

## MILF

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Jenny says French knickers and stockings are uncomfortable to wear and if John thinks they are so sexy he should try wearing them, so he does.

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

It started with an old war film. Jenny tells John he should try wearing a slip, French knickers and stockings if he thinks they are so sexy, so he does. Jenny helps her Mother to buy a new slip as well as one herself. She has to tell her Mother, Joyce, that the new black slip she just bought is for her husband not her.

My wife, Jenny, and I were watching an old movie on TV about the Resistance in the Netherlands during WW2. I think it was called "Black Book." The heroine, a member of the Dutch Resistance, was trying to lure a senior German Army officer into a honey trap. The heroine is getting dressed to go and try to meet the officer. She is wearing some very pretty lingerie, to my mind at least. She is wearing pale blue French knickers, bra, suspenders, and black stockings. We hear her talking to herself, about whether the risk is worth it. She picks up a pale blue slip and eases down over her panties and bra. I had an instant erection in my shorts. It reminded me that my wife used to wear such lovely lingerie when we were first married, but not anymore.

"That is sure to catch his attention," I said

"What is," asked Jenny, "her underwear?"

"Yes, you used to wear French knickers, stockings and slips like that."



"No thanks, all that fiddling around with straps and those French knickers will riding up her bum crack in five seconds so she will want to fiddle with her underwear all the time. Might look sexy to you but no thanks, too uncomfortable for me," said Jenny.

"It does look sexy though," I said.

"If you think it looks so sexy, John, you should try wearing it for five minutes," retorted Jenny.

So, I did, not there and then but over the next few months I tried on Jenny's old French knickers and progressed to stockings, suspenders, stockings and even a full slip, just like in the film. Jenny's bras did not fit so I bought a bra and more lingerie online from eBay.



I work from home as a financial advisor, so with the kids away at uni and Jenny out at work it was not difficult to dress up often. I loved wearing lingerie again. I had worn it when much younger but had purged my collection when Jenny and I got married.

Jenny knew I was wearing it. She caught me one day when I was sitting at the computer wearing a pretty black full slip and stockings. I had forgotten that she was only working a half day so that she could take her Mum to do some shopping and then for an eye appointment at the health clinic. Joyce would have drops in her eyes and was not allowed to drive home.

“I see you took me up on my offer of wearing lingerie then, John,” said Jenny from behind me. I had not heard her come in. She was wearing flat shoes.

I spun round in surprise, too late to cover up.

“Have the knickers ridden up your arse yet? I expect you would like that and the fiddly suspenders anyway. Mum wants me to help her choose her a new slip this afternoon in Wimbledon before her eye appointment. Shall I choose one for you as well, dear? I see you like my black full slip. I will get you a nice black waist slip. They are hard to find these days but I think M&S might still have some, but you probably already know that seeing you have browsed online there recently. Size 18 I would think.





“So, you knew I was wearing your French knickers and slips,” I said in surprise?

“Of course, I did. I saw the boner you had when we watched that war film and you suddenly perked up when the girl was in her lingerie. I knew you would take up my dare to wear it yourself. You should have found a better hiding place for your new bra and slips than under your socks.”

I felt embarrassed.

“Don’t look so worried. I am not going to divorce you but are welcome to all that fiddly lingerie, so long as you do not open the door dressed like you are now.”

I looked down at the lacy edged slip, suspender straps and lacy stocking tops. I felt relieved. She accepted my cross-dressing. Not all men who love wearing silky lingerie are so lucky.

“I must get changed now; I am meeting Mum for lunch.” With that she turned and walked out of my home office.



Jenny did find some lovely lingerie for her Mum at Marks and Spencer in Wimbledon. Joyce had only really wanted a new waist slip, but Jenny tried to persuade her to get a very pretty red camisole and a pair of matching French knickers.

"I am not sure about the French knickers, Jenny. I wear them sometimes but they can be a bit uncomfortable," said Joyce.

"I know Mum, that's why I don't wear them anymore, but they look so sexy. Any man you go out with love to see you in them," said Jenny.

"Jenny! I am not looking for a man again."

"Look at this red pair and it has a gorgeous cami to match, feel how silky it feels."

Joyce looked at the red camisole, "It does look pretty and feminine. It feels really silky, perhaps I will just try it on," she said picking up the cami and the knickers. "Now let's look at slips, as that is what I came for. I need a dark blue half-slip."

"You might find it hard to find a blue slip, would black not do, Mum?"

"No, I have several black slips, full length and waist slips. I want a blue slip to wear under my new blue pleated skirt and to match my blue heels. I have some matching blue French knickers already. I do like to be colour coordinated."



They found the slips, full slips, and half-slips, mostly in black and white, except a few in navy blue. Joyce picked up a navy-blue half-slip and added it to her pile of lingerie to try on. Before she headed to the changing room, she picked up a lacy blue suspender belt to match the slip and a pair of black nylon stockings





When Joyce got the changing rooms she lifted her black pleated skirt and pulled down the black slip she was wearing and stepped into the new blue slip.



She realised she should really have worn the blue pleated skirt instead of the black one, but they were a similar length. It was just what she wanted; the length of the slip was perfect. She did not bother trying on the suspender belt and stockings. She knew they would be ok as she was already wearing stockings and suspenders and knew what size fitted her. Joyce held up her black skirt and looked in the changing room mirror. She liked the fact that she could see her stockings, suspenders and even her panties through the thin slip. The red cami and French knickers were also fine when she tried those on. She got dressed again and headed for the till with her new lingerie.





Jenny carried on browsing whilst her Mum was in the changing room. She found a nice black half-slip, in size 18.

“Perfect,” she said to herself. “I wonder what he would look like wearing this slip with his stockings and bra,” she mused to herself. Maybe she would one day.

She picked it up and went to the tills to pay. About ten minutes later she met her Mum at the exit from the tills. Joyce had bought the red cami, the French knickers, the blue half-slip, a lacy blue suspender belt, and a packet of sheer black stockings. As she came away from the till, she spotted Jenny and that she also had a white M&S bag in her hand.

“Oh, did you get something nice then, dear? Let me see.”

Jenny lifted out of the bag a lovely black slip.

“Oh, that looks lovely, so silky and such pretty lace. I think it is the same style as my navy-blue slip. Size 18,” she said spotting the label? “You are not size 18 are you Jenny?”

“Well spotted, Mum, no it is not for me. I do not wear slips under skirts anymore. In fact, I hardly ever wear skirts.

“Who is it for then?”



“John.”

“Your husband, John?”

“Yes, he likes wearing my slips and French knickers, so I thought I would get him a slip in the right size.”

“Well, I say, Jenny. I must say I am not entirely surprised. He is always sneaking glances my way to see if I have a peeping slip under my dress. He thinks he is very subtle, but I can tell what he likes. He is just the same as your Dad was, before he died. Your Dad always wanted me to be wearing the prettiest lingerie although he never wanted to wear it like John. Not for want of trying on my part but I still do love wearing slips, even though Mike has been gone four years.”

“Well you might catch another man wearing pretty lingerie. I noticed you picked up a pretty suspender belt to match your new slip. Who are you going to wear stockings for then?”

“Oh hush, Jenny, I am not looking for another man. Now we must get to the clinic for my eye check.”

Jenny wasn't quite telling her daughter the truth because when she saw the silky black slip it had planted a seed in her mind.



The next morning Jenny was up and gone to work by the time I got up, one advantage of working from a home office. As I sat up, I realised that there was something on the bed. I looked down and saw a white M&S bag on the bed. I was curious, what was in it? I opened the bag. OMG, it was a new black waist slip. She really had got me a new slip. I thought Jenny was joking yesterday when she said she would get me a new size 18 slip. There was a note inside.

“This is to stop you wearing my slips and knickers. Try it on, should fit. Enjoy.”

Oh, I could hug Jenny. She was a wonderful wife in many ways. Well maybe not all, as we had not had any sex for a couple of years. Perhaps that was why I had delved into wearing her lingerie and then started buying my own. It was such as sexual release wearing lingerie. I was hooked and did not miss sex with Jenny. Ok, well..., maybe just a bit. My fantasy was to make love when we were both wearing silky lingerie, but that wasn't going to happen, was it?

I could not wait to try on the slip. I found some black panties, a silky black bra, suspenders, and black stockings. I slowly put on my black lingerie, savouring the moment. First the suspender belt and then the stockings. My cock was getting stiff, framed by the lacy suspender belt and the black stockings. I pulled up my silky black panties and covered my stiffie. Next came the black lacy bra. Finally, I stepped into the slip. I slowly eased the silky nylon up over my stockings and panties, I had an instant erection and just could not help wanking into the black slip. In moments I was about to cum. At the last moment I pulled the slip out of the way and came into my hand. I wanted to wear this delightful new slip as I worked in the office.





Over the next few months, I bought a few more items, such as some breasts pads, high heels and seamed stockings. Of course, I wore the new M&S black slip many times in my home office. Jenny left me alone in the office, she was out at work most of the time anyway. Sometimes it was hard to get any work done. Then things changed when my Mother-in-law, Jenny, hurt her wrist and needed some help with the garden.

Jenny asked me if I liked my new slip. I told her I loved it and was really grateful she had not reacted badly to catching me in lingerie in the office. She said that her Mum had bought a navy-blue half slip in the same design as well as a red cami, red French knickers and a blue suspender belt.

I discovered this to be true when I went over to cut Jenny's grass. She could manage most things with her sore wrist but not push the heavy lawn mower. I had finished cutting her back lawn and went upstairs to use the bathroom and clean up.

As I walked across the landing Jenny's bedroom door was partly open, which was not surprising as she was not used to visitors. I could see she was changing to go out to lunch with friends. She was standing in her new blue slip, blue lacy bra, sheer black tights, and blue shoes with a small heel. She was checking her makeup in the mirror. I did not want to linger and be thought of as a voyeur, so I went into the bathroom. Well, I did want to linger on seeing her in her lingerie but thought better of it as this was my Mother-in-Law.

My Mother-in-Law, **MILF**, no put that thought out of my head. Mother in law to be Fucked. Stop it. This is not the right train of thought.





When I came out of the bathroom I did glance into her room again and could see she was just stepping into a skirt. It was only a glimpse but it was an image that stuck in my mind like a snapshot.

The thin blue slip had become tightly stretched which made the nylon semi-sheer. She was not wearing tights or even hold ups, she was wearing plain top sheer black stockings. The top of the stocking was pulled up tight by the strap of a lacy blue suspender belt. I could also see lacy blue panties, possibly, no probably, French knickers. Oh heaven. Instant boner. She must have heard me.

"If you have time can you wait for me in the living room, John, I am nearly done here."

"Ok, I will wait in the living room, Joyce," I managed to croak as I walked down the stairs.



I went downstairs and sat in the armchair. She came down a few minutes later and sat down opposite me. Her blue slip looked gorgeous peeping out from under her pleated skirt. I wanted to reach out and touch the slip.

"I am really grateful you were able to do the grass. This dam wrist is still sore and it means I have been putting off a few small jobs that I would normally do. So I have a couple of favours to ask. Could you give me a lift to and from a funeral in Putney on Friday? An old friend has passed away, we used to work together and were friends for years. I got to know her family really well. If can give me a lift I can then have a drink at the wake."

"Friday, I am sure I am in the office all day so shouldn't be a problem. Was there something else you wanted me to do, Joyce?"



"Oh yes, there are a couple of plug sockets not working properly in the hall. Could you turn the power off at the fuse box in the hall and see if the sockets need re-wiring whilst I am at the funeral."

"I am not all that good with electrics but if it is just a loose wire I might be able to do it."

"One other thing, John. Bring your new black slip with you. Jenny showed it to me in the shop. You can wear it whilst you check the plugs, if you like. It looks just like this slip"

This was a surprise. "Well I err... I don't really do that sort of thing," I tried blustering.

"I saw you watching me in my lingerie in the bedroom and you have been staring at my skirt since I sat down. Is my slip peeping out." She looked down but did not make any attempt to cover up her blue slip."Think of it as your reward for helping me out. When Jenny showed me the new black slip, I thought it was for her but I realised the size was wrong. Then she told me it was for you. It is really silky and heaven to wear. Wear some stockings and a bra as well, it will make you feel more feminine. Perhaps I can find a dress or a skirt for you to wear. Maybe you can borrow something from my lingerie draws. How about it, John?"

"Ok, if you are sure. You won't tell Jenny that I am dressed in lingerie when I am here, will you."

"Jenny told me that my new lingerie will help to catch a new man. I told her to be quiet. But then I realised that maybe she was right after all. I have found someone who loves silky slips as much as I do. It will just be a bit of dressing up fun. I am certainly not telling Jenny about it and neither will you, John. Lets just see where this goes, OK?"

"I wont tell her or anyone else."

"Good, I will see you on Friday at 12 noon then."



I told Jenny about giving her Mum a lift to the funeral and checking her electrics. She was really grateful I was able to help her Mum. On Friday morning I packed up my tool kit and added a few extras to my bag and set off for Joyce's house in Wandsworth. I got there about ten minutes early

Joyce let me in, she insisted we go and sit in the living room for a few minutes as we didn't need to leave until 12pm.

"Do you like what I am wearing, John?"

Joyce was mainly in black. Her skirt was a black and white cheque, she wore sheer black hosiery and black high heels. I thought I could detect a lacy black slip peeping out and maybe even a flash of pale skin. Was she wearing stockings rather than tights, probably? Best of all was the semi sheer black blouse she had on. I could just make out a lacy slip. Perhaps this was a full slip then.

"Yes, very smart in black for a funeral, but not too much black."

"Oh thank you sweetie, I thought you would appreciate it. Jenny would probably tell me off for being too revealing. Let me show where the fuse box is and these plug sockets. "



I followed her out to the hall and could not help noticing her seams that ran all the way up her legs to the lacy hem of her black slip that was just peeping out from her skirt.

She turned to me, "Are you wearing your new slip, John?"

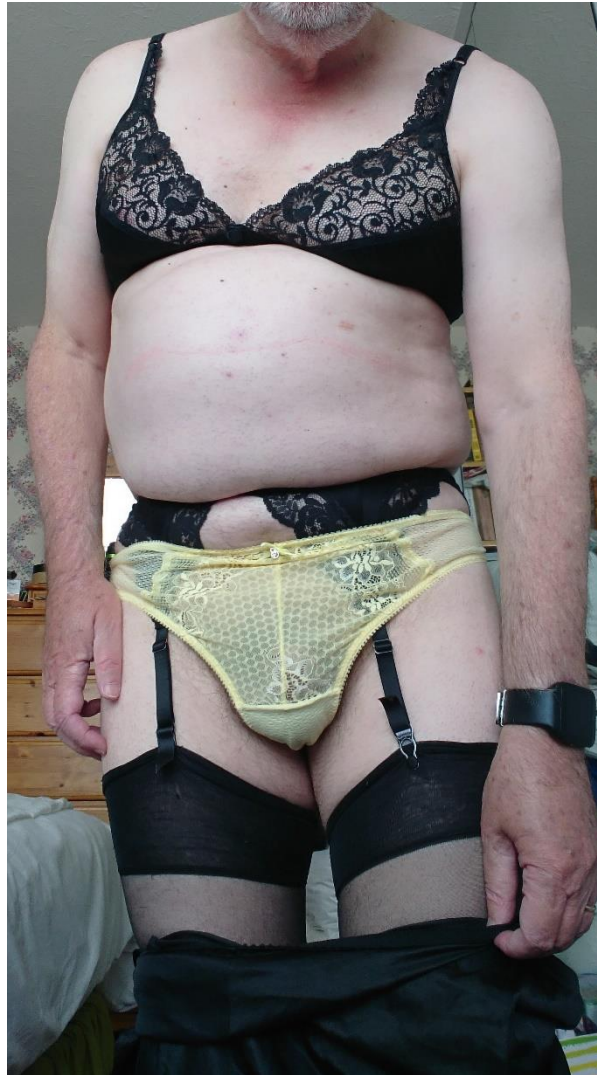
"No, but I brought it with me to change here."

"Well I want to know that you are wearing it whilst being my electrician."

"Of course."

"Put your trousers and shirt back on when you come to pick me up from the funeral at 2pm. I want to see you dressed when I get back."





It was only a fifteen-minute trip to the crematorium in Putney. The funeral was at 12:30pm. Joyce said she would be able to get a lift with the family from the crematorium to the Wake at a hotel in Richmond. She gave me the address of the hotel that overlooked the River Thames in Richmond. I had been there from a meal in the restaurant there a few years ago. We agreed I would pick her up at 2pm. She said the wake would probably go on all afternoon, but she only wanted to pay her respects to the family. Anyway, she could not wait to see me in my lingerie.

Soon I was back at Joyce's house. She had given me a key so I could let myself in. She told me to keep it, she had another spare. I took off my joggers and started to take my lingerie out of my tool bag. It was really strange standing in someone else's house in my yellow lacy panties, bra, suspenders, and sheer seamed stockings. It was even stranger stepping into my black slip that my wife had bought for me. The silky slip rustled as I pulled it up over my stockings and panties. I was excited and hard dressed in silky nylon lingerie standing in Joyce's living room. I so wanted to have a wank but I only had about an hour to sort out the wiring in the plug sockets. I did not have any heels and wondered if Joyce might have some that would fit me.



I went up the stairs to Joyce's bedroom. I could feel my slip swishing on my nylon clad legs and the carpet through my stockinged feet. It felt so sexy. I found some nice black heels on a shoe rack in the bottom of her wardrobe. They were a size seven, a little too small, but I managed to slide my nylon covered foot into the shoe.



They felt wonderful. I checked in the mirror and liked the effect the high heels had on my legs. I felt so feminine and so sexy.





I felt that I looked just like Joyce had when I had seen her in her blue slip, bra, and stockings about a week earlier. I wondered what Joyce must have felt like standing there in her lingerie with someone spying on her. She must have known that I could see her through the door, perhaps she even left the door open deliberately. I got overly excited at the thought of someone looking at me in my pretty lingerie and started to have a wank through my panties and slip.



I rubbed my erection through my black panties and slip for a few moments. Then I lifted my black slip and pulled my stiffie out of my panties. I miked it up and down, faster, and faster.

Suddenly I spurted ropes of hot sticky cum all over my hand, my stockings, and my slip. I loved seeing my white cum contrasting with the sheer black nylon stockings, just like some dogging photos I had seen. I wondered if Joyce would want to see me wanking into my lingerie when she got back from the funeral. I hoped so, perhaps she might even give me a hand.

I had to sit down on the bed as I felt weak at the knees. When my breathing had recovered, I reached for a tissue and started to mop up my cum from my slip and stockings.



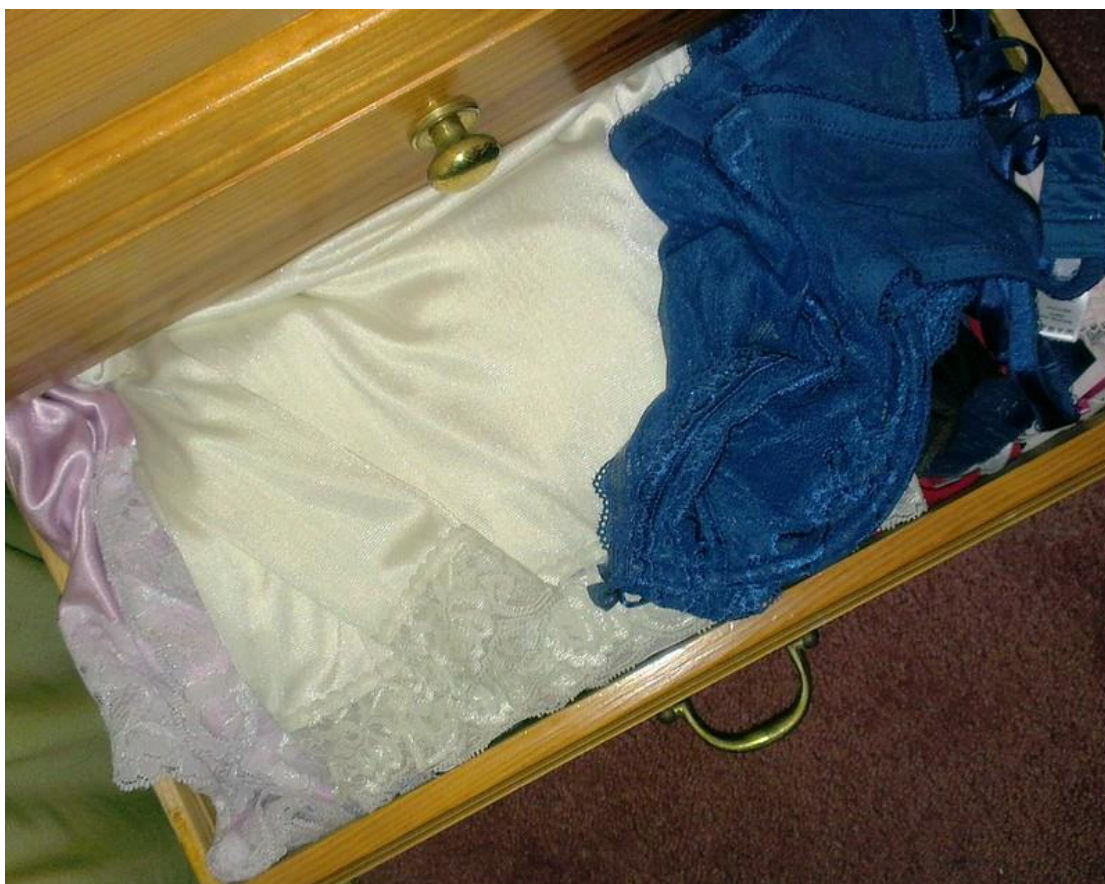
I walked downstairs in the heels really carefully. It felt wonderful to be walking around in heels and silky lingerie. I thought I had better check the plug sockets before I turned off the power. There was a lamp in the hall, so I crouched down to plug that into one socket and then the other that Joyce wanted me to check. Both seemed to work, that was strange.

These were definitely the sockets that Joyce had pointed out. I decided I had better still check them. I unplugged the lamps and turned off the power at the fuse box and picked up a small screwdriver from my toolbox. I pulled up my black slip and knelt down at the sockets.





What a sight I must have made, on my knees in my black lingerie and heels on the carpet of Joyce's hallway, with my arse in the air, my heels half off my stocking covered feet. I took the cover off the plugs and had a good look, but I could not find any loose wires. Hmm....



I put the covers back on, turned the power back on and plugged the lamps back in. They were still working. Perhaps they never did need fixing. I looked at my watch, I would need to leave at half past one to get to the hotel in Richmond as it was further away than the crematorium. I only had twenty minutes left. It was a useful time well spent. I went back upstairs to the main bedroom in order to explore Joyce's lingerie draws. I think maybe that was why she asked me to check the electrics, it was a red herring, an excuse to get me to explore her lingerie draws. She certainly did have some lovely silky slips that I would love to borrow and dress up for her. I was tempted to try one of her slips but remembered she wanted to see me in my new black slip.

Then I looked at my watch. It was nearly half past one. Twenty minutes had flown past. I took off her heels and went downstairs to put my joggers and polo shirt back on. I took the heels with me as I wonder what it would be like to drive in heels. On a whim I put them back on for the journey to the hotel. I hoped she would be waiting in the car park so I would not have to get out of the car. It was a weird feeling driving in heels. It took time to get used to, but I managed.

I got to the hotel just after 2pm. Joyce was waiting at the front door, so I was saved from having to park the car and get out. She waved at me and came over to get in my car. We set off for her house.

"Thank you so much for giving me a lift, and in more ways than one, John."

"It has been a pleasure."

"Did you fix the plugs?"

"Yes, plugs were fine. It all worked. No need for an electrician."





"I hope it wasn't a waste of your time, John," said Joyce putting her hand on my joggers. She started feeling for a suspender strap. She found it and smiled.

"Not at all. I had time to check out your heels and your lingerie draws."

"Oh good, I hoped you would. I can feel you are wearing stockings and suspenders, are you wearing your black slip, or did you borrow one of mine?"

We were stopped at a red light at the bottom of Richmond Hill. I had time to ease my joggers down my legs. My black slip came into view. Joyce's hand crept onto my black slip and was rubbing it slowly over my stiffie.

"I was tempted to borrow one of your gorgeous slips, you have so many, but I know you want to see me in my new black slip, the one Jenny bought me. But I did borrow a pair of your heels. Look."





The lights had changed and now Joyce could see my feet and heels working the clutch and accelerator as the car moved away. We turned left at the lights and drove up Richmond Hill heading for Richmond Park.

Joyce's right hand went from my slip to her mouth and then under her skirt.

"Oh my God. You are driving in high heels, I cannot do that, I have to wear flats or kitten heels. That is so sexy." She had pulled up her black cheque skirt. I sneaked a quick view of her creamy white panties but then had to concentrate on the traffic.



We had to slow down as we turned right towards the Park, at the top of Richmond Hill, and I was able to sneak another look down at Joyce. She now had her legs wide apart; her right hand was now in her white knickers. Then she swapped hands as she wrapped her right hand around my protrusion in black nylon. Her left hand was massaging her left breast. She pulled my slip up a little further so she could see my stocking tops. I could certainly see hers as she masturbated both of us. I hoped to God there would be no pedestrians at the Richmond Gate who could look down into my low car. What on earth would they make of a woman and a tranny having a wank in their slips and stockings? We would probably be arrested. It was risky but so thrilling at the same time.

Fortunately, we passed through the narrow white gates just at the moment Joyce made me cum. I spurted cum into my black panties and slip. Joyce then leaked her juices into her silky white panties. The rest of the journey was uneventful as we both caught our breath.

When we got back to Joyce's house in Wandsworth, she stood in the middle of the living room.

"Can you unzip me, John?"

I unzipped her skirt, she then pulled it down and stepped out of it so I could see her gorgeous black slip.





I took off my heels, then my joggers and my polo shirt to stand in front of Joyce in my own black slip.

“Put your heels back on, it looks better, sexier,” said Joyce.

This was the first time anyone, other than my wife had seen me in my lingerie. Jenny did not want to see me in lingerie but now my Mother-in-law did. I felt so sexy standing there, I was stiff again and beginning to make a tent in my slip and panties.





Jenny leant forward to inspect my tent.

“Did I cause that, John?”

“Yes, I love seeing you in your black lingerie and I love showing you mine. Your sheer black blouse is so sexy showing your black slip. Did anyone say anything to you at the funeral?”

“No, but one man kept glancing at me at the hotel, I think he had an erection in his trousers, but he didn’t speak to me.”

“Lift up your slip,” said Joyce.

I lifted my black slip slowly to reveal my lacy yellow panties and stocking tops.

Joyce suddenly breathed in. She could see my stiffie through my panties, framed by my lacy suspender belt and stockings.







She took off her sheer black blouse and put it on top of her skirt. Joyce knelt on the floor, then leant forward and pulled my panties down to the top of my stockings.



She knelt in front of me and proceeded to suck me off. I could feel her tongue licking my pre cum and then around my stiff rod. OMG, I was been sucked off by my own MILF. Joyce continued to suck, as she did so she rubbed her hands up and down my slip and my stocking clad legs. Then it happened, I exploded in her soft and warm mouth. She swallowed some but then stood up and kissed me, passing my own fluids back to me.



As Joyce stood up my slip dropped down. She lifted the slip again to find my dripping cock, took hold of her own black slip and wiped the remaining cum on her own slip. It felt wonderful as she wrapped my cock in her own silky slip. I started to get hard again.

“Now fuck me John, your own MILF.”

Joyce took off her slip to stand in front of me in her panties and bra. She looked so sexy standing there in her underwear and black stockings. I could see her breasts through a lacy sheer cream bra. She had silky cream bikini knickers on, I thought she might wear the red French knickers she had bought at M&S that Jenny had told me about, but perhaps black cream lingerie was more appropriate for a funeral. A lacy cream suspenders belt held up her sheer black stockings.







She then bent over the arm of the chair and pulled her knickers to one side to show me her pussy. It was very wet. Joyce wanted me to take her from behind.

I lifted my slip again and stood behind Joyce. Then I rubbed my panty covered stiffie over her moist entrance.

"Oh, I love that John, now put it in my pussy, I want to feel you in me."

I pulled my rod out of my panties and slowly pushed it further and further inside Joyce. She was amazingly easy to get in. Jenny was much tighter.

"Oh yes, ram it in."

I speeded up and started to slap her arse with my balls, slap, slap, slap. As I did so I heard the door open behind me.

"Oh my God, you really are fucking my Mother!"

Jenny had let herself into the house with her own key. I could not stop now, I exploded inside Joyce. There was no hiding from my wife the sight of me shagging her own mother whilst we were both wearing lingerie.

"I know I said you would attract a new man with your lingerie, Mother, but I didn't expect it to be my husband, not at first," said Jenny.



Jenny unzipped her work trouser and pulled off her blouse. She was wearing blue panties and bra with sheer black tights, much nicer than her usual underwear. She looked really sexy in her nylon lingerie, even without a slip. Had she guessed that the electric plugs were fine and just an excuse. Perhaps she had even checked my underwear draw to see if I was wearing my new black slip and black bra.

“Now you can do me, John, after I have cleaned you up.”

My shrinking cock plopped out of Joyce. I was still dripping cum as I turned towards my wife. This was something of a surprise as she had never given me head before in over twenty years of marriage.

Jenny licked all the fluids off my stiffening cock, then pulled down her tights and panties down to her knees as she layback on the sofa.







Joyce had sat down on the poof to watch her daughter and son in law making love, her hand was rammed inside her cream panties.



“Never thought I would be fucked by a tranny, even if it is my husband. I suspected you two were up to something with your love of slips,” said Jenny, “I didn’t want to miss out, not having had sex for ages.”

I knelt on the sofa and rammed into Jenny’s wet pussy. How I managed to stay erect, I do not know. Why Jenny did not divorce me on the spot, I did not know. How she would ever talk to her Mother again, I do not know. Would this happen again, I do not know. It felt as if it was daydream or a fantasy dreamt up by a tranny.

I leant forward to massage her tits, with my right hand, through her blue lacy bra as I rammed into her.



Jenny pulled her tits out of her bra and pulled my head down to suck on her prominent nipples. It did take longer this time, but I did eventually manage to cum inside my wife's tight but warm and wet pussy, having only just fucked her Mother and our first fuck for over two years.

## The End

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