

# **Cross Dressing Tales by Willem Ruytenburch**

## **Part 1 - The Train**



<http://www.software04.uk/>



In recent months Willem had to beg Jane to indulge him by dressing in her attractive and feminine lingerie for an evening's intimate entertainment. For years she had been happy to wear slips and stockings for Willem; she knew that it excited him, and he never failed to please her in return.

Sometimes she wore sheer full slips under her dress that showed her stocking tops and suspenders through the thin nylon.



Other times, if she was going to work, she would wear a lacy half-slip and matching lacy bra, with sheer black stockings of course. Willem would have a wank in bed as she got dressed. But now she seemed to have lost interest. Not just in dressing but in sex itself, it was as if turning 50 made her libido switch off, but not his.

Willem started to ease his urges by dressing in Jane's slips and panties while he was alone in the house. He worked from home, and Jane was a part-time shop assistant. If he were sure she would be out for long enough, he would dress in her stockings and suspender belts, her silky panties or, his favourite, the black silk French knickers and then one of her slips. Sometimes he would add a bra to the ensemble. He needed to ensure he didn't damage them because they were very tight on him. It never took long for the silky material to have the desired effect, and he had to be careful not to let his semen stain the garments.







Sometimes, after his first explosion of man juice, he would keep the undies on for a while. But he had to keep an eye on the time, he didn't want to get caught, and he wanted time for another more leisurely wank before changing back. That game didn't last very long. A few months after renouncing dressing for sex, Jane threw all the sexy undies out. Willem could have cried, but he wondered whether she knew what he was doing while her back was turned. Willem resigned himself to self-pleasure via the Internet.



Willem was already well acquainted with many Internet sites that featured ladies with a penchant for the sort of underwear that was popular in the 1950s and '60s, his favourite period. They tended to be mature ladies, which was just fine with Willem. He loved the pictures and videos that featured girdles, a garment Jane had always refused to wear. He became quite fixated on foundation wear, but slips would for ever be his favourite. Willem was disappointed that there wasn't more of this content. It wasn't universally popular, and some of the more significant sites had closed.



Then Willem made a discovery. He had been wanking furiously over a very sexy lady in a black girdle and fully fashioned stockings when he suddenly realised, as she pulled down her knickers and a willie came into view peeping out from under the black girdle, she was a cross-dresser. He was close to climax, and the revelation didn't cool his ardour; his ejaculation was explosive! It should have been evident that cross-dressers like to wear feminine lingerie, and, in terms of underwear, some have more feminine tastes than most women. Despite his underwear games, Willem had never considered himself a cross-dresser. He had no prejudice about it and had just never thought that open cross-dressing was for him. He began to find it fascinating and such a wide-ranging subject.



He admired the gurls who displayed a female persona that was truly convincing with their hair, makeup and sexy lingerie. They appealed to Willem like any "real" ladies who showed their charms on the net. He adored their attention to detail and the massive effort that they must have put into becoming so compelling.





Then there were the guys who simply put on women's underwear and posted pictures of their excited state, with big tents in their slips and panties.



Often damp patches where their cocks were touching the material showed. Willem found this a big turn-on.





He was sure that he could never emulate the truly feminine CDs all dolled up in a pretty dress with a lacy petticoat peeping out. He didn't have the time, the privacy, or the budget, but the fact that so many men were doing what he had been doing with Jane's clothes and seeing them do it was also arousing. Now he realised what he had been missing. He decided to join in the fun by purchasing his own garments.



He needed a slip, some panties, maybe a girdle or corselette, and stockings. What sizes? He looked up size charts online, but they required PhD-level maths for a man to comprehend, and how was he to obtain them? Jane might intercept delivery to the house and purchasing in a local store in their small town, might also lead to discovery. The answer was to go somewhere else. He would be unknown; he could see the garments before buying, and if his courage held, he might dare to ask a shop assistant for advice.

The next day Willem took the train to a nearby city. The trip was a disaster. He had felt very conspicuous in the lingerie departments of several big stores, and he sensed that the assistants were watching him closely. To Willem, they looked like they thought he was a shoplifter or maybe some kind of pervert. They totally unnerved him. He tried a sex shop. It was more relaxed, but the clothing was not to Willem's taste; it was tacky and not especially feminine.



A disappointed Willem caught the train home. The train journey brightened Willem's day.

"Tickets please," said a lady in uniform walking down the carriage. Willem took out his paper ticket.

The ticket inspector was a woman of about sixty. She was a large, well-built lady with a pleasant face, dark red hair piled up on her head, and a curvy body. Rubenesque was the word that sprang to Willem's mind. She wore a black uniform skirt and a white blouse.

The blouse was just a little see-through, and Willem was pleased and a little excited to see that she was wearing a quite substantial bra. It looked like a bra and a camisole, or perhaps even a lacy slip and bra. Willem decided to imagine that it was a slip and that her dark hosiery was a pair of stockings attached to suspenders. For panties, he chose to imagine big, full-cut, white briefs. He considered tights, probably more practical for the lady's job. They would look good on her too, but she retained her stockings in his fantasy.





Willem had imagined himself into an erection. She passed down the carriage, and when she was gone, Willem had to get to the toilet. Passing back down the carriage, he saw that the cause of his hard-on had stopped to talk to a passenger, and he had to squeeze past her. His rampant prick rubbed against her magnificent, curved bottom. Had she noticed? He had noticed that there was little give in the skirt. Whatever was under the skirt was of a resilient material, a girdle, perhaps even a corselette or a basque? Willem nearly came there, and then, once away from the public gaze, he took immediate action to relieve his penis pressure problem. During the few strokes it took to bring himself off, it occurred to him that the conductor was about his own size, and her clothes would probably fit him.

He didn't see her again until he left the train. After seeing the passengers off, she handed over to another ticket inspector. Maybe she lived here in Willem's hometown. He had the crazy idea of following her home, then coming back after dark to steal her washing off the line. Sanity prevailed, and Willem went home. Now because of his lack of confidence, it was back to the mouse in one hand and his cock in the other. But as he surfed through the lingerie on display on the net, he often thought of that conductor and fantasised about wearing her undies.

Sometimes the Gods smile on us.



About six weeks after Willem's train journey, on a sunny morning, just after Jane had gone out for a few hours, Willem noticed a removal van pull up next door. Someone was moving into the vacant property beside Willem and Jane's house. Willem was not a nosey neighbour and would have taken little interest, but he saw his new neighbour just as he was about to go back into the kitchen. He could not believe his eyes. It was the big, curvy conductor!

In moments, Willem's one-person welcoming committee was offering his new neighbour every possible assistance. He quickly discovered that her name was Martha. She had been working on the railway for only a couple of years. Before that, she had kept a pub on the coast. There was no mention of a man in her life, and she lived alone, apart from a cat. Willem wondered if she recognised him as the man who rubbed her arse with his knob, but when he thought about it, that was probably a common occurrence for her. She was undoubtedly a very confident person. And, she didn't seem to be the kind who would mind that too much. Willem left her to settle in before he did something stupid, like volunteering to unpack her underwear.





During the following week, Willem kept Martha's clothesline under close surveillance. He was not disappointed. On the second day, she hung out a load of washing. There were a couple of full slips, white and black, a cream half-slip, several bras and an absolute plethora of panties in a rainbow of colours, Several pairs of tights and a single pair of tan stockings, no French knickers, though.





The next day was even better. There were two pairs of French knickers, three pairs of directoire knickers, one red and two blue, and two basques, in white and blue. Willem stood at the upstairs window and tossed off into a wad of tissues as he imagined being close enough to touch her slips, knickers, and stockings or even to remove those gorgeous pink satin knickers.



Martha turned out to be an excellent neighbour. Even her cat was no trouble. Martha often used the cat to start a jokey conversation about her pussy. Very reminiscent of the old sitcom "Are Being Served?" and Mrs Slocombe's regular pussy jokes, June found the pussy jokes funny, but Willem wondered whether there was more to them. Was she being suggestive? Martha's pussy was to play a crucial role in the next stage of Willem's journey.





One morning as Willem sat in his office, he heard someone ring the doorbell, Jane answered, and Willem thought he heard Martha's voice. A few moments later, Jane dropped a set of house keys on Willem's desk. "Martha has been called into work. Can you pop round and feed the infamous pussy, if she's not back by five?"

"No problem," answered Willem, His mind racing with the possibilities that the keys presented. Willem also thought he would love to feed Martha's pussy but sod the cat!

As soon as Jane had gone out, Willem was at Martha's house in a flash. Treading carefully and ensuring he didn't disturb anything, Willem made straight for Martha's bedroom. He spent the next half hour perusing the contents of Martha's bedroom furniture. Finally, into Martha's draws, you might say. He found slips; he found girdles and suspender belts. The two corselettes were there and lots of bras and a vast number of panties. There were French knickers, full cut, Directoire, skimpy ones, bikinis and even a thong or two. Pantie paradise. There were some net petticoats and a selection of vibrators in one draw.



Willem's erection was straining against his trousers. He didn't dare touch the clean underwear, but in Martha's dirty linen basket, he found a pair of red satin French knickers. Holding the shiny crimson fabric up to his face, he drew in Martha's musky intimate fragrance. Rushing to the bathroom, he wrapped the knickers around his penis. He came almost immediately. He had meant to aim his sticky load into some tissue, but he was too late, and most of his seed went into the gusset of the knickers. He scraped out as much as possible and blotted the dampness with tissue. He returned them to the linen basket and hoped she would not notice. He left the house then. He didn't want to push his luck, and he could have another wank when he fed the cat.

That didn't happen because Martha returned well in time to please her pussy, and Willem had no excuse to go to the house. He began to worry if Martha noticed the new stains in her knickers. The next afternoon they appeared on the clothesline, and he watched Martha peg them up without any indication that she had any suspicions. Having gotten away with it the first time, Willem took every subsequent opportunity to inspect, feel and smell Martha's treasure trove.



One morning about three weeks later, as Willem was walking by Martha's house, she was standing in the doorway. She had a can of 3-in-1 oil in her hand for some reason. "Oh, Willem!" she called, "I have to work a double shift today, and I'll be out until very late. Can you take care of my pussy, please?" "I would love to," answered William, "and I'll feed your cat too!" "Naughty boy!" scolded Martha, with a wildly exaggerated look of shock, followed by a low smutty laugh.

Willem kept an eye out to be sure that Martha had left for work, and then, as soon as Jane had gone too, he was off to Martha's house. He went straight to her bedroom. His plan was to use a pair of Martha's panties from the linen basket to bring himself off quickly and then spend some time carefully inspecting Martha's entire wardrobe. But that plan fell apart as soon as he saw Martha's white basque on the top of the washing pile. This was a golden opportunity. He had all day. He could put the basque on and the stockings he found under it. He had plenty of time to do it and put everything back afterwards.





He quickly stripped his clothes and selected his new costume from the linen basket; the basque, the black stockings, some big creamy white silky panties and a white slip with a lace bust and hem. It took him a few minutes to work out how to put on the basque and that it had lots of hooks at the back. It felt strange and wonderful; he had never worn a foundation garment before. It held his stomach firmly and squeezed his bottom too, only the bust was loose. He compensated by shortening the shoulder straps. Carefully noting their old position so he could return them to normal later. This was so exciting. He had to stop for a moment to regain control before he had an ejaculation. Next, the stockings. Very carefully, he rolled them up his legs. He didn't want to risk any damage. Once they were attached to the suspenders, Willem was thrilled by the pull of the straps against the nylon.

His cock had been so erect for so long that he wondered if he might faint. Next, the panties, oh so smooth, cool, and exciting as the soft and shiny fabric caressed the end of his straining knob





He hurried with the slip, the tentpole in his panties was close to discharge, and it was starting to hurt, just a little, where it was pushing up against the front hem of the slip and panties. He quickly looked at himself in the mirror in his lingerie glory. He was about to rush to the bathroom to avoid embarrassing stains when his heart froze, and his cock instantly went limp. A voice had said, "Have your tickets ready for inspection, please!"





Martha was stood in the doorway. How long had she been there? Didn't matter, did it? He was caught; no way could he wriggle out of this. Martha was leaning against the door frame. Her arms were folded; she was in her uniform skirt and blouse, but her stockings were a sheer black, and she wore no shoes, but held them in her hand. She looked more amused than annoyed.

"Didn't you notice that can of 3-in-1? I was oiling the front door hinges. I suspected some naughty boy was sneaking in and playing with my frillies. I thought it might be that naughty boy from next door who takes so much interest in my washing line. If I gave him a chance, I thought I could sneak up on him and catch him in the act. Oiled hinges and stocking feet."

She put her black heels back on.



"Don't worry, Willem," she continued as she dropped her skirt to the floor, revealing the bottom of her pale blue slip, "My brother always liked to dress up in my things, and Mum's too."

She walked across the room, removing her blouse as she did so. the slip matched her pale blue bra. As she moved, her slip rode up, and her panties could not disguise her hairy pussy. Willem's erection was returning quickly. As Martha brushed against him, he was back to tent pole standard. As their slips slid against each other, she murmured in his ear, "I haven't had sex for over two years. I was going to give you a blow job, but you're so excited you'll come before I kneel".





With that, she grabbed his prick through the slip and panties, and he came like a firehose, soaking the panties and spreading a deep, wide damp patch on the front of the slip. His member flopped back to its flaccid state.





Martha seemed disappointed, "I need servicing too. That limp thing will be no good. You'll have to use your tongue." She pulled him across the room to her bed. She sat on the edge and pushed Willem down until he knelt before her. She pushed her gorgeous silky panties down to her knees. Taking Willem's hand, she inserted his fingers through her bush and into her gaping vagina. Willem's hand was instantly soaked with her juices. Thrusting forward on his fingers, she moaned, "Pull my knickers off and lick my cunt, you tart!"

Willem pulled the panties off her right leg and left them hanging from her left thigh over her stocking top. They caressed his ear as he pushed his face and tongue deep into Martha's wet slit. He searched for her clitoris, sucked it between his lips, and then licked down, deep into her love tunnel. Things got even wetter as she came to a shuddering orgasm, and his lips and cheeks were covered in her cunt's nectar. Willem was hard again already. Martha wiped his face with her slip and again pulled him to his feet. Now she knelt down.

She drew his panties down to the stocking tops, took his cock into her mouth and sucked like a vacuum cleaner. Willem thought he might lose consciousness. Martha suddenly sprang backwards onto the bed and lay with her legs in the air, screaming, "Now fuck me!"

He fell forwards onto her and thrust his throbbing member into her. They were so excited that, despite having both come only minutes previously, they quickly came together in an explosion of spunk, cum and passion.

## The End of Part 1

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*31<sup>st</sup> August 2022*

*Part 2 cumming soon*

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