

Erica's divorce

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Dawn catches Erica dressed en-femme when she returns to collect her clothes and serve the divorce papers. Her new partner, Steve, is fascinated that her, soon to be ex-husband wears panties, slip and stockings. It reminds him of when he was seduced by his aunty Mary.



Since Eric's wife, Dawn, had left him for her boss, Eric had discovered that he really enjoyed wearing the lingerie she had left behind. He had been encouraged in this by his neighbour Brad, a fellow cross dresser and Chelsea fan. Eric had even started buying his own skirts, blouses and heels but was still dipping into Dawn's lingerie draws.

It all came crashing down one Sunday evening when Eric, now Erica, was relaxing in her new grey outfit but with Dawn's grey half-slip and lingerie underneath.



Dawn had appeared unexpectedly to collect her clothes and deliver the divorce papers. She caught Erica all dressed. Erica was humiliated at being caught dressed so femme.

Dawn did not recognise the skirt and blouse but suspected that the lace edged slip that was peeping out from under her, soon to be ex-husband's skirt was probably one of her half-slips.

"Lift up your skirt, you sissy, I want to check what lingerie you are wearing."

Erica slowly lifted her skirt to show Dawn her grey half-slip, trimmed with black lace.

Although Erica was embarrassed, she was also rather exited at showing Dawn what silky lingerie she was wearing. There must have been an exhibitionist streak in Erica, as she loved posting photos on Flickr of Erica wearing stockings and slips.



“Now lift up your blouse,” commanded Dawn. She always had been bossy and got what she wanted.

Erica dropped the skirt and lifted the grey satin blouse. Her grey bra came into view.

“And that’s my bra, no doubt you are wearing the matching panties.”

Erica nodded. She thought that Dawn might want to see those as well, but she didn’t. It was good job that she didn’t as she would have seen a huge bonner sticking out the panties in a big tent.

“OMG your boobs are bigger than mine. Very sexy. You can keep the lingerie; I don’t want it back after you have worn it. I am going to collect the rest of my clothes, and here are the divorce papers.”

Erica was nervous and dropped the papers, she bent over to pick them up.”



“Oh my God, you are wearing stockings as well. What a surprise, Sissy, my soon to be ex-husband. Wait till I tell Steve when I get home.”

Dawn had brought an old suitcase and some bags with her, she took them upstairs, packed her things but before she left, she poked her head into the living room.

“Nice outfit by the way, you look cute, I would ask you to lift my suitcase into my car, but you are a sissy now. It’s late, I must get going, bye.”

Erica did not expect to see her again, but he was wrong about that.





After Dawn had left Erica was so hard at getting caught, being humiliated and showing her lingerie and big tits. This was a new experience, what was she going to do?

There was only one thing she could do; she could wank her stiff clitty. So, she did. She took off her blouse and skirt and rubbed her clitty through the nylon panties and slip until she suddenly came.





Now there would be more washing to do, but this time this slip, panties, stockings and suspenders were Erica's to keep.



But it also meant that this was the only lingerie she had access to. She would have to buy some more or ask Brad, her sissy neighbour about it. As it turned out Brad was moving north from New Malden to Manchester as his transport business was shrinking and closing the London office. Erica would have to fend for herself.

When Dawn got home Steve was already in bed. She took off her skirt and blouse to reveal her 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 me. He, or should I say she, looked very cute and sexy.”



Dawn started to take off her slip.

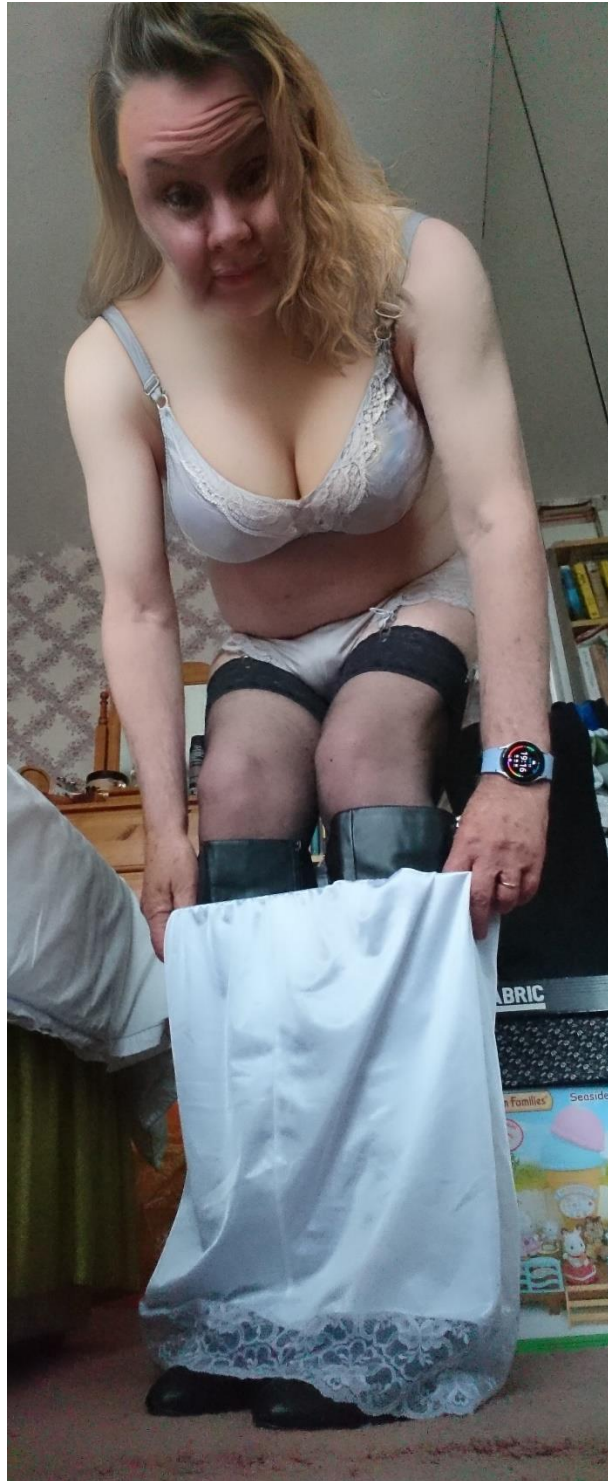
“No, leave it on, let me show you what a real man can do,” said Steve.

“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 often let her lacy slip show under her dress. My mum doesn't wear slips, she wears jeans most of the time. She was married to a rich business owner and could afford nice clothes. When I was about 16 she 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 when I was 17, nearly 18, just after she had been widowed, she reached down into her handbag for some cash. She gave me a 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 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. Aunt Mary showed me the petrol mower in the garden shed, 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. Aunt Mary invited me into the house for a drink. She said I was fine as she 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 enjoyed looking up my skirt yesterday, didn't you, 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 specially for you today. 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 just 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 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 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, have a drink of water, take my clothes off, strip Mary to her lingerie and fuck her.

Mary 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.

I had a couple of girlfriends that year. Their underwear was boring in comparison to Mary. They wore plain pants and bra with thick leggings most of the time.

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 bra and panties



I hardly ever fucked her in the same one 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 during my third year at uni, but it wasn't quite the same. It was good while it lasted but it did cement my love of slips and stockings.

“Other women I was with weren’t interested in pretty lingerie until you 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?”

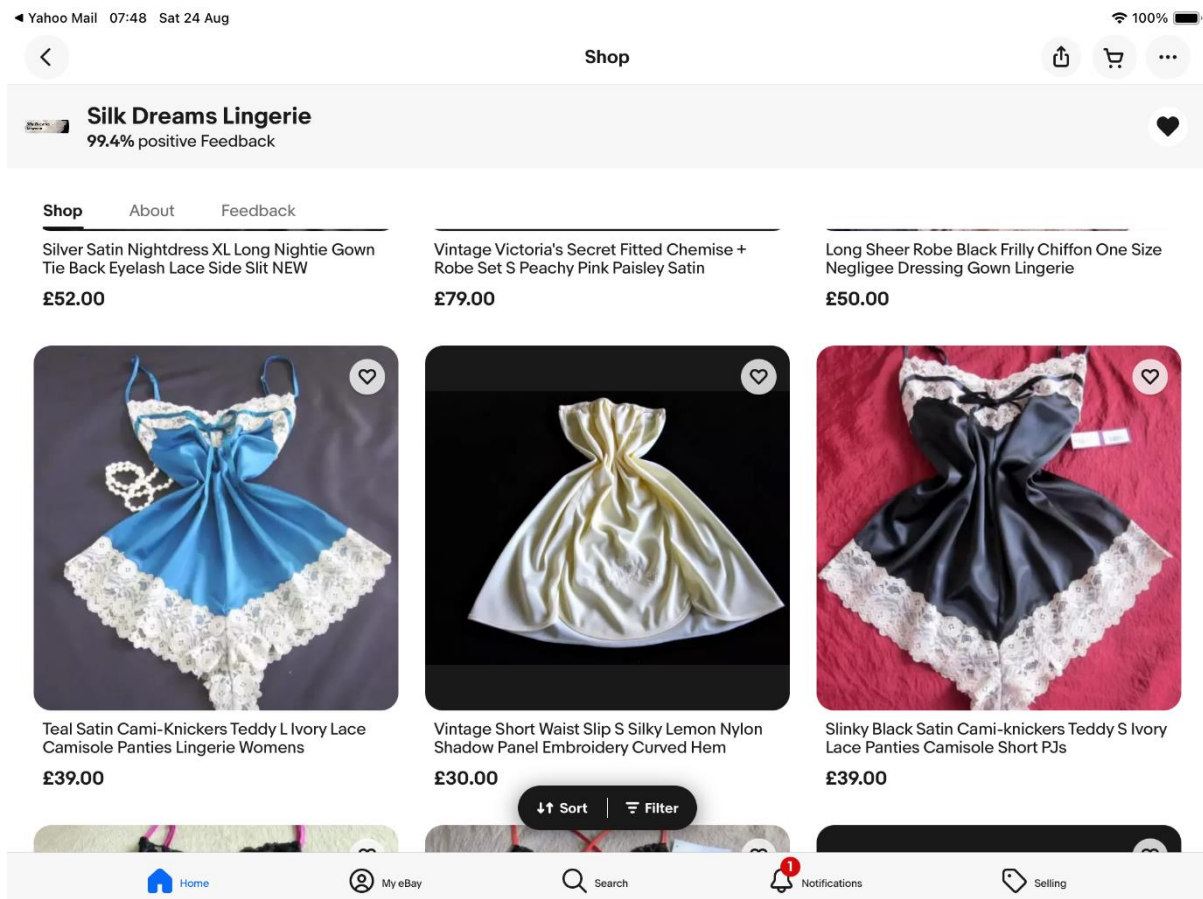
“Things weren’t going well at home, Eric didn’t satisfy me, he had such a small dick and came too soon even if he could get it up. It was no surprise he turned out to be a sissy. When I started working for you, I thought here is a real man. How can I attract you? I had to plan it. I wondered if a peeping 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. 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 will have to bring the signed divorce paper round sometime. Now put that stiff cock in me again and tell me how I compare to Aunty Mary.”





What was Erica going to do now Dawn has removed her source of exciting lingerie? She would have to look online. eBay was a good place to start as that was where she had found some skirts and heels.

Some of it was quite expensive so she took it gradually, buying about one set a month. Money was tight as she now had to pay a lawyer to handle the divorce. Fortunately, Eric had a pre-nuptial agreement so Erica could keep the house. Dawn kept her car. There were no children so that should have made the divorce straight forward (and not too expensive). However, lawyers always find glitches, they wanted to make sure that the prenup was watertight and could not be contested. Every hour was charged for, even for reading emails!

Of course, Dawn's lawyers did say it was not valid for various legal reasons, but it did stand up and they eventually reached a settlement.

However, the cost was way more than Erica expected and would swallow most of Eric's savings. It was Eric that visited the lawyer, not Erica. She wasn't brave enough to venture out dressed on femme yet, perhaps she would one day.

Dawn found some lovely blue cami -knickers from Silk Dreams on eBay.

These were very silky and had contrasting cream lace. She added a lacy suspender belt and some black stockings.





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Then on Flickr she came across [Emma and her sensuously silky slips.](#) | Flickr. This led to Emma's web site, [Nylon Nostalgia](#) which had lots of lovely slips and panties on sale.



When Erica saw the frilly tennis panties on Emma's web site, she just had to have them. Then she had to find a matching white bra, suspender belt and some white stockings, Ebay to the rescue again.



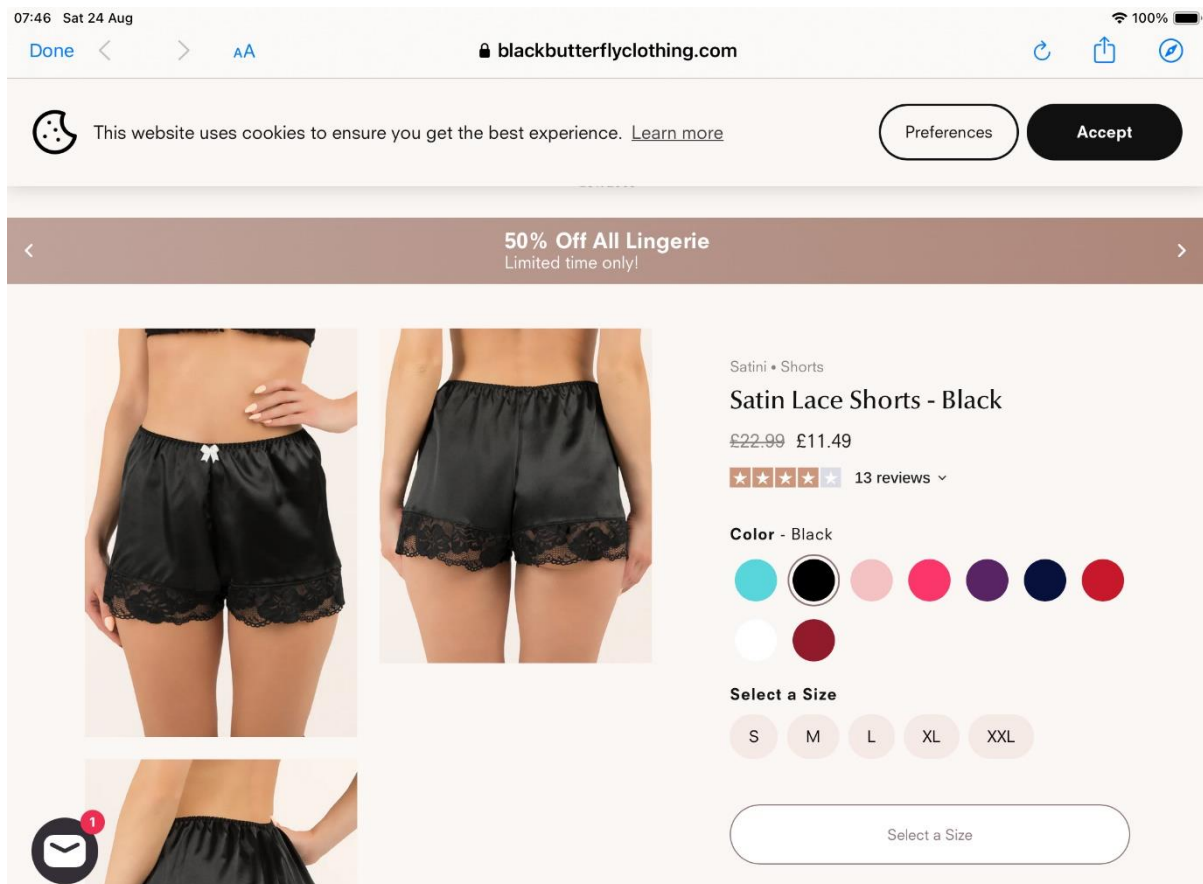
Nylon Nostalgia also had some gorgeous slips, both full slips and half-slips. After trying the frilly tennis panties Erica succumbed and bought a gorgeous red full slip trimmed in lace that would look perfect under a new red and black dress.



Then she had to find some matching panties and bra.



And then some matching red heels. One thing led to another. Erica was spending a fortune, more than she could afford really with, the divorce going through.



Erica gradually built up a new stock of lingerie and clothes. A friend on Flickr recommended another lingerie web site, [Black Butterfly](#). Although it had the usual women's knickers it also had some gorgeous French knickers and some satin panties clearly aimed at sissy cross-dressers. Erica perused the web site trying to decide what her budget would stretch to; the prices were very reasonable.

Finally, the divorce was agree, the papers signed but the last paper had to be signed by both parties and a witness. Erica was really surprised when Dawn phoned to suggest that Erica come over on Saturday to get the paperwork signed off with Steve, her boss and new partner, as the independent witness. Despite splitting up and going through a divorce there was no animosity between them.

"Erica, not Eric?" said Erica.

"Yes, come dressed as Erica, you looked so cute and Steve wants to see you all dressed up. Make sure you wear a slip and stockings, let the slip peep out, just like you did when I last saw you. It will be fun," said Dawn.

"Oh, I suppose so." This was Erica's big chance.

She wondered what she could wear and then thought about the new lingerie she has just bought from Black Butterfly, that might fit the bill.



There were some new pink and white panties made by Satini that Erica had bought through Black Butterfly lingerie, still in their packet. Erica found some other lingerie and stockings to go with it and laid them out on her bed. Then she did her makeup and put on her wig.



The panties were sheer, they showed Erica's stiff clitty as soon as she put them on. The bra was just as sheer and showed the nipples of her big tits. She was delighted with the new panties and bra, they were so sissy.



It was no good she had to have a wank. She lay down on the bed and massaged the thin panties and then pulled out her stiff clitty and climaxed, she was careful not to stain the new panties.



Dawn had requested a slip. Erica picked up a full-length pink slip but had trouble getting the slip on over her big boobs, so she changed her mind and found a cute satin pink half-slip instead.



That worked better, especially with a skirt and blouse. Erica put on the skirt and a sheer white blouse. It would be easier to make sure that the pink slip would poke out from under the skirt.

She put on some black high heeled sandals and checked her outfit in the bedroom mirror. She was pleased with the look.



One last check to make sure that the lacy edged slip was peeping out of her lacy stocking tops, it was. Oh God, Erica was getting hard again. She picked up an old handbag that Dawn had missed when she cleared out her stuff, then her car keys and was ready to face whatever the world had for her.



Erica arrived on time, she had been nervous getting in and out of the car but it was dark, which helped. She rang the doorbell of Steve's flat in Wapping, overlooking the River Thames . It was Dawn who opened the door. Erica recognised the geometric black and white dress she had on. She had worn to parties when they were first married.

"Well look at you, all dolled up, pretty as a picture, Steve will love your look, come in," said Dawn.

Erica thought that Dawn was pretty dolled up as well for a Saturday. Was that a hint of stocking tops? Dawn usually wore this dress with tights. The heels were white high heeled ankle boots. She looked sexy. Steve was a lucky man to get her away from Eric, but perhaps no real surprise.

"Go and meet Steve in the living room, I will fetch the papers," said Dawn.





Steve, however, was not dolled up, he was wearing loose shorts and t-shirt. It looked as though he had just been out running, which he had. He was also much taller than Erica, well over 6 feet tall and very good looking.

“Please to meet you Eric, sorry Erica. You look fabulous, even better than Dawn said. I love your petticoat peeping out.”



“Do a twirl.”

Erica turned round. She could feel his eyes boring in the back of her blouse that showed her bra and the lacy hem of her pink slip that showed under her flowery skirt.

“Very nice, you really remind me so much of my aunty Mary in your style of dress, it is classy.”



Erica put her handbag down on the floor and got a tissue to wipe her nose.

Steve exclaimed, "So like aunty Mary."



When Erica stood up, she realised he had a big hard on that showed in his shorts. Then Dawn came into the room carrying a folder with the divorce papers.

Dawn put the papers on a coffee table and signed her part. Then it was Erica's turn. As she bent down to the sign the paper on the low coffee table she was directly in front of Steve. Dawn had probably planned that.

Steve gave out a wolf whistle as he could see right up Erica/s skirt at her pink lacy slip, lacy stocking tops, her pink suspenders and probably even her pink panties.

"Even better than I hoped Erica, what a wonderful view, just like aunty Mary.

Erica turned round expecting to see the big tent in Steve's shorts. There was a big tent but Steve had his hand inside his shorts and had started wanking his stiff cock. Erica wondered who was this aunty Mary that Steve kept referring to and what did she do to Steve? More to the point what would she have to do to Steve to get him to sign as witness?



“Let’s celebrate with some champagne. As you are a sissy, I think you should be our maid and serve,” said Dawn. “But I don’t want you to mess up your lovely skirt and blouse, so take them off and then you can put on this white pinafore.”

Erica stared at the long white pinny in Dawn’s hand. She thought that a pinny was supposed to worn over your dress but perhaps this was an opportunity to show her pretty lingerie to Steve and Dawn.

Erica lifted her blouse and as her bra came into view Steve wolf whistled again.

“OH god a beautiful bra, it is so frilly and sheer. You are right Dawn; her tits are huge. Now take off the skirt, Sissy and put on that pinny.



“Is this what
aunty Mary did
for you Steve?

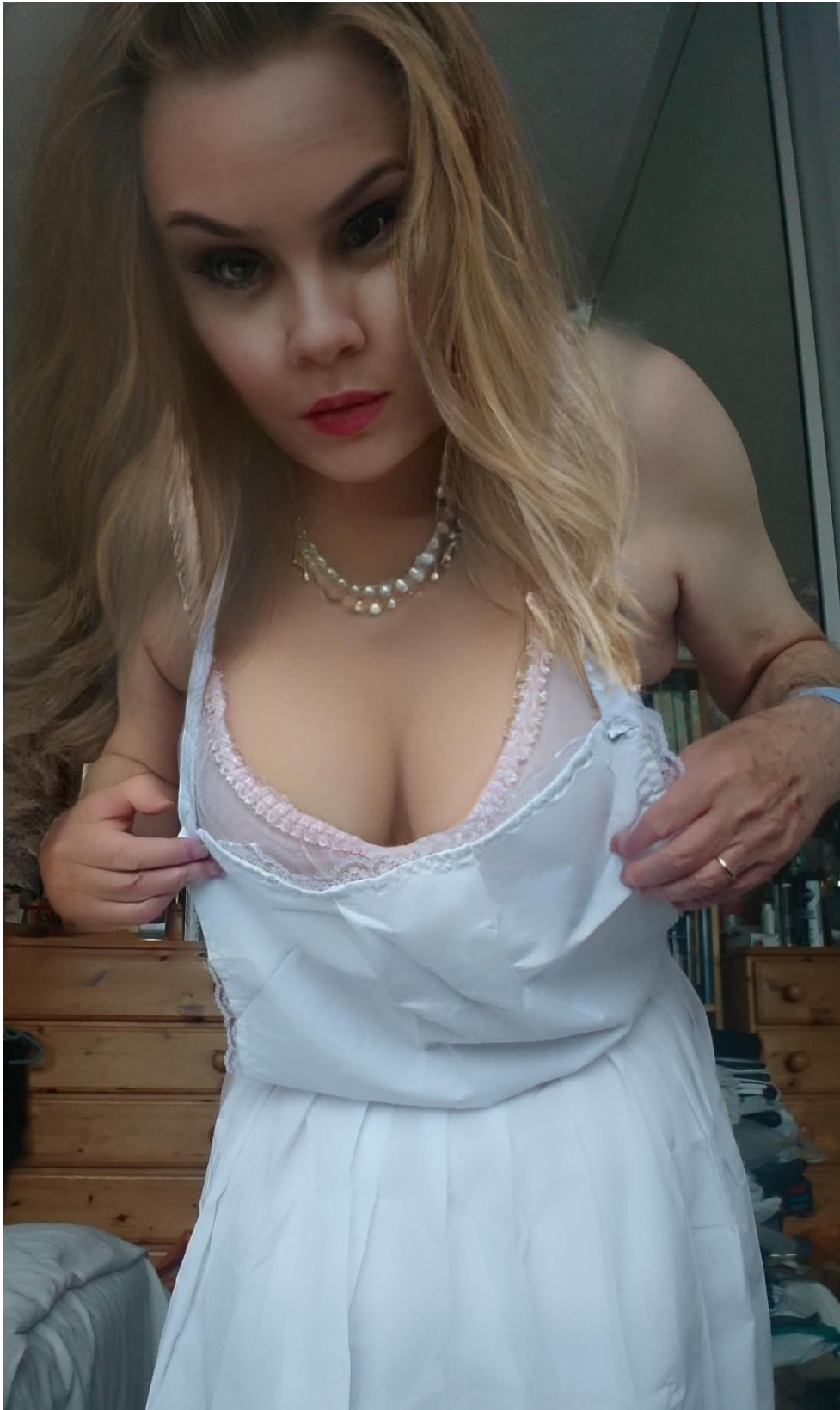
“Oh yes, when I
was 17, she
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and slip, just like
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now.”





Dawn had fished his cock out of his shorts and was openly masturbating him. Dawn had pulled up her skirt and invited Steve to feel her black panties. Erica was right that Dawn was wearing black stockings and suspenders under her dress, not tights.

Dawn handed the pinnie to Erica to put on over her lingerie.



“The top is a bit loose, should I tighten it up, my boobs and bra show,” said Erica.

“No that is perfect, now let Steve tie up the straps on the back,” said Dawn.



Erica turned back to Steve. Her slip, bra and stockings were completely exposed at the back. Now she understood why she had been told to take off her skirt and blouse. She started to tie the long ribbons when she felt strong hands grab hers and take over tying the ribbons.



“Let’s see your panties, Sissy.”

Erica lifted her slip. Steve lent forward and felt all over the slip and knickers. Erica was starting to get hard.

“Oh so frilly, just like your bra. Now go in the kitchen and pour the champagne and bring the cake whilst Steve signs the papers,” said Dawn.



“Enough of that Steve, now sign the papers.”

Dawn stood up as Erica was making her way to the kitchen.

Dawn unzipped her black and white dress to reveal that she was wearing a black full slip under the dress.

Erica found the champagne was in an ice bucket and the cake was already on plates on a tray, She poured the champagne into some flutes and put them on the tray with the cake. She brought the tray back into the living room.



Dawn had taken off her dress and slip and was standing in front of Steve in her bra, French knickers and stockings as he signed the divorce papers as the witness. Then it was back to wanking.

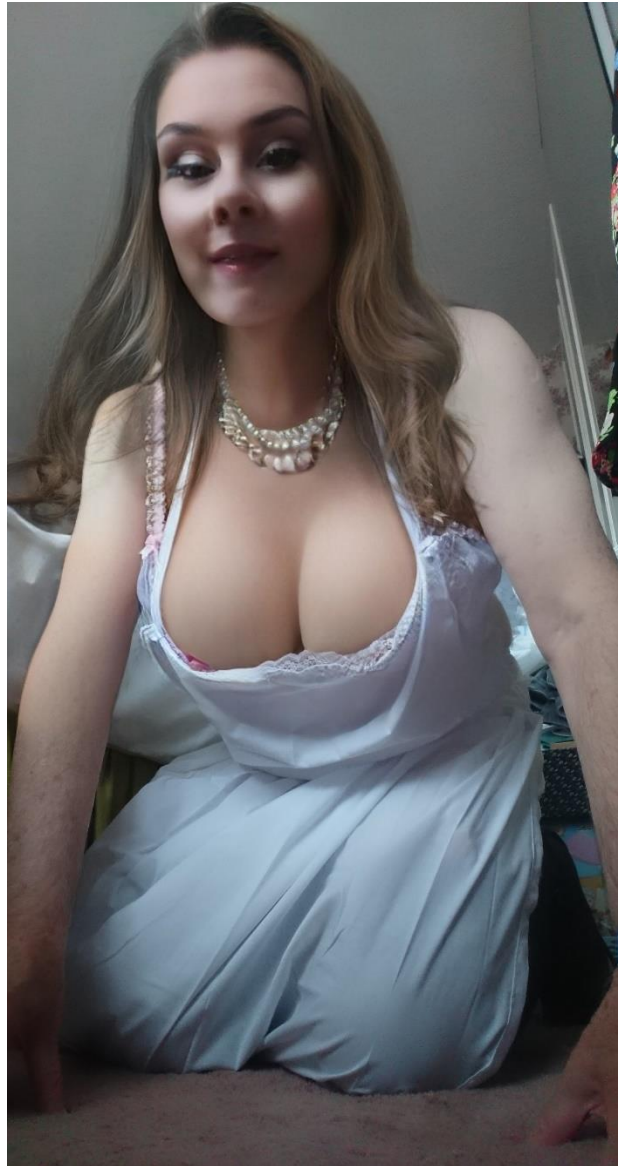


As Erica put the tray down on the coffee table, she could feel Steve touching her slip and panties from behind. She served the champagne flutes to Steve and Dawn.

“Is there anything else I can do for you sir,” said Sissy Erica, getting into the role.

“Oh yes. When aunty Mary seduced me, she sucked me off and fucked me. I can’t fuck you like that, but you can suck me,” said Steve.

“It would be a pleasure sir.”



Sissy knelt on the floor in front of Steve. Her tits and bra were hanging out of the front of the loosely tied pinny. She lent forward and took over from Dawn, who was cuddled up to Steve in her black and white lingerie. Steve was rubbing Dawns stockings and French knickers as Sissy took his large stiff cock in her mouth. First licks and kisses but then she it took in further without gagging. Steve moved his hands to the back of Sissies head to pull her in deeper. Steve was grunting.

Just before Sissy sensed he was going to cum she withdrew, Steve then spewed hot white cum all over the pinnie, the pink and white bra and huge tits. Sissy was now glad she had put on the pinafore to catch the cum, it would have ruined her sheer blouse.

After a few moments to catch their breath Dawn said, “Now it’s my turn. You can watch Sissy Steve fucking me. “



Dawn climbed on top of Steve. He was still hard and slipped straight into Dawn's juicy vagina through the loose legs of Dawn's black French knickers.

Sissy's pinny was soaked, so she took it off. Now the humiliation was complete. She had to watch as her ex-wife was screwed by her alpha male. Erica really was a cuckold. However, she was still really hard and watching the couple rutting in front of her made her even harder. She pulled her slip down and plunged her hand into her sheer panties.

Steve was watching this and did not take his eyes off the Sissy's hand working up and down in her sheer panties. Sissy wondered if Steve had ever wanted to wear panties, he seemed fascinated by seeing Sissy in her pretty lingerie and stockings. She carried on wanking and until suddenly she flooded the panties. That pushed Steve over the edge and he came inside Dawn. Dawn screamed and came too.

The End

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Also see [Chelsea Boys](#) (part 1 of this story) and [Eric](#) (for part 2)

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