

Twins – Alice:



Twins, a tale in two parts. In part one, we meet 17 year old twins, Alice and Benjie.

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Part one. Alice and Benjie are 17-year-old twins. Benjie is caught wearing his sister's lingerie during the Corona virus lockdown. After some initial anger she eventually agrees to Mum's plan to find Benjie some hand me downs as the clothes shops are closed.



“Oh My God, Benji, are you wearing my new panties, ewww? What else are you wearing,” screamed Alice?

Benji, froze as he reached across the arm of the sofa for the TV magazine. He realised that his t-shirt had ridden exposing his lower back and Alice’s lingerie. Alice, his 17-year-old twin sister, was sitting on his left on the sofa, whilst they watched the **Big Night In** on TV, a charity fund raiser for the NHS. It was rare that they actually sat and watched the same TV programme but during the Covid-19 Crisis the family had come closer together, by necessity.



“Now, now Alice, be kind, not nasty,” said their Mum, Jane, who was sitting in the armchair to their right. Jane always liked to dress smart and feminine, even in lockdown. This evening she was wearing a loose pink blouse and a long brown Boden skirt. A pale pink slip with a wide lacy hem was peeping out from under her skirt. She had brown hosiery on her legs and high heeled sling back shoes. She was broad minded about Benjie cross dressing, but she knew that Alice might not be so tolerant.

“Boys don’t wear pretty pink lingerie. Are you wearing my stockings as well? You had better not have laddered them. Stand up and show me,” demanded Alice.

Reluctantly, Benji stood up, but Alice grew impatient with his hesitation and yanked his jeans down to reveal her pretty pink panties, lacy suspender belt and her sheer black stockings being worn by her twin brother.

“Oh My God, you really are wearing my panties, suspenders and stockings. Lift up your shirt. OMGand my bra. I don’t believe it Mum,” said Alice to her Mum.

“Yes, well, I can’t see any ladders. Go and take them off and get Mum to buy your own panties, bra and stockings,” said Alice.



“Alice,” said their Mother calmly.
“That’s not fair, I seem to remember you wearing my charcoal grey bra and panties for a party when you were about 13, without asking me and there was also at least one occasion, when you were even younger, when you swapped clothes with Benji to see if anyone would notice.”

“It is also ironic that you are sitting there in what was traditionally boy’s clothes, jeans and a hoody. If Benjie wants to wear pretty lingerie that’s fine by me,” said Jane.

Benji was red in the face, he well remembered the time the twins had swapped clothes to try and trick people into muddling up the twins. It had only fooled Grandma Brown, and she had really poor eyesight.



“Ok, pull up your trousers Benji, but you don’t need to change yet, if that is what you want to wear. Although I must say you do look good in lingerie and stockings. And Alice, I think those are my sheer black stockings you borrowed from me to wear on your birthday as your own brown pair had a run.

“Hmmff,” said Alice





Benji pulled up his trousers, keen to hide the fact that the exposure of wearing pretty lingerie and stockings was actually making him hard. Alice had sat back and folded her arms with a grumpy look on her face. She could not see the tent in his (well hers actually) panties, although Mum probably could. Benjie could feel a wet spot developing the front of the satin panties.



“Well, I remember taking Alice to buy her school uniform and her first proper bra when she started secondary school, and some matching panties. It was the first time she had nylon panties and a nylon bra. I wanted her to wear a white half-slip under her new school skirt so that it would not catch on her tights. She reluctantly tried it on, but she wouldn’t let me get her one.”

“No one wears slips anymore, Mum, I would have been laughed at changing for PE, girls can be very bitchy and snide if you looked different” said Alice.

Benji sat down. “What are slips?”

Jane raised her skirt slightly to reveal more of her pretty pale pink half-slip with a wide lacy hem. “You are wrong, Alice. Some ladies do still like to wear a slip. It is an underskirt to stop a thin skirt bunching on nylon tights, or stockings. It feels very nice and feminine to wear as well”

“That’s pretty,” said Benji. “Are you wearing stockings, then?”

“Thank you Benji, it is nice to be complimented.”



Jane lifted the slip a little higher. “Yes, I am wearing stockings as well. I hardly ever wear tights now, just stockings and suspenders, just like you”

Benjie’s hard on was not going down as he caught sight of his Mother’s stocking tops, suspender straps and even a glimpse of her black panties.

I would take you shopping for your own bra, panties and stockings but with me being furloughed from work due to the Covid-19 crisis and with the clothing shops shut I think we will have to find hand me downs for now.

After this **Big Night In** finishes we can go upstairs and I can show you some of my slips. I think you might like them to wear with panties and stockings. No-one is going to judge you, or laugh at you or be snide if you want to wear one, are they Alice?”

Alice gave a fake smile but bit her tongue. She knew when Mum was on a roll.

“I am sure I can find some other hand me down lingerie for you to have as your own, as I have done for Alice, in the past. Perhaps, Alice might have some dresses and skirts that need

clearing out that can be hand me downs for Benji? They will be more suitable for you than my “old lady” Boden dresses. I haven’t taken anything to the charity shop for ages so you could do with a clear out, you must many clothes you don’t wear anymore, Alice.”





Alice gave a big sigh. She did love her twin, they got on better than most siblings. Alice was much more confident than Benjie but more dominate. It had been her idea to swap clothes when they were about 9 years old. She had never told Benji but part of the reason she wanted to swap clothes was not just to confuse people about who was who but also so that she could have a sister to play with and to share clothes. Perhaps that would come true again now they were 17 and nearly adults.

Although she had refused to wear the slip Mum wanted her to buy her for secondary school, she had enjoyed the feeling of wearing the white silky bra and panties with nylon tights for the first time and never looked back.

Shortly after the school uniform trip Alice had persuaded her Mum to go shopping for some coloured nylon panties, bra and some sheer tights for wearing casually. The bra and panties they chose were dark blue and the panties had pretty lace around the legs. The sheer black tights had little dots on. Alice loved wearing this combination of lingerie. Mum found a little blue half-slip to wear with the blue lingerie, Alice wavered but still held out against wearing a *"granny petticoat"*



She had eventually given in to her Mum and got a silky pale pink coloured half-slip to wear under a thin sheer summer skirt when she was about 14. It was probably still at the bottom of her underwear draw. She hadn't worn the slip for a couple of years since she grew out of the summer skirt and it went to the charity shop.

Alice had been meaning to have a clear out of her wardrobe any way but with the charity shops shut there had not seemed much point. Now was a good time to see what clothes she could share with her new twin-sister, just like when they were 10, except maybe now with some old silky panties or even the pink half-slip.



When Alice was about 15 a friend had given her a pair of tights made to look like stockings, as a joke. These were heavier denier on the lower leg but much sheerer at the top except for the pattern of a black suspender belt in the heavier nylon. This was no joke for Alice, she felt so grown up and even sexy wearing them. She often messed around with her friends talking about what they would do if they had a boyfriend. It made Alice wonder what it would be like to dress up in real stockings and suspenders for a man.

Alice felt very sexy looking at the satin blossom panties showing under the mock suspenders in the mirror. She started to rub the nylon tights and panties over her quim. She could feel her panties getting damp. Alice pushed the tights and the panties in and out of her wet pussy for a while as she imagined a man trying to fuck her. Finally, she pulled the tights and panties away and shoved two fingers in her tight pussy as if it was a stiff cock pushing in and out, breaking her hymen and taking her virginity. She had to sit down suddenly as she flooded her fingers, panties and tights with her juices as she had her first major orgasm.

Alice kept pestering her Mum about wearing stockings, just like Mum had at her age. Eventually, when Alice was 16, the age of consent, Mum had caved in and bought her a white suspender belt and given her an old brown suspender belt, with a couple of pairs of stockings as a Hand Me Down.





John, her recent, much older boyfriend had loved it when they went to cinema for her birthday at the beginning of March and discovered she was wearing stockings and suspenders under her skirt, the very same lingerie and stockings Benji was now wearing. She had trouble keeping John from playing with her suspender straps and silky stocking tops throughout the film. He even tried to cop a feel of her brand-new satin panties.

He had not held back when they got home to her bedroom, he practically ripped her skirt and knickers off as soon as they were through the door. He insisted she kept the stockings on. She wrapped her silky nylon clad legs around his naked back as he gave her the best fuck they had ever had. Sadly, the relationship did not survive the Corona crisis and John was now an ex-boyfriend.



After **The Big Night In** had finished and Jane had made an online donation, she and Benjie went upstairs to her bedroom. He could not help noticing that her stockings had a line up the back of her brown stockings and that he could see the wide lacy hem of her slip. Boy, did that look sexy, thought Benjie. He tried to be discrete, this was his Mum, he felt guilty for looking but he could not help looking as she walked up the stairs in front of him swishing her skirt and slip.

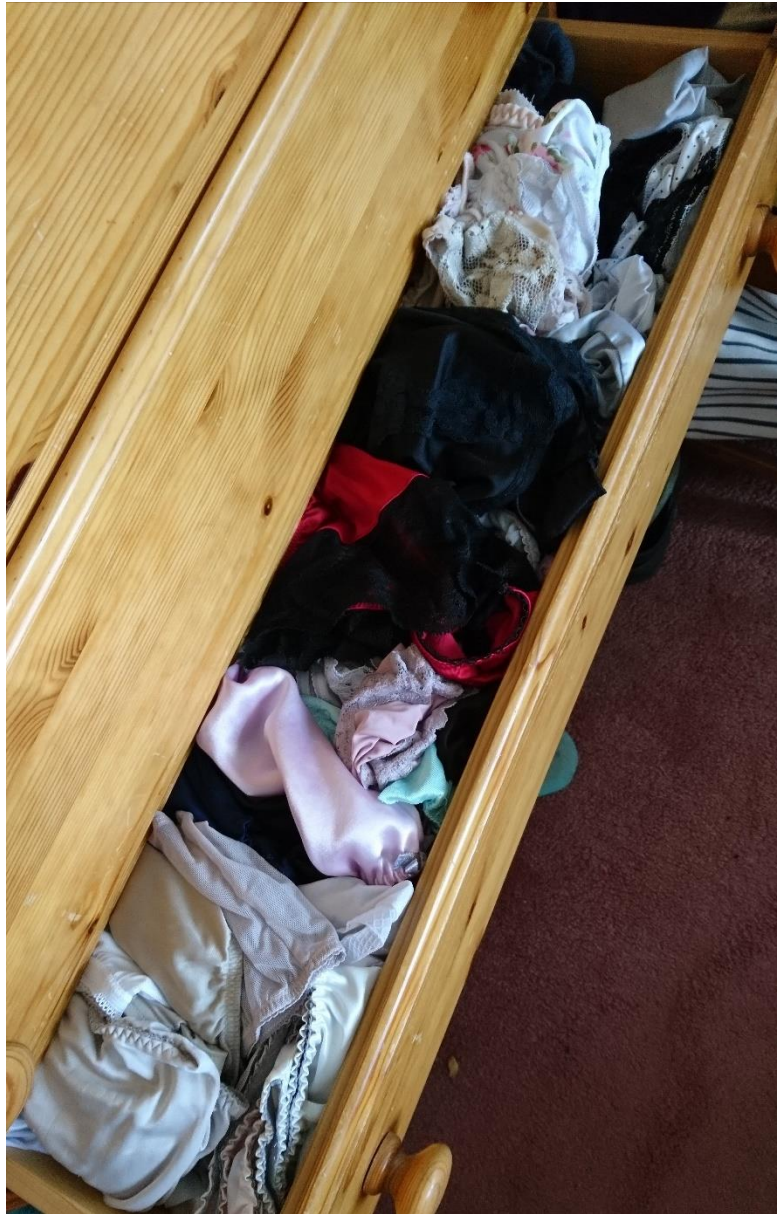
Jane turned at the top of the stairs, Benjie quickly glanced down. "You know, I always wanted a daughter who loved slips as much as me. Alice was never really interested in slips, although I did buy her a couple of slips, so I am really excited that you might like them as well. Now go and take off your boy clothes in your room but keep your lingerie on."

Benjie stripped off his jeans and t-shirt in his bedroom and then met his Mum in her room. He was still a little shy about letting his mum seeing him in lingerie.



Benjie entered Jane's bedroom; she was standing by her dresser.

"Don't be shy, we are all girls now, but I will find you something for you change into. Maybe Alice will find you a dress and some shoes. No wait, her shoes will be too small, although some of my heels might fit you. Tomorrow I can go through my lingerie draws properly and see which of my undies can become hand me downs that can be yours to keep.



She opened her middle draw to reveal lots of panties. There were so many coloured panties to choose from. The draw was a bit messy.

“I see you like pink, a very girly colour, but are there any other colours you want to try?” Jane was watching Benjie reaction carefully.

“Err, well, I don’t know. “

“Have you looked in here before, Benjie?”

“No, of course not,” he said fiercely, trying to cover up the fact he had in fact looked in there before, several times.

The first time had been just after Christmas when he found his Mum's red panties on his bed under his own clean washing. He realised the mistake and took them back to his Mum's room, intending to put them on her bed. When he held the panties and felt how silky they were, he started getting an erection. He wanted more. Mum and sis were out shopping, he was alone in the house. The panties did not make it into the panty draw. All his good intentions went out of the window. He found a matching red bra in a draw and took them back to his room to dress in lingerie for the first time.

Benjie was so stiff his cock was tenting the front of the panties. He thought about Mum wearing this underwear on Christmas day as he wanked his stiff cock.

He had caught a peep of her dressing on Christmas morning through the partly open bedroom door. She looked so sexy and was wearing stockings and suspenders as well, wanting to look nice for Christmas lunch with Granny Brown. Benjie so wanted to wear her stockings and cursed himself, he should have looked for some stockings and a suspender belt in one of other of Mum's draws, He felt himself cumming but managed to pull the panties down in time before he exploded ropes of cum onto his tummy, just missing the red bra. It was the best wank ever.

He cleaned up but soon felt guilty about using his Mum's lingerie. He would have to put them back without her knowing. He vowed he would never do this again. Benjie went back to her bedroom and started to open her dresser draws to find where she kept her panties. The fourth draw down was full of panties and a bit messy, there were so many colours and they were almost all silk, satin or nylon. His eyes were wide with surprise at how many panties she had, the whole draw was full. He held firm; he had made a vow. Benjie fold the red panties carefully and slid them in next to some black panties and popped the red bra back into bra draw. He turned his back on lingerie.





Benjie's vow lasted about a month. He tried really hard not to go to Mum's draws but the thought of wearing silky nylon lingerie and stockings made him really hard. About a month later he gave in when he had the house to himself again. He found a lovely white pair of panties and a blue lacy bra. He remembered wanting to wear mum's stockings and suspender belt last time, so he opened another draw in her dresser and found some stockings and a lovely white lacy suspender belt.

This time he took his time dressing, putting on the bra then the suspender belt. Slowly he eased the lace top stockings up his legs. The nylon stockings felt wonderful on his legs, they sent shivers through his body and his cock, although small, his cock started to stiffen. Attaching the front suspender clip to the lacy stocking top was ok, but the next straps at the side were a bit trickier to get the tension right. Eventually all four suspenders were snug as they pulled up the lace tops of the stockings.

Lastly, he pulled the silky nylon panties up over his sheer stockings, oh this felt wonderful. He pulled the lacy waist band of the white panties into place over the suspender belt and stiff cock. His cock made a wonderful tent in the knickers. By now Benjie was so hard he nearly came there and then but a few rubs of the silky tent achieved his desire. This happened quicker than he expected and some spunk was caught on the panties before he could pull them out of the way.

Benjie, panicked. Last time he had managed to keep his cum of the red panties and bra but now there was a big wet spot on the white panties. He cleaned up the wet patch as best he could with some tissues, but the panties were still wet. He wondered what to do, then remembered his Mum's hairdryer. He undressed and took the lingerie to her bedroom. He found the hairdryer and after a few minutes hot blast they were as good as new. He folded all the lingerie really carefully and put them back in the draw, swearing never to go near Mum's lingerie draws again. That had been a real scare, he did not want to get caught.

Well that second vow lasted about another month, well sort of. In the middle of February he was having a bath and was about to throw his dirty underwear in the wash basket when his eye caught a pair of panties on top. They were a beautiful pair of silky blue panties with pretty white and lace. Benjie took off the rest of his clothes, picked them up and rubbed them on his stiffening cock. He so wanted to wear these. They were not in Mum's draw, which he had vowed never to go near again. Even if he had an accident Mum wouldn't know as they were already dirty. So no harm then.



He slipped the silky panties up his legs whilst his bath was still running. He looked again at the laundry basket to see if there were any stockings. He was in luck, there was a blue suspender belt and some brown stockings but no bra that he could see. He attached the suspender belt and pulled up the sheer brown stockings. Benjie was so hard it only took a few pulls on his nylon covered stiffie before he exploded into the blue nylon.

There was a knock on the door, "Are you OK," said his Mum, "I heard some strange noises."

Benjie breathed again, not realising the grunts he had been making whilst wanking into the beautiful blue panties.

"No, I am fine, I am running a bath"

"Ok, I came up to say, please leave me the water. Don't let it over flow"

Benjie turned off the hot tap quickly as the bath water was up to the overflow, "Ok, Mum."

Benjie pulled off the panties, stockings and suspenders and tossed them back in the washbasket with his own underwear on top. He released a big sigh and got into the bath. He had got away with it again but that was a close shave.

Benjie now stood in front of his Mum in her bedroom dressed in Alice's lingerie and Mum's stockings.

Jane raised one eyebrow and looked straight at Benjie, knowing full well that he had snooped in her lingerie draws before. His lack of reaction when she opened her panty draw gave him away.

"Well, err, I mean..... Maybe once or twice but I never took any panties out," said Benjie back tracking. "I only took stuff from the wash basket."

"Like Alice's pretty pink panties, bra and suspenders, Benjie?"

"Yes, I saw them there after she had been out for her birthday to the cinema with her boyfriend, and I just had to try them on. I was going to put them back after I had worn them. "

The truth was he had taken them from the wash basket straight after Alice threw them in there and hid them in his wardrobe, waiting for a

chance to dress up when he was alone in the house. Ten days after the twins birthday the UK lockdown had started. This evening he had given up waiting to be alone in the house. He was so desperate to wear lingerie again he had dressed in Alice's underwear with his sweatpants and t-shirt on top. He didn't think anyone would notice and didn't really expect Alice to stay sitting on the sofa to watch the NHS fund raiser with him and Mum. She was usually in her bedroom screwing a boyfriend, doing homework or out with friends from college.





“...and spunked on them, I expect” said Jane. “I know all about your stiff stains on nylon panties in the wash basket, the suspender marks in my stocking tops and the panties folded the wrong way and in the wrong place in the draw. It has been going on since Christmas, hasn’t it, Benjie?”

Benjie nodded; his head hung down.

“Don’t be ashamed Benjie. There is nothing wrong wanting to wear silky underwear, it feels much nicer than cotton. I must admit I have often thought that with your sweet, gently nature you should have been born a girl. But you should have your own lingerie, not be borrowing without permission from me or from Alice.”



Jane turned back toward the draw, “So you like pink and you tried on my red panties, bra and stockings at Christmas, so how about black.” She leaned into the draw, rooted around and pulled out an old black pair of French knickers. “How about this pair, will they do, do you like black?”

“Yes please,” said Benjie

“Let us see what else we can find that matches it.

Jane opened the top draw of her dresser. “This is where I keep my suspender belts and stockings. How about this lacy black suspender belt and this pair of black stockings?” Benjie had a big grin on his face and a big stick in his panties. Jane gave him the black lingerie to hold.



She opened another draw and found a black nylon bra and added to the growing pile of lingerie that Benjie was holding.

“Now slips, oh this is so exciting, Benjie” said Jane. “Do you want a full slip or a half-slip?”

Benjie looked puzzled.

“What’s the difference?”



Jane clapped her hands in delight at being able to share her knowledge of slips with a slip virgin. She pulled out of the draw a beautiful black half-slip. “This is a half-slip; it hangs down from the waist and is usually worn under a sheer skirt or perhaps a long skirt. That is what I am wearing today, a half slip or waist slip. I think that this old slip has slightly loose elastic around the waist, it might still be Ok for you to wear though. Here, try it on.”



Benjie put the other black lingerie down on the bed. Jane held the slip open as he stepped into it. Jane couldn't help looking at her son's slight figure dressed in lacy panties, suspender belt, stockings and bra. Again, she thought that he did look good in lingerie, maybe even better than her.



“Isn’t the lacy split just adorable, Benjie,” Jane said checking that the slip fitted Ok around the waist and wasn’t too loose.

“Yes, it looks so pretty, I love the lacy split” said Benjie in agreement. Jane turned to the wardrobe to find a full slip, most of which were on hangers.



She opened the wardrobe door, reached in, and fetched out a long nude coloured full slip on a hanger.

“This is a full slip usually worn under a dress to help it hang correctly. It has shoulder straps rather than an elasticated waist like a half-slip. “She looked closely at the slip. “It does look a bit creased; I haven’t worn this for years. It needs a good iron to smooth it out. So, which do you want, the half-slip or a full slip?”

Benjie looked at the full slip dangling from his Mum’s fingers. He looked confused.



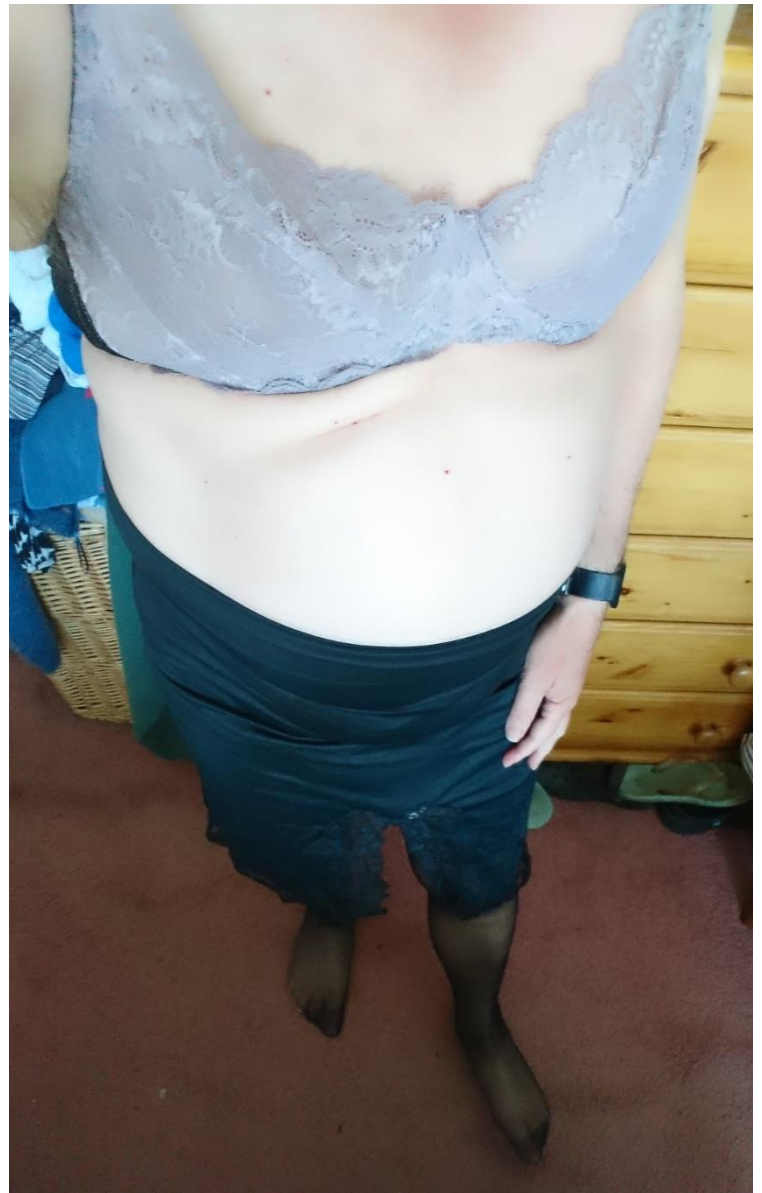
“If you can’t choose, then take both, they should fit. Benjie was not a big lad. Although he was taller than Alice by a couple of inches, he was almost exactly the same height and size as his Mum. He took the full tan slip and added them to his pile of lingerie. He looked at all the pretty, lacy half-slips in his Mum’s slip draw. He hadn’t looked at or touched these pretty pieces of lingerie, he didn’t know why, maybe because he did not know what they were or how to wear them. Jane shut the draw.

“Now go to your bedroom and change into what is now your lingerie. Put Alice’s stuff in the wash basket, and be careful with those stockings, they are my best pair of sheers. Oh, on second thoughts, let’s see what skirts or dresses Alice comes up with before you wear one of these slips. The slip should match the length of the dress. We don’t want any peeping slips do we, Benjie? Get dressed in the black panties, bra, suspender belt and stockings, then come back here. Leave the slips here for now. I will have to fill your bra with stockings for now to give you the right shape. “

“Isn’t your pink slip not peeping out from under your brown skirt, Mum?”

“Well spotted Benjie. Maybe I was being rhetorical. Sometimes a lady likes to show a little slip to excite the men. Now run along and get changed. Put on your new lingerie on then come back here. If Alice has found a dress or a skirt bring that with you.”

Benjie took off the black half-slip, left it on the bed with the tan full slip, turned and ran back to his bedroom, clutching his black hand me down lingerie. He was so excited how things had unfolded. Things could have been so different when his t-shirt had ridden up on the sofa to expose the fact that he was wearing stockings, suspenders and lacy panties under his boy clothes.





Alice was already in her bedroom rooting through her underwear draws and wardrobe. She too was excited at having a new sister to share clothes. She found the short pale pink slip that she had worn with her old summer skirt at the bottom of her underwear draw. She lifted it out and put on the bed to give to Benjie as hand me downs. As she was about to shut the draw, she noticed another pink slip right at the bottom of the draw that she had completely forgotten about it. She lifted it out of the draw. It was a deeper pink, had a lovely lacy hem and a beautiful split.

Alice now remembered she had worn this for a period play at school when she was in Year 9. Mum had bought it for her. It was much longer than the pale pink satin slip. Alice had worn the slip under a long grey pleated skirt. After the play finished it had gone in the bottom of her draw and then forgotten.

She looked carefully at the split. It made her think that as she now wore stockings that it could be rather sexy to flash her stocking tops and suspender strap through the split in the slip to a future boyfriend. Now you see it, now you don't.

It would drive him wild, as was obvious to Alice when she wore stockings on her birthday. It had really turned John on and made him into a sex monster.

She missed the sex but not John, her friends kept telling her that he was too old for her. He wanted to make their relationship way too serious. The forced break due to the Corona virus crisis had been a convenient way to break up. John was heartbroken, but she wasn't.





She let the silky slip run through her fingers. Oh, she did love the feel of silky lingerie. Perhaps her Mum was right after all, maybe it would be nice to wear a slip sometimes. She folded the slip up again and put back in her draw to wear again in the future. It was too good to hand over to Benjie. She carried on looking for some other clothes she could hand down to Benjie.



Still in her underwear draw Alice found a pair of pink French knickers that would look perfect with the little pink satin half-slip. She also found some pink plastic breast pads from when she was still developing. Not that she needed them now. So, she added them to pile for Benjie to fill out a bra. In her wardrobes she found a short summer skirt she had replaced with an even shorter mini-skirt. It would be perfect with the satin slip, just the right length and would show through the thin sheer skirt.

That would do for today. She could hear that Mum and Benjie were choosing lingerie in Mum's room, so she popped into Benjie's room and left the hand me down clothes on top of Benjie's bed. It would be a nice surprise for him.

When Benjie got to his room, he noticed the pile of clothes on the bed.

"Thank you, Alice," he shouted, "You are the best sister ever."

"You are welcome, new sister," she shouted back. It was as if they were nine years old again.

[See Part 2 – Twins: Benjie.](#)

In part 2 Benjie tries on some hand me downs and gets very, very excited. Alice comes up with a plot to try and trick their Granny again with some role reversal.

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