

Mum's Lingerie Draw



A photo story by Andrea Slip

Mike was profoundly affected by the lady who flashed her slip, sheer stockings and nylon panties at him in the Supermarket. He had to find out more and he started his research at home, in his Mum's lingerie draw.

mum01



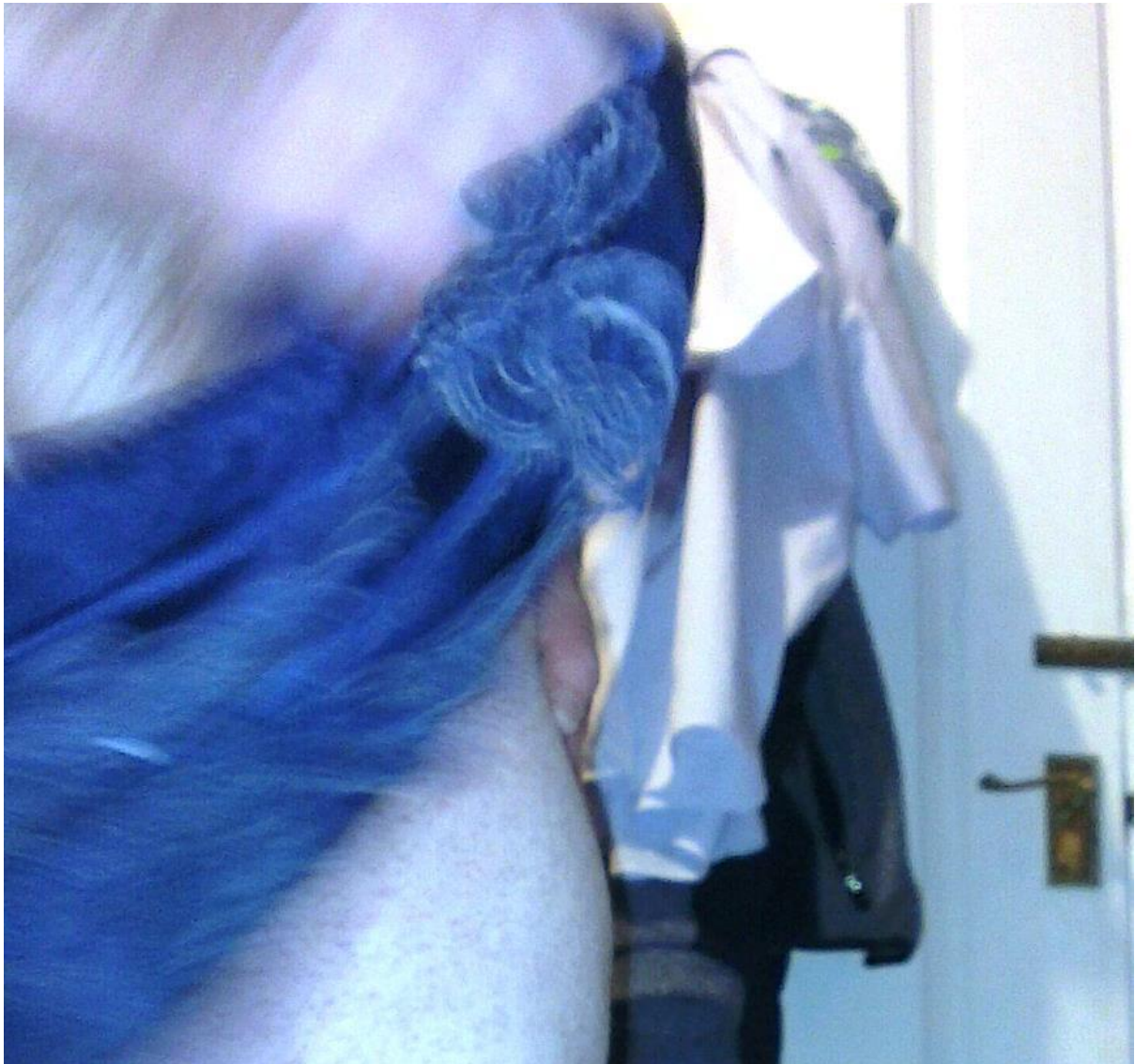
It was wrong, just so wrong. He felt ashamed. It was so wrong it was probably illegal. What would his Mum say? Why had he done it? They had looked so pretty sitting there. He swore he would never do it again.

Mike lived with his Mum. His Dad had walked out 5 years earlier, he wasn't missed. Mike got on well with his Mum, they were very alike. As he ran his bath he stripped off his clothes and contemplated a quick wank whilst he waited but needed something to get him started. His eyes fell on the overfull laundry basket. Right on top were a pair of his Mum's navy blue nylon panties. They looked so pretty with a lacy hem. His resistance to touching his Mum's undies held him back for oh, I don't know, about a nano second maybe.

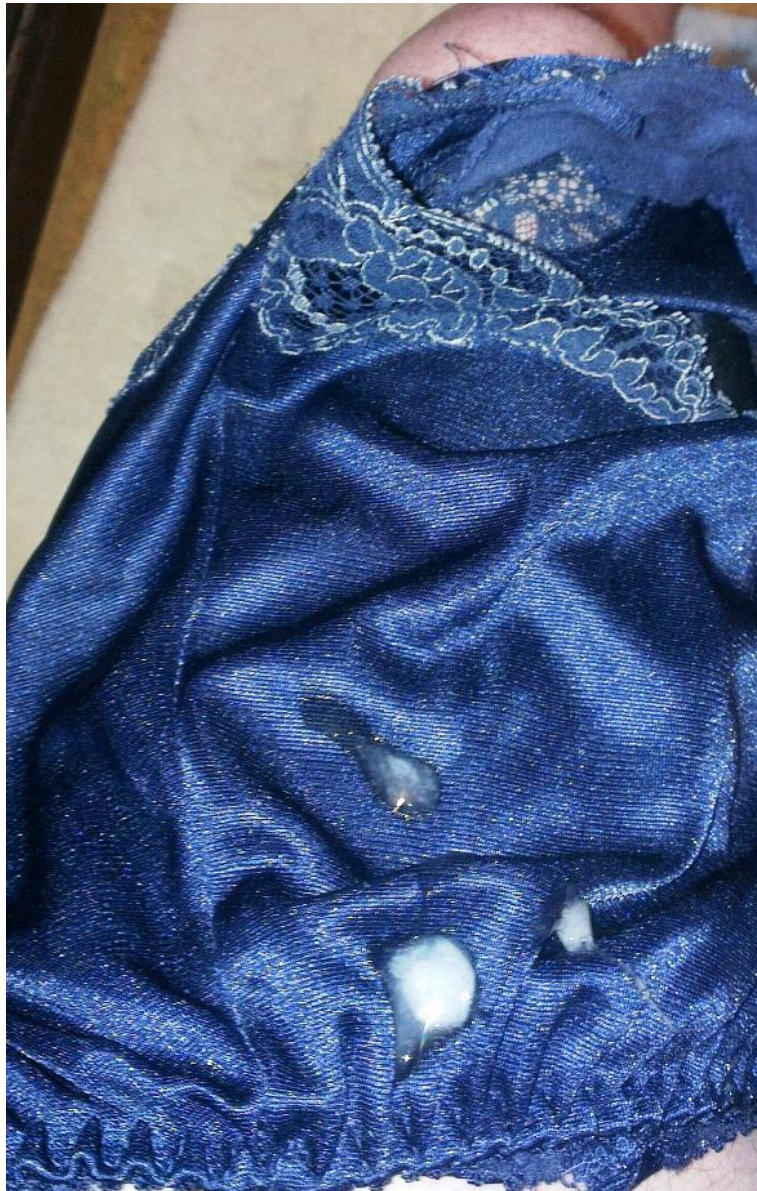


He picked up the panties and examined them. This was the first time he had ever touched his Mum's underwear, no not underwear, her lingerie. So French, so much a sexier a word than underwear or even pants, although panties was nice as well but perhaps a bit American. The fabric of the panties felt so silky and smooth he became even stiffer. He knew he shouldn't but he just could not resist, they were calling to him like the siren to the rocks. The navy blue panties were his shipwreck.

Mum03



He went further, he mustn't, he knew that, it was a taste of forbidden fruit. Mike wrapped the panties around his enlarged penis and started sliding the silky nylon up and down. He could not stop, the rhythm got faster, he held his breath, the nylon flapped up and down, he exploded.



Mike tried to pull the panties out of the way in time but to no avail as his semen splashed onto the nylon leaving some sticky white blobs contrasting against the dark blue fabric. He breathed a grunt of immense satisfaction, and then the guilt kicked in. What was he going to do, what if his Mum found out, what would she do? His immediate reaction was to throw the panties back on the laundry pile and turn towards the bath. He realised the bath was nearly full and he reached over to turn off the taps as his breathing returned to normal. He realised that some of his semen had splashed on the bathroom floor as well and he pulled off some toilet paper to clean up the mess on the floor and his still dripping penis. He looked back at the panties and decided he had better try and wipe his cum off the panties. Mike pulled some more sheets of toilet paper and wiped the panties dry, well as dry as he could. There were still some dark stains on the nylon, he just hoped his Mum wouldn't notice. Never again.



After Alison had done her makeup and brushed her hair she finished dressing for work. As she pulled on her silky black waist slip she thought how lucky she was she had been born a girl and that she could choose to wear practical trousers or pretty feminine clothes. It must be so hard for boys, like her 18 year old son Mike, who did not have that choice.

mum06



She preferred to dress conservatively for work; long skirts, semi sheer black hosiery, low heels and light makeup. At least that was what people saw. Underneath she liked to wear the prettiest and silkiest lingerie. After a quick breakfast of some porridge and tea she was ready for the short drive to work at Software04, a small IT publishing firm in Edgebaston, on the outskirts of Birmingham, where she was the office manager. She yelled up to Mike that she would see him later and was out of the door.

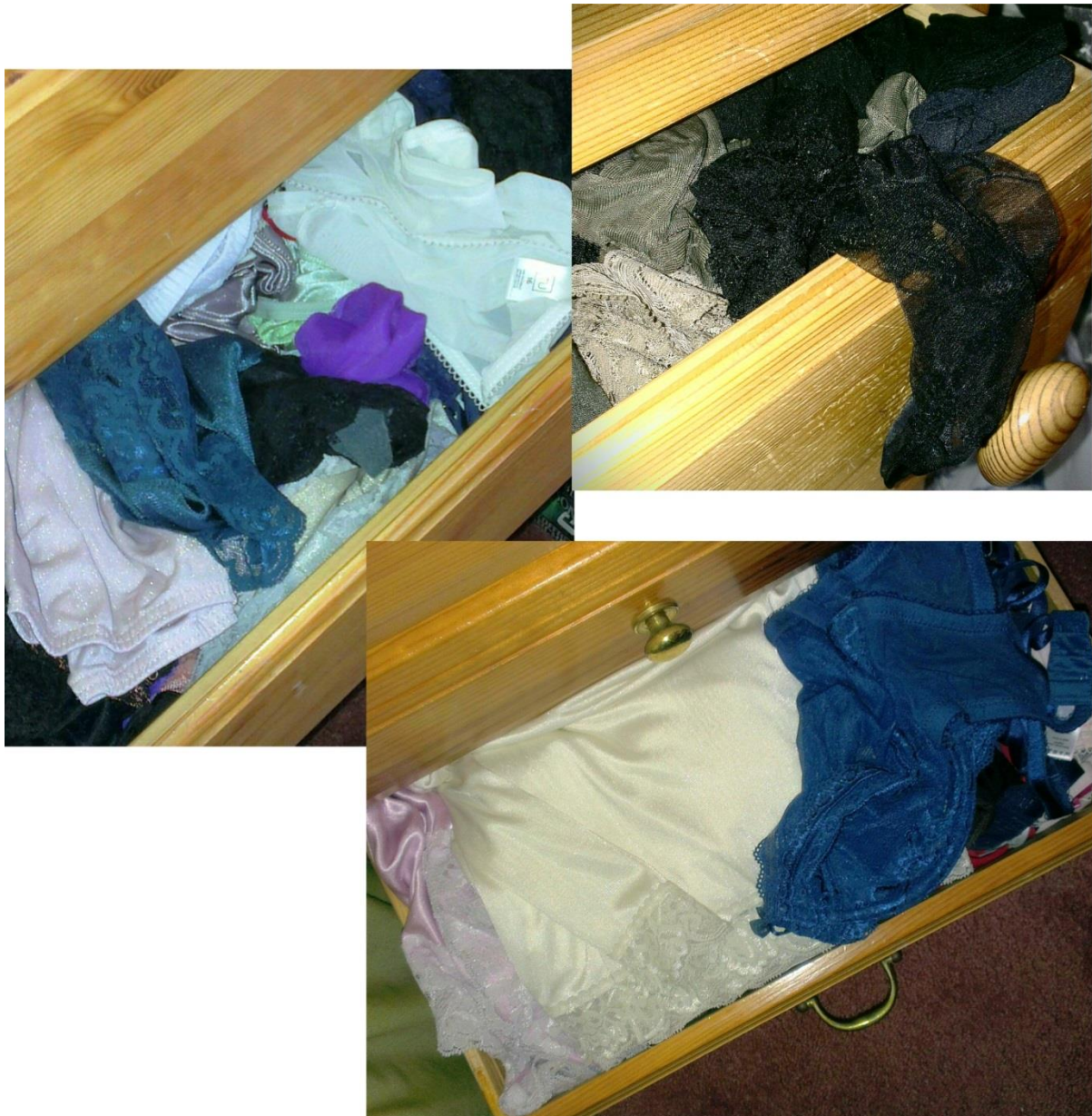
mum07



Mike snapped his eyes open as his Mum banged the front door shut. He had a free day today that he had been looking forward to for at least a week, ever since an older lady had flashed her slip at him whilst he was at work in the supermarket. He still remembered vividly the memory of seeing up her skirt to her silky panties as she reached for some biscuits from a low stand, which he had just stacked closer to the floor than he was supposed to. It had got even better when a minute or so later a faulty catch on her skirt had broken and her skirt fallen to the floor leaving her standing in a thin pink slip. A slip that so thin he could see her stocking tops, suspenders and panties. She had asked him where the toilet was but he was speechless and could only point to the ladies.

His resolve never to touch his Mum's underwear evaporated in an instant as he knew that his engorged penis told him that he wanted to see, touch, feel, taste more silky nylon lingerie, especially slips. He knew exactly where to find it, his Mum's lingerie draw.

mum08



Several weeks later the day had arrived when a) his mum was at work b) he was off shift from his part time job at Sainsbury c) he was on holiday from college and d) he had the house to himself. Most important of these was d). It had been hard, he had been hard. But he had bided his time. Once his Mum had driven off to work he waited another 20 minutes to make sure she didn't come back for something. Time dragged but eventually, at about 9am he crept into his Mum's bedroom to see what he could see. He couldn't explain why he crept as he there was no one there but he felt as though he was on a secret mission, a male spy delving into mystery world of the feminine.

mum09



He opened the draw he had sometimes seen his Mum putting her underwear away in when he was younger. He was delighted, and a little surprised, to find she had quite a range of silky lingerie, some of which he did not recognise. He picked out a large pair of dark green French knickers, they were just as silky and pretty as the blue panties he had abused a month earlier. Having been entranced by the slip and stockings the lady in the supermarket was wearing he wondered if his mum had anything like that.



Further examination of the draws showed Mike that his Mum had lots of lingerie spread over three different draws in her bedroom. A pile of pretty full slips were in one draw, half slips in another. There was a whole draw of panties of all shapes, sizes and colours but only one texture, silky nylon. All of the slips and panties had lashings of lace. Bra's and suspender belts were in with the panties although it was hard to know which was which at first glance. Mike had seen suspenders to hold up stockings in one of his Dad's old Fiesta magazines which he had found slipped down behind his bedside cabinet. It must have been there for years. He chose a dark green suspender belt and bra.

Mike found stockings in yet another draw and picked out a pair of sheer black nylons. He laid out all the chosen lingerie on the bed whilst he decided what to do next. He looked admiringly at all the lovely lingerie. His Mum seemed to have a considerable number of matching sets of slips, panties and bras, more than he ever imagined she had. He decided that this was the moment he had been waiting for.

mum11

He stripped off his shorts and tshirt and fastened the suspender belt around his waist. Fortunately Mike and his Mum were a similar size so putting on her silky bra and panties was not the problem Mike feared it might be. He sat on the bed and slid the sheer black stockings up his leg and fiddled with the suspender clips. Eventually he worked out how they worked although the rear ones were easier once he attached to the sides of his thighs rather than the back. He ran his hands over the sheer nylons and he began to make a very unladylike bulge in the knickers. He could feel the adrenaline rushing through his veins as he was getting more and more excited. Any lingering doubts about what he was doing wearing ladies underwear were quickly dispelled.

He admired how sexy he looked in the long mirror on the wardrobe door. He wanted to remember this delicious moment so he went back to his own bedroom and picked up his mobile phone. He posed again and took a photograph. His hands were shaking and the photo was blurred and he was too close. He tried again, much better this time. His face did not quite look right but the lingerie did.



mum12



Next he picked up the green full slip. This was really pretty with black lace on the bust and on the hem. Mike slid the slip down over his bra and panties so that the lacy hem was caressing his nylon clad legs. He swished the skirt of the slip from side to side and felt so girly. He wished he had been born a girl and could wear such pretty and silky lingerie.

mum13



He lifted the front of the slip to reveal his panties and stocking tops. He liked the view but was getting more and more excited. He could hold out no longer and had to massage his nylon covered cock. Mike dropped the front of the slip and started to rub the stiff protuberance through both the slip and the panties. He was in heaven

mum14



Mike began to feel weak at the knees and stopped wanking for a moment so that he could lay down on his Mum's bed and grab some tissues. He pulled the slip up and began wanking again through just the green French knickers. His breath shortened. The image of the lady in the pink slip came into his mind. He pulled the panties down in an attempt to keep them clear of juices and carried on wanking vigorously, skin to skin.

After a few more wanks he could feel himself coming. Mike grabbed the tissues and this time was able to catch the spume of cum that quickly emerged from his cock. It kept cuming but eventually the flow slowed to a trickle. He had to grab another tissue and began to mop up, careful to not get any of his semen on his Mum's pretty lingerie. There was no guilt this time about what he had just done, he was hooked on lingerie, for life.

The End

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