

The Lawyer (part 1, the Will) by Andrea Slip

A photo story by Andrea Slip



It was an unusual will, very unusual, with some very specific instructions for the widow

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It was an unusual will, very unusual. I told my client so, but he insisted on putting in some special clauses, conditions of inheritance for his wife, in particular. I nearly refused to write it, but Mr Lewdanski was a very insistent and a very good client who had given my practice lots of work over the years. He was a larger-than-life character, very driven, a very successful businessman who had acquired or started up many local enterprises over the years. He was a serial entrepreneur.

Perhaps I should introduce myself, I am Karen Jones, a lawyer with a shared practice in Esher, Surrey. I work mainly in commercial law but occasionally we will do a will for clients like Mr Lewdanski. I would normally pass this over to a junior colleague, but he wanted me to write the will and also be the executor, no one else was to handle the will.

The will was written and signed three years ago when Mr Lewdanski was aged 63, I was in my mid 40's, so I would expect to outlive my client and probably would have to deal with his estate and the strange conditions of the will. I was still surprised when Mrs Lewdanski phoned me a week ago to say that her husband had passed away from a massive heart attack. I gave her my condolences and agreed a date to meet her in my office to discuss the will. I warned her that there were some unusual clauses in the will.

“Why am I not surprised,” asked Mrs Lewdanski? “Perhaps there is life after death?”

Today was the day of the meeting with the widow. I had been working from home during lockdown so only had to worry about a smart blouse for Teams or Zoom meetings. But today I had to be fully dressed for my first meeting in the office since the end of lockdown. In some ways I was not looking forward to it as it could be very awkward, depending on how Mrs Lewdanski reacts to the will, it could go either way.



Working from home during lockdown had been difficult in some ways but fun in other. I could be almost naked, or all dressed up. I was often dressed in just a slip, bra, panties, and stockings.



Sometimes I would have to rush to put a bra and blouse on quickly for an unexpected Zoom meeting.



I would only just be ready in time.



Other times I wore a black blouse that was sheerer than I would normally wear for the office. You could clearly see my lacy black bra and cleavage through the blouse, but often....



... no skirt or even bra. No one could see my lower half or my big tits on show.



For my meeting back in the office today I started with a black lacy suspender belt and black stockings. It did feel really nice to wear hosiery and lingerie again for the office. Then, I put on a black lacy bra and black French knickers. I pulled the silky nylon panties up over my stockings, it made me shiver as the nylon slid over nylon.



Next came a full-length black slip. The nylon felt so silky as I pulled the slip down over my panties. I have to be honest; I was getting a little excited about this.



Then it was a white office blouse, except this one was slightly sheer. I took my black cheque skirt out of the wardrobe; it would look good with the blouse. I wore this outfit at least once a week to the office in normal times.



I stepped into the skirt then put on my high heels and adjusted the buckles. I was really hard by now and tenting my black panties. Yes, yes, you have guessed it, I am a cross-dresser and I have been for a long time. I changed my name to Karen Jones when I went to Surrey University to study law. I qualified to practice law as a woman and have been dressing as a woman ever since but never quite got to full gender reassignment. Perhaps you might notice my stiff clitty filling my black panties. No time for a wank, I had to finish dressing for the office, the first time I had been back since the second lockdown started over four months ago.



Mrs Lewdanski was on time for her 11am appointment. She was a tall lady, late 50's but very elegant, very classy. She was wearing a lovely flowery skirt, a green blouse, and sheer black tights. We introduced each other, but no handshake, of course.

As I showed her into my office, I asked her, "That is a lovely skirt, I love the split, where did you get it?"

Before she could answer I noticed that there was a hint of a lacy slip in the split of the skirt.



“Oh, thank you, I bought it online recently from E-Bay, what with all the clothes shops being closed during lockdown. When you said there were some unusual terms of the will, I guessed what they might be, so I wanted to dress nicely for our meeting, hence the slip, which I know you noticed as your eye was drawn to my slip showing in the split. In fact, it looks like you are wearing a black slip as well, Miss Jones, that is peeping out from your skirt and shows through your white blouse. You look lovely my dear. Lew, his proper first name was Anthony but I always called him Lew. He told me why he had chosen you to do his will, Karen, but he did not divulge the contents. He can be a secretive man. He **was** a secretive man. Is it ok if I call you Karen and not Miss Jones? Please call me Wendy.”



I was a little taken aback by this but soon recovered. We sat down, socially distanced, of course.

“Yes, yes, of course, please call me Karen.”

As I sat on my office chair and I looked down I could see that my black cheque skirt had ridden up and a lot of the lacy hem of my black slip was showing. I looked at Mrs Lewdanski, or rather Wendy, sitting in her chair. Her slip was showing as well.



Wendy's flowery skirt had risen up. The lacy hem of her slip was showing more clearly now. It was a lovely pale green slip with lots of lace. Had she let it ride up? Most women would have tugged the skirt down to cover up the slip again, but Wendy did not. The gorgeous slip looked lovely against her sheer black nylons. Perhaps this meeting was going to be easier than I expected.

"Although there are other aspects of the will and the estate of Mr Lewdanski that I will need to go through with you later I am instructed to tell you about the special instructions first by a giving you a demonstration."

I paused and looked at Wendy. She let out a little sigh. "This is so Lew. I didn't think I would miss the old bugger, but I do now." She started to cry.

I handed her a tissue from my desk, she mopped her eyes and then straightened up. "Please carry-on Karen, I think I can guess what he wanted you to do."



I stood up and unzipped my skirt to reveal my slip and stockings. Then I took off my blouse. This was very unusual, but it was a very unusual will and Mr Lewdanski paid double our normal rate.

“I am instructed by my client to demonstrate to you what you are to wear to his funeral as a condition of receiving his estate.”

“I thought so,” said Wendy, with a little smile and dabbing her eyes with the tissue.



“To my dear wife, Wendy Lewdanski, these are the conditions of inheriting the majority of my estate. At my funeral, details shown below, you are to wear a black dress or skirt and blouse with a full-length black slip with lots of lace on the bust and hem. If it is cold you may wear a black coat on top, “I said reading the instructions.

“You are also to wear black French knickers like these,” I said as I lifted my black slip to reveal my black knickers.

“Oh, and stockings, they look lovely on you Karen.”

“Yes, stockings and suspenders.” I carried on reading the text. “You are to wear a black lacy suspender belt with sheer black seamed stockings and black high heels.”



I turned around to show that I was wearing black seamed stockings with my black high heels.



I lifted the black slip to reveal my bra and carried on reading.

“You are to wear a black lacy bra that matches your lacy suspender belt.”

“Oh Karen, that is delightful lingerie you are wearing. Thank you for your demonstration. I just knew Lew would have something like that up his sleeve after he was gone. Do you mind if I take a photo to remind me of what I have to wear?”



Wendy produced a phone from the handbag.

“Yes, I suppose so, although the instruction does not say that.”

“I know, it would be a favour to me.”

“Well, yes OK,” I said.

As Wendy took her photo on her mobile phone her skirt had ridden up even more to reveal not only her slip but also that she was wearing stockings not tights, as I had assumed.

I dressed again in my skirt and blouse. As I did so Wendy noticed that I kept looking at her nylon clad legs.



“You are not the only one wearing stockings and a pretty slip today,” said Wendy as she lifted her flowery skirt up one thigh.

She revealed that she was indeed wearing black stockings with a lacy peacock pattern on the top of the stockings and green suspenders. She dropped her skirt and slip back down.

“I knew that Lew would pull some trick like this so I thought I would dress appropriately for today. I did not quite expect the demonstration of lingerie by his solicitor though. I can see why he chose you, Karen. Let me tell you something about Lew.” Wendy dropped her skirt and sat down. I put my skirt and blouse back on.



“Lew could be a bit controlling. When we were first married, he would choose what he wanted me to wear if we were going out to a dinner or a special occasion. He would choose a dress and the matching lingerie, both of which he had bought for me. He loved zipping up my dress for me. I think it was so that he could check if I had put on the matching slip.”



“I remember a beautiful pink dress he had chosen and the pink panties, bra, suspenders, stockings and slip to go with it. I think that we were going to Covent Garden to watch a ballet. I went to have a shower and when I came back to our bedroom the dress, lingerie, stockings, and even his choice of high heels were all laid out on the bed ready for me.



“He said it was because he loved me, but I think it was more a case of he loved me in my lingerie. I was not sure I wanted to be dictated to, I wanted to choose my own outfit.



“However, I did wear the pink lingerie and dress as it was what I would probably have chosen anyway.”



“But other times I just ignored what he had put on the bed and wore something different. It was a battle of wills. Eventually he stopped trying to tell me what to wear. Unknown to me he had started wearing lingerie himself in secret.”



“I found a pair of pink knickers that were not mine under his pillow and thought that he was having an affair with a woman. When I confronted him, he broke down and admitted that since I rarely wore nice lingerie anymore that he started buying and wearing his own. Not only did he wear panties but stockings, slippers, bras, even heels, he had the works. He had hidden them all in his side of the wardrobe. I was wrong about him loving me in my lingerie, it was the lingerie that he loved, not me. He asked me if I wanted a divorce, I said no, not really.”



“Did you ever see him dressed,” I asked Wendy?

“Oh yes, I didn’t mind he had chosen some lovely underwear for himself, lots of matching sets and lots of full slips, he loved slips. Sometimes we even made love with us both dressed up in lingerie but gradually the sex declined as he preferred to fly solo, so to speak.”

“Oh, I see.” I knew all about his desire to wear pretty lingerie and slips.

“I think he discovered online forums with likeminded folk, just like you, Karen.”

I must have looked surprised.

“Did Lew not tell you? The reason he wanted you, and only you, to write his will, was that he recognised your office in some pictures you posted in Flickr.”





Busted! It had crossed my mind that there was a slight risk posting some saucy office photos on Flickr. As a client he would have been in my office in many times. Little did I know that he was a cross dresser as well.

Perhaps I had looked at Mr Lewdanski on Flickr dressed en-femme in a panties, bra, slip and stockings, just like I was today, and not known who was in the slip. People are very good at hiding their real name and details on Flickr to adopt a new online persona.

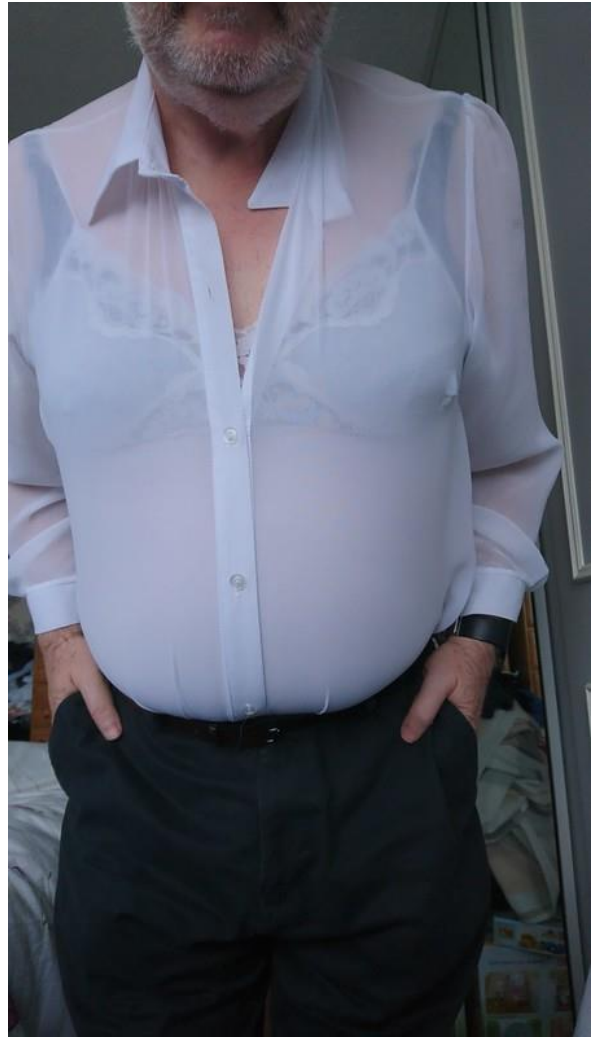




Perhaps I had even wanked over seeing her big tits and looking up her skirt. I was getting hard at this thought and starting to make a tent in my panties, slip and skirt.



Or



Maybe he had even worn lingerie under his business suit and shirt to our meetings in this very office. Perhaps the clues were all there with a pretty slip or a lacy bra peeping through a thin white shirt but hidden under a jacket. Perhaps that was why he never took his jacket off. Or perhaps if I had looked down, I might have seen sheer black hosiery showing at his ankle rather than boring men's socks.



Surely, I would not have missed all those clues that Mr Lewdanski was a transvestite. No, I am sure I would not, that is how I used to dress before I qualified as a lawyer. It takes one to know one. Surely, I would have picked up on those little clues. Maybe he had been hoping that I would suggest that he take off his jacket when it was warm so that he could show off his pretty lingerie showing through his shirt. That would have been exciting, it was exciting just imaging what might have happened, but it did not. Perhaps he kept his lingerie wearing out of the office, unlike me.



Wendy brought me back to earth.

“What are the details about the funeral?”

“Before I get to that there is one more condition. As his lawyer I am instructed to check that you have complied with the dress requirements at the funeral.”

“You mean you want me to lift my dress at the funeral to show everyone my knickers and stockings, like this.”

Wendy stood up and lifted her skirt and slip to expose her panties and stockings. Except that this time she lifted the skirt and green slip up to her waist. Now I could see she was wearing green nylon panties, lacy green suspenders that matched the pretty peacock pattern on top of the stockings. She held her slip and skirt up for a moment longer than she needed to. She let me drink in the view. She was being provocative. The tent on my black panties and slip would not go down.

“It only needs to be me, we can be discrete, we can come back to my office if necessary.”

“I will have to invite you to the funeral then Karen. I am sure we can work out something that suits us both,” said Wendy with a wink.

At the end of the meeting, I walked to the office door and opened it for Wendy.

“Thank you for coming Mrs Lewdanski.”

Wendy leaned closer to me so no one else would hear.

“I could say the same to you Karen as I think you are about to cum yourself.”

With that she patted the bulge in my skirt and gave it a little rub. I smiled and locked the door. I could not wait to take off my skirt and blouse again. I had to attend to the huge tent in my lingerie that was caused by the lingerie demonstration and by discovering that Wendy had worn stockings and a slip as well. I pulled up my black slip and had my stiff clitty out of my panties, with only a few strokes I was soon spurting hot white cream over my black slip and stockings. I love seeing white cum on black nylon. I couldn't wait for the funeral when I would see Wendy again.



End of Part 1

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