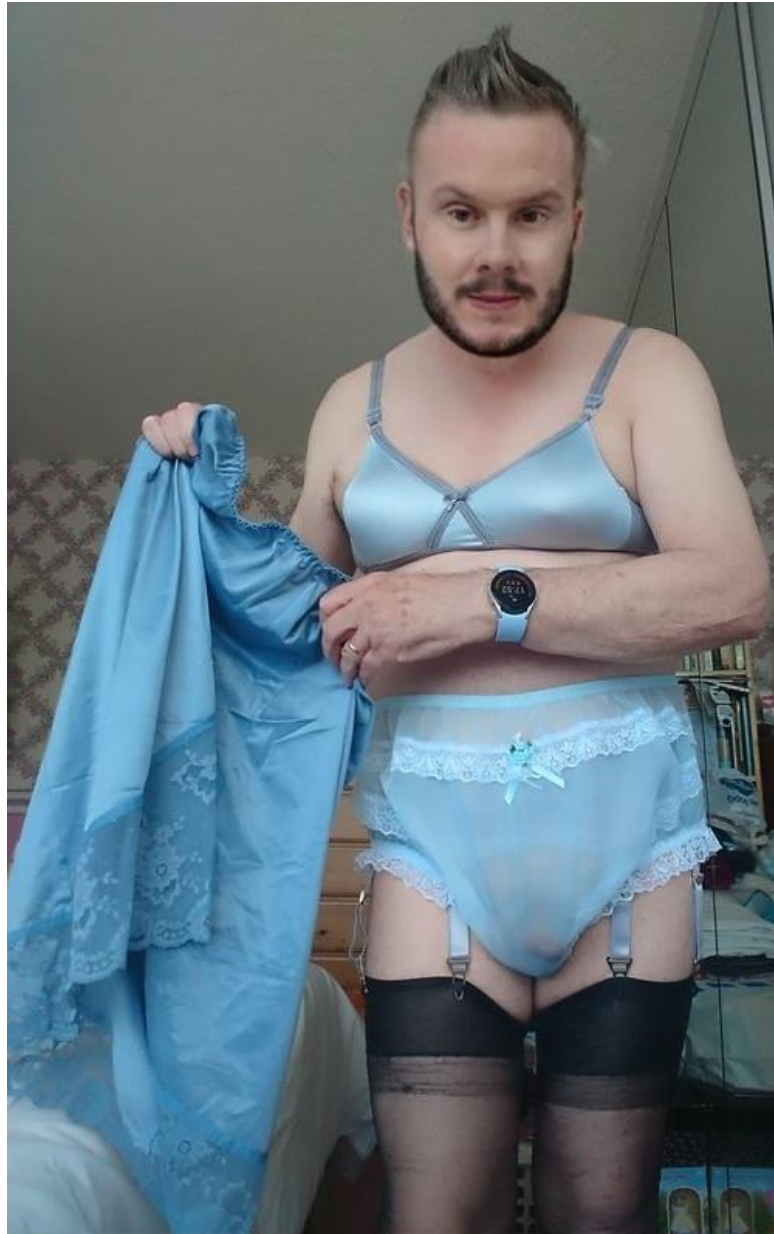


## Eric's TV journey

A photo story by Andrea Slip



This story is a follow up to Chelsea Boys Eric continues to explore Dawn's lingerie draws



As we found out in [Chelsea Boys](#), Eric's wife, Dawn, had left him for Steve, her manager at work. Brad, Eric's neighbour had come round to console him. Eric had caught Brad trying on Dawn's bridal panties in the bedroom. One thing led to another, and Eric discovered he loved wearing panties as well.

After Brad had gone home Eric had a pile of sticky lingerie to wash. But before he washed the delicate lingerie, he wondered what else Dawn had left in her lingerie draws. The next day Eric began to explore those draws.

He was delighted to find a pale blue set of bra, panties, slip, and suspenders. Eric did not remember ever seeing Dawn wearing these panties, they were quite sheer. In fact, Eric's clitty showed through the thin nylon, this made him stiff.



Eric found some black stockings and carefully pulled the sheer black nylons up his legs and attached them to the clips of the blue suspender belt.

Then he picked up the blue half-slip and stepped into it.



It felt so nice and sexy to be wearing Dawn's silky lingerie. The hem of the slip was so lacy, Eric loved it.

He was so grateful to Brad for introducing him to cross-dressing.





He was so hard, he rubbed his stiff clitty through the two layers of nylon, the panties and the slip. Then he had to release his clitty and spurted all over the stockings.



Brad, Eric's neighbour, had been really busy with work, his transport business was in trouble and he was often away in Manchester at the Head Office. But he did come round the following weekend to see how Eric was getting on after the split with Dawn. Brad came round dressed en-femme. He was wearing his own denim skirt and a pink lacy blouse with a pink silk scarf.

"That looks nice, Brad, maybe I should try some of Dawn's dresses and skirts."

"Thank you, yes you should try skirts. Have you been wearing some more of her lingerie and stockings?"



Eric stood up and removed his joggers and t-shirt. He was wearing a long tan slip with stockings.

“Perfect,” said Brad. “Now sit down and look at what I am wearing underneath my denim skirt and pink blouse. I think you will like it.”





Eric sat down on the sofa. He looked down at the lacy hem of his slip caressing his nylon stockings. Although the slip was a tan colour there were flacks of orange in the petals in the flowery pattern of the lace.



Brad stood up and made sure Eric had a good look up his skirt as he bent over.

“Tell me what you can see, Eric,” said Brad.

Eric’s eyes followed up Brads’ legs, from the pink high heels, up his legs, right up to the skirt.

“Wow, that looks incredibly sexy. I can see pink high heels, then sheer stockings.” Eric paused to start wanking his stiff clitty with his own slip.

“The nylon stockings are clinging tightly to your legs. The heels and nylons make your legs look so feminine and sexy. The top of the stockings are pulled tight into a triangle by pink suspenders. I can see a peeping pink slip with a frilly edge, the slip might be satin. And I think I can see pink lacy knickers pulled tight over your bum.”

Brad wiggled his bum.

“A very good, and sexy, description, Eric.”



Brad turned round and removed his skirt, blouse to reveal his satin half-slip and huge breasts, that were only just covered with a pink satin bra.

“Now you can see my bra and tits. Do you like it?”





This sight of Brad in his pretty lingerie made Eric even harder. Eric stood up, lifted his slip, pulled down his cream panties and carried on wanking his big stiff clitty.





Brad responded by dropping and stepping out of his pink satin slip.



Then Brad pulled down his pink panties and released his stiff clitty too. Their clitty's collided, with a hand on each other's clitty, they soon exploded hot cum over their panties and stockings.

When they cleaned up, Brad put his slip, skirt and blouse back on.

“OMG that was so good, Brad. I was wondering, do you ever wear makeup or a wig. I have seen some photos of trannies on Flickr that look really good.

“I will let you into a little secret. I am one of those trannies on Flickr but I never wear make-up. Watch this.”

Brad pulled out his mobile phone and turned on the camera.

“Here Eric, take a photo of me.” Eric did as he was told and handed the phone back.

“Now I use an app called FaceApp to change my gender and make me look more feminine. Look at the results.”

The result was a very sexy upskirt view of a gurl wearing panties, stockings and suspenders. The very feminine gurl was lifting their blouse to reveal their huge boobs held up by a little lacy pink satin bra.

Eric was instantly hard again. “Oh my God, that looks so sexy and so believable. I must get the app on my phone.”







A couple of days later Eric dipped into Dawn's panty draws and found panties with lots of frills on the bum. He thought that they looked like knickers that women tennis players used to wear at Wimbledon in the 60's. He added a white bra, suspenders and black stockings.



Then he found a full-length white slip, he pulled it on over his head. There were some breast forms in the draw as well, Eric as not sure why Dawn had these, perhaps to fill out her bra when she went to work to impress her boss.

The white nylon slip felt nice. What about a dress, could he find one of Dawn's that would fit, as he was a few inches taller than Dawn?



After a bit of searching, he eventually found a blue cheque dress that buttoned up the front. It was a bit tight, but the length was OK. It felt great over his slip. There were some blue high heels that just about fitted but would look good with the dress.

Now what was that app Brad had told him about? He had meant to download it that evening but then forgot and could not now remember the name, it was Face time, or something like that. Any way Eric took some photos.





This included an upskirt view of his panties, slip and stocking tops. He liked that and was getting hard.



He took a couple more photos and then remembered the app that Brad had told him was called FaceApp. He found it on the Google store, downloaded it and started to play around with it. Another upskirt produced an interesting result but with a more feminine face.



He took off the dress and posed in just the slip and stockings.





Then he took off the slip and let it dangle from his fingers as he took a photo in the bedroom mirror of him in his frilly panties, bra, heels and stockings. There was a nice tent in the panties. Eric used the gender swap and makeup filters in the app.

Hmm, the results were not quite as good as when Brad showed him the app. The face looked feminine, but the hair was not quite right over the bra. However, he was so hard looking at his femme alter ego.



Then it was hand in the thin panties, wank and cum, all over the panties. More messy lingerie for the washing pile.



A couple of days later, Eric started to sort through the washing. He could not believe how much lingerie he had worn in the past two weeks. Top of the pile was Dawn's bridal panties that Eric had caught Brad wearing. That was the start of it all.





Eric sorted the washing, put it in the green wash basket and then in the washing machine with the powder and fabric softener.



He was not quite brave enough to hang it in the garden, although with Eric on one side it was ok, but the other side might have worked out that Dawn was not around anymore. They would wonder who the frilly lingerie belonged to and start asking awkward questions.

So instead of drying in the garden the lingerie had to go on drying racks indoors, just like Brad had to do next door.



The bit Eric really enjoyed was ironing his slips and panties.





Eric wore a pink full slip, to do the ironing, with panties, bra and stockings underneath. And of course, high heels on his nylon clad feet.



And finally, after doing all the ironing, he folded all the pretty lingerie, exactly as Dawn had done. There were neat piles on the bed of bras, full slips, half-slips, panties, suspenders and stockings. He would carefully return them to the draws they came from. No one would ever know Eric had worn the lingerie. He was wrong about that.



A few days later he put on some brown French knickers and a lacy brown bra.

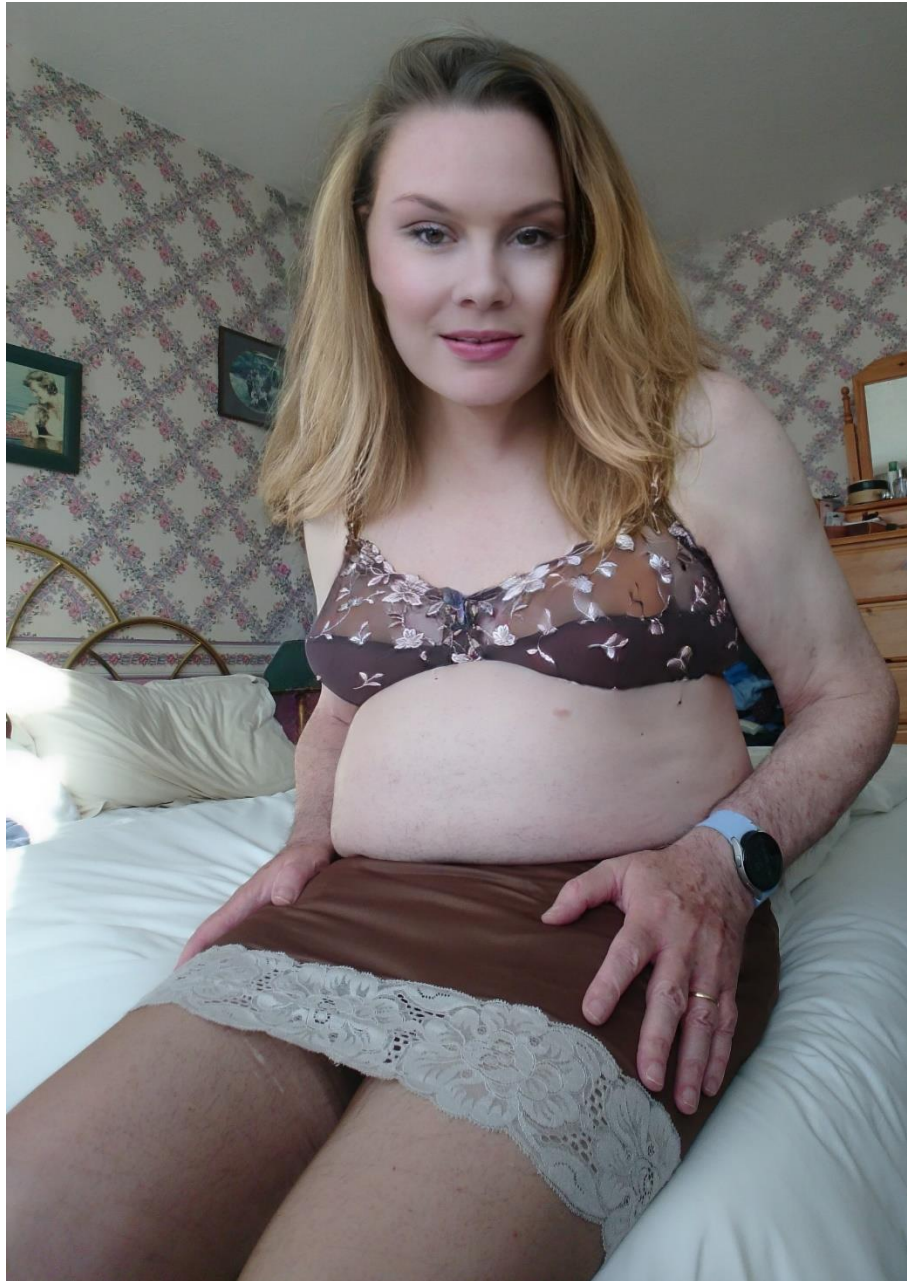
Then it was a brown suspender belt and sheer brown stockings. The panties had some pretty lace on the legs. Eric was getting hard. He found his phone and started the transformation into a gorgeous and sexy young woman.





Eric picked up a brown half-slip, trimmed with white lace that matched the bra nicely. He propped the phone up a chair and started taking some photos.





Eric put on the slip and sat down on the bed to take another photo and flipped the gender in FaceApp.

“Oh God, that looks sexy, although the colour of the bra is not quite right. Maybe I should try real makeup and a wig,” said Eric to himself.

Despite his slight disappointment with the result, he carried on. The photos would go on his new Flickr account, “Eric in Slips.”



Wearing makeup (and indeed stockings and suspenders) was not actually new to Eric, despite what he had told Brad on a previous occasion. He had been a keen member of the drama and musicals societies at university. This included playing the part of Sally Bowles in *Cabaret* when the leading lady dropped out at the last minute, and he had to step into her high heels (and stockings of course).



This was such a success that he was a shoe in for the part of Janet in Rocky Horror. Eric wore the classic white half-slip, lacy white bra, stockings, blue denim skirt and white blouse.

His then girlfriend played the straight Brad in a white vest and tighty whity y-fronts. A real role-reversal in a major role reversal musical.



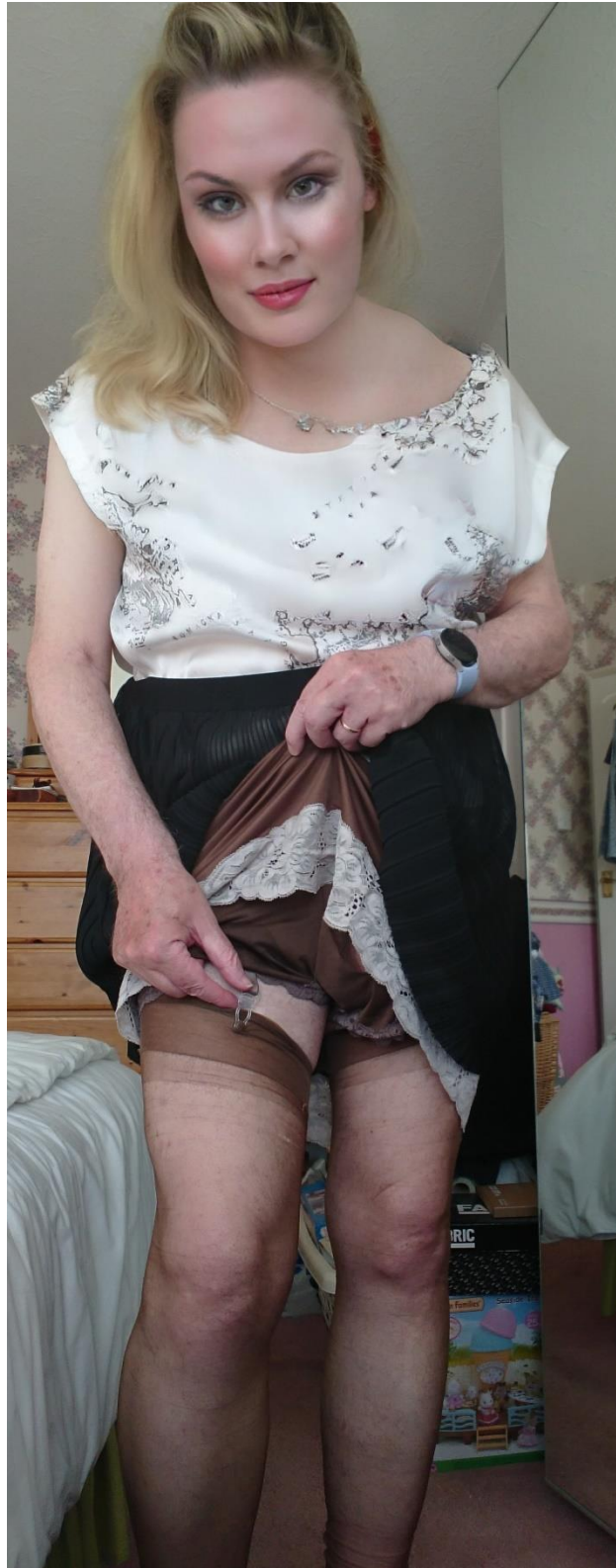


Eric pulled on the brown half-slip and adjusted his pink high heels. It reminded him of playing the part of Janet in a half-slip, bra and heels, which he had enjoyed but never repeated.

On top he put on a short black pleated skirt, he remembered Dawn wearing this skirt to the office a lot. As he pulled on a silky cream blouse, the skirt rode up a little and the white lacy hem of the slip showed. He liked the show of a lacy slip. It reminded him of his mum.



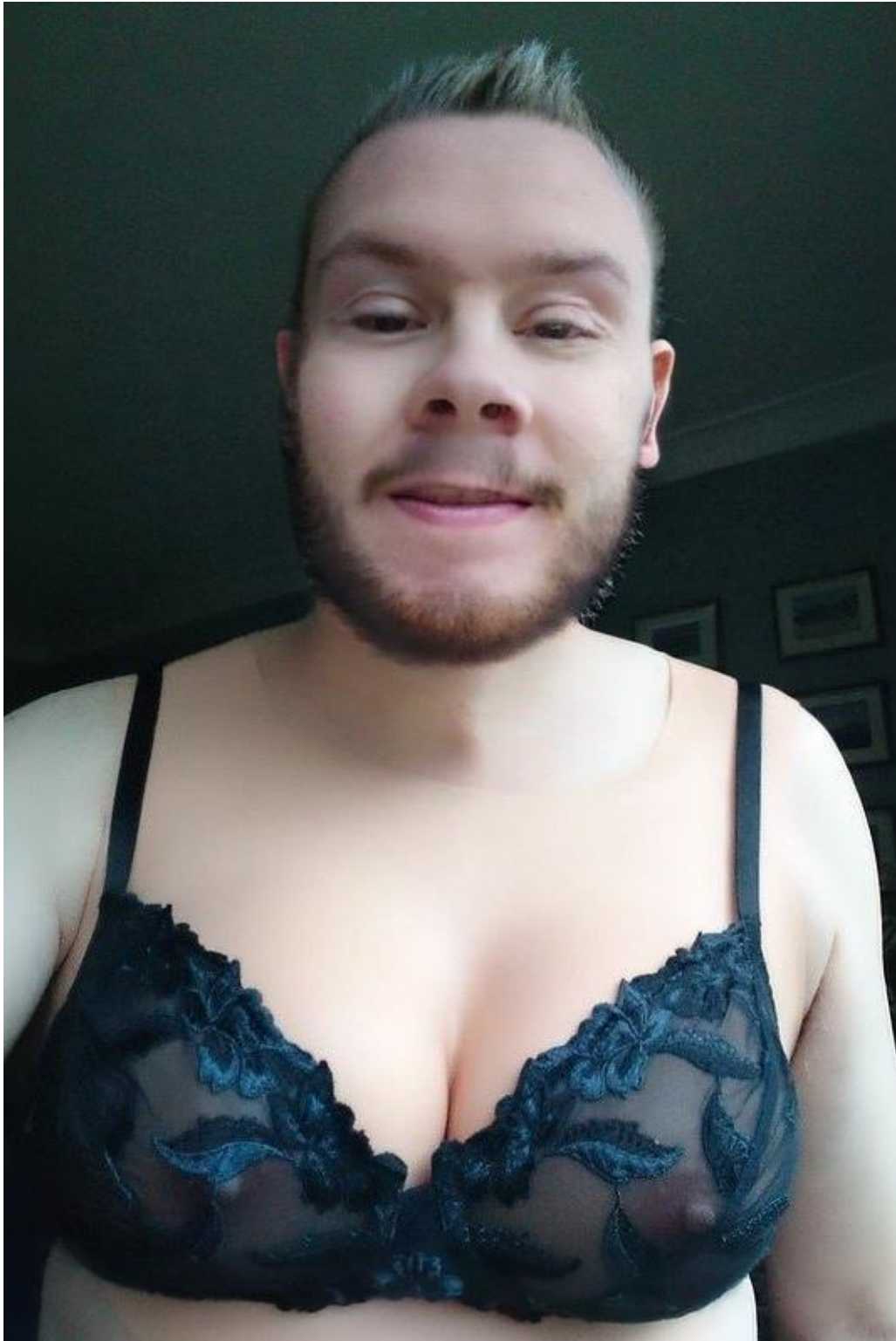




Eric adjusted his taught suspender strap but had to reveal his slip and stocking tops, another Kodak moment for his Flickr page. When he flipped the photo in FaceApp he noticed that the neckline of the blouse was a bit odd and the makeup a bit too tarty.



He sat down on the bed and took another photo. He looked and felt very sexy. Then it was up with the skirt and slip, hand in panties, wank and finally cum.



Eric wanted to fill the bra's better, so he found some fake breasts on eBay. They were not cheap, over £100 but when he saw how it filled his sheer lacy bra with fantastic cleavage he was delighted, and he was hard, and came, again. He had also bought a grey skirt, grey satin blouse and grey high heels. Some of Dawn's clothes and shoes were too tight for him.





Eric's next step was to experiment with some make-up he had bought from Amazon. He had a look at some videos on You Tube to get some ideas. The beard had to go, so back to being clean shaven rather than a wispy hipster beard. After several attempts some of the makeup lessons from his girlfriend at Uni when preparing for his cross-dressing roles came back to him and he gradually got better. After a while he was happy with the effects. When he put on a wig, he got out his camera to take some photos for Flickr. Friends seemed to like it. He couldn't carry on calling himself Eric, perhaps he should re-invent herself as Erica.



Erica was happy with the results, particularly with the new big tits, Eric changed his Flickr profile to “Erica in Slips.”



She was pleased with the results as she dressed up in lots of lingerie and skirts





Her upskirt photos proved very popular on Flickr amongst friends.



Almost all of her photo sets included a peeping slip.

Erica's happy little world was about to come crashing down.

Erica had found a gorgeous grey set of lingerie at the bottom of the lingerie draw. They would look perfect with her new skirt and blouse. She put on the panties, bra, suspenders and stockings. Next, her new grey high heels. These fitted much better than Dawn's heels.







Erica stepped into a grey half-slip with loads of black lace on the hem. She was such a lucky gurl to be able to wear such pretty clothes, she felt so sexy and in a happy place when dressed up. She put on the new, short grey skirt.



Erica took an upskirt photo that showed her shiny grey panties, stocking tops, grey skirt and grey bra. Her cleavage really showed.

Erica stood up and pulled on a shiny grey blouse over her boobs and bra. She was about to take another photo when suddenly there was a noise from the hall as the front door opened. There was the click of heels on the wooden floor.



“Where are you Eric, you wimp? I have the divorce papers and have come to collect my clothes. I hope you have not been wearing them, ha ha ha.”

Oh no, Dawn was back, Erica knew immediately she should have changed the locks as soon as Dawn had moved out.





Erica had to sit down and brace herself for what was to come.



Dawn dropped a suitcase in the hall and then walked into the living room.

“Who the fuck are you?” Then she screeched and then laughed out loud.

“Oh my God, is that you Eric? Really?? All dressed up a woman?”



“Here are the divorce papers. You will need a solicitor.”

Dawn threw the papers on the carpet.



Erica stood up and bent over to pick up the papers.

“Oh my god, are you wearing my slip?”

Dawn could see right up Erica’s skirt, just like Erica had looked up Brad’s skirt.

“Let me see what else you are wearing. Lift up your skirt.”



Erica straightened up and turned round, she lifted her skirt, the grey slip with black lace came into view.

“OMG that is my slip, lift it up,”

Erica lifted the slip.

“and my panties and suspenders.”





“Lift up your blouse,” commanded Dawn.

Erica slowly lifted her grey satin blouse to reveal that she was also wearing Dawn’s grey bra that matched the panties.

“Thought so, that’s my bra. My God, your tits are bigger than mine. Wait till I tell Steve what a sissy you are. You can keep the undies. I don’t want them back after you have soiled them. You can read the divorce papers while I pack my clothes. Nice skirt by the way, suits you girl!”





Erica sat down, embarrassed and humiliated at being caught by her soon to be ex-wife. Strangely, she was also excited at having revealed her lingerie to Dawn. She sat there for a while, try not to think about her hard on, but it would not go away whilst Dawn was opening and closing doors upstairs. After about 30 minutes Dawn was on her way out.

“I would ask you to lift my suitcase and bag into my car, but I think you are too much of a wimp and a sissy. I can’t wait to get home and tell Steve what I found you wearing. Bye”

When Dawn got home, Steve was in bed already

“How did you get on, did Eric give you a hard time,” asked Steve?

Dawn took off her jumper and skirt to reveal her white slip and bra.

“Far from it. You wouldn’t believe it, but he was wearing my underwear with his own skirt and blouse. I think he was hard in my grey panties.”

“No way, really? What a sissy.”

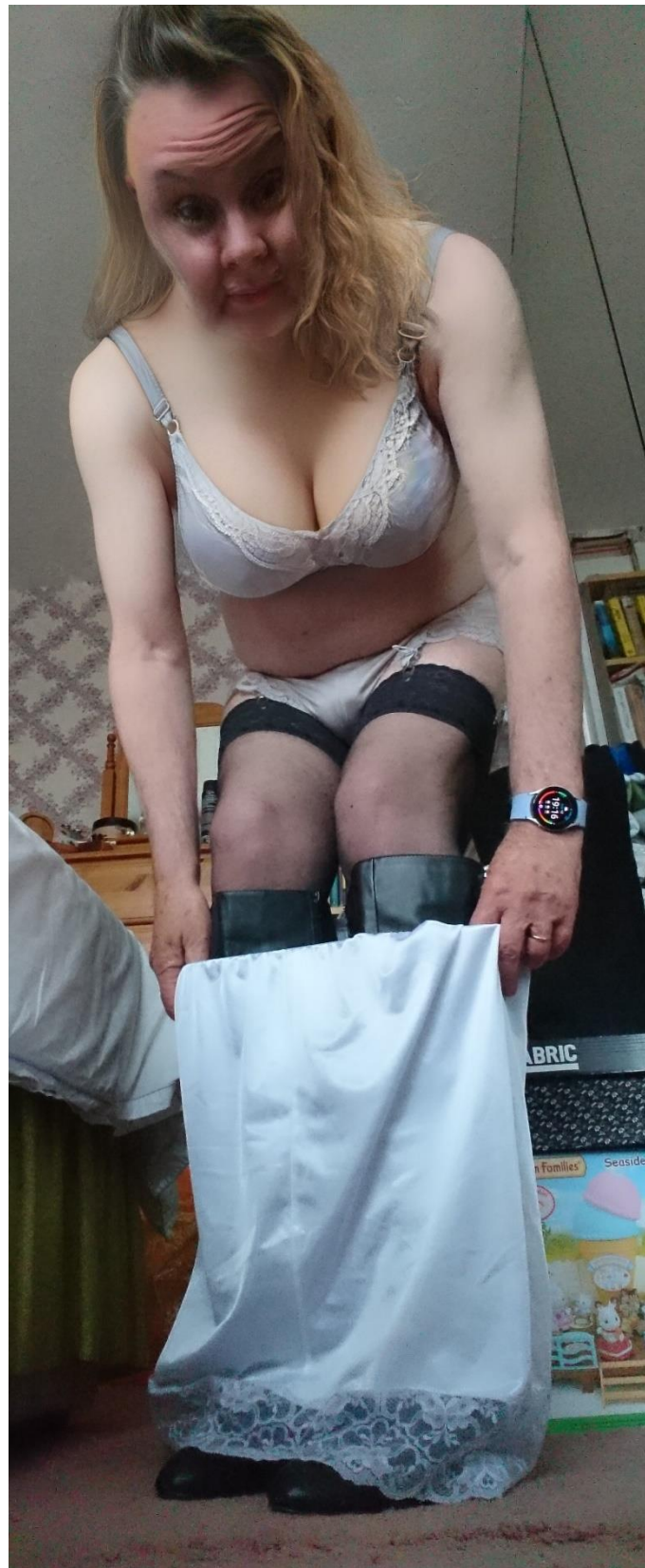


“I must say he did look very cute, all made up like a real girl in a short skirt. He was even wearing my slip and stockings.”

“Just like you are darling.”

“I let him keep them, I didn’t want them back. And he had huge fake boobs. I don’t know where he got those from.”

Dawn took off her white slip.







“I bet he wishes he was wearing those white knickers and bra,” said Steve, who now had his big cock out. Now take off the rest of your clothes and come to bed. I will show you what a real man can do for you.”

There was one thing that Steve was right about. Erica was missing Dawn's lingerie already. She would have loved to have worn Dawn's white panties, bra and slip. Erica now only had one set of lingerie and would not be able to dip into Dawn's bulging lingerie draws any more. Perhaps Brad next door could help with some loans until Erica was able to fill those empty draws again with some pretty slips, panties, bras, stockings, heels and even dresses.

## The End

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**Also see [Chelsea Boys](#)  
(part 1 of this story)**

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