

Uncle Albert (Part 1) by Andrea Slip

A photo story by Andrea Slip



Mike gets a surprise phone call from his Uncle Albert, who he has not seen for a few years. They share a love of cumming in pretty nylon lingerie and stockings.

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Mike was a bit surprised to get a phone call from his Uncle Albert. He had last seen Albert at Auntie Barbara's funeral, five years ago. He felt a bit guilty as he had been meaning to contact his uncle to see how he was getting on.

He was also glad it was just a phone call not a video call as Mike was getting dressed en-femme in an orange full slip and black stockings when Albert called. Although it probably would not have mattered as it was Albert that had encouraged Mike to develop his interest in lingerie about 10 years ago when Mike was 17 years old.





Mike had started experimenting with wearing his mother's lingerie when he and his mum, Alison, went to visit Aunty Barbara and Uncle Albert for a shopping trip. His unintended show of lacy white and blossom pink panties, and a white suspender belt, when he bent over to pick up the bags had not gone unnoticed by Albert.



Whilst the two sisters were shopping at the Trafford Centre Mike helped Uncle Albert to clear up the loft but picked up the wrong suitcase. Photos of a cross dresser tumbled out; they could only be of Uncle Albert.



Mike knew that because he earlier caught a glimpse of Albert in his bedroom wearing Aunty Barbs brown slip, cream lacy panties, and black stockings. The stockings were pulled tight by a cream suspender belt. Mike was shocked, he thought that he was the only man to wear lingerie and stockings.

Uncle Albert confessed that the photos in the suitcase were of him and that he liked to wear lingerie. The photos from the suitcase were a bit blurry so Mike offered to take some photos of Uncle Albert with his new digital camera. Albert jumped at the chance and went to change into a black full slip.





After Mike had taken a few photos, Albert invited Mike to join in by donning some of his wife's lingerie that he had laid out in the bedroom. Although Mike was a little nervous, he put on Barb's white basque and a lovely pink half-slip with black stockings. Albert took some picture of Mike as well.



It was inevitable that Mike would get tossed off by the older man putting his hand inside Barbs pink French knickers whilst tossing himself off in his own black French knickers. They only just had time to change back before sisters Barb and Alison were back from their shopping trip.

Although the incident with Uncle Albert it had never been repeated Mike had enjoyed this sexual escapade. However, it had cemented how excited he had become at wearing silky lingerie. His love of dressing up had grown over the last ten years.

He now owned a two-bed flat in West London but shared with John, a mate from school, to help pay the mortgage. Mike kept his dressing to his own bedroom or when John was away travelling for work.

Just before the phone rang Mike had put on a black and white dress over his orange slip and zipped it up. His flatmate, John, was working up north this week so he had the run of the flat to himself.

“Hello, Mike, it is Uncle Albert. How are you dear boy?”

“I am fine, what about you? I have been meaning to call you,” said Mike.



“Not so good, not so good. There is something I want to discuss with you. Do you remember taking photos of me in my black slip a couple of years ago?”

“Oh yes, of course, but I think it was about 2011, that’s ten years ago now.”

“Well, blow me, so it is, how times fly. I forget things since Barb passed away. Anyway, do you still dress, you know, in lingerie?”

“Yes, I do Albert, why?”





"Are you dressed now, Mike?"

"Actually I am. I am wearing a short black and white dress."

Mike could hear a rustling of a skirt and slip.

“Are you wearing lingerie underneath, a slip perhaps?”

“Of course,” said Mike.

Mike lifted the dress, even although Albert couldn’t see this.

“Tell me what you are wearing, Mike.”



“Well, the dress is white at the top and the skirt part is black, it flares out slightly in an A shape.”

Mike took off the dress to look in mirror to visualuse the picture he was painting for Albert.

“My panties and bra are black and lacy, as is my suspender belt. My stockings are sheer black. I am weaing a full length orange slip with a very lacy hem and bust.”

Mike took off the slip to look in the mirror.

Mike could hear even more rustling over the phone. He was getting hard describing the lingerie he was wearing, looking in the mirror and knowing the effect it was having on Albert.

“It feels so sexy wearing silky nylon lingerie under my pretty dress. I have white high heels on which go with the white top of the dress. Are you enjoying this Uncle Albert?”

Mike held the phone with his left hand and put his right hand in his panties and was rubbing his stiff clitty.



Uncle Albert had put his phone on speaker phone so he could lift his skirt and rub the tent in his pink slip.

All he could say was ,“Arghhhh.....”





Then Albert lifted his slip and skirt, pulled down his cream panties and took hold of his clitty. He had not been this stiff in years.

Suddenly a little dribble of cum spurted out of his little clitty to soak his nylon slip and panties.

“Argh..... yes.....”



Hearing Uncle Albert cum made Mike spurt as well. His cum splashed onto his black stockings.



Albert had to sit down on the bed before his knees buckled. He pulled his panties up into place and smoothed out his pink slip. Slowly he recovered his breath, just like Mike.

“Well, Mike, thank you, I haven’t cum like that in a very long time. Although I sometimes I fully dress, like today, I rarely cum any more, I just can’t get stiff enough. The thing is, I have problems with my blood pressure and my health is going down hill. I have a suggestion. Please could you come up to Manchester and take a look at my lingerie and dress collection to see if you want it before it is too late? I would like to leave it to you, if you will take it.”

Mike had to sit down as well.



“Yes, of course, it will be lovely to see you again after all this time. Perhaps I can take some more photos,” asked said Mike?

“Oh that would be nice, I enjoyed that,” said Albert remembering that occasion some years ago when he and Mike had taken the photos of each other. “When could you cum up?”

“Let me see, perhaps at the end of the month, Sat 28th, how does that fit in with you,” asked Mike?

“That would be wonderful, will you stay for the weekend, dear boy?”

“Of course. I will come up on the train, I will let you know when I will be arriving but probably about lunch time on the Saturday.”

“Perfect,” said Albert. “Do you still have the lacy white lingerie you wore last time?”



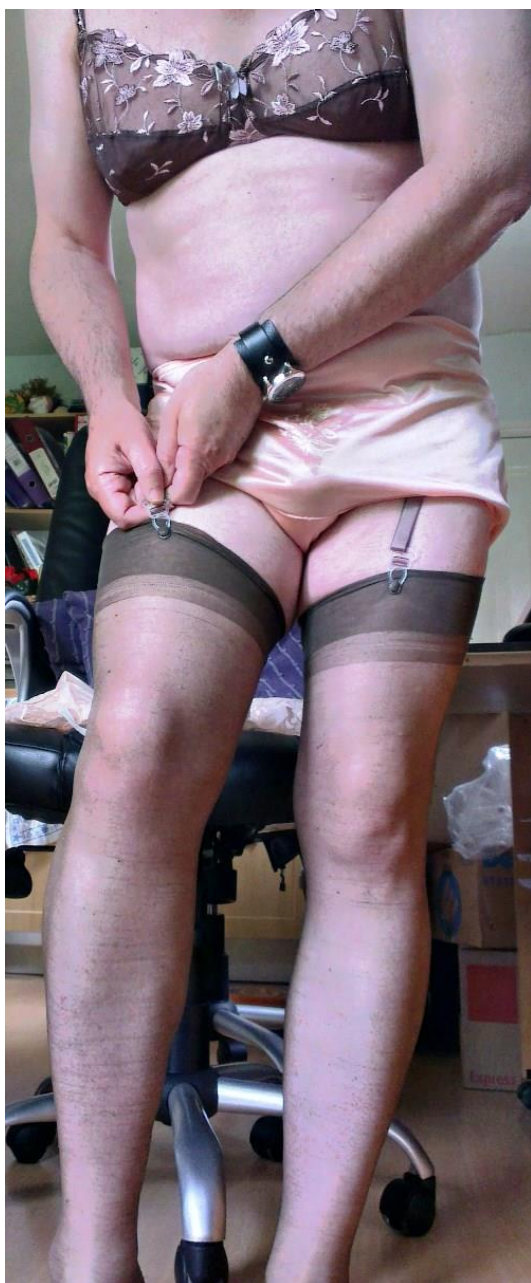
“Actually that was mum’s lingerie, but she gave it to me when she caught me later on, so yes I still have it. I will bring it with me so you can see me in it, said Mike.

“Oh yes please, I only got a glimpse at time when you bent over to pick up the bags. How did she catch you?”

“I got careless, I left some cum stains on her blue panties and the dent of a suspender in her stocking top.”



“Then she set a trap for me with a pink slip and came home early to catch me wearing it.”



“She told me she would help me straighten my seams, and she did. She knew I was wearing her panties and slips. She was a bit shocked at first but then came round to it, a bit like having the daughter she never had. She even bought me some outfits and gave me some of her old lingerie, like the white lacy set.”



"I should have asked, how is your mother," asked Albert?

"Oh, she is fine, she still loves wearing slips, and she still loves buying me slips," said Mike.



“She bought me a matching blue bra, panties and half slip for Christmas last year,” said Mike. I wear it with a blue blouse and a pleated blue skirt.



“That sounds lovely, can you bring them with you?”

“Yes, of course,” said Mike. Mike was getting hard again at the thought of showing his uncle his lacy blue bra and slip. Both the bra and slip were navy blue but with flecks of white in them.



“Your mum persuaded Barb to start wearing slips and stockings again ever since that weekend you and Alison came up to Manchester. She even bought some new slips and French knickers”



“Barb was always flashing her knickers, stocking tops and slips at the old boys she cared for, after that shopping trip. She got really good tips when she did that. It was strange, I expected that with my doggy heart, to go first, but it was not to be.



I still think about her every day, mostly through wearing her old slips and panties. I couldn't bear to get rid of them. My niece, Karen, on my side, took some of her other clothes to a charity shop. I don't want her finding my collection of slips when I am gone, which is why I want you to have them."

"Thank you uncle Albert, I am looking forward to seeing you again and your collection," said Mike.



Mike cleaned up the mess in his panties and on his stockings. Then he put his orange slip back on and took some selfies of himself in his silky lingerie.



Mike put a couple of the photos through FaceApp. He was really looking forward to seeing Uncle Albert again to show him how FaceApp worked and what it could do. He wouldn't have long to wait until his trip up to Manchester.

End of Part 1

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Read Part 2 (cuming soon)

With thanks to Gilly Silken for suggesting the return to my uncle story.

You can see these characters again in my story archive, including 09: Mall, 10: Uncle 12: Gotcha, 16: Care Worker, at: [Archives \(software04.uk\)](https://software04.uk)

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