

# Nephew to Niece

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Justin enjoyed spying on Nanny dressing in pretty lingerie but Nanny shut the door on that so Justin turned to his Mother's lingerie instead. Justin got careless with knickers in the wash basket and got caught. His Mother sent him to Auntie Sophie to get straightened out, but instead he was transformed by from nephew to niece.

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For Justin it had all started with a purple pair of knickers, Nanny's large purple French knickers to be precise.

Justin, 18, had been caught [Spying on Nanny](#) as she got dressed in her lingerie and stockings. Nanny reached under her white half-slip and pulled down her purple French knickers and made Justin put them on. She then made him rub his stiff cock, through the French knickers, all over her slip and stockings. It was inevitable that he came all over the silky nylon panties.





After both Nanny and Justin (twice if not three time) had cum, Nanny told Justin that he could keep the lovely purple French knickers.

“Here, wash these, they are yours to keep, but this won’t happen again,” said Nanny. Justin looked crest fallen. “You wouldn’t want your Mother to find out would you, Justin?”

Justin shook his head slowly, “No.”

“But you can buy me some stockings to replace these ones, I will send you a link to Stockings HQ.”

From then on Nanny’s door remained firmly shut and there were no more flashes of slips or panties or stocking tops. The truth was that Nanny didn’t want to lose her job and felt guilty at leading the young man on.



Justin did wash the knickers and continued to wear them. He began to explore stories and photos of transvestites on the internet. He also followed the link to Stocking's HQ and bought Nanny a pair of black Gio's as they had only just come into stock. He thought about buying a pair for himself, but they were so expensive. Even if he did buy a pair what would he wear to hold them up. He was hooked on nylon lingerie and wanted more, like he had seen Nanny wearing.

He decided he would see what his Mother had although he had never seen her wearing stockings or seen them in the wash basket. So, it was with some trepidation he explored his Mother's lingerie draw. She was out at work and Nanny had taken George, his younger brother, to the park. She didn't have anything as nice as what Nanny wore but she did have a nice lacy black bra and a couple of suspender belts. He searched for some stockings through the pile of thick black tights Mother wore most of the time to work. At the bottom of the draw he found a few pairs of sheer stockings and a couple of lacy suspender belts.



Although his Mother mostly worn some really boring plain white Sloggi knickers he did find a couple of nice pairs of silky panties. One pair was tan coloured, really large, very little lace except for a triangle of lace on the hip. When he wore these for the first time, he pulled them up over a pair of brown stockings and a pink suspender belt. As soon as the nylon touched his stiff cock he exploded cum all over the nylon. The panties were just so silky and delicious and soooooo sexy.

When he took them off, he looked at the label. They said, "Vanity Fair". OMG, he had found the fabled VF panties he had heard about on the internet. How did his Mum end up with a pair of these delicious things? Perhaps his American stepfather Phillip had bought them in the US? Or maybe they even dated back to when his own Father had been alive.

What was he going to do with these cum filled panties now? Have another wank was the answer as he wrapped them around his re-awakened cock and within a few strokes of the silky nylon sliding up and down he had cum again and filled the panties with more white sticky stuff.



After Justin had filled the sticky Vanity Fair panties for a second time, he tossed the lingerie and stockings in the wash basket in the bathroom. Nanny did the washing so his Mother wouldn't know. But if they were on the top of the basket Mother would see them and wonder why a pair of panties, stockings and suspender belt she had not worn would be on top of the washing. So, Justin went back to the wash basket and pushed the VF panties further down the pile and hidden from view.



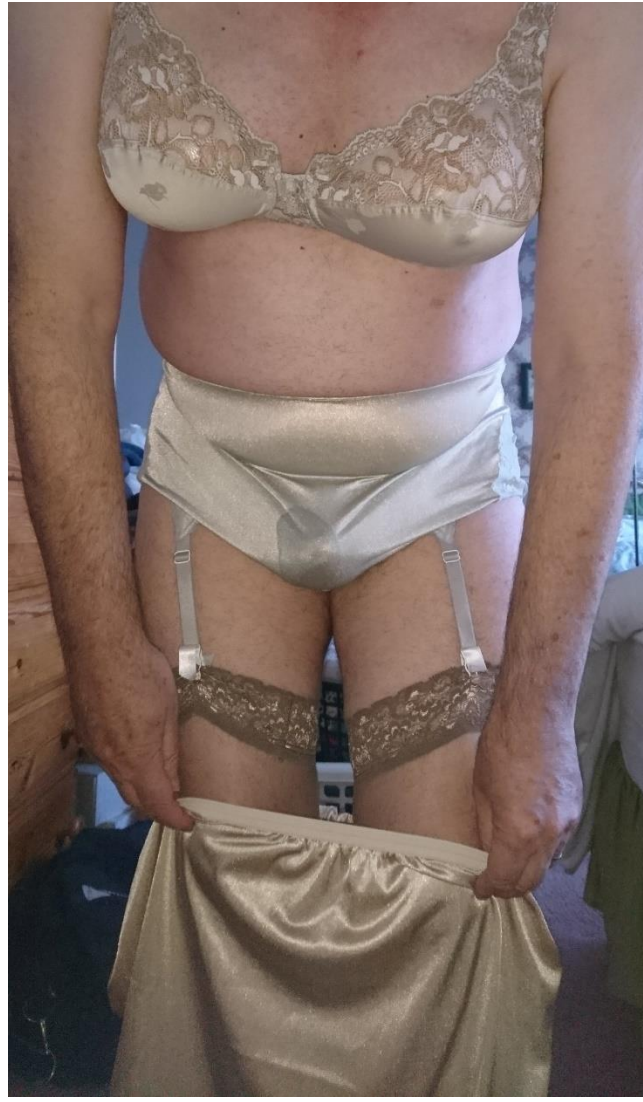


A couple of days later Nanny was doing the washing when George, Justin's baby brother was having a nap. Nanny found the VF panties near the bottom of the wash basket. She was puzzled for a while but then found the patch of stiff nylon. Of course, Nanny knew that these had not been worn by Mrs Taylor and there could only one person who had left the deposit on the silky nylon.



Nanny was familiar with stiff spunk on silky VF panties from her own experience of having done this many times herself.





Nanny had been collecting VF panties for nearly 10 years ever since she had become the first male Norland Nanny. She had pairs in many different shades but all with the easily identifiable triangle of lace of the Nouveau Lace Vanity Fair style. There was also at least one pair of VF of panties in the wash so finding another pair in the wash basket was quite amusing to Nanny. They would get washed with her own silky slips and panties on the delicate cycle.



Nany also had some Vanity Fair full-length slips in white, blue and beige. These were especially lovely to wear with VF panties and some sheer nylon stockings. Nanny was in heaven when she could feel all the silky nylon rubbing over each other.





After getting the delicate lingerie out the tumble drier and started folding the silky nylon, (mostly hers) Nanny did wonder for a moment if maybe she had been right to shut the door (quite literally) on Justin's infatuation with her and her lingerie. But then she thought about how much she needed her job. Her moment of weakness passed as she took Mrs Taylor's beige Vanity Fair panties, suspender belt and brown stockings and put them at the bottom of Mrs Taylor's lingerie draw. Mrs Taylor would never know that her 18-year-old son had been wearing her lingerie and stockings. But was she right about that? A mother always knows these things.





Back to Justin. On further exploration of Mother's lingerie draw, Justin found a short purple half-slip that would be perfect with the dark purple French knickers that Nanny had given him. Teamed up with sheer black stockings and a lacy suspender belt the silky combination felt wonderful.



Justin decided he would wear the little slip, the French knickers, stockings, and suspenders to college one day. He found this super exciting, but it was hard to concentrate in his business studies class. At lunch time, rather go to the canteen to buy some overpriced chips he went to one of the toilets at the far end of the building that he knew would be quiet.

He found the male toilets empty and went into an empty stall, dropped his trousers, lifted the pale purple slip and masturbated his huge bonner in the French knickers. He rubbed it through the purple nylon. After a few rubs he exploded hot white cum all over the purple panties.

The outer toilet door banged and some else came into the toilets. Justin had to hold his breath and keep his mouth shut to stop his scream of ecstasy being overheard. When he recovered, he swore to himself that he would never do this again. That was just too close to being caught.



Justin vow of abstinence lasted about 10 days. Justin found himself back in Mother's bedroom and just could not resist picking up a nice lacy bra, panties and a brown suspender belt, with some brown stockings. He took them back to his bedroom, with a pair of Mother brown shoes, and took a photo on his phone to upload to his new Flickr account, [I\\_Love\\_Panties](#). After his usual wank in panties he tossed the lingerie in the wash-basket below his PJ's but he had got sloppy. He did not bury the lingerie far enough down in the basket to survive a quick inspection.

Then the inevitable happened.





Dawn Taylor was glad to get home after a demanding day at work. She went to her bedroom and sat down on her stool. She put her handbag down and took off her necklace. She had dressed a little differently today, with a long naved blue dress, black hosiery and long black high heeled boots. Not so different to usual office wear but it was what she wore underneath that was different today and all because of her husband Phillip.

Dawn usually wore plain bra, knickers and tights, often thick opaque tights, to work but an early phone call from Phillip had made her change her mind. They hadn't seen each other for over a month. Phillip was working in Paris for a year for an international web company.

"Do you want to come over this weekend on the Eurostar or even a bit longer if you want. I would love to see you and George," asked Phillip?

"Oh darling, I would love to. I think I have some leave I can use.. I can give Nanny a few days off. She asked me about that yesterday. Justin will have to stay as he has college next week."

"Changing the subject, what are you wearing to work today

"My blue dress, you know the one, the one by Coast"

"I know, you look fab in it, but what about underwear?"

"Pants, bra and black M&S tights. Why what were you thinking?"

"The Vanity Fair panties I brought you from Chicago or even better the cream lingerie and hosiery I bought you in Paris at Christmas. "

"Well....."

"And your black high heeled boots. Nobody else except us will know what a vixen you are wearing sexy lingerie underneath your conservative blue dress."

"If I say yes will you have a wank later," asked Dawn?

"No, why wait?" said Phillip. Dawn could hear the rustling of his clothes over the phone.

So, Dawn did dress as requested, thinking no-one else would know, but she was wrong about that.

When she got to work, she booked the train tickets for Paris but would have to have a think about what to do with Justin, what with Nanny having some time off as well.





Dawn wanted to see her baby boy George. She stood up and went across the landing to the nursery where George was playing on the floor whilst Nanny ran a bath. She bent down and gave him a big kiss and said hi to Nanny. After a quick chat with Nanny about how George had been feeding today and that she was taking George to see his father in Paris on Saturday so Nanny could have the week off. Nanny was pleased about this as she wanted to go home and see her Mum. Dawn headed back to her bedroom to change out of her work clothes. It was a shame Phillip, her husband, wasn't there to see her undress. He loved seeing her undressed in the way she was today.





In her bedroom she took off her navy-blue dress. Today she had worn the lovely cream waist slip that Phillip had bought her in an upmarket lingerie store on the Tuileries. This teamed with a black bra, sheer black hosiery and black leather boots. She slid the silky slip down her legs. The slip and stockings did feel nice together. It had made her feel more feminine and powerful in the office than the men she worked with.



She took off her cream slip and put it in the wash basket when she noticed Justin's PJ's lying on top of the dirty clothes and wondered if he needed a new pair. These were quite old and were probably too small for him. He was still growing.



She picked up the PJ's to look at the size label when she noticed a brown pair of knickers, a brown bra, a suspender belt and some brown stockings lying underneath the PJ's. She knew she hadn't worn this lingerie and stockings for ages. She wasn't completely shocked as she had suspected that Justin was up to something with her clothes. Her shoes were never quite as neat as she left them and some of her underwear seemed to be in a slightly different order.

She picked up the brown knickers, they were sticky.

"Justin, come here, now!" she shouted across the landing.

Justin opened his bedroom door and walked into Mother's bedroom. As he walked in her could see his Mother dangling a pair of brown knickers, the very knickers he had been wearing (and spunked in) only two hours previously.

"What is the meaning of this. Have you been wearing my clothes? You have got some explaining to do," demanded Mother.



Justin didn't know where to look, at the brown panties dangling off Mother's fingers or at Mother dressed in sheer black stockings with little yellow lacy panties, a lacy cream suspender belt and lacy black bra., He hardly ever saw her undressed like this, but he could tell she was really angry.

He felt his face go red. He was so embarrassed. He could only look at the floor, partly to avoid looking at his Mother in her lingerie and also with a mountain of shame bearing down on him.

"Well, speak, Justin."

"I... I..... didn't mean to..... I won't do it again," he blurted out.

"Too right you won't. You are not to touch any of my clothes or shoes, Yuck! I haven't told you yet but next week I am taking George over to Paris for a week to see Phillip. After this you clearly can't be trusted to stay out of my knickers. So instead I am going to see if you can go and stay with Aunty Sophie instead. You can still go to college. "

"I don't have an Aunty Sophie," said Justin rather puzzled about this turn of events.

"Isn't Nanny going to be here if only you and George are going to Paris?"





"Nanny is having a week off, so no. You can probably stay with Sophie Lauren, my friend from work, you have met her once before. I know she is not really your aunty. She used to be a maths teacher and she is really strict. I have worked with her at trade shows launches. She has a flat just up the road. You can get the bus to college," said Mother. "She will put you in her place."

"But... but...., can't I go to my real aunty Joan instead, or even my friend Mark Jones," grumbled Justin?

"Joan lives in Hastings, it is too far from college. Mark Jones was excluded from school for repeated drug offence and you are not having a week off," said Mother firmly. "I am sure Aunty Sophie will be fine with it, she is always asking me how you are getting on and she has a spare bedroom. I am going to ring her now."

Mother turned her back on Justin and picked up her mobile from the dresser and started searching for Sophie Loren's number.

Justin couldn't help but stare at Mother's seamed black stockings and silky yellow panties. Why hadn't he found these panties and stockings? They looked delicious with the lacy cream suspender belt and the black bra. OMG, Mother had worn black seamed stockings to the office. OMG, Justin was stiff again looking at his Mother in her gorgeous lingerie.

"You can stop staring at my panties, Justin. Go back to your room. My underwear is off limits," said Mother over her shoulder, acutely aware that she had only expected her husband to know about what pretty lingerie she had worn today let alone showing it to her son. She had found Sophie's number and started dialling.

Justin turned and went back to his room for yet another wank, but with this time without any nylon lingerie. Seeing Mother in her lingerie and boots had really got him going, even if it was his Mother.

When Sophie Loren got home, she noticed that there was a missed call on her mobile from her colleague and friend Dawn Taylor. It must have rung whilst Sophie was on the Tube. Sophie sat down and rang her back.

“Sophie, thanks for calling back. I have a problem with Justin that I think you might help with as I know you used to be a teacher,” said Dawn.

“Well that was a long time ago, Dawn.”

“Yes, but you know about teaching young men a thing or two.”

Sophie raised an eyebrow, where was this going? “What’s the problem, does he need some help with his maths?”

“No, I caught him wearing my underwear. It’s disgusting, he needs straightening out. I don’t want him wearing my clothes. Can you help?”



“Well maybe, what do you want me to do?”

“We are going to see Charles in Paris On Saturday for a week and I don’t want him on his own getting into my knickers. And I think he has been wearing my bra’s, stockings and suspenders, maybe even my heels. Could he come and stay with you for a week as he still needs to go to college? You are my only hope to sort him out. After a week with you Justin will be a different person. Please say yes.”

Sophie gulped and tried not to show too much enthusiasm, “Well yes, I suppose he can come and stay with me as I have a spare bed.”

“Oh thank you Sophie, I will give you £200 for his board and keep. I will bring him round at about 9am on Saturday and give you the cash. “

“Well there is no need really to pay me,” said Sophie as she fiddled with her peeping lacy white slip, thinking about the solution to Dawn’s problem.

“Oh, but I insist,” said Dawn.

“Ok, well in that case let me tell you what I think we should do about stopping him wearing your clothes,” said Sophie.

Mother was a little reluctant at first but could see Sophie’s solution might work as she really didn’t want Justin wearing her clothes. So, within a few minutes it was settled. Mother, and George, would be off to Paris on the Eurostar train on Saturday and Justin would go to stay with “Aunty” Sophie.



Mother took Justin round to Sophie's flat on Saturday, just before the rest of the family departed for Paris.

Justin couldn't picture Sophie but as soon as she opened the door of her flat he suddenly remembered. She was tall, brunette but much younger and prettier than Justin remembered. It must have been dark when they had met last time.

Mother apologised for not coming in but they had to leave for St Pancras soon. She gave Sophie a hug and an envelope. Justin got a peck on the cheek.

"Be good and do what Sophie tells you." Mother turned and raced back to the car, which parked on a yellow line. Justin winced.

"Come in Justin. Leave your bag in the hall, I will show you to your room later"

Justin followed her across the hall to the living room.

The flat was nice enough for a week, but rather small compared to his Mother's big house. He would be able to get a bus to college during the week, so travelling was not too difficult. What would be more difficult was no access to Mother's (or Nanny's) lingerie.

"I'll explain the rules," said Sophie. With that she turned and left Justin wondering what on earth did she mean, what rules?







Justin dropped his bag on the hall floor and followed Sophie into the living room. He found Sophie sitting at the table in the living room.

He could not help staring at a very lacy grey slip that was peeping out from Sophie grey knit dress.

Sophie indicated the chair opposite her on the other side of the table. He lost sight of the slip as he sat down.

"Only two rules, Justin. You will call me Aunty and you will do exactly what I tell you. Is that clear?"

"errr.... Yes Aunty."

"Your Mother has told me all about your fetish with her lingerie and she has sent you to me to straighten you out. I am an expert on nylon fetishes. I have dealt with many young men like you before and I am a **very** strict teacher. "

Justin face fell, this was going to be a much more difficult week than he anticipated.

"By the end of the week you will be a different person, but perhaps not quite what your Mother, my dear friend, will be expecting. In fact, quite the opposite But I promised her you would never wear her clothes again, Justine"

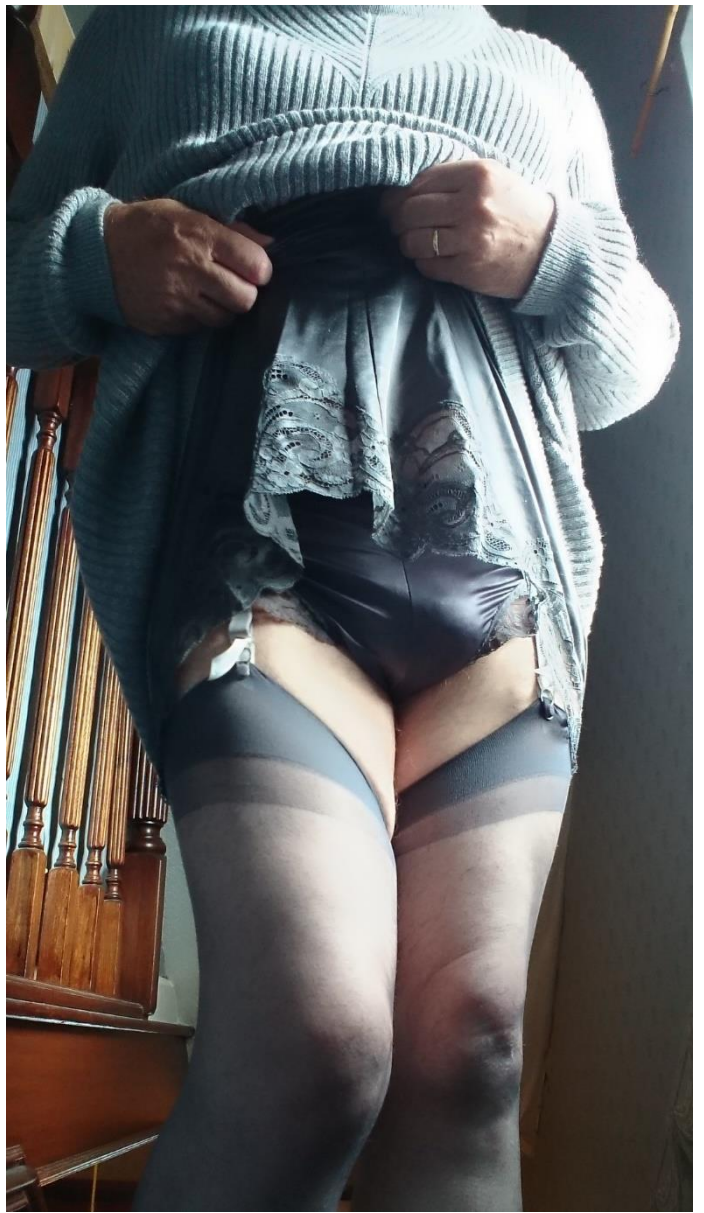
"But my name is Justin....." said Justin, his voice trailing off as Sophie raised one eyebrow and glared at him."

"Yes, Aunty," said Justine slowly, wondering what on earth his Mother had got him into.



Sophie was indeed an expert on nylon fetishes. That morning she had dressed in a beautiful lace trimmed grey waist slip, lacy grey bra, grey nylon panties, cream suspender belt and sheer grey stockings. She was also an expert on dealing with young men in panties as some readers may recall. [See footnote 1]





Over the top of her pretty lingerie Sophie had worn a simple grey knit dress. She dropped the slip and hem of the dress down. No one could see what exquisite silky grey lingerie she was wearing under the dress, unless she chose to give them a flash of her lacy slip.





“Follow me Justine and bring your bag. You will only need your wash things,” said Aunty.

Justine, as we shall now call her, picked up her bag from the hall and followed Aunty into the guest bedroom.

Laid out on the bed was some pretty lingerie. Justine stared at it.

“By the end of this week you will have left my **nephew** Justin behind and be transformed into my **niece** Justine. You will never wear your Mother’s lingerie again because you will be wearing your own lingerie, dresses and heels. Now strip and put on the clothes on the bed. “

Justine was rooted to the spot.

“Now,” commanded Aunty. “I think you know how to put on panties and stockings. Your Mother didn’t mention slips but I think you will have been wearing those as well,” Aunty took hold of Justine’s chin, lifted her face and looked straight in her eyes, “Haven’t you, Justine.”

Justine nodded and stared at the pretty white lingerie laid out on the bed, just for her.

She turned her back to Aunty and took off her male clothes. She picked up the frilly nylon panties. They had a lovely band of lace around the waist rather than the legs. Justine slid the panties up her legs, and shivered. They were just as silky as Mother’s VF panties. Justine was starting to get excited. She picked up the black stockings. Justine was puzzled, there didn’t appear to be a suspender belt to stop the stockings falling down.

“They are hold ups, there is a silicon band around the top that keeps them in place, although we will need to get you to shave your legs for it to work best,” said Sophie. “This lingerie will do for now, we are going shopping tomorrow for lingerie, dresses, make-up and heels.”

Justine examined the top of the stockings and found the off-white band that Sophie had mentioned, they did seem sticky. She carefully opened them up and slid them up her legs.



Next, Justine picked up the slip. This one had shoulder straps. Justine had only worn a purple waist slip before. She had never seen one like this before.

“It is a full slip, put it on with the straps at the top, just like a t-shirt,” said Sophie

“Oh, I see,” said Justine. She pulled it down over her silky panties and black hold up stockings. She felt another thrill and a large bulge appeared to make a bulge in the two layers of white nylon. The slippery nylon felt wonderful over Justine’s skin.

She had to sit down on the bed as she felt weak at the knees.



Aunty also sat down at this point as she was also enjoying the show of a young man dressing in slippery nylon for (almost) the first time.





Justine looked at the pretty lacy hem caressing the black nylon of her hold up stockings. She admired the contrast of the black and white nylon. She was such a lucky gurl.

“Oh, thank you, Aunty, this isn’t what I expected at all,” said Justine, nearly crying.

“I have done this to young men several times before, giving in your silky urges always has the same lovely effect. Just embrace and bring out your femininity.” Sophie clapped her hands. “We are going to have such fun choose some clothes for you this week.”

“There seems to be a very unlady-like bulge in your slip, Justine. What are you going to do about it?”

Justine looked down and indeed there was a huge tent in the front of the slip. Justine looked at Aunty with pleading eyes, not wishing to displease her.

“I know you want rub that stiff clitty.”

“Yes, Aunty, please.”

“Go on then,” said Aunty.

Justine lifted the full slip and reached into the white panties. They were soaking wet with pre-cum. Justine grabbed hold of the stiff clitty and wanked furiously until the panties went transparent with juices and cum.







By this time Aunty was also getting a stiff clitty. She lifted her dress and slip and plunged her hand into those pretty grey nylon panties. This was definitely not the first time Aunty had done this. The sight of Justine's stiff cock making the white panties transparent pushed Aunty over the edge. She flooded the grey panties with sticky white cum, just like Justine.





The transformation of nephew to niece started the very next day when Sophie took Justine to the shops. Sophie had decided to start with some nice lingerie at Marks and Spencer. She had great fun holding up some black French knickers and a pair of rose-coloured bikini panties front of Justine. She refused to try them on, so Sophie turned to the slips and put them in the basket along with some lacy bras and even a suspender belt.



Sophie had gone to M&S as it was one of the few places she knew she sold a choice of slips in the right size. She already knew that the size 16 slip Justine had worn the previous day fitted just right. Justine chose a black and white full slip as well as a lovely rose-coloured half-slip that matched the bikini panties.

Sophie looked for a particular style of black stockings. She could not find what she wanted but did find some nice black 20 denier lace top stockings. Seeing all the black and white lingerie did give Sophie an idea. The bill came to well over £100 with lots of pretty lingerie and stockings in the basket.

Sophie used some of the cash that Dawn Taylor had given her. Rather than spend the rest in the high street fashion shops on outer clothing and shoes Sophie decided the next stop would be some of the charity shops. This would give a good choice of skirts and dresses for Justine for only a few pounds. They should even be able to find some size 7 black high heels.

Sophie was reserving some of the money for a couple of items online, that she knew she could find on eBay.



Sophie and Justine did really well in the charity shops. It was certainly better value for money. Justine got very excited about some of the dresses. They looked as though they had hardly been worn. Justine was still reluctant to try things on as she was not dressed up en-femme. Sophie did wonder if she should have lent Justine some clothes and put on some makeup but decided Justine wasn't quite ready to face the world as her niece yet. Sophie was delighted to find several pairs of heels in black and white for only £3 each well. It was a bit of a gamble with the size but they fitted Sophie so we're probably ok for Justine. They also popped into Boots to get some basic makeup.





The next few days were bliss. Justine rushed home from college each day to be transformed into Aunt Sophie's niece as she tried on all the outfits they had chosen. Justine, with a bit of makeup and the right clothes she had become a beautiful young woman. She learnt the power of a peeping lacy slip could make men weak at the knees. Sophie also lent Justine some more lingerie until she was able to build up her own collection. Perhaps they would make another trip to M&S at the end of the week but dressed en-femme this time.

But then Sophie had a better idea, time to step up a gear. The next step would be to turn Justine into The Maid. Sophie would become The Mistress. She set to work on how she was going to achieve this.

[See **The Maid** for part 2 of this story]



## The End

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