

Surprise



Andrea Slip remembers how she was forced into wearing more feminine clothes by Mrs Slip when caught by surprise by Mrs S. coming home early from her shopping trip.



Surprise

A photo story by Andrea Slip

"Hi darling, surprise, I am home," said Mrs S. as she came through the door, taking off her coat. "Mary wasn't feeling well so she cancelled lunch after shopping. So here I am.... Oh my goodness.....oh my" Mrs S. was not normally lost for words.



Andrea had always loved seeing his wife wearing stockings, silky lingerie but one day, some time ago, he had decided to explore for himself the delights of cross dressing, just with panties to start with. How had he progressed to slips, dresses and heels? Recently, an image on Flickr suddenly reminded him.





A series of delightful drawings on Flickr, by JB Hopkins, (would love to know more about the artist), posted by several friends, caught Andrea's attention. One drawing in particular was close to how his wife, Mrs Slip had surprised him one day when she came home earlier than expected to find Andrea trying on some of her underwear and how it led to him being forced into full women's clothes for the first time. Well, perhaps not quite forced, but helped a willing participant into even silkier lingerie and more feminine clothes. Let me take you back to that fateful day, a few years ago.



With Mrs Slip out for some shopping and lunch with her friend on Saturday Andrea thought it would be a good time to try on some of Mrs S's delightful panties, and not for the first time. He waited a while after she had left and then went to the utility room to see what was in the wash basket. He carried a bundle of lingerie upstairs to the bedroom, trying hard not to drop anything as he negotiated the stairs. A few pairs of knickers and bra slid off the silky bundle but he scooped them up.

He plonked the lingerie on the floor and started to look through the dirty washing but couldn't decide if he wanted to go a bit further than just wearing silky panties but try a bra and stockings as well. Although he had always worn his wife's used panties from the wash basket before, in order to avoid leaving obvious stains, Andrea decided to look through Mrs S's lingerie draw for some clean pink panties. As he rustled through the silky lingerie there was so much he liked. It was hard to choose. He settled on a lacy black bra. The bra was a bit tricky to get the clips in at the back. Next were some hold up stockings. He thought that these might be easier than fiddling with a suspender belt after the trouble he had getting the bra done up. Although the stockings didn't seem to want to stay up very well. He was still looking through the lingerie draw when he heard the bedroom door open behind him.



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I don't know who was more surprised, Andrea to be caught wearing panties, bra and stockings or Mrs S. to find her husband wearing her lingerie.



“Let me put my shopping down so I can take a good look at you, Stephen. You know, I always kind of suspected you wanted to wear my underwear as you always buy me such pretty things, and do you think I wouldn’t notice those stains in my knickers in the wash basket? It was always my silky nylon undies that were stiff, never my cotton knickers,” said Mrs S.



“I’ll get changed,” mumbled Andrea.

“Oh no you don’t,” said Mrs S, a bit fiercely but then more gently.

“Stay as you are but we need to make some improvements, Stephen. Oh, I can’t call you Stephen when you are wearing knickers, what shall we call you? How about...., Andrea.”

“OK,” said Stephen, now Andrea.

“Yes Mistress, I think Andrea,” commanded Mrs S. in her stern voice again.

“Yes Mistress,” said Andrea looking up in alarm. What had he/she got herself into now? He was so embarrassed. He could his face flushing pink, to match his knickers.

“I think you need to tidy up a bit, Andrea.” Andrea reached down and picked up the lingerie he had dropped on the floor.



“Your stockings are drooping. I think you need a suspender belt like this,” said Mrs S. lifting the hem of her black skirt. Andrea couldn’t help but get a stiffy in his panties looking at Mrs S. revealing her stocking tops, her pink slip and even a flash of her pink knickers.



“Now let’s do something about those stockings,” said Mrs S. picking up a lacy black suspender belt and handing it to Andrea. “Put this on, Andrea.”

Mrs S. clipped the belt around the back of Andrea. “No, no, no... It looks really pretty but the suspender straps go **under** the panties. So you can slip them off more easily“



“Let me take my skirt and top off so I can show you,” said Mrs S.



“Now look and learn Andrea,” said Mrs S. lifting her pink slip to show Andrea how the long straps of her lacy pink suspender belt were tucked under her pink panties. “Now you do the same with your suspenders.”

Andrea did as he was told and threaded the lacy black suspender straps back under his silky panties. He was beginning to feel very excited at the showing his wife his silky undies whilst she was similarly dressed, except he wasn't wearing a slip,yet.



“I see you like my slip,” said Mrs S. looking at the bulge in Andrea’s panties,” but I think that you should be wearing one as well. Have you done this before, Andrea?”

“Noo.....”

“Hmmm, so no stains in my panties then?”

“Well maybe a couple of times, but only your panties. I swear ...”



“Choose a slip from my lingerie draw,” commanded Mrs S. “Yes, the black one will do nicely,” she said as Andrea lifted out a black slip from the top of the pile of full length slips.

“Hold up the slip so I can see.”

“Oh yes, that looks perfect with your pink panties and black bra, put it on.”





Andrea slid into the black slip and shivered with excitement as the nylon slid down over his bra and panties for the first time. Why had he never worn a slip before? The silky feeling all down his body was just too much. Andrea felt so femme and so wonderful.



“Oh yes, Andrea that slip really suits you. Now we need to find a skirt and top for you. “

“Well I am not sure I want to” said Andrea.

“Nonsense,” sorted Mrs S, “you are wearing my lingerie, you can wear a skirt, and some heels as well.”

Andrea looked glum but inside he was thrilled at taking his cross-dressing to another level.



Mrs S. opened the wardrobe and started sorting through her skirts and tops.

“Oh yes, this is the perfect. “She held up a pink chiffon skirt with a black waist band. She handed it to Andrea and he (or should we now say she as she was now looking more and more feminine?) stepped into the soft skirt. As Andrea was putting on the skirt Mrs S. started to look in the wardrobe for a suitable blouse. They were pretty much the same size.



Mrs S. found a black silky button up shirt and handed it to Andrea, who put the shirt on but struggled to do it up.

“You can see the lacy top of my slip,” said Andrea.

“That looks sexy, its fine. Now let’s find some heels for you.”



“I haven’t got any pink shoes but these white heels might do, try them.”

“They are a bit tight and I won’t be able to walk in these heels.”

“Oh do be quiet. We are not going to the night club”.



Andrea bent down to ease the unfamiliar heels onto her feet.



“Are you sure no one will be able to see my stocking tops,” asked Andrea anxiously.

“No, not unless they lying on the floor or are following you up a steep staircase. You look fine. Sit down on the bed and look in the mirror. “



Andrea sat on the bed and looked in the mirror. She loved the feminine look of the blouse, skirt, sheer hosiery and the white heels. It looked like she was wearing tights, no one could tell that it was stockings not tights, that was until she got up and her little skirt flipped up and showed her stockings, suspenders and panties.

“A real lady keeps her legs together at all times. Not like that. You have so much to learn Andrea about being a lady. And I am going to teach you,” said Mrs S.



Mrs S. lifted her pink slip right up and off over her head to show Andrea that she too was wearing a lacy black bra with pink panties. The bulge in Andrea's panties was getting ever bigger.



“Now let’s see how you can lift your skirt to “adjust” your suspenders”, said Mrs S. Andrea had seen Mrs S. do this many times and knew exactly what to do. She held up the black slip and the chiffon skirt to fiddle with her left suspender strap.

“Hmm... so that is what men get so excited about. There is no doubt that you are wearing stockings now. I love the contrast of the black lace of your slip against the pink of the skirt and I am even getting a glimpse of your panties. I know it feels so sexy and now I can see it looks so sexy. I am getting so damp. “



Mrs S., now clad in only her bra, panties, suspender belt, panties, brown seamed stockings and high heeled black leather boots, decided it was time to move the action on.



Mrs S. reached behind her and released her bra. Her tits swung free from their support. Finally, in this erotic striptease she pulled her panties down over her pert arse and boots.



Stepping out of her silk panties she sat down on the bed, legs apart and started to frig her wet pussy.



“Pick up my panties from the floor Andrea.”

Andrea bent down to the floor to pick them up.

“Now give them to me,” said Mrs S., clearly enjoying the view tight nylon panties, lacy stocking tops and even a hint of black lacy slip under Andrea’s chiffon skirt.



Although Mrs S's pink silk panties were already damp they were soaked by the time she had pushed them in and out of her juicy vagina a few times.

"Here, Sissy, now I want to see you wanking with my wet knickers."



Andrea lifted her skirt, pulled her cockette out of her panties and rubbed Mrs S's warm but very wet knickers over her stiff protrusion. The lacy knickers flapped around as Andrea rubbed more and more vigorously



Andrea looked down at his wife sitting on the bed in her suspenders and stockings, legs apart. Her breasts were bouncing up and down as her hand worked away down below.



Mrs S. suddenly brought her legs together and screamed as she came. Andrea came too, spewing cum onto not only the knickers in his hand but also over Mrs S's tits. Andrea was shaking all over and dropped the cum-stained silk knickers onto Mrs S's nylon clad legs



More cum dribbled from Andrea's cockette all over Mrs S's nylon stockings.



As Mrs S. recovered her breath she looked down at the cum splashed on her tits, knickers and stockings. “You naughty Sissy. I shall have to punish you for that, pull your panties down, right now.”



Andrea still had her deflating cockette in her hand but eased it further out of her panties. Mrs S' dropped her silk panties on the bed, leant forward and took the protrusion in her mouth, biting and licking.

"Ow...oh.....yes....." said Andrea as she started becoming hard again.

After a few minutes slurping on Andrea's cockette Mrs S. spread her nylon clad legs again. "Now let's see if a Sissy can do me properly after our starters," said Mrs S as Andrea leant forward and shafted his gorgeous wife.

The End

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