

## New Neighbour (Part 1) by Andrea Slip

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Gilly has moved to a new house. The garden is perfect for her to hang out her cleanly washed frillies in the garden in complete privacy. Then a new neighbour moves, Gilly agrees to go round for a drink. Part 1 of a 2 part story

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Madame Slip provided a discrete shopping service for shy trannies who could not shop online or in the high street shops, just like Gilly Silken.





After several visits to Madame Slip's Vintage Lingerie Emporium, Gilly's journey into the pleasure of silky lingerie and pretty clothes had really taken off. Madame Slip had found Gilly panties, bra, stockings, and suspenders in a variety of colours. There were also heels and even fake breasts for Gilly to wear.



Not forgetting the delightful slips that Madame Slip was renowned for.



Things could have taken a backward step when Gilly was caught prancing around her flat in Peckham by Jock, her landlord.





However, it turned out that Jock rather liked trannies back when he was lorry driver, and he needed a new slutty secretary to do admin for his block of flats.



Jock even paid for Gilly's makeup, wigs, satin blouses, satin skirts and silky lingerie.



There were two things Jock particularly liked; looking up Gilly's skirt at her panties whilst he masturbated and secondly.....





....pulling down her slip and frotting her silky knickers from behind until he squirted cum all over her French knickers and black stockings.



Gilly learnt how to do make up and look after her wigs.





It gave Gilly the confidence to start buying her own outfits. Any outfit she wore always included a slip.





Gilly's wardrobe soon filled up with pretty slips and other clothes. Gilly had come to love her slips, full and half-slips.



She now had the confidence to venture back to Mark's and Spencer's to buy black satin French knickers, another favourite.





She loved wearing black satin French knickers, usually with a black bra and black stockings, but sometimes with a different coloured slip.





Gilly started wearing her silky lingerie to work under her shirt, tie and trousers. She was sure she was wearing the silkiest lingerie to the office

Things had changed after a couple of years when Jock, Gilly's landlord who was in his late 70's by then, had become ill after a heart attack, had to move into a care home and sell the freehold of the block flats. So no more posing in front of Jock. Oh well, it was fun whilst it lasted. Gilly would have to play on her own.

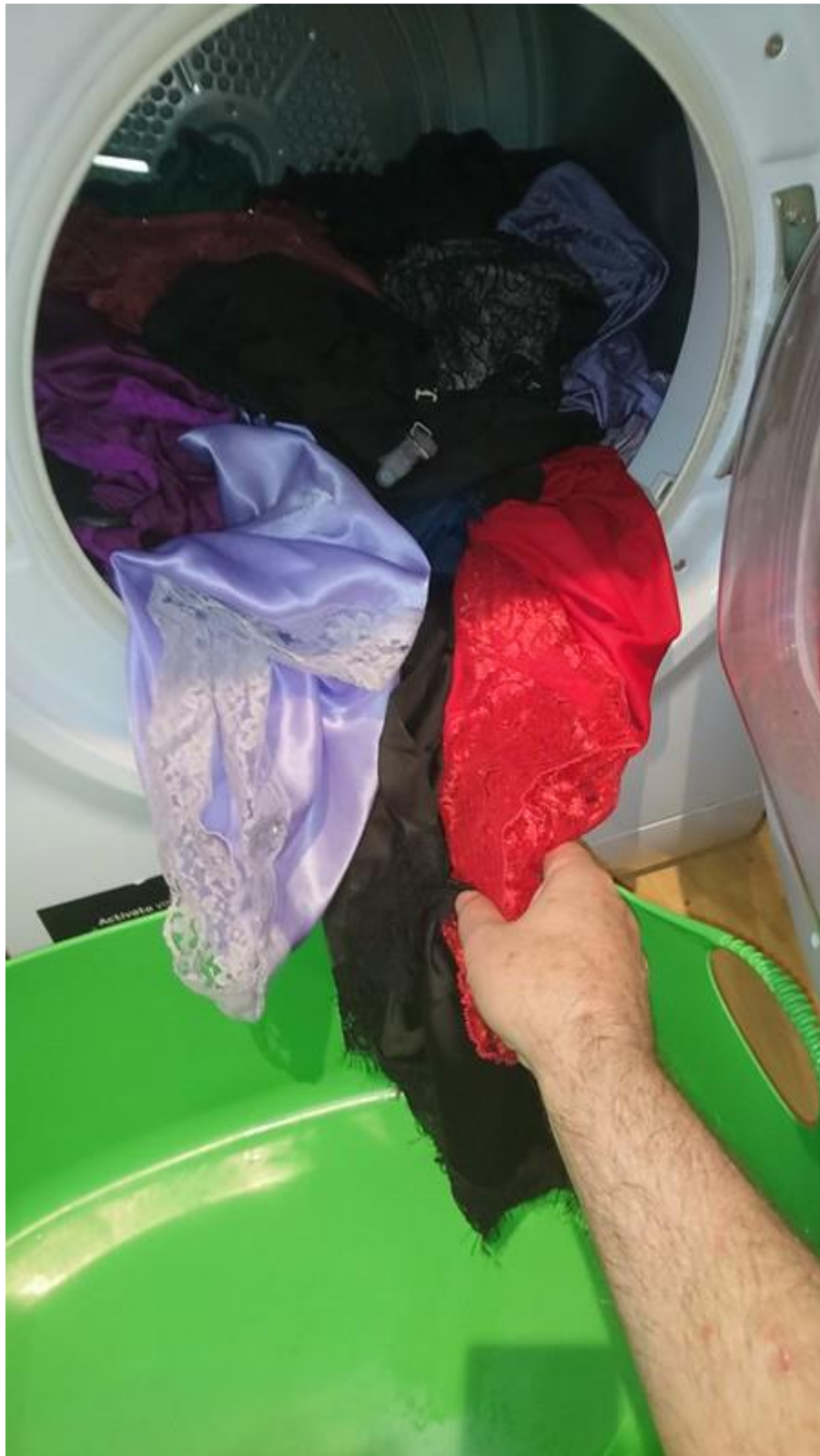
It also made Gilly think about moving to somewhere more private, perhaps a nice house that had a private discreet garden where she could hang the washing.

Gilly was making more money now in her job in the City of London working for a major international bank. She could afford a bigger mortgage and also had saved several of her bonuses.

So, after a long house hunt she bought a house in Bromley, number 22 Acacia Drive. It still was an easy journey into London Bridge from Bromley station by train.

When she went to view it for the first time she thought that some of the streets looked familiar. Then she realised that the potential new house in Acacia Drive was not far from Madame Slip's Vintage Lingerie Emporium. An Emporium sounds rather grand but in reality was an ordinary suburban house very similar to the one that Gilly was going to view, and did in fact buy. Gilly wondered what had happened to Madame Slip or even if she would bump into her in street.





The new house was perfect. She had a washing machine, no more embarrassing trips to the laundrette, hoping no one would notice the frilly lingerie mixed in with her male t-shirts.



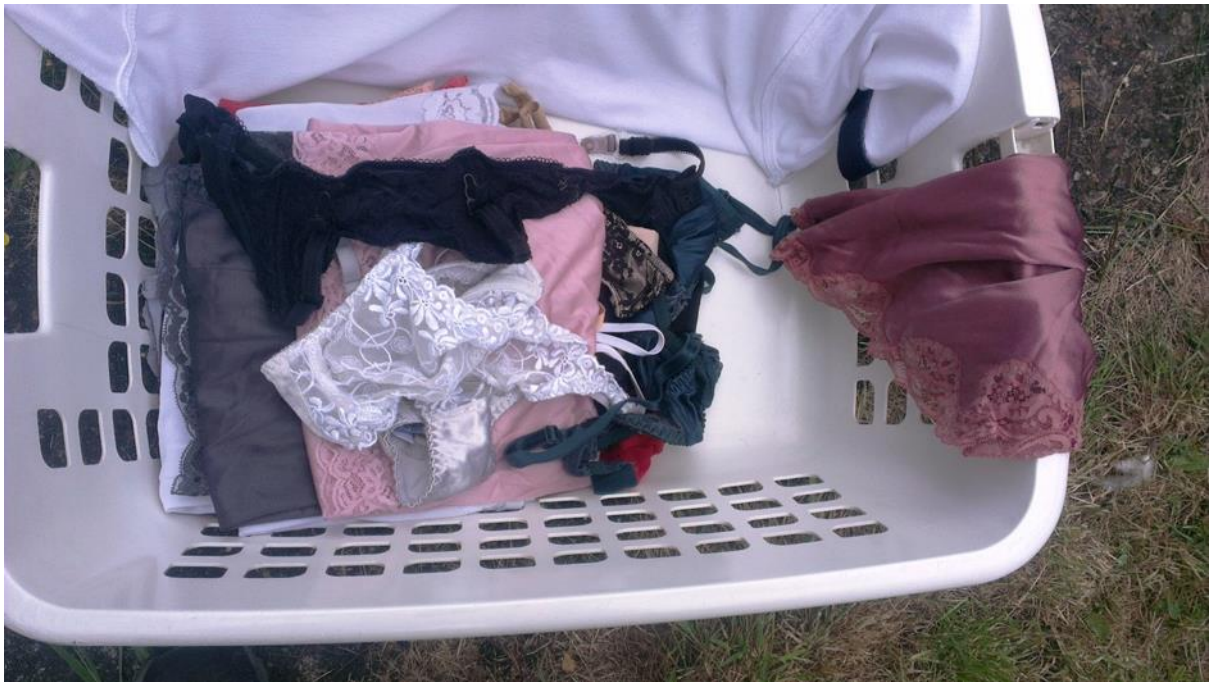


Gilly even started going out in the garden all dressed up to hang out her washing. She really enjoyed having the freedom to put on some silky lingerie and stockings, with a skirt and blouse on top, and stepping out into the fresh air.

She loved the sound of her high heels click clacking on the garden path. The breeze would rustle her lacy slip that was peeping out from under her skirt.



The rotary drier was quite close to the house and screened on the left by some large rose bushes. Almost no other house could see the pretty lingerie blowing in the breeze, except possibly the resident of the other half of the semi-detached house to her right. Even then, the neighbour would have to lean right out of the window. As the neighbour was an old lady that was very unlikely.



When the washing was dry she would carefully fold her silky lingerie into the wash basket and take it up stairs to the bedroom.





She loved sorting and folding her silky lingerie.



The folded lingerie smelt so clean and fresh after being in the garden.



About six months after Gilly moved in the old lady next door died and the house went up for sale. Apparently, there were some problems with damp and other problems that needed sorting out, so another neighbour told Gilly. Not that she was known as Gilly to the neighbours, he was Colin who worked at a high-flying job in the City. The image he portrayed to neighbours, and to people at work, was very strait laced. He even agreed to have a Conservative placard in his front garden for the local election, just in case the Bank checked up on him. It would be expected in the capitalist business world he worked in. After about 18 months the damp problems next door at number 24 were fixed and the house was sold. Gilly / Colin had a new neighbour, almost exactly 2 years after Gilly had moved in.

The new neighbour had moved in when Gilly was at work, so it was over a week before she met him. Gilly was in Colin mode when he was about to go to do his weekly food shop at Sainsburys and they both came out of their front door at the same time early on a Saturday morning.

They said hello. Joe was lean, taller than Colin, in his 40's with a shaven head.

Colin noticed Jo's fancy red car.

"Is that an electric Tesla?"

"Yup," said Joe, "Model 3. All Tesla's are electric by the way."

"What range do you get?"

"Everyone asks that. About 300 miles in summer and about 250 in winter."

"Oh, I see. I was thinking about buying a small electric car so that I could go and see my mum in Salisbury and Uni friends in Exeter. I haven't got a car at the moment. I am not sure what to get though."

"Tell you what Colin, why don't you come round for a drink one evening next week and I can tell you all about electric cars. How about Friday about 8pm?"

"Friday would be good, I sometimes work late the other nights."

Gilly / Colin wanted to learn more about this curious stranger and about electric cars.





After Gilly got back from Sainsbury's she slipped into something more comfortable and something more feminine. Gilly found some lovely black sheer lingerie; bra, panties, stockings, suspenders and a to die for sheer black slip. Slowly she dressed in the silky nylon lingerie, taking a few pics along the way



Then it was a tweed skirt and a white blouse and black high heels.



Gilly took some more photos for the Hot Chixx website. She loved to pose with her lacy slip peeping out from under her skirt, and so did her patrons. Gilly was getting so hard.





Inevitably the skirt and blouse had to come off as Gilly pulled down her black knickers to reveal her stiff clitty hidden behind the sheer slip. The sight and feel of the black lingerie was too much for Gilly as she exploded white cum on the black slip and black stockings.

When the excitement had calmed down Gilly was thinking about making a sandwich for lunch. She stood at the window of her bedroom looking out into the garden and into Joe's garden. Joe also had a rotary drier in his garden, but it was more in the middle compared to Gilly's and easily visible from Gilly's bedroom window. What caught Gilly's attention was what was hanging on the drying rack.



On the drier was a large collection of frilly lingerie, bra's, panties, suspenders and slips. The volume was far larger than Gilly had. Did this belong to a girlfriend of Joe, or perhaps even Joe himself, was he a tranny too? Gilly was really curios to know more. She had the impression that Joe was single but worked from home. Perhaps Gilly would find out more next Friday.





Actually, she didn't have to wait that long. Later in the afternoon Gilly took some her own lingerie up to her bedroom to put away in her lingerie draws. She loved handling the clean dry silky slips and panties. When she had finished, she looked out of the window to see Joe, her new neighbour, taking the lingerie off the washing line next door and carefully folding it into a wash basket. He looked up and smiled at Gilly. She instinctively pulled back from the window, not quite sure what to make of what she had just seen. Was this a test, he seemed to enjoy folding the lingerie, perhaps it really was his, not a girl friend's, perhaps he was a tranny like Gilly?



A few days later, in the evening, Gilly heard a vehicle stop outside. As she looked out of the window she could see a taxi.

She wasn't expecting anyone. In fact, it would be rather awkward as Gilly was wearing a black blouse and pleated black skirt. Her lacy Vanity Fair slip could be clearly seen through the sheer blouse and skirt.

"Oh, no it couldn't be my mother making a surprise visit could it," thought Gilly?

She waited a moment to see who it was.



A woman dressed in a satin blouse, grey skirt but with sheer black seamed nylons, and high heels got out of the taxi. Gilly distinctly heard a deep male voice from the "woman"...as she paid the taxi driver.

She looked at Gilly's house, then glanced to her right, then walked up to her new neighbours house. She tottered in her high heels to Joe's front door and rang the bell then was very quickly ushered in by Joe, who looked round furtively before closing the front door behind them. The woman looked vaguely familiar, Gilly couldn't think where from.

Gilly was relieved as it was definitely not her mother. She had been threatening to come and visit Colin when she came up to town to go to the ballet.

Gilly couldn't really see very well as it was getting dark, but it looked like Joe was dressed in a black silky top and silky black slacks.



Two nights later Gilly was due to meet Joe and talk about electric cars. What should she wear? She decided to take a risk and wear something similar to what she had glimpsed Joe wearing two nights earlier, a silky top and trousers, but what to wear underneath?

In the end Gilly decided on pink lingerie and black stockings. If she had read the signals wrong, it would not be too obvious and she could leave quickly if she needed to.





Gilly put on her lacy pink suspender belt and attached her pink flecked stockings, then it was little pink satin panties and a pink lacy bra. She wondered about putting on a pink slip but that might be a bit over the top with jeans and a blouse. She also decided not to put any fake boobs in the bra, no makeup and no wig





Gilly put on her cream patterned silk blouse and stepped into her black jeans. Should she play safe and wear trainers with socks or push the boat out and wear high heels? She decided on heels.

The heels weren't particularly high, but the sheer black nylon of her stockings would show much more clearly than if wearing trainers and socks.

Gilly decided she would be brave and go out in the street in her heels and silky blouse, she had not done that before. Actually, she could step across a low dividing wall between her house and Joe's without walking out to the street. It was also 8pm and almost dark.

Gilly shut and locked her front door, stepped across the wall and knocked on Joe's door. She was nervous. The door opened and a male voice said, "Hello Miss Silk, please come in., Mistress is expecting you." It was not Joe, my new neighbour, it was a maid, in a black silk costume.

## **The End**

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Read Part 2 The New Neighbour

Other photo stories are at:

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With thanks to Gilly Silken for the ideas for this story.

