch. He just had time to decide what to do with the lingerie.

Back in his bedroom he shoved the black slip, the pink panties and the bra under his pillow. He would decide what to do this evening when he went to bed.

Then he went off to prayer, he prayed God would give him some guidance about what to do with the lingerie. But no message came. God seemed to have deserted him.

After lunch he went to the garden to do some weeding. He kept thinking about the lingerie hidden under his pillow. At the end of the afternoon, he picked up the weeds and some branches he had trimmed and put them on the bonfire. There was always a bonfire on the go in the garden.

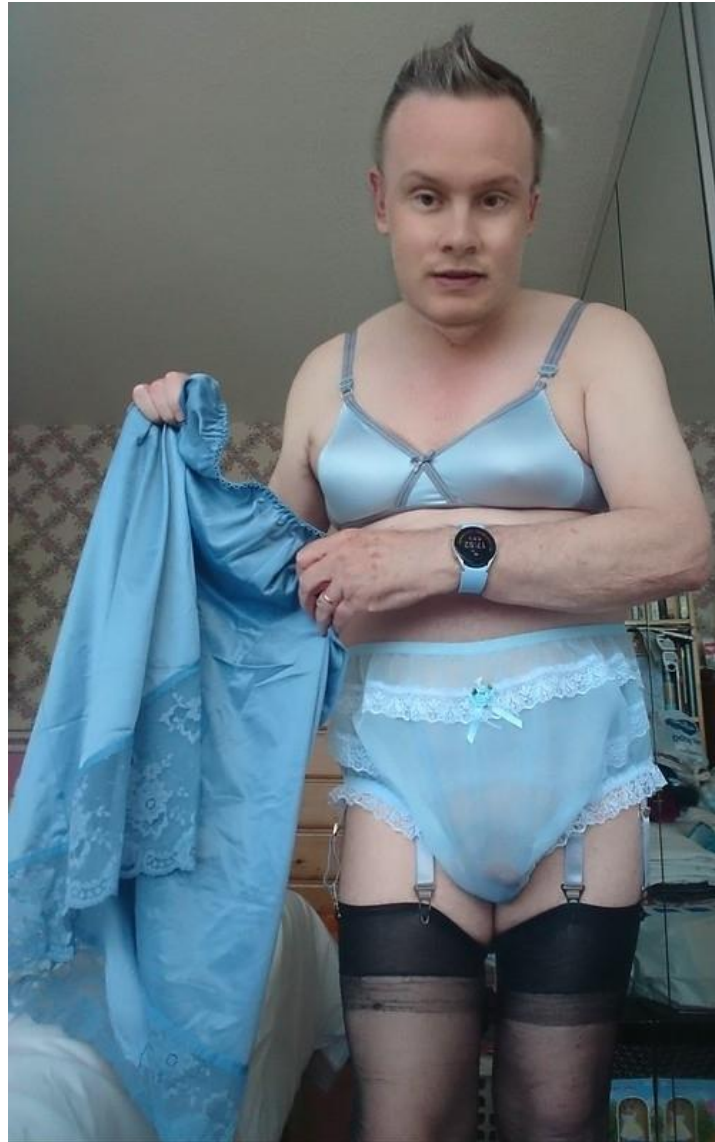
At 6pm there was the evening meal. The Abbot spoke to him after the meal. "Are you all right Brother Matthew. You seem to be wrestling with a problem. Do you want to talk about what is troubling you?"

Matthew did not show any reaction. "No Father, I am just worried about how the bees were affected by the recent bad weather." Although true that is not what Matthew was worried about.

The evening was spent in prayer and contemplation. Still no message from God. Matthew was not completely surprised. He had begun to doubt his faith over the last couple of months and had not had any messages when he needed them.

At 9pm he retired to his bedroom.





Matthew lifted his pillow and looked at the lingerie. When he had lived with his aunty during the war he had such a strong urge to try on her panties, bra, stockings and slip. He would be so hard and would probably cum all over her silky panties. As much as he wanted to, he did not succumb, he respected his aunty too much and had his faith to carry him through these temptations.

Now he was a grown man, but with the same urge to wear lingerie. The urge had come back and would not go away. He did not know who this lingerie belonged to. It had been abandoned after a sex tryst.



Matthew gave in. He picked up the panties and slid them over his stiff cock, which made a tent in the pink nylon. Then he tried on the bra. It was a little bit of a struggle as it was a bit too small for him, but he managed it.



Then it was the slip, just like Aunty Angela's.

He pulled the slip down over his panties and bra. He never thought that this would happen, but it was, right now.

His skin tingled as he could feel the silky nylon and his stiff cock made an even bigger tent in the slip. Oh God, it was wonderful, even better than he expected.





He massaged his stiff dick through the two layers of nylon. He had a moment of regret, not about putting on the lingerie but that there were no stockings or suspenders in the lost property box.



He had loved seeing his mum and aunty in stockings, especially seamed stockings.

Matthew lifted the slip and pulled his dick out of the pink panties. Skin on skin. Then he came, and again, so hard. There was a lot of pent-up emotion. His knees buckled and he had to sit down on the bed. Then he wondered what he had done. Why had God not intervened and stopped him? There was no answer to that.

He fell back on the bed and dozed off. The day had been stressful but was about to get even more so.



His bedroom door flew open, The Abbott stood there, he was very angry.

“So, it is true. Brother Peter said you were behaving suspiciously this morning. When I spoke to you after lunch you did not say anything.”



Matthew sat up suddenly.

“When Brother Peter went to see if the new jars of honey were ready, he could see you pulling something pink out of the lost property box. I expect that black slip came from the same harlot that left her pink underwear in the garden shed. Take it off.”

Matthew stood up and took off the black slip. He felt humiliated and regretted putting on the lingerie.

As the pink bra and panties came into view the Abbott said, “I thought so. I found that underwear in the potting shed yesterday and put it in the lost property box, just in case the slut came back. They didn’t, but you stole them and even worse you wore them. Take them off, you are not a woman, you are a man. Leave them on your bed. I will put them on the bonfire tomorrow. You have broken your vows.

Tomorrow morning at 7am, whilst the brothers are in prayers, you will leave the order, never to return.”

Matthew was shocked. Did the Abbott mean he would no longer be a monk? He knew it did. Who would look after the bees?

“I will pray for your soul,” the Abbott added.





Matthew put on some pyjamas but could not sleep, he was still in shock at being caught wearing lingerie for the first and only time. At 6am he packed up his few possessions in a small kit bag. He folded the lingerie neatly and left it on the bed. He sat waiting for 7am, it was a very long night. What was he going to do, where was he going to go? He could not go back to London to see his mother, well not yet anyway. She had been so proud of him when he had decided to become a monk as she was so religious herself. Betty would be devastated when she found out that he been thrown out of the Brotherhood.



At 7am he was the only monk, now an ex-monk, left in the dormitory. He left quietly. Matthew walked down through the garden and past the beehives towards the main gate. Who would look after the bees now? Matthew guessed it would probably be Brother Peter; he was always asking about the honey and how the bees behaved. There was even a book in the bookshop by a previous beekeeper. Brother Peter had probably read it.

How would the Abbott explain his sudden departure, perhaps he would say Matthew left for personal reasons. Brother Peter would gossip about what he had seen, maybe even embellish the story. The monks would lap it up. They loved gossip just like everyone else.

The main gate was open; Matthew walked through it for the last time. He finally made up his mind about where he was going to go. He stood at the bus stop waiting for the 07:15 bus to Plymouth.

The End of Part 1 – Lost Property

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