

Birthday

A photo story by Andrea Slip



This story is a follow up to MILF. It is John's birthday coming up soon. what have his wife and mother-n-law got in store?

Hi, my name is John. I am a highly respected freelance business advisor working from home. If my clients could see me sitting in my office in a pretty slip and bra, they might be shocked.

My introduction to wearing lingerie had all started when I had watched an old war film with Jenny, my wife. I liked the lingerie that the heroine wore, Jenny, did not, she said it was uncomfortable. She challenged me to wear it, so I did. Jenny was not so keen on me wearing her lingerie when she caught me wearing her slip and stockings in my home office. So, Jenny bought me a black waist slip at M&S in Wimbledon when she was lingerie shopping with her mother, Joyce.

Jenny confessed to her mother that the slip was for her husband, John, as she did not wear slips anymore. Unlike her daughter, Joyce still loved wearing pretty lingerie and stockings and had indeed bought a several items of lingerie at M&S.



It was the blue M&S half-slip that she let me see “accidentally” at her house when she was getting dressed and I was heading for the toilet. Then she asked me to fix some electrics whilst she was at a funeral, but she told me I had to wear my new black slip. I was shocked but agreed.

Whilst Joyce was at the funeral I had put on some yellow lacy panties, black bra, black suspender belt, sheer black stockings and of course the black slip from M&S that my wife had bought me.





When Joyce got back from the funeral, she dropped her skirt to reveal her own black slip and wanted to see I was stiff in my new slip. I obliged by lifting my slip. She leant forward, pulled down my lacy yellow panties, and sucked me off. I exploded in her mouth. My wife had not done that for a long time, it was amazing. I had been given head by my [MILF!](#)

Joyce cleaned off the cum that had splashed on her black nylon slip. She took off the slip to reveal her white satin bra, panties and seamed stockings. I had barely recovered from cumming but after Joyce gave my dick some massage and I started to get hard again. She bent over the armchair and pulled her knickers to one side as she pulled me inside her wet and loose quim. I was about to cum again when I heard a noise behind me.



“Oh my God, you really are fucking my mother!”

Jenny had let herself into the house with her own key. I could not stop, I exploded inside Joyce. There was no hiding from my wife the sight of me shagging her own mother whilst we were both wearing lingerie.

“I know I said you would attract a new man with your lingerie, mother, but I didn’t expect it to be my husband,” said Jenny.

“Now you can do me, John, after I have cleaned you up.”

My shrinking cock plopped out of Joyce. I was still dripping cum as I turned towards my wife. This was something of a surprise as she had not given me head for at least twenty years. Jenny licked all the fluids off my stiffening cock, then pulled down her tights and panties down to her knees as she lay back on the sofa.

“Never thought I would be fucked by a tranny, even if it is my husband. I suspected you two were up to something with your love of slips,” said Jenny, “I didn’t want to miss out, not having had sex for ages.”

Jenny pulled her tits out of her bra and pulled my head down to suck on her prominent nipples. It did take longer this time, but I did eventually manage to cum inside my wife’s tight but warm and wet pussy, having only just fucked her mother and our first fuck for over two years.

That threesome was about six months ago. What I didn’t know was that my wife and mother-in-law had conspired to arrange the “surprise” visit of Jenny. She timed it perfectly to catch me shagging her mother. However, after that event Jenny had made it clear that fucking her mother was a one off and that I was to leave Joyce alone, but it was my birthday just after Christmas and I had an inkling that they were up to something.





Since then, I had bought some more lingerie to work in my home office. I found a lovely white half-slip on eBay, then added a matching bra, panties, suspenders, stockings and a camisole. It felt wonderful working at my desk in my pretty lingerie. I didn't bother with makeup, hair or a dress at this point. Maybe that would change in the future.



Even if I had to go and visit a client, I would often wear black French knickers, lacy bra, stockings and suspenders under my business suit.



Best of all I loved wearing a matching slip, bra, and panties, with stockings and suspenders of course.



My wife, Jenny, met up with her mother, Joyce to go to the M&S sales after Christmas.

“Look at this lovely floral skirt, Jen, you would love this,” said Joyce. “It is 20% off.”

“I told you, mum, I don’t wear skirts anymore, but you who know who has got a birthday soon?”

Joyce looked a little puzzled, then the penny dropped, “What, John?”

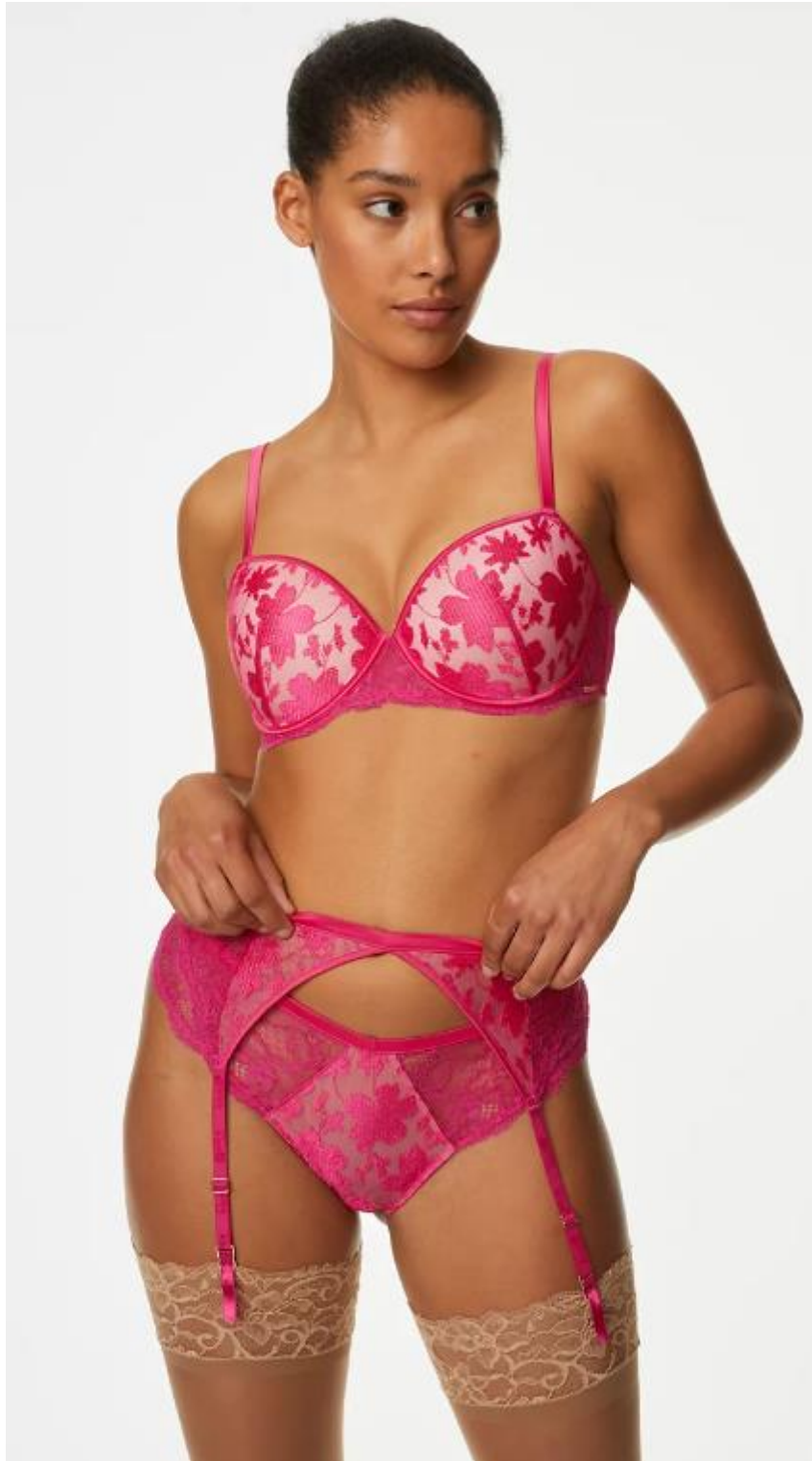
“Yes, I know he has bought some more slippers, but I don’t think he has a skirt or top. This is in his size, do you think a pale pink blouse would work, mum?”

“Oh yes, love.”

“What can I get him, Jen?”

“Perhaps a pink slip, knickers, and bra. He is a size 18.”

Jenny went off in search of a blouse to match the pink flowers on the skirt. She found the perfect match, a thin, plain pink blouse.



Joyce had a look in the lingerie department but could not find a pink slip. She did find some pretty pink panties, bra and suspenders in the Rosie range, but a matching set was over £60. She thought she might have a pale pink suspender belt at home she could pass on. Jen suggested she have a look online for some lingerie for her son in law's birthday, particularly on eBay or Etsy.



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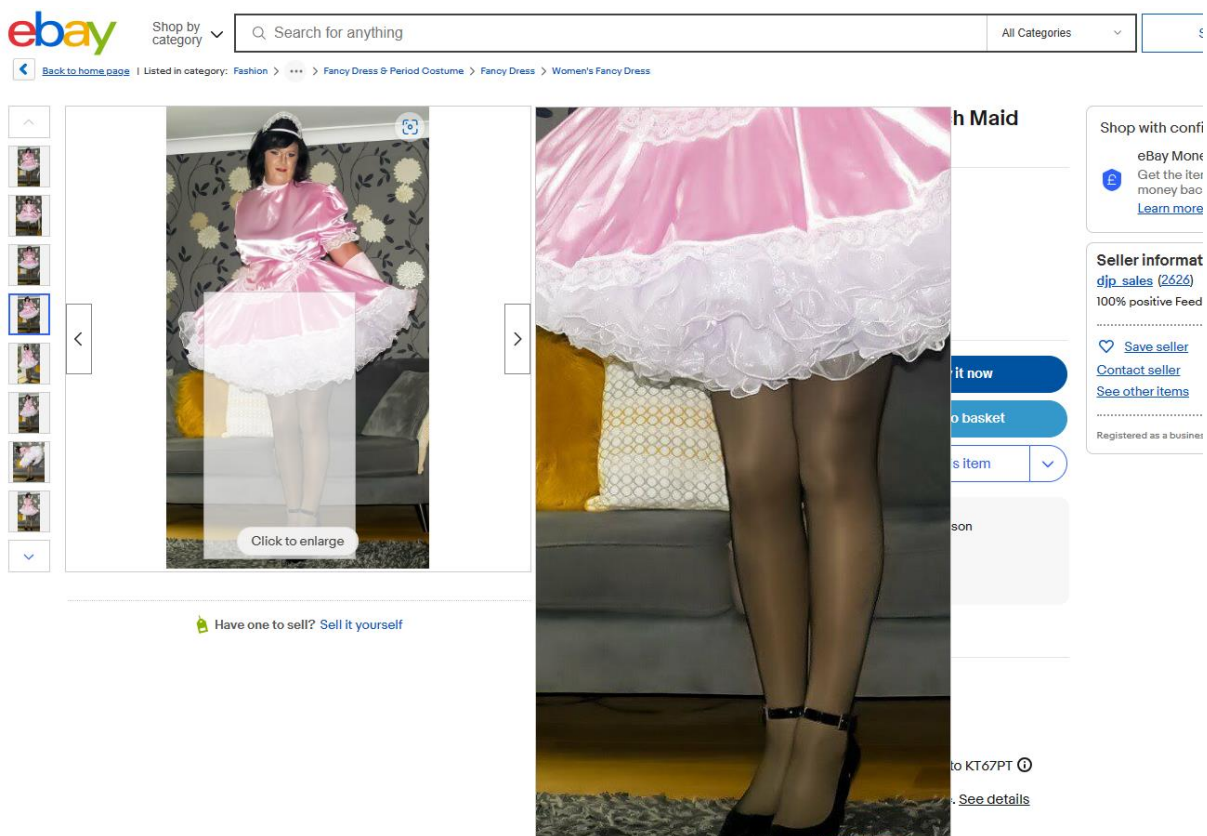
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When she got home Joyce went online looking for a pink slip. She found a gorgeous pink slip that was on sale at Nylon Nostalgia, but it was more than she wanted to spend. Then she remembered that Jen has said try eBay or was it Etsy?

She didn't know anything about Etsy, but she did have an eBay account, so that was easy to get into.

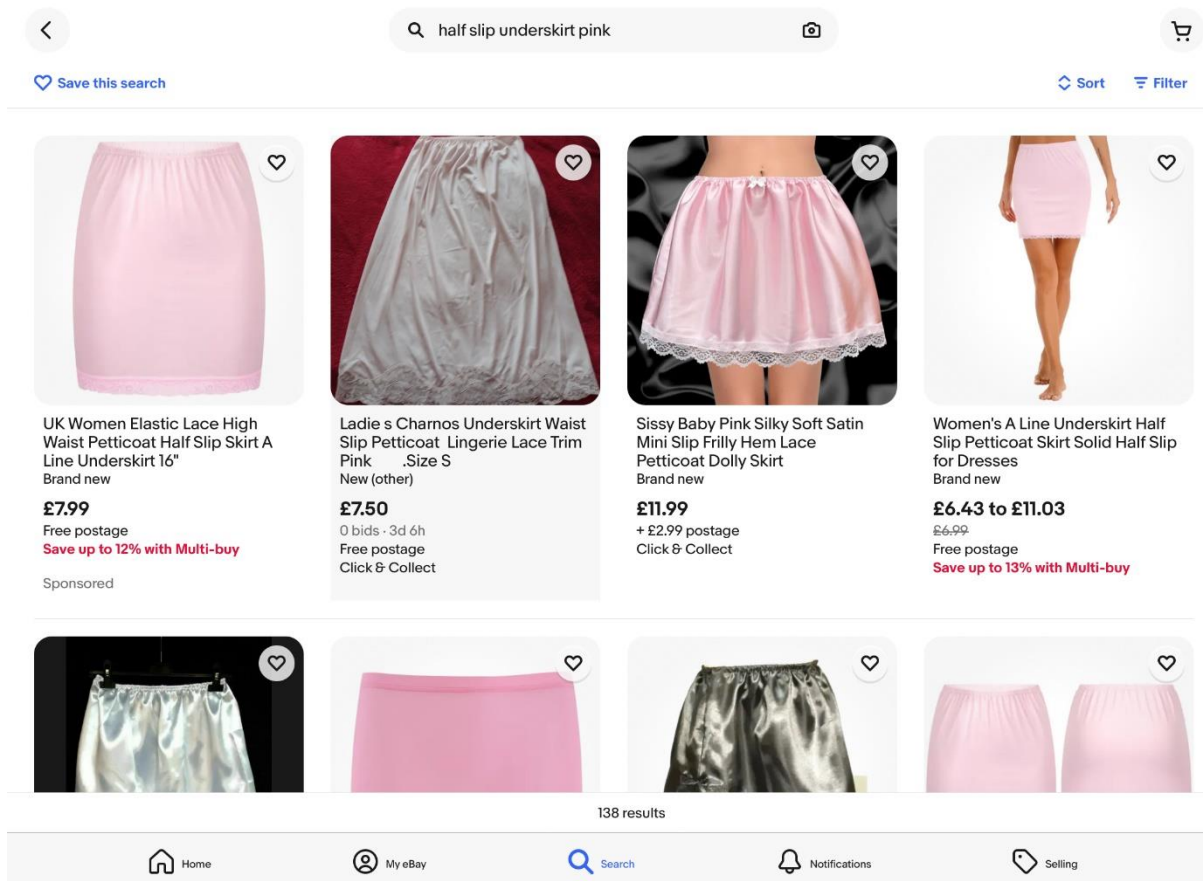
Her first search was for a "pink satin petticoat, size 18". This threw up a surprise.



A beautiful pink satin maid's uniform with fluffy white petticoats came up on screen. When she got over the shock of seeing a beautiful tranny wearing a gorgeous pink maid's outfit she laughed. Joyce remembered her mum wearing fluffy white petticoats like this in the 1950's when she was growing up but possibly not under such a short dress. Although it was rather sexy and not really what she was looking for she did add it to her watch list for future reference. Perhaps her son-in-law could serve drinks dressed as her maid when she had some friends round for a sherry at Christmas?



That would cause a bit of stir, it would make Mr Marple, her neighbour, stiff. He was always trying to feel up Joyce's hosiery and peeping slip. And his eyesight was so poor he might start feeling up the maid's stockings and fluffy petticoats but when he got to the tent in the silky panties the shock might give Mr Marple a heart attack. It might kill him as he was over 80.



She changed her search terms to “half-slip, pink, size 18,” and found what she was looking for. Some of them were very short. There was a longer pink half-slip, very similar to one that Joyce still had but hadn’t worn for several years.

“Oh dam, it won’t fit John, it is only a small,” she said out loud.

“Maybe I could give him my pink slip, I am sure it is a size 18 and the matching suspender belt. Now what about bra and knickers?”

Joyce had more success with the panties and bra. The panties were a bit revealing but that might work after the fun she had with John after a friend’s funeral last August.



On my birthday Jenny and I got invited round to Joyce's for a meal. I knew I would in for a treat. She was a good cook; the meal was an Indian curry that Joyce cooked from scratch. It was a delicious Chicken Biryani with all the side dishes. What was also delicious was what Joyce was wearing, a long blue satin dress. It was a wraparound dress that revealed her nylon clad legs and even a blue lace edged slip peeped out when she sat down after we all helped clear up the meal. Her blue high heels matched her dress.



The other surprise was that my wife wore a skirt and boots. I had been in the bath when she got dressed so I didn't know what she had chosen to wear as she had a long coat on when I came downstairs. Jenny was wearing a tan corduroy skirt with a white top and brown leather boots. Best of all I could see a lacy edged gold slip peeping out from under the skirt. I couldn't remember the last time she had worn a skirt, let alone a slip as well. I was getting hard in my panties. I was sure Jenny didn't have a gold slip, let alone any slips, where had that come from?



“Is that some black lace peeping out from your shirt, John,” asked Joyce.

I undid a button or two. “Yes, it might be.”

“Well, if you show us properly then we can do your presents.”



I took off my shirt and trousers to reveal that I too had worn pretty lingerie to my birthday meal.

“Is that a cami and half-slip John, or a full slip?”

“It is a cami and half-slip, Joyce.”

“Let me see what panties you are wearing.”

I lifted my slip to show her my knickers, not for the first time.



“Oh my, matching black French knickers,” said Joyce.

She leant forward and caressed my stockings.

“Gorgeous stockings, so sheer and so silky.”

She gave the tent in my French knickers a little pat, my clitty jumped.

“Now sit down and we can do presents.”

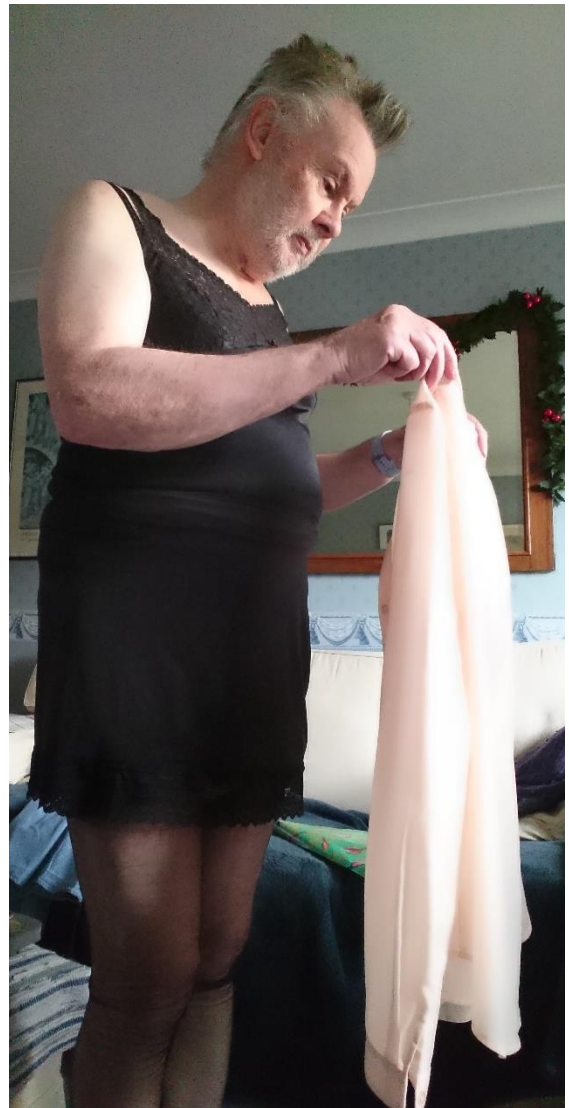


There were some sensible presents from both Jenny and Joyce, a new canvas satchel, a new phone case, etc. But then Jenny gave me a squishy parcel wrapped in green paper. Was this some clothing, another slip, perhaps?



It was not a slip but a lovely floral skirt and a matching pink blouse.

"I thought you might to wear a skirt and blouse in your home office," said Jenny.



“They are lovely darling, shall I put them on now?”



Joyce jumped in. “Not yet. There are some other gifts upstairs on my bed. Change your lingerie but keep on the black stockings you are wearing; they will be a better match.”

“Thank you, I was not expecting this.”

“Now get upstairs.”

I picked up the skirt and blouse and ran upstairs.



Laid out on the bed was some pink lingerie, some breast inserts (I had been thinking about getting some of those) and some black boots. This was all for me. I was so excited and taking my cross dressing to another level.



I stripped off my black lingerie and was about to remove my stockings when I remembered that Joyce said leave the stockings on. There were some grey stockings on the bed but the black probably would look better with the pink slip.



I replaced my black suspender belt (actually an old one of my wife's but with an extender strap that I had borrowed) with Joyce's pink one. This was a little tight but did not need an extender. It didn't look new. Joyce was bigger than Jenny and closer to my size. I clipped the tabs to the black stockings. I then put on the pink satin bra, it was edged with lace and had a big bow in the middle. I was getting so hard. I looked in the mirror to see my stiffening clitty framed by the lacy suspender belt and black stocking tops. It made me even harder. I slipped the fake breasts into my pink satin bra. They were tear shaped, I wasn't sure which way round they should be, the smaller point towards the center seemed to make sense to replicate some cleavage.



I picked up the pink panties, they had a hole in the centre, was that right?



I put them on and tried to close up the gap at the front.



Then I realised the split crotch was supposed to be like that and my stiff clitty was supposed to poke out the front. Maybe that was why Joyce had bought them.



There was a pink camisole and a pink half-slip. I put them on and my clitty disappeared. The slip had a lovely lacy split. I positioned it so it was over my left thigh so that my stocking tops would be revealed.



Next it was the boots, another first. These were a bit confusing at first as the boots had zips on both sides. Then I realised the ones on the outside were just for show and the black ones on the inside were very discrete but the real ones. I zipped up the boots and stood up.

I adjusted the slip to the length of the skirt but wondered if the lacy hem of the slip was supposed to peep out the bottom.



I put on the pink blouse, some pink lace poked out from the top.



Then I stepped into my first skirt and pulled it up over my slip



I know that Joyce loved showing off her slips, I often spotted the lacy hem of a pretty slip showing under her dress.



Perhaps she would expect me to do the same.



I adjusted my pink slip so that a little lace showed.



I was ready. I had never walked in heels, let alone high heeled boots, I took the stairs very carefully.



I walked into the living room. Joyce and Jenny would have heard me coming, as my heels went clip clop over the hall floor.

“Oh yes, John, that is a perfect fit, give us a twirl,” said Joyce. “I think it is snowing in Paris, as my mother would say. The show of your lace edged pink slip is perfect. As you know I love showing my lacy slip.”



How the tables are turned. You have stared at my slip many times, John. Now we can see your lace edged slip,” said Joyce.

“It is sexy showing your slip, isn’t it John?” asked Jenny.



I could hardly disagree as my wife's gold lacy edged slip was peeping out from under her tan corduroy skirt. I was so hard in my panties now. But what had turned Jenny round to wearing slips and skirts?



I only had to look down at my mother-in-law, Joyce, to see her dark blue slip under her blue satin dress. I could see her slip and bra at her breasts and the lace edged hem at the bottom of her full slip caressing her sheer nylon stockings. Jenny had, somehow, been persuaded by her mother to enjoy being more feminine and maybe she had suggested that our love life might improve, like it had after the funeral and Jenny had “caught” me fucking her mother.



“Show Jenny your slip, lift up your skirt.”

I slowly raised my floral skirt so that my slip came into view.”

“Oh, that is lovely, so silky and so pretty, but where on earth did you buy that, mum?”



“It is one of my old slips, I have so many pink slips, I have regifted it to John, just like I have regifted the gold half-slip you are wearing, Jen.”

So that explained where Jenny’s gold slip had come from, it too was her mum’s.



“There seems to be a bulge in your slip, John, what is causing that,” asked Jenny, all innocent?

“Well, what are you waiting for? Lift your slip and show your wife your special panties.”

Although I was quite hard at this display of lingerie and the feeling of wearing it under a skirt and blouse for the first time, I was a little bit embarrassed at showing my wife and my mother-in-law my pink knickers. I slowly lifted the slip and my stiff clitty plopped out.

“Oh, my goodness, what wonderful open crotch panties. Now, don’t tell me those are some of your cast offs mum.”



“Certainly not, what do you take me for, Jen? I bought them and the bra on eBay, as you suggested. You had better sit down next to Jen so that she can take care of your little man.”

With that Joyce untied her blue satin dress and revealed her full blue slip.



I sat down. Jen leaned over and started massaging my stiff clitty through my nylon slip. I leant back and enjoyed it.



Although Joyce was off-limits, she wanted to see the action of her daughter wanking me through Joyce's old pink slip. She came closer. I could see her blue panties, stocking tops and suspenders under her gorgeous full slip.



Jenny stood up, as I looked up at her I could see right up her skirt to see her gold slip to see her gold satin panties (another of Joyce's cast offs) and stocking tops. OMG, not only was she wearing a skirt and slip, she also wore silky panties and sheer brown stockings. I nearly exploded.



Jenny removed her white blouse and brown skirt to reveal her gold half-slip and bra.



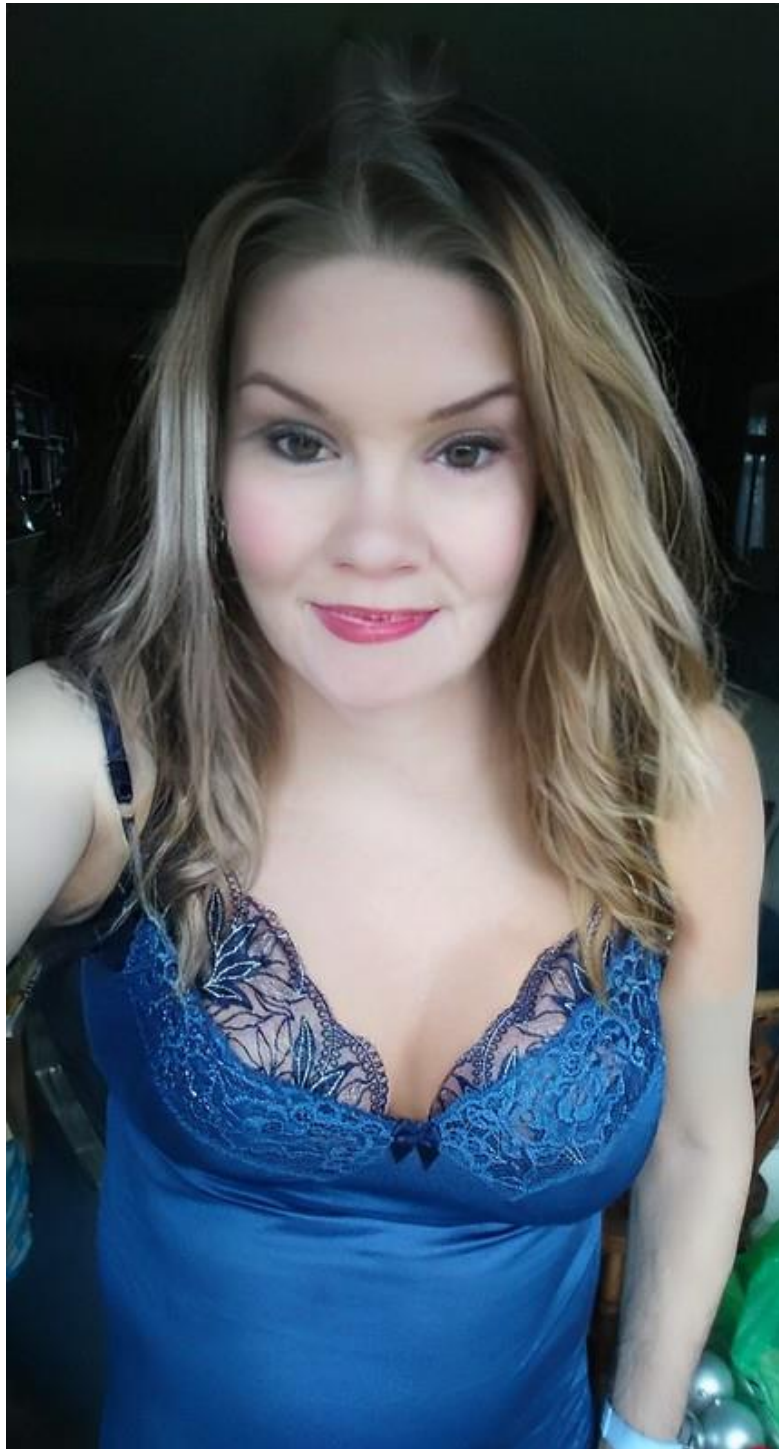
I could not wait, I started to wank my stiff clitty on my own. Jen and Joyce were right, showing and wearing a slip was very exciting.



Joyce was paying close attention to what we were doing. She had a hand in these events and in her blue panties.



Jenny took off her gold half-slip. She looked amazing in her matching set of gold and black, panties, bra and suspenders. She sat down again next to me and started wanking my stiff clitty that was poking out of my open crotch knickers with her gold slip.



Although Joyce was not going to join in she did masturbate her self as she watched her daughter wank her son-in-law with the gold slip. Was this Joyce's idea all along. I wasn't sure who was in control. I certainly wasn't.

"I am about to cum. Aggg...." Jen pulled the gold slip away and I spurted hot white cum. I spurted over my pink slip, my black stockings, Jenny's gold slip, Jenny's brown stockings and all over the bust of Joyce's lace top blue slip. It went everywhere.



Jenny also had her hand in her panties and came just after I did, it was why she had stopped wanking me with the gold slip at the last minute. Joyce, not wanting to miss out spurted into her blue panties.



“You have made a right mess of my slip, John.” Joyce giggled, “and so have I. “She stood up and took off her blue slip to reveal her lovely lacy bra, matching blue panties, suspenders, and blue stockings.

After a few minutes while we sat down and got our breath back Joyce pulled out some tissues and handed them round. I was getting hard again looking at my wife and mother-in-law in their skimpy undies. I thought that was it.

“Now we need to do something about your face, John. We need to try some makeup and a wig to make you even more feminine. Let’s go upstairs and let’s see what we can do to make you even prettier. We also need to think of a more femme name. What do you think Jen?”

“Good idea, let’s keep it with a J, how about Jane?”

So it was that my MILF and my wife turned me into Jane, a complete sissy. I wasn't complaining. Even when we got home the fun carried on.





I drove home still dressed. It was tricky in the high heeled boots, but I managed. I was really tired when we got home and was thinking about taking off all my pretty clothes and going to bed, but Jenny had other ideas.

“Lift up your skirt, I want to see the naughty panties mum gave you.”

I eased the floral skirt up to reveal my pink slip.

“Now lift your slip.”

Oh my God, was getting hard again. My clitty was poking straight out of my split crotch panties.

“Oh yes, that is so sexy.” Jenny started to take off her blouse and skirt. She was down to her gold slip and bra.



“Now start wanking.”

I didn’t need to wait I was already because of what we were both wearing.

Jenny pulled her gold and black bra down and massaged her nipples.

"I want you to spray your cum over my tits, can you do that sweety?"

I was past the point of no return and shot cum all over her tits, bra and slip.

"Good gurl," said Jenny rubbing the cum from her tits with her fingers and then into my mouth.

"When you have recovered, you can fuck me with all your lingerie on."



The End

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