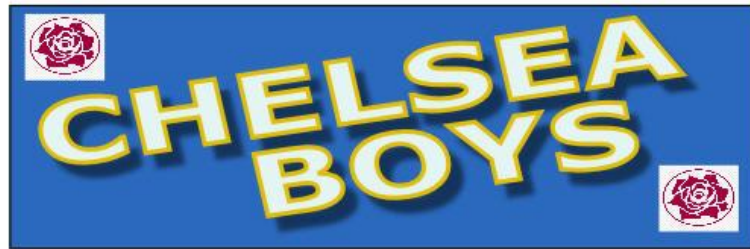


A photo story by Andrea Slip



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

Brad lends Eric, his new neighbour, a chainsaw to chop down some bushes which means that Brad can't hang out his favourite lingerie anymore. However, they become friends and enjoy watching Chelsea play football on the TV



Brad lived in New Malden in Southwest London. Eric had moved in next door with his wife Dawn a few years ago. Dawn had wanted a house with a garden so that their future children could play. Having the children never happened. Brad did not have children either, he had never married, he was quite a lot older than Eric.

They met over the garden fence. Brad noticed that Eric was struggling to cut down some branches with a tiny saw. Brad had a mini chain saw that would make that job so much easier. He found his Saker mini chain saw and slipped on some trainers and went out into the garden.

“Hi, I am Brad, you might find this useful.”

“Oh, I see, hi, I am Eric, are you sure?”

“Yes, it will be much easier, but put on some gloves and safety goggles.”

“Oh thanks, I will. Dawn, my wife, wants these bushes to go.”

They got chatting. It turned out that they were both Chelsea fans (who in New Malden is not a Chelsea fan?). Eric was the more serious fan. He had been a season ticket holder, but Dawn had made him give that up when they got married a couple of years earlier. Brad was less serious, more of a highlights fan, he followed the results and watched Match of the Day but had never been to a game.

Despite their age difference, they got on well. Although Eric had relinquished his season ticket, he did still watch the live games on Sky TV. When he discovered that Brad followed Chelsea as well, he invited Brad to watch some of the games and share a beer.



Eric's wife, Dawn, had no interest in football, and no interest in Brad. She stayed out of the way whilst the Chelsea Boys watched the game on the big TV in the front room

The second time Brad went over she said hello and offered him a cup of tea or coffee, but Eric raised his beer and said, "No we are fine love". Eric would actually have much preferred a cup of tea as he was not much of a beer drinker.

Brad found her a bit snooty, but she did dress very well, she was always made up.

What Eric did like was observing very feminine ladies. Dawn was wearing a black and white dress, black hosiery and black high leather boots. Eric wondered if she was wearing stockings, unlikely as the dress was quite short. Lots of sheer black nylon was on show between the hem of the dress and the top of the black boots.

Dawn looked so sexy standing there with her hands on her hips. Eric was getting hard as this was exactly how he liked to dress at home in a pretty dress. He wondered what lingerie she was wearing underneath. He would have to keep an eye on their washing line.



Then she suddenly bent over to pick something up from the floor. Brad got a wonderful view up her skirt. He glanced at Eric, but he was engrossed in the game on TV. She was clearly not wearing stockings but sheer black tights. He could see some lacy panties riding up her bum crack. If he wasn't hard before, he was now. Then she stood up and had sly smile on her face. Brad wondered if she was flirting with him.





As soon as the game was over, he made his excuses and was about to leave. Eric wanted him to stay a bit longer, but Brad said he was expecting a delivery and needed to go. Brad couldn't even remember if Chelsea had won. He did indeed have a delivery that day, but he wasn't going to share what it was with Eric and that it had already been delivered.

It was in fact a new green half-slip, made by Charnos, that Brad has bought from a seller on E-Bay. As you may have guessed by now, Brad, is a cross dresser. He loves dressing up in pretty nylon lingerie and sheer stockings. Brad could not wait to try it on. He knew exactly what lingerie he was going to wear, and some heels of course.





Brad put on his big boobs, then attached his green Charnos bra, attached a green suspender belt, pulled up some sheer black stockings and attached them to the suspender belt. Oh, how he loved this dressing up in silky lingerie. Then it was the matching green French knickers. As he drew the panties up over his nylon clad legs he shivered and started getting hard. He managed to squeeze his stiff clitty in the French knickers. Next it was his high heeled sandals.



Finally, he opened the grey plastic package from Ebay. There it was, a delicious silky green half-slip with swirls of lace on the hem and a little lace edged split. It was so pretty. Brad stepped into the slip and slowly slid the silky slip up over his sheer nylon stockings. It made him shiver. Again. It also made him hard.

And, after a few strokes of the silky nylon, it made him cum, and again, and again. The slip and panties were sticky with cum.







Brad had to sit down on the bed for a moment or too and get his breath back. He was so glad he had bought this slip, the swirling lace was so pretty, oh no, he was going to cum again.



The green slip (and the rest of his green lingerie would have to go in the wash. Brad used to hang his washing in the garden. He loved seeing his pretty slips gently flapping in the wind. He was not too worried about anyone seeing his lingerie, there lots of bushes next door and the old lady that lived there at that time was as blind as a bat. However, when Eric and Dawn moved in, Eric had chopped down the bushes with Brad's mini chainsaw. Now Brad had to get a tumble drier and hang the lingerie on radiator racks upstairs in the bedrooms. No one would be any the wiser.





Brad and Eric became firm friends over the next 18 months. Although they watched football together at Eric's house, Eric sometimes came round to Brad's house to help with building a wooden deck in Brad's garden. They sat down and had a cup of tea after the DIY and talked about Chelsea and about cars. Eric had noticed that Brad drove a Kia EV, Eric drove a BMW series 3, he was a die-hard petrol head. It was more friendly banter than a discussion.

Brad enjoyed these chats but would have loved to have been dressed like Eric's wife, Dawn. After Eric had gone home Brad would rush upstairs and put on some frilly lingerie, stockings, heels, a wig, blouse and skirt. He imagined he was Dawn just having a cup of tea with her husband.





Towards the end of the next season, Brad went round to watch the Chelsea v Fulham game on a Sunday lunch time. Dawn was standing with the vacuum cleaner in the hall. She was wearing a baggy track suit.

“Can you make us a sandwich, love,” asked Eric?

“I am busy cleaning, and I am not your scivvy, make it yourself. And have you repaired the hot tap in the bathroom yet,” barked Dawn?

“Ok, I’ll do the sandwiches. I will do the tap this afternoon, after the game.”

They went into the kitchen whilst Eric quickly made some ham and tomato sandwiches. He put them in the fridge for haltime.

“Right, let’s see if Chelsea can destroy Fulham, as usual,” said Eric guiding Brad into the living room.

By half time Chelsea were 2-0 up in the local derby. They took their sandwiches and a beer into the garden as it was a warm April day.

The first thing Eric noticed was the washing on the line. There was lots of frilly lingerie hanging up, all sort of colours. Although there were the usual panties and bras it also looked there were some suspender belts, sheer stockings and some slips. Most women did not wear these anymore. Eric was a bit jealous as he would have loved to hang out his frillies like this.



Eric noticed Brad looking at the colourful lingerie.

“You like her sexy lingerie, Brad?”

“Well, I ..... could not help noticing it. Not many women wear stockings, suspenders and slips any more. “

“Humph,” said Eric. “She used to wear it all the time when we were first married. I even bought her some slips, just like my mum used to wear but the only time she puts on stockings and slips now is when she goes to the office. She even gets dressed in the bathroom before I get up. The only reason I know she wore stockings to work is when I see them in the wash basket. We don’t really go out much either. In fact, we hardly ever have sex anymore. She says I don’t satisfy her. I think she only married me because I had a washing machine, a flat and a BMW.”

“Oh, I see, what is her job?”

“She used work in a recruitment firm in Raynes Park, but she got head hunted by one of their clients about six months ago. She now works as a PA for a fund manager in the City of London. It is more money and much longer hours. I think she spends all her money on fashion and make up.”

“Oh dear,” said Brad.

Although Brad was not married, he knew that the warning signs were not good. It seemed to him that Eric was a bit hen pecked and that Dawn wearing stockings and pretty lingerie to the office could only mean one thing, she was getting her jollies at work, not at home. Eric was sticking his head in the sand if he could not see that, perhaps he didn't want to work it out that Dawn was playing him.

Brad could just imagine Dawn in a tight grey blouse with cleavage on show, a short grey office skirt, sheer hosiery and high heeled boots. Perhaps the stockings were by Gio. Gio's were really expensive, perhaps that was what her wages were going on and she expected Eric to pay for the mortgage and everything else. Or maybe, she was hoping that somebody else would pay for her expensive tastes in stockings and lingerie.





Perhaps Dawn would bend over in her boss's office to retrieve a file from the bottom draw. Her lace edged slip, seamed stockings and even her panties are obviously on show to her boss.

"Oh Dawn, you are wearing stockings today. How sexy, your husband is a lucky man."

Dawn stands up, locks the office door, and advances round the boss's desk.

"No, Eric is a wimp. I need a real man, like you, Brian, someone who can satisfy my needs."

With that she unzips him, pulls out his stiff 8" dick and sucks him off.





Perhaps she even persuades him to buy her lingerie and Gio stockings that she reveals in a hotel after work as she relaxes on the bed. Her short black skirt rides up to reveal her lacy edged pink satin slip, her suspenders with pink bows attached to sheer, tan-coloured stockings. Such long hours, so many late nights.



They finished their sandwiches and headed back to the TV to watch the second half. Brad took one last look at the lingerie gently blowing in the breeze. How he would have loved to have reached out and felt the lacy red slip. It looked so silky, so pretty, it was exactly the sort of slip Brad loved to wear at home. A thought came to his mind about how he could help Eric.





Chelsea won the derby 3-0, as expected, but it had not been a great season, they might only just qualify for playing in Europe next season. Brad made his excuses. He was hard from seeing Dawn's frilly lingerie on the line and he had to get into his own.

In his bedroom he put on his big boobs and some black and tan lingerie.



Brad so enjoyed wearing his panties, bra and stockings, it made him feel pretty and of course sexy.

After a quick addition of high heeled sandals, a wig and make-up he was getting hard again. He took a photo in the mirror with his black slip dangling from his fingers. Brad was now transformed into Belinda, his sexy femme alter ego, the woman in Brad's life.







Brad stepped into the silky black slip and pulled it up over his stockings. It felt so right to be dressed so femme, and so sexy.



Belinda picked up a dress. It was black and white, very similar to one that Eric had seen Dawn wearing when he first met her. This was not an accident.

It felt so good as she stepped into the dress.





Now she was Dawn, except you might notice she was wearing stockings not tights. She felt so sexy in her dress and high heeled sandals. The white top of the dress clung tightly to her big bosom and the black skirt flared out over her nylon clad legs.





Suddenly she let go and spurted into her panties and slip. Some of her hot white cum even splashed onto her sheer black stockings. She hadn't even touched her stiff clitty.

After a short time, Dawn took off the dress and some of the lingerie.

She was still stiff. This time she did touch her clitty by shoving her hand inside the panties. With the back of her hand on the nylon panties and her fingers wrapped around her clitty she managed a few strokes then spurted again into the panties. Another sticky mess that would need to go in the wash. What a shame she could not share her pretty lingerie on the washing line with Eric.







Dawn was not the only person who wore stockings and slips to the office. Brad worked as a finance manager for a transport firm. Having got excited by the idea of Dawn dressing up for the office, Brad decided he would as well. So, he put on a slip, panties and stockings with his shirt and suit over the top.



When he wore lingerie to the office he often had to go to the staff toilet, take off his trousers and have a wank in his panties and slip. He hoped no one would hear him cum.



Even when he went to Tesco to do his weekly shop, he would wear a slip, panties, stockings and a bra under his jeans.



Although Eric would have liked to have worn a skirt and blouse to the office it would not have gone down well with the directors (or the drivers) and could have put his job at risk. His business was very conservative.

Instead, he would wear some pretty lingerie under his suit, whilst he was hard at work! When he got home, he would take off his suit, shirt and tie but then Belinda would put on her office outfit; blouse, cute office skirt, and boots. Belinda thought that she looked just like Dawn next door. She would love to share this with Eric.



The chance came a couple of months later.

Eric phoned Brad at work to tell him that Dawn had gone to a conference in Switzerland with her manager, Brian, and wasn't coming back. Eric cried.

"I am sorry, Eric. Hang tight. I will pop round when I get back from work, is that ok?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but what am I going to do without her. I loved her but I was not man enough for her."

"I have an idea about that, Eric. I will see you about 6."

When Brad got to Eric's he gave Eric a big hug and consoled him, with some beers as usual. Brad pointed out that the signs were there when she started wearing stockings after she started her new job in the City of London.

"I know, I know, I was a fool. Deep down I probably knew what she was doing. I loved seeing her in her stockings and slips, and as it turns out, so did her boss, the bastard."

They drank a few beers, then Brad said he had to use the bathroom, which was upstairs. Eric looked really glum, but Brad thought he could do something about that as he went upstairs. After finishing his beer Eric wondered why Brad was taking so long in the bathroom, so walked upstairs to find Eric.



He found Brad in the  
bedroom.

“Oh my God those are her  
bridal panties and  
stockings. What are you  
doing Eric?”





“Don’t be alarmed, Brad. I know how much you get excited by Dawn’s lingerie. Perhaps it was the lingerie and stockings that you liked more than Dawn.”

“Well I .... “

“I think that might be where the problems started. Now look at me wearing Dawn’s bridal panties. Are you getting excited? I see that you are.”



“Let’s see if Dawn left any slips.”  
Brad looked in Dawn’s lingerie  
draws again.

“Here we are. A full-length white  
slip, perfect. The lace is so  
pretty.”

“She wore that under her going  
away dress. When we got to the  
hotel, I made her keep it on as I  
fucked her in it. She wrapped her  
stockings around my back, I  
came like a train. I don’t think  
she ever wore it again.”



“You found her wedding shoes as well,” said Eric. “OMG, that looks so sexy.”

“Good, we are making progress,” said Brad. “Now it is your turn.”

“What?” exclaimed Eric.

“Did you never wear any of Dawn’s lingerie that excited you so much?”

“No!”

“Were you not tempted, especially when she stopped wearing for you?”

“Yes, I suppose so, but I was too afraid of her reaction if she caught me.”

“You once told me that you liked seeing you mum in slips. Did you wear some of her lingerie when you were younger?”







“When I was little, I used play on the carpet with toy cars, you know ones that you pull back and let go. Sometimes they went under the table where my mum was sitting using the sewing machine. I would crawl under the table to get the car and look up. If mum was not paying much attention, I would see right up her skirt and see her stockings, panties and sometimes a slip. I don’t know why but I liked it.”



“When I was a bit older, a teenager, I would notice how mum was dressed. She loved wearing slips. I remember she would often let her lacy hem peep out from under her skirt. I started getting erections at the sight of her lacy slip. Then I discovered wanking.”



“You weren’t tempted to wear her slips, Eric?”

“No, we were a very religious family. I thought that I would go to hell if I tried anything as sinful as wearing women’s clothes. I was very tempted but was too afraid and that I might have to confess to the priest. Then I grew up and lost interest in religion. I met Dawn and managed to persuade her to wear the slips and stockings I had seen my mum wearing. It worked for a while.”



“Well, now is the time to explore those true feelings, you have been hiding for all these years.”

“What do you mean,” asked Eric?

Brad reached into Dawn’s lingerie draw and fished out a black waist slip.

“It is time for you to try on your first slip. I promise you there will not be a bolt of thunder or any lightning,” said Brad holding the pretty slip. He put the slip on the bed.





“I have found some other items for you; panties, bra, stockings and suspenders, all in black as I am in white.”

“I am not..... sure. Can I?”

“No one else will know, Dawn sure as heck won’t care. We might as well make better use of this pretty lingerie. She won’t be back, Eric.”

“I know but .....

“Here let me help you. Take off your boy clothes. Good, now put the suspender belt on first, like this., and the panties over the top.”

With some reluctance Eric put on the suspender belt, Brad helped him clip the belt at the back. When he put on the panties he began to loosen up. And when Brad showed him how to roll the stockings up his legs, Eric began to smile, and his clitty began to make a tent in the black nylon panties.



Eric found attaching the rear suspenders a little tricky.

“Do you want some help with that?”

“Yes, please.”

Brad attached the back suspenders and as he did so he ran his hands over the back of Eric’s panties and stocking tops.

“Oh my, why did I not try this sooner?”





Next it was the bra. Eric found this rather puzzling



until Brad came to the rescue.



Eric managed the half-slip on his own.





Eric shivered as he pulled the silky slip up over his nylon stockings.

“This feels so wrong but so good.”



“Let go of the guilt, Eric, enjoy the feelings.”

“I am definitely enjoying the feelings, Brad.”



“I found you some black heels, I am not sure if they will fit.”





“They are a bit tight, but I can just about get them on,” said Eric as he slipped the 3” heels on his feet over his nylon stockings.

“Your bra looks a bit flat, lets pad it out with some tights or stockings,” said Brad. He rummaged around in one of the draws and found some black tights. He stuffed these in Eric’s bra to give some shape.

“Now, take a look in the mirror,” said Brad.

“Wow, that looks so sexy,” said Eric. “I am so stiff, can I wank my cock?”

“We call it a clitty, and yes you can.”





“You can wank over this,” said Brad as he lifted his slip to reveal Dawn’s bridal panties. These old panties made a wonderful pair of sissy panties with a bulging tent in the front

“Oh yes, I can see your cock, sorry clitty through the panties. That is so exciting. They did not look like that when Dawn wore them under her wedding dress,” said Eric.





Eric lifted his slip and pulled his clitty out of his panties. He started wanking the stiff protuberance.



“Now lie on the floor and look up, you are going to enjoy this upskirt, or rather up my slip, view.”

Eric lay down on the bedroom floor and looked up Brad’s slip,

“Now tell me what you can see.”

“Oh god, I can see your white lace stocking tops, surrounded by Dawn’s nylon slip. At the top I can see frilly white panties with a big bulging clitty.”

“Very good, Eric, stand up, time to explore that stiff clitty with your next step. Don’t cum yet.”



Eric stopped wanking his clitty that was now right out of his black panties.





“Pull down my panties,” commanded Brad.

Eric reached under the slip and pulled down the panties that Dawn had worn on their wedding night.

Brad was also quite stiff by now and started wanking his clitty through the white nylon slip.



“Now kneel down in front of me.”



Brad lifted the slip to expose his clitty framed by a lacy white suspender, frilly white sissy panties and white lace top bridal stockings.

Eric did not need to be told what to do next.

He leant forward and started gently kissing the rampant clitty in front of him. Then he took it right in his mouth and licked, sucked and eventually made Brad spurt cum.



Eric stood up. He was almost ready to cum with a mouthful of Brad's cum.

"Now my turn." He pulled down his black panties and offered his clitty to Brad to return the favour.

Brad kissed, licked and sucked Eric's clitty. Very soon he too had a mouth full of cum.

## The End

*Copyright Andrea Slip –*

*1<sup>st</sup> June 2024*

[i\\_love\\_slips@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:i_love_slips@yahoo.co.uk)

Other photo stories are at  
<http://www.software04.uk/>

Please use the [contact form](#) for comments, positive feedback and ideas for future stories

