

## Twins - Jane



Twins, a tale now in 3 parts. In part 3, we hear Jane's story, mother of Alice and Benjie.

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*Twins – part three. This was originally planned to be a two-part tale but now includes Jane's story. Jane is the mother of seventeen-year-old twins, Alice, and Benjie. She discovers that Benjie likes wearing her lingerie and even his sister's. Perhaps all is not lost as it is an opportunity to encourage a new fan of slips, just like her.*



Jane knew she had made a mistake as soon as she got home when she picked up the pile of her clean underwear from the ironing board in the utility room. Her panties, bras, slips and suspender belts were all there except one, her new red panties. They had been on top of her pile. What had she done with them? She had been in a rush before she went out to work at a hair salon in town and only had time to take Benjie's pile of clean clothes upstairs. She must have split the piles in the wrong place and caught the red panties at the bottom of Benjie's pile.

Jane walked upstairs with her own pile of silky lingerie, careful not to drop any, as the silky nylon slid around. How she loved wearing such silky delights. What if Benjie had found them? It was a shame he was a boy as he was much quieter and frail than his sister Alice. She was more dominant and confident. Panties and even slips would suit Benjie's quiet and withdrawn personality.



Jane had tried to encourage Alice to wear slips from about eleven years old when they had bought Alice's uniform for secondary school. Jane thought it was a good time to learn how to stop the new thin school skirt sticking to Alice's tights, and how feminine it would make her feel. But there was a refusal at the first hurdle. Alice did concede in getting a proper nylon bra, rather plain and some plain white nylon bikini panties for school, but definitely no slip.

Wearing nylon must have had an effect on Alice as about a year later she asked Mum if she could get some coloured panties and bra. When they went to BHS, Jane picked out some different colours and styles for Alice. In the end they settled on some lovely dark blue nylon panties and bra but this time with lots of pretty lace on both items. Whilst Alice was trying on the panties and bra, over the plain white underwear she was wearing, Jane picked up a lovely blue half-slip that matched the panties and also a pair of the same panties but in a larger size. She wondered if Alice would still refuse to wear a slip, she did, so Jane bought the slip and another pair of blue panties in a larger size for herself. They were so pretty and would feel lovely to wear. She still wore the slip and panties to this day, but with stockings and suspenders.



Eventually Alice had given in when she had been told by her drama teacher to get a slip to wear under a long grey skirt Alice was going to wear for a 50's period play at school. Alice protested but the teacher had said it would help her keep in character. Alice would have been happy to borrow a slip from Mum, she was never going to wear a slip again, was she?

However, Jane insisted that Alice would have a slip of her own, she had loved looking for and buying a long pink slip with a gorgeous lacy split that would be perfect for the kick pleat in the back of the skirt. Alice was correct, she had never worn it again after the play finished. It went to the bottom of her undies draw.





There was also a very thin summer mini-skirt Alice had bought herself. Jane had said that it was almost transparent, it had no lining. Jane told Alice that she had to wear a slip underneath otherwise everyone would see her knickers. Alice had not really looked at how thin the skirt was and had not realised that in certain light the skirt was see through. In the end Jane had bought Alice a short pale pink slip that Alice did wear under the skirt with some black tights, but she had soon grown out of the skirt. Jane was disappointed that she had not been able to encourage Alice to become a slip aficionado like her, although Alice did often wear silky underwear, evidenced by what appeared in the wash basket from time to time.



Now Jane had reached the top of the stairs. She knew that Benjie was in his bedroom, but his door was shut. She thought about asking him about the red panties then remembered something that had happened at Christmas when she first wore the red panties.

“Hi, Benjie, are you OK, love,” asked Jane to the closed bedroom door.

“Hi, Mum,” was the reply from Benjie. But that was it. Typical short Benjie response. Alice’s bedroom door was open, the room was empty, she was probably not back from college yet. Alice was a beauty apprentice in a salon but had to spend two days a week at college.

Jane put her clean lingerie down on the empty bed. If Benjie had found the red panties in his pile of clean clothes, he would probably put them on her bed, or maybe not. She opened her panties draw. She did not spot them at first, but they were tucked in at the far-left end of the draw, next to a pair of black French knickers. They were not folded as she folded them but squeezed into a space and almost covered up. She took out the panties and was about to refold them when she realised that the panties felt slightly moist. They would have to go in the wash again.





Jane remembered when she wore these new panties with a matching bra, suspenders, black stockings, and a dark red, wine-coloured half-slip on Christmas day. She wore the pretty red lingerie under a black lacy dress she bought in Coast. She always dressed up for Christmas dinner with her Mum and Dad. Actually, Jane dressed up most days in smart elegant clothes most days, certainly for her work as a top hair stylist for a major chain in the town centre. Customers expected her to look smart and feminine.

Mum came to Jane's house on Christmas Day every year now since Dad had died three years ago. She still missed her Dad's corny jokes, he was a kind man, much missed, especially at Christmas.

The feeling came back to her that when she was dressing in her red lingerie on Christmas morning that someone had been spying on her through a crack in the door. She had glanced up at her reflection in the long wardrobe door mirrors as she adjusted her suspenders to her stockings. She thought that she caught a glimpse of someone moving away. It could only have been Benjie who could have watched in silence. Alice would have made a snide comment. How long had Benjie been standing there, watching his Mum put on her red lingerie and black dress, wondered Jane?







Jane finished fiddling with her stockings and pulled the dress down. She checked in the mirror and liked that you could see her red slip and red bra through the black lace as if it were sheer, she liked that.

Jane would have to keep an eye on her lingerie draws to see if this progressed any further. She suspected that Benjie would not be able to stop himself exploring her silky lingerie draws again, especially because he had discovered how sexy silky nylon made someone feel.

About a month later she took out a pair of silky white knickers to wear, they were slightly sheer with a lacy band around the waist but so silky to wear. She felt like a naughty schoolgirl when she wore this lingerie. Just like with the red panties these panties were folded the wrong way and shoved in the draw. Should she have a word with Benjie about this? She hesitated, putting off the fateful day.

She remembered that Alice had also “borrowed” some charcoal grey panties and bra when she was about 12 for a party without asking, although the panties might have fitted the bra must have been too big. It was after that Jane had taken Alice shopping for her own coloured undies. Perhaps that is what she needed to do with Benjie, take him shopping for his own panties and bra. It had worked with Alice, but perhaps Benjie might be more embarrassed about shopping for lingerie than Alice.





A few weeks later Jane had gone upstairs to run a bath, one evening. The door was shut but she could hear some very strange noises from Benjie, who she knew was in there, she could hear the bath running. It sounded like he was masturbating. She should have been shocked, but she was not really. She asked Benjie if he was Ok. He said he was just coming. Jane was actually more concerned that he would be distracted and let the bath over-flow. She asked him to leave the water for her and went to her bedroom to take off her dress, slip and underwear.

When Benjie had finished his bath, she put on her bath robe and took her underwear with her to the bathroom to put in the wash-basket. As she did so she found the evidence that Benjie had been playing with her underwear again. The blue pair of panties, she had worn to work yesterday with her blue bra, had been on top and they were still sticky. These were the larger sized pair of the blue panties she had bought when Alice got her first coloured nylon panties. Then Jane found the brown stockings that she had also worn to work yesterday. The stockings were old fashioned RHT by Gio. The fabric was very sheer and had little or no give in. The stockings still had the indent of the suspender button. This meant the stockings had recently been worn. It could only be Benjie as Alice now had some stockings of her own.

Jane would have to speak to Benjie. The twins birthday was coming up soon, she did not want to spoil that. She did think about giving Benjie a pair of his own panties as a birthday present, perhaps a pair similar to the blue pair. But then she realised he would be really embarrassed, so she decided to let the matter rest for now.

The twins used to have joint parties but not anymore, not since they had gone to different secondary schools. Benjie was going out to a music gig with some nerdy computer mates from college on his birthday. Alice had said something about going to the cinema with her boyfriend, but could she borrow a black pair of stockings as her brown pair had got a ladder.

Jane sighed and got into the bath to have a soak. She would look for some black stockings for Alice later, but what to do about Benjie?



On the day of the twins seventeenth birthday Alice had worn Jane's best black sheer stockings to go to the cinema with her boyfriend, John

She looked really pretty in her black skirt, sheer black blouse, and stockings. Jane looked at Alice's bra showing through the sheer blouse and wondered if that was a bit over the top. She did not say anything but consoled herself when she realised Alice would go out in a coat and in the cinema, it would be dark, so no one except her boyfriend would see.

Jane suspected that they would not stay out long. The effect of the sheer stockings and the sheer blouse was bound to have an effect on John.

Jane was correct, they were back by 10pm and headed straight up to Alice's bedroom. Benjie was still out with his mates at his music gig. Jane was reading a book in the living room, directly underneath Alice's bedroom. After a while she could hear Alice's bedframe squeaking and then some very distinct noises from above





It actually had an effect on Jane as she realised that Alice and John were appreciating the effects of Alice wearing Jane's best sheers. Jane had been widowed for five years and not had sex in about seven years. Her husband Mike had been quite ill with heart disease for the last two years of his life but had died of a second heart attack in 2015. She dd miss him, and thought of him almost every day

This evening as she was on her own in the house, she lifted her skirt and her lacy slip to start rubbing the front of her damp white panties. The book fell to the floor. She was wearing a black and white dress with a pretty pale orange full-slip, white nylon panties, black suspenders, and sheer black stockings with dots. It had been so long since she had done this with nylon.





She pushed the nylon panties into her quim, just like Mike had done to her so long ago when they first started having sex. Her panties started getting very damp and big stain spread across the thin white nylon.

Mike had loved seeing Jane in her stockings and often bought her pretty lingerie, stockings and slippers for her birthday. He made her keep her stockings and lingerie on when they made love. Sometimes he liked to stand behind Jane, slowly lift her slip, bend her forward over the bed and then push his rampant cock over her silky panties so that they push into her damp pussy. Finally, he would pull her panties down over her stockings and ram into her like a rutting deer.

Another favourite position was for Jane to lie on her back in just her stockings and suspenders after he had slowly removed her bra, panties and slip and rubbing his stiff cock all over her slip leaving a trail of pre-cum. As he pushed his stiffie into her soaking wet quim she would wrap her sheer nylons around his back and pull him into her. Mike had loved the feeling of the sheer nylon on his back as they made love.

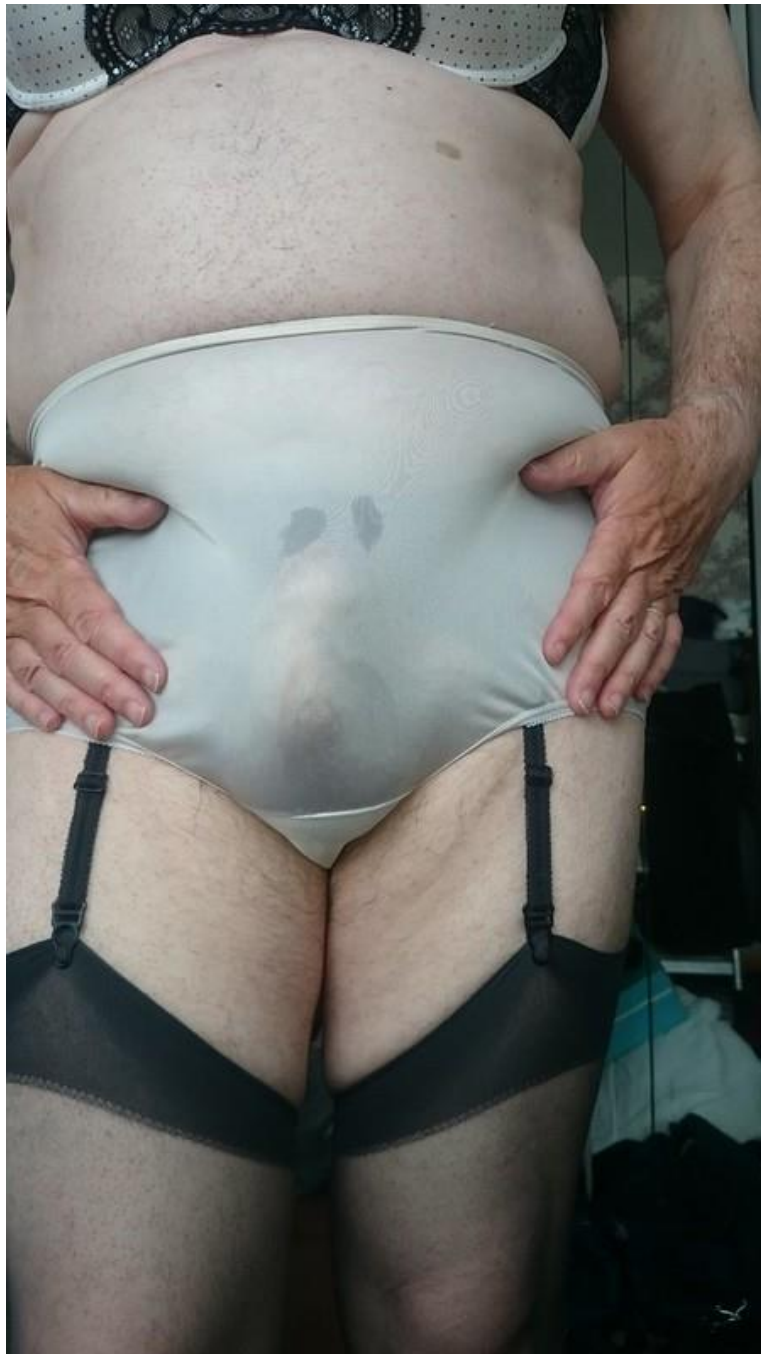




It had made Jane ask Mike if he would like to wear her lingerie and stockings. He had said no straight away but over several days she had kept badgering him about her desires. In the end Mike had given in, just to keep his wife happy, and reluctantly agreed, but only if the twins were staying over at Granny and Grandad's for the night.

With the twins at their Grandparents on the next Saturday, Jane laid out some matching silky lingerie on the bed. She helped Mike dress in all white; panties, bra, suspenders, and half-slip, with sheer black stockings. Jane herself was all in black but with a black full slip. She had even bought some fake boobs to fill out Mike's bra.





Jane loved their two slips rubbing together but after they made love, he said he much preferred seeing Jane wearing lingerie. Jane thought he looked sexy with a tent in her silky panties and stockings. The bulge seemed to tell a different story from what Mike actually said. It kind of turned her on. She might have pushed the idea of cross-dressing again but then Mike got ill from a congenital heart condition. Within 20 months his health had deteriorated, and he had, sadly, died. It taken her years to get over his death, the family were supportive taking care of Jane and the Twins. In the five years since his death she had not looked at another man.

The sound of Alice nosily making love in the bedroom directly above Jane, as she sat in the living room, continued to have an effect her libido. Jane put her hand inside her white nylon panties and pushed her finger in and out of her damp passage. If anyone could see her now what would they think? Slip and skirt pulled up, stocking tops on show, and a blur of fingers going in and out of her quim. The noise upstairs was increasing as well. Alice was getting louder, "Fuck me John, push harder", came through the ceiling. It was then that Jane let out a muffled cry as she came herself.

"Oh, that was nice", thought Jane, "I must do that again but maybe with a cock rather than my fingers. Someone who appreciates fine lingerie and stockings." As Jane came down from her high, she had a very naughty thought and giggled. "No, I mustn't," she thought, and then giggled again.

Jane's naughty thoughts were immediately put on the back burner as fate played an unexpected hand that caught the whole world out.

In the middle of March, the Corona virus kicked in and every-thing went to pot, both in the UK and around the world. The hair salon Jane worked for had to shut down and most of the staff were put on furlough, some were even let go. She would get some of her pay from the government furlough 80% scheme but who knows when that money would come through. The family had some savings from her husband's life insurance policy that would tide them through for a couple of months, but they would have to be really careful what they spent the money on.



About a month later, in late April. Jane had thought it would be a good idea to watch **The Big Night In**, a TV special to raise money for the NHS who were in the front line of coping with the outbreak of the Covid-19 in the UK. Since the lockdown she had been dressed most of the time in a t-shirt and leggings. She felt like a real slob. But this evening she decided she would dress up properly again, like a lady going to the theatre or the ballet.

Jane delved into her lingerie draws and pulled out a pair of black nylon panties, lacy black bra, and black lacy suspenders. She looked for her best pair of black sheers but could not find them. Then she remembered that Alice had borrowed them for her date with John on her birthday in early March. That was strange, she would expect Alice to put the stockings and her suspender belt in the wash, but Jane did not remember washing them. If Alice had put them in the wash, then Jane might have inspected the black stockings not only for ladders but also any stains. She was starting to get a little damp at thought of finding dried spunk on her stockings again.

"I wonder what happened to those sheers," Jane said to herself.

She then found a pair of brown stockings that would actually go better with the brown Boden skirt she was going to wear. Jane dressed in her black lingerie and chose a very lacy pink half-slip that was just the right length to show under her skirt, the pink nylon would look nice under the brown fabric of the pleated skirt. The black panties and bra did not quite go with the pink slip. Jane usually tried to make her lingerie colour coordinated. But then, no one was going to see her black panties, were they?

It would be interesting to see what the effect that a peeping slip would have on Benjie. Jane stepped into her long brown skirt and a pink cowl neck blouse. She adjusted her half-slip so that a significant amount of the wide lacy hem showed below the hem of her skirt. She pondered over which shoes to wear. She wanted to wear high heels, although it was a little over the top for an evening at home with Benjie. She had thought about asking Alice to dress up as well but that would be very unlikely as Alice rarely sat and watched TV with her and Benjie anymore. Benjie would probably be wearing jeans and a t-shirt, as usual, no point in asking him to dress up.





Jane applied a little light makeup and did a zoosh with her hair, well she gave it a quick brush and put it up with a scrunchy. Now for heels. She found the perfect pair to go with her brown skirt, a pair of brown sling backs that would show the darker brown triangle of her RHT seams all the way up from the soles until the seam disappeared under the wide lacy hem of the pink slip. That would catch attention.

Most women went bare legged these days, a shame thought Jane. She loved wearing stockings and showing a peeping slip, very old fashioned but it felt sexy to Jane. She slipped the heels on and walked downstairs. Jane was in for a surprise about both Alice and Benjie that evening.

First surprise was Alice staying to watch TV with the rest of the family. She was not dressed up, which was no surprise, wearing her usual jeans and a button-down shirt.





The second surprise was that Benjie, had dressed up, but in his sister's panties, bra, stockings, and suspenders hidden under his jeans and t-shirt. This was suddenly revealed when Benjie leant across the arm of the sofa to look at the TV magazine. His polo shirt had ridden up to reveal a cream suspender belt and the top of pink satin panties in the gap between his shirt and trousers. Alice had screeched and demanded to see if he was wearing her stockings. She made Benjie stand up and as he did so she yanked his jeans down and made him to lift his shirt to reveal he was indeed wearing her panties, stockings, suspenders and even her pink lacy bra.





Benjie had his back to Alice but was facing Jane. "So that was where my sheers went to, I thought so," was Jane's first thought. She took it very calmly, seeing her son wearing pretty lingerie. Not quite so Alice, who was shocked and angry to discover her twin brother wearing her lingerie and stockings. Jane calmed Alice down and did point out that the stockings were her best sheers that she had lent to Alice for her birthday and Alice was not averse to "borrowing" her Mum's lingerie in the past without asking. The memory of that recent birthday evening came back to Jane and she could feel her panties getting moist. Also, the fact that Benjie's cock was hard in the little satin panties. She could see this, but Alice could not. She had to suppress a giggle at seeing a stiffie in panties for the first time since Mike had passed away.





When everyone had calmed down a bit, Jane told Alice that it was ironic that Alice was complaining about Benjie wearing girly underwear as Alice herself was wearing what had been until fairly recently traditional men's clothes. If Benjie wanted to wear pretty lingerie that was OK by her. Alice wanted Jane to buy Benjie his own lingerie. Jane told Alice that due to the lockdown and Jane being out of work that was going to be difficult but hand me downs might be a good solution. The conversation had got round to slips. Jane reminded Alice that she had tried to persuade Alice to get a white waist slip to go under her new school uniform for when she started secondary school but Alice refused, saying she would be made fun of by the other girls when changing for PE.

“No one wears slips now, Mum,” said Alice.

Benjie did not know what a slip was, so Jane felt obliged to show him by standing up and lift the hem of her brown skirt to reveal her pink lacy half-slip. Then she lifted it slightly higher to show that she too was wearing stockings and always preferred stockings to tights. Jane’s panties were getting even damper now as she rather enjoyed revealing her silky delights to an appreciative audience. Jane, however, was glad she was wearing dark panties, as a pale coloured pair of knickers might easily have shown the growing damp spot.

Eventually, after much persuading, Alice had come round to the idea of finding some hand me downs for Benjie, to avoid him “borrowing” her clothes. Although they had never discussed the subject directly Jane knew that Alice had often wished that her twin could have been a sister to play girly games with and swap clothes. Until the last couple of years, the twins had been the same size. Alice agreed to have a clear out of her wardrobe to see what dresses or skirt / blouses she would have given away to a charity shop. This had not happened recently as all the charity shops were closed.





After the **Big Night In** had finished Jane walked up stairs followed by Benjie. She wanted him to see her pink peeping slip and the seams of her sheer RHT brown stockings. As she turned at the top of the stairs to talk to Benjie, she caught him glancing down suddenly. He was hooked and the stain on the front of her black panties would now be obvious. Jane sent off to his room to take off his boy clothes and then come into her bedroom so that they could look for some lingerie he could wear as his own.



Benjie was quick taking off his jeans and t-shirt. When he came into Jane's room, still dressed in his sister's panties and bra, Jane thought how sweet he looked. It was a shame he was not born a girl as he was quiet by nature, had a slight frame for a boy and long untidy hair. There was something she could do to style his hair in a much more feminine style and there was something else she could do about that big boner tenting the pink panties.

When she opened her panties draw, she watched Benjie carefully to see what his reaction was. He denied that he had ever looked there before but she went through all the panties he had worn and not folded correctly when he put them back. There was the red pair at Christmas, then the white pair with the lace on the waist and the blue pair that had spunk stains on in the wash basket that Benjie had just wanked into.





Jane guessed that maybe there were even more occasions that she did not know about when Benjie had taken and worn some of her lingerie from the wash-basket. Perhaps he had even worn the white panties she had worn on the Twins birthday. They would have been enough of her own stains on the panties that she might not have noticed some more. In actuality fact he had not worn these panties as they were underneath his sisters pink flowery panties and her cream suspender belt that he hidden until today.



In the end Benjie knew that he had been caught out, having thought that he had got away with his cross-dressing. Jane sorted through her lingerie draws and found some lovely black lingerie for him to wear, including a black waist slip and even a tan full slip. Jane told Benjie to leave the slips on her bed and go and put on the black lacy bra, black French knickers, black suspender belt and sheer black stockings in his room. She reminded him to put Alice's lingerie in the wash basket. Jane was hoping that Alice, who followed them upstairs, would have found some younger, more fashionable clothes to give to Benjie.

Jane sat down on her bed, wondering what she had unleashed. She did not have long to process what had happened and if it was for the best as Alice came into her bedroom.





"I found some clothes for Benjie for hand me downs," said Alice sitting down on the bed. "I noticed you enjoyed flashing your knickers at Benjie, downstairs."

"Just showing him what a slip was, darling, he seemed to take a greater interest in slips than you ever have. You hardly ever wear a slip," said Jane.

"You couldn't hide that damp spot in your black knickers from me, Mum, I just hope you know what you are doing, getting excited at seeing your son in lingerie."



Before Jane could answer, Benjie came back into the bedroom wearing his hand me down black lingerie. The black French knickers were much looser and roomier than Alice's little satin pink panties, so they did not show Benjie stiffy quite so obviously. He was carrying a black skirt and a pink blouse and wearing a pink, satin, mini half-slip that Alice said would be perfect for her sheer black skater skirt.

Benjie had done well getting dressed and even his bra was filled with a plastic breast pad that Alice had used when much younger. It filled the bra nicely. It reminded Jane that she probably still had the larger fake breasts tucked away somewhere that she had bought Mike for their doomed cross-dressing fun. Doing up the rear suspender straps had defeated Benjie, so Jane helped Benjie by flipping up his little slip and attaching the rear suspender straps to the black stockings. When the suspenders were tight, she could not resist smoothing the stocking up his legs and patting his silky bum. She straightened his little pink slip over his black French knickers. What she really wanted to do was to pat the front of the knickers and slip to feel how stiff he was, but with Alice sitting behind her she resisted the temptation. She thought that Benjie looked really cute in his bra and little pink slip with his stocking tops showing under the lacy hem of the slip.

Jane helped Benjie put on the skirt and showed him how to do up the buttons on the blouse. The skirt was fine, but the blouse was probably a little too small, the buttons around the bust were straining and left some gaps. The black bra also showed through the thin viscous material. Although Jane loved showing the lacy hem of her slip, she was of a generation that thought that showing a black bra showing through a sheer blouse was.... well, a bit slutty, like Alice wearing a sheer black blouse on her birthday. But then, maybe she was just a bit old fashioned.





Alice found some black court shoes with a low heel, perfect for starting out. She knelt down on the bedroom floor and helped Benjie put his nylon clad foot into each shoe. They were a little tight but would do for now. It was the one item that she might have look for to see if there was a pair that would fit better.

Alice whistled looking at Benie, dressed in her skirt and blouse. "Woah, sexy view, mama."

"Not as sexy a view as I am getting from here," said Jane looking up Benjie's skirt as she knelt on the floor. "I can see your stocking tops, Benjie and even a flash of peeping slip. Now stand up and let us get a look at you. I want to take a photo on my phone."

Benjie looked shocked but Jane promised not to share them, so she took one picture and let Benjie sit down on the bed to see the picture. He wanted to take some of his own, including his pretty little slip showing through the thin skirt. Jane felt that she could encourage him to become a slip aficionado, just like her, as he seemed to love wearing a slip with all his other lingerie.



They would need to work on his appearance. He still had a short beard, but he could shave, Alice could add some make-up and she could style his hair, luckily there was plenty to work on. That would have to wait until tomorrow, so she sent him off to his room to change.

"I will see if I can find you a baby doll nighty to sleep in," Jane said before he disappeared out of the door in a blur. She wasn't sure Benjie had taken that in.



Jane knew Benjie was desperate to have a wank because despite wearing an A shape skater skirt with lots of loose folds and the roomy French knickers there was definitely a bulge that she had noticed when she was looking up his skirt as she was helping put on his heels.

Alice stayed for a while after Benjie had gone for his wank, to have a chat.

"That was a cute slip you gave Benjie, but I thought that it was longer," said Jane.

"I found two slips at the bottom of my underwear draw. The pink satin one but also another one you bought me to wear for a school play. I had completely forgotten about that one."

"Is that the one in a deeper pink with the lacy split," asked Jane. "I don't think you ever wore it again after that play."

"That is the one, but I might just keep it. The split would look nice with stockings, the suspender strap and stocking tops would show."

"Well, maybe you are not a lost cause after all, Alice. Would like a hand me down slip as well, perhaps some VF panties and a VF full length slip, you would enjoy a full slip now that you have a bust," asked Jane?

"What is VF," asked Alice?



Jane clapped her hands again, for the second time this evening, delighted with a new slip audience. "Well, darling, Vanity Fair are the makers of the prettiest, most feminine, silky slips and panties. They look wonderful and the material they use is so silky. You will love wearing them, and so will John."

"I have split up with John, he was getting too serious," said Alice.

"Oh dear, well he was perhaps a little old for you, although I could hear how much he liked you wearing my sheers on your birthday."

"Mum! I did not know you could hear; we were trying to be quiet. And how did you know he liked me wearing stockings," asked Alice?

Jane just smiled at Alice, giving her a knowing look. Alice was not the only person who knew what affect stockings have when making love, especially silky sheer black stockings.

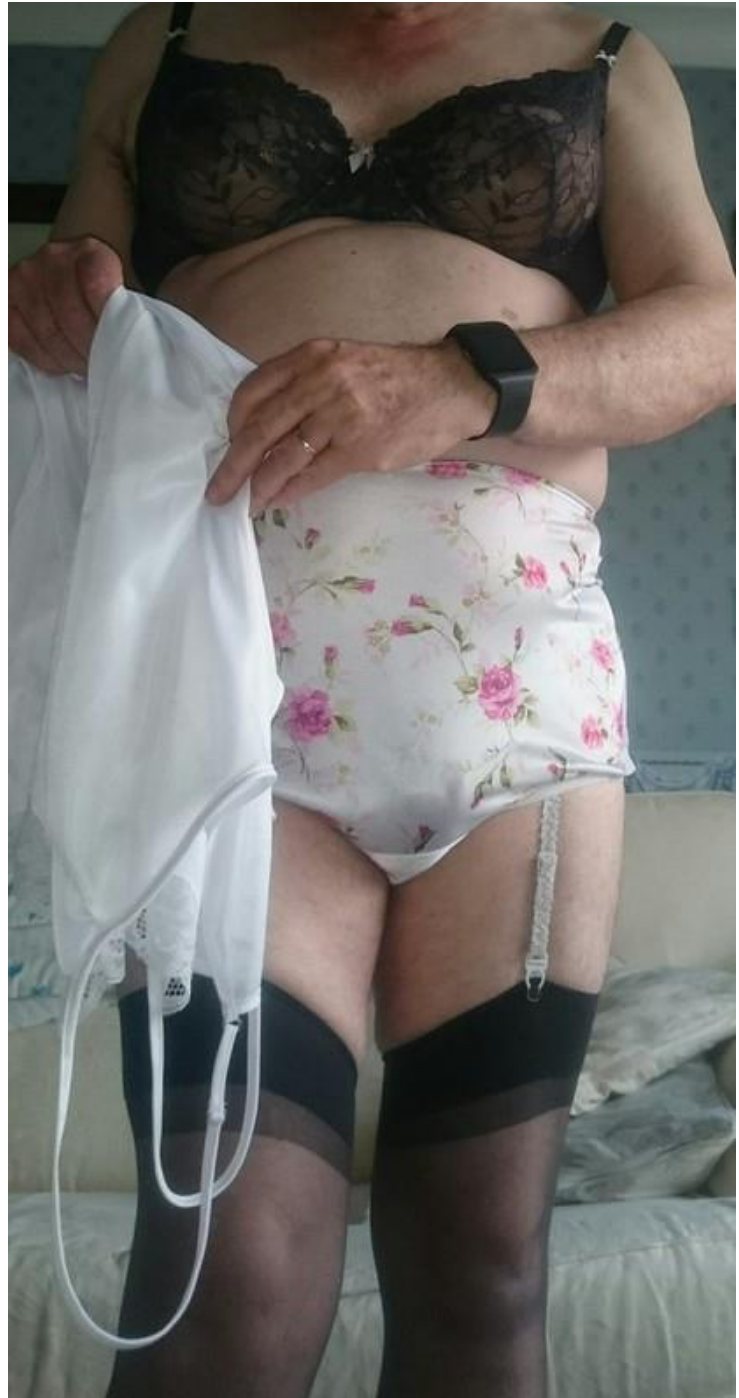


Jane stood up and for the second time this evening opened her panties draw to look for some suitable panties for her child. She found some VF panties with the distinct little triangle of lace on the hips. This pair were in a pretty pink flowery pattern. She knew that Alice would like these as they were an almost identical colour to the little silk panties Benjie had been wearing earlier. She gave the panties to Alice and looked through her full slips in the wardrobe.

Alice held up the panties," They look like Bridgit Jones granny panties, they are so big," said Alice

She pulled out a beautiful VF full slip with lots of lace on the bust and hem. "Here, try this slip with the granny panties, Alice, you will love wearing them together."

"Thanks Mum," said Alice giving her Mum a hug, and disappeared to try on her new hand me down slip and panties."



When Alice had gone Jane found a sheer purple nighty which had matching sheer purple panties. She teamed them up with a lacy purple suspender belt and some lace top stockings. She then had a look for the fake breasts, it took a while, but she found them in the back of a draw, still in their box. Lastly, she had a rummage through the shoes in the bottom of her wardrobe. "Ah, these will do," she said as she found some old black sandals that would allow a slightly bigger foot so long as the straps would do up. The heels were stilettos, definitely a bit higher than the tight court shoes Benjie had tried earlier.

It was late but Jane wanted a bath before going to bed. She went to the bathroom and turned on the hot tap. She returned to her bedroom and picked up the new items for Benjie but then put them down on the bed again and slipped off her skirt and blouse. She had seen Benjie in his lingerie, but he had not seen his Mum in just her slip and bra, time to have some fun. Jane checked her appearance in the mirror, she smiled. You could see her black panties and stocking tops through the pink slip. She picked up the clothes and heels for Benjie, crossed the landing and knocked on Benjie's door.

"Is it OK to come in, Benjie," asked Jane. "I have found you a nightie, well a baby doll really."



“Ergg, hang on Mum, I am just cumming,” said Benjie There were some funny noises, then “Just coming, Mum.”

Benjie open the door, he was red in the face, it was obvious what he had meant when he said he was cumming. Jane left him with the baby doll and the other items and told him he could have her bath when she was finished, “You might need it.”. She could not miss the fresh cum stains on both his skirt and on his black nylon stockings.







As she walked back to her bedroom, she could feel his eyes boring into her pink half-slip. She knew, from checking in her bedroom mirror, that he would see the triangular wedge of her RHT seamed nylons but also under her slip her stocking tops, suspenders, and black panties as the slip pulled tight.



Jane went back to her room whilst waiting for her bath to fill. She started to take off her slip but was now quite aroused and started pushing her slip and panties into her quim. The nylon was getting very damp as Jane got more and more excited. She felt her breasts contained in her lacy black bra, and then took off her bra to feel her lush orbs with her left hand. She dropped her half-slip and continued to push her silky black panties in and out. As the bath was nearly full, she pulled the panties down her legs. She quickly pushed her fingers into her juicy quim and finished off an explosion of desire.



The following day the family were going to talk to their Granny, Jane's Mum, on Zoom. Alice came up with the idea that they should swap roles and try to fool Granny about who was which twin because her eyesight was really bad. Jane knew, but the twins did not, that Mum had just got her cataracts done and now had new glasses. She doubted that the plan would work but Alice was determined to try.

As soon as Benjie walked into his Mum's bedroom, she adjusted his skirt by pulling it up slightly and the slip down slightly so that it showed.

"That's better," said Jane.

Jane and Alice went to work on Benjie, Alice did his makeup. Jane back washed, set and cut his long hair in a more feminine style. Jane then did some make up on Alice to make it look like she had a beard. Jane was going to look for some different clothes for Benjie to wear but they ran out time, so he wore what he had on last night, the black skirt, pink blouse and the same lingerie and stockings. Well, almost the same undies.

Alice had gone back to her room to change into a bigger t-shirt and hoody to try and hide her boobs, whilst Jane blow dried Benjie's hair. Alice then went downstairs to set up the Zoom meeting with Granny.







Benjie sat on the bed whilst his Mum dried his hair. He noticed in the wardrobe mirror a little bit of his pink petticoat peeping out over his black nylon clad legs. He could not resist a photo of his peeping slip. Benjie loved the sight of a peeping slip, just like his Mum, Jane.



"Are you wearing the fake boobs today, Benjie," asked Jane looking in the mirror at the busty young lady.

"Yes, I think they are sexier than the little ones Alice gave me."

"I know, not only can I see your black bra through the blouse I can see your nipples as well. We are done now. Stand up, let me have a look," said Jane as she put the hair dryer down on the bed.





Benjie stood up and did a 360-degree turn. "Very nice," said Jane, "very sexy." Benjie was starting to get hard again.



"Are you wearing the same black panties as yesterday, Benjie," asked Jane.

"No, Alice gave me some pink French knickers to wear," said Benjie. "Everything else is the same."

"Show me," said Jane.

Benjie lifted the little pink slip and his stocking tops came into view and then a very pretty pair of pale pink French knickers that looked wonderful with the pink slip. The panties were very silky with pretty swirls of lace around the leg. There was a definite bulge in the panties, and maybe even a little damp patch. Jane slid her hand lightly over the bulge.

"What is this, Benjie? Panties aren't supposed to have a tent in them," said Jane feeling his stiffening rod even more firmly. "You seem to really like wearing panties and a pretty slip. Are you a sissy?"

For a moment she got more serious. "Are ok with Mummy touching you there? I can stop if you don't like it and think it is not appropriate for your Mummy to feel your stiff cock in pretty nylon panties." Jane really hoped she would not have to stop but he was almost an adult and it was his choice.

Benjie could barely breath and was so hard in his pretty nylon panties as his mum caressed his stiff rod in the pink French knickers. He had never felt so hard or so excited.

"No don't stop, I like it," grunted Benjie. All his inappropriate dreams about his Mum were about to cum true.

He was so close to having a powerful orgasm. Jane gave his nylon covered cock one final squeeze, that was enough, and Benjie shot his cum into the panties.

"That is what I wanted to see ever since I saw your stiffie in your sister satin panties yesterday evening, in front of the telly. Now we need to clean up and find some clean panties before your sister wonders if we are going to be late for our zoom meeting."



“Or what we have been up to,” thought Jane to herself.

With that Jane lifted her skirt so that it was not so tight and then squatted in front of Benjie.

He could see right up her short black skirt. She had shown him at breakfast that she was wearing a two-tone black slip. But now he could not only see her gorgeous slip but her stocking tops (black to match the slip and skirt), and her black panties.







Jane leant forward, yanked the damp pink panties down and proceeded to clean up the white cum dripping from his cock, not with tissues but with her mouth. This really took Benjie by surprise. His Mum was sucking him off. Suddenly, Benjie was really stiff again. Jane was running her hands up and down Benji's stocking clad legs as she continued to give her son a blow job.





Jane pulled her white jumper down so that he could see her black lacy bra and her magnificent breasts. Jane dropped her right hand and started frigging her black panties. There was a growing damp spot. Having Benjie's stiff cock in her mouth, was making Jane quiver and leak her vaginal juices. As Jane gave head to Benjie, she could sense that Benjie was about to cum again. She pushed the loose leg of the knickers aside easily and rammed her fingers into her soaking wet pussy. Benjie spurted and Jane gushed. The volume of Benjie's cum was not so great this time but Jane took it all, she didn't want it splashing on her blouse, skirt or slip. She fell back on to her backside trying to recover. Benjie, being younger recovered quicker. She sent him downstairs first, with a clean pair of pink knickers, so he could start the Zoom meeting.

She would join him after she had cleaned herself up, redone her makeup and found a clean pair of panties for herself, which did not have such an obvious white mark on them.



The zoom meeting went well but Granny was not fooled by the twin's gender swap. When Jane sat alone her Mum mentioned Jane's peeping slip, she said some things never changed, referring back to when Jane had often shown off her slip and stockings when younger.

When Jane's Mum asked her if it had been hard to persuade Benjie to dress up, she had to suppress a giggle thinking about how hard Benjie had been in pink panties only a few minutes before she proceeded to make him cum twice, once by wanking with her hand and once by sucking him off.

Not that she was going to tell her Mum that. They agreed that there was no going back now that Benjie knew what it was like to wear stockings, panties and slips but he would need a more feminine name. Perhaps Jane could ask him next time she sucked him off in his pretty panties.



Also read

[Part One: Twins – Alice](#)

[Part Two: Twins - Jane](#)

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