

## Wendy Knickers – Part 1

A photo story in two parts by Andrea Slip



A two part story. Mike becomes Wendy Knickers and is dressed as the new Maid to help serve at a bridge party.

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As Wendy Knickers lifted her gold slip to adjust her stockings, she let her mind drift back a year to the previous January. How things had changed. Then it was pre-Covid Pandemic in the UK. This year Christmas had been cancelled. Aunty Andrea and Uncle Robert were supposed to be coming down to London from Manchester but with the worsening situation COVID-19 situation had put paid to that as London was put in Tier 4. It was all so different then. Wendy even had a different name back then, Mike Constable.

It all started just after Christmas when Mike's mum, Jackie Constable, announced she was going to a long weekend residential course at the University of Manchester on Breaking the Glass Ceiling. She told Mike they would stay with Auntie Andrea, and Andrea's husband, Robert Johnson. Jackie and Mike would stay the Thursday night, then she would go off to her conference on Friday. She would pick Mike up late on Sunday and they would drive back to London. It meant Mike staying with Andrea and Bob all weekend.

Mike tried to protest but Jackie would have none of it. Mike had not distinguished himself at college and needed to do some college work for his studies in mechanical engineering.

"Andrea's not really my aunty, is she? She's actually your cousin," said Mike

"Yes, she is my cousin, but you can still call her Auntie Andrea. You met Auntie Andrea and Uncle Robert last year." Mike looked a bit blank. "You were at the reception when their daughter Sophie got married in Manchester Town Hall."

"Oh yes, I remember now. Bob is a fanatical Man City fan and bored me rigid. Do I have to go?"

"Yes, I am not leaving you on your own after the last time I went away. You and your friends all got drunk. The neighbours complained. "

"I was only 16 then, mum."

"You're not staying on your own and that is the end of it. Andrea is going to make sure you do some college work over the weekend. I know you would not do any catching up if you stayed here. You can sleep in Sophie's old room. I think Auntie Andrea mentioned something about she could use your help at her bridge party on Saturday. "

"I don't know how to play bridge," said Mike.

"I don't think it is to play, I think it is help with serving the food and drink."

Mike was slightly distracted that as his mum stood in front of him, as he sat on the sofa, he could see the hem of a lacy red slip that she had worn under her red and black dress to work. She was also wearing sheer black hosiery and black high heels. Mike was starting to get hard.





There was one compensation that Mike did remember. He had met Andrea and her daughter Sophie before the wedding. Mike had been quite taken with how pretty Sophie was and how she dressed. He wished he were a few years older.

In particular he remembered her wearing a black pleated skirt and a pink top. He thought he had caught a glimpse of lacy stocking tops and even a lacy slip under the hem of her skirt, just like his mum.

Mike had wondered at the time of the meeting with Sophie what lingerie would she be wearing if she took off her skirt and jumper. Were those really black nylon stockings. She certainly looked gorgeous in sheer black hosiery and black high heeled sandals. Sophie looked super sexy.





Mike so wanted to get a glimpse up her skirt to see if she really was wearing stockings and did the colour of her panties match her pink slip? Sadly, he did not get the upskirt view he craved but he was indeed correct, she was wearing lacy topped stockings, pink nylon panties, a pink suspender belt, and a pink half-slip.



If Mike had been in Sophie's bedroom later that evening as she took off her pink jumper, he would have seen that she was also wearing a matching pink nylon bra.

Perhaps Mike getting the chance to sleep in her old bedroom might not be so bad. Maybe, just maybe, she had not yet cleared out all her lingerie draws. Perhaps some of that lovely pink lingerie might still be there.





Towards the end of January Jackie and Mike made the journey north from London to Manchester.

“Do call me aunty,” said Aunty Andrea to Mike when they arrived. Uncle Robert will show you to your room whilst Jackie and I catch up.”

Mike thought that he could see a lacy slip through Andrea’s thin, sheer skirt. He was instantly hard.

Robert, Jackie’s husband picked up Mike’s bag and said, “Follow me.”



As Robert picked up the bag there was something that Mike noticed that was.... well... a bit odd. There seemed to be a scrape of blue nylon and white lace sticking out between Robert's shirt and trousers. Was it the lacy hem of a slip? It could not be, could it?

Robert was prattling on about the sky blues, Manchester City.

"Did you see the Manchester derby, Mike? Well, you must have done as a United fan. What a victory for City, United did not even turn up, 3-0. Premier League is in the bag this year."





Indeed, Mike had seen the highlights of the drubbing that City had given their neighbours, but he zoned out when not only had he noticed the silky blue triangle peeping out from Robert's trousers. It got even more interesting when Robert started to walk upstairs to the bedroom. Mike noticed a black seam on sheer black nylon as Robert's trouser leg rode up. Did Robert wear lingerie and seamed stockings too?



Mike began to image Robert sitting on the sofa in a pale blue slip and bra, perhaps even black stockings, and heels. Mike had to suppress a giggle as they reached the landing. Perhaps all City fans had to wear sky lingerie when following their team on the TV as a TV.





Maybe Robert would wear a nice blue dress over the blue slip? Perhaps the blue slip would peep out from under the dress, like it had from Robert's trousers.

Robert showed Mike the bedroom he was in and gave him his bag.

"This used to be Sophie's room. She keeps saying she will come back soon and clear out the draws now that she is married but chance would be a fine thing. The top draw should be empty."

Robert turned and went back downstairs.





Mike was excited at exploring the draws. Mike put his underwear and t-shirts in the top draw, which was indeed empty. So was the second draw and third but when Mike opened the fourth of the five draws, he started getting very stiff in his own panties. Well, I say his panties, they were actually his mum's green panties that he had taken from the clothes hamper at home.

The draw was fully of silky, lacy panties, just like Mike was hoping. He stripped off his other clothes and started to explore the draw of silky delights.



Mike stripped to his green panties. His eye caught on a pair of salmon pink French knickers. They had lovely lace. He lifted them out of the draw.

“Would you like to borrow some of Sophie’s panties, Mike? How about these pretty French knickers you are holding? They are so silky, and I just love the salmon colour. They will feel just as nice to wear as your green knickers.”

Mike had been so obsessed at exploring the draw of underwear that he had forgotten to shut the bedroom door. Aunty Sophie was standing in the doorway.







Mike turned round holding the pink knickers. He was in shock at getting caught and was speechless.

“No need to say anything, Bobbie and I can find you some lovely things to wear. It will be perfect for tomorrow.”

Aunty Andrea turned away and shouted downstairs to her husband.

“Good news Bobbie, we have a new maid to train for the bridge party. You can play one of the hands now instead of serving the guests.”

She turned back to Mike. “Bobbie will help you dress tomorrow morning. Dinner will be in an hour.”



So, Mike imagining Robert in a dress was perhaps not so far-fetched after all. But what did she mean about Bobbie helping him to get dressed in the morning?

Despite the shock Mike was still hard from wearing the green panties and could not resist having a quick wank into the panties before dinner as he imagined looking up Bobby's blue dress to see his silky slip, black stocking tops and even blue French knickers.





Then he remembered what Aunty Andrea had been wearing, a sheer black skirt that showed a very frilly slip. He wanked even harder at the thought of what it would look like if he could see up her skirt at her stocking tops, silky panties, and lacy slip. Mike exploded into his mum's green knickers at this thought. He had become obsessed with nylon lingerie.



The next morning Mike put on his boy clothes and went down to breakfast to find Aunty Andrea adjusting her stockings. Mike's mum had already had breakfast and gone off to her weekend conference at Manchester University.

As soon as Andrea saw Mike come into the kitchen, she dropped her skirt back down. Andrea's lacy white bra and slip were showing through her thin pink blouse. Andrea sat down at the breakfast table. Mike was instantly hard.





“After breakfast, go up to your room and Bobbie will help you get dressed in your maid’s uniform for the party this lunchtime. He is so excited. You might not recognise him as Uncle Robert though.”

“Maid’s uniform,” asked Mike.

“Yes, you showed me how much you like knickers, didn’t you, Mike?”

“Well yes, but I don’t know what a maid wears,” said Mike.

“You will find out soon enough, won’t you? Bobbie used to be the maid at our bridge parties with Mrs Slocomb and Miss Brahams. We had to have a dead hand with three of us playing but now he can join the ladies and play the fourth hand. He is so excited being a lady at our card party and not the maid. I am sure the uniform will fit you just as well as it does Bobbie. Now this is what you are going to do today.”

Andrea gave Mike very detailed instructions of what her role as the Maid entailed. Mike hoped he could remember it all. Andrea was to be called Mrs Johnson.

“Now go up to your room, Bobbie has prepared some things for you.”



When Mike got to the bedroom Robert (now Bobbie) was sitting on the bed. Mike's suspicion the day before that Bobbie was a cross-dresser, was indeed true. Bobbie was very nicely dressed en-femme, no hiding lingerie under male clothes today. As Mike came into the room Bobbie stood up.



“There you are Mike. Are you ready for this? It is going to be so exciting getting you dressed,” said Bobbie.

Mike stood still for a moment and took in that Bobbie was wearing a pink top, a tartan skirt, black hosiery, and black high heeled boots. The peeping blue slip from yesterday was gone, replaced by a white slip, which was peeping out from under Bobbie’s tartan skirt. God, Bobbie looked so sexy dressed like this. Mike was instantly hard.

“Did you catch my peeping slip yesterday, Mike? It was a little test, Andrea’s idea actually, to catch your attention. Seemed to have worked.”





"I noticed your peeping blue slip and the seamed hosiery, yesterday" said Mike, "was that deliberate?"

"Oh yes, I think you like to see a lacy slip," said Bobbie raising her tartan skirt slightly to reveal even more of her white slip. "Are you staring at my top, Mike? Can you see the top of my lacy full slip and even my lacy bra through my sheer pink blouse? I love showing off my slip and I think you will too."

Mike could not help staring at the white lingerie. He got even stiffer.

"Enough about me, now off with your clothes and time to get dressed as the maid."



On the bed was the maid's uniform, a black satin dress with a white pinafore and ribbons, fake breasts, white lingerie, silver high heeled sandals, a packet of stockings and even a wig. Mike was amazed with what had been provided for him to wear.

"Don't just stare at it, start getting dressed. Don't put the dress or the stockings on yet," said Bobbie.

"Why," asked Mike?

"Because I am going to paint your toenails. Seeing red nail varnish through sheer nylon stockings looks so sexy."





Mike stripped off his male clothes and started to put on the white suspender belt, the white bra, the silky white panties, and the white slip trimmed with black lace.

Bobbie handed Mike the fake breasts. "We can't call the maid Mike. We shall call you ..... let me think...I know, Wendy Knickers. How does that sound, Wendy?"

"I guess so," said Wendy. "This lingerie feels wonderful, so silky."

"It does feel wonderful, doesn't it? Now sit down and I will paint your nails with this red varnish."

Bobbie held a small glass jar of red nail varnish.



As Bobbie squatted in front of Wendy, she could not help looking up Bobbie's skirt. Wendy got very hard looking at Bobbie's pink knickers and black stocking tops.





Wendy tried to hide her stiffie in her white panties and slip by picking up the packet of stockings. They looked brand new, 15 denier, made in China. It was no good, the picture on the front of the stockings of the model in her stockings and lacy panties was making Wendy hard again.





“All done, Wendy, let them dry for a couple of minutes then you can put on your stockings, dress and wig,” said Bobbie.

Wendy looked down, “Oh thank you, I have never had my nails painted before.”

“Wait until you see them covered in sheer nylon, that is really sexy.”



While Wendy waited for the nails to dry, she took the nylons out of the packet.

"They are so sheer," said Wendy sliding her hand inside the brown stockings.

"They look better on your legs," said Bobbie.





Wendy put on the stockings but was having trouble doing up the back suspenders, never having worn stockings before.

“Here, let me help you with that,” said Bobbie helpfully.





Bobbie crouched down to attach the suspenders.

“They can be a bit tricky but with some practice you will be able to manage on your own, Wendy.”

“Oh, I love wearing stockings, they are so silky and sexy. I am definitely going to wear them again. Can I keep this pair?”

“Of course, now let me do up your strappy sandals, they can be a bit tricky to get the buckle done up as well.



When the sandals were done up Bobbie stood up. Wendy looked down at her legs, slip and strappy sandals. She loved the fact that she could see the red nail varnish through the toe of the brown stockings. She felt so sexy.

“Now let’s put your dress on,” said Bobbie.



Bobbie helped Wendy to pull the dress down. It was a tight fit, it turned out that Wendy was at least one dress size bigger than Bobbie, who had previously worn the dress for serving at the card game.



Eventually, the dress was done, the bow tie attached, and the wig fitted on Wendy's head.

Wendy looked in the mirror, "Isn't it a bit short, you can see my two petticoats showing?"

"Oh no, it is perfect, the ladies will love it, you look so sexy, much better than me," said Bobbie.

"If you say so," said Wendy doubtfully.

"Now sit down at the beauty bar and I will do some make up for you. Then we will be ready for the ladies."

As Wendy sat down on the stool the doorbell rang.

"No time for makeup now, you need to go and let in Mrs Slocomb and Miss Brahms."

## **The End of Part 1**

### **Part 2 cuming soon**

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*With thanks to Wendy Knickers for the idea.*

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