

Paul's Journey - a photo story by Andrea Slip and Paul





I was doing my homework in the kitchen. My mum, Mary, had some friends round for coffee after work. I knew I was lucky to have such a wonderful mum. We had always been close just the two of us. I couldn't remember my dad he'd died in an accident when I was very small.



I could hear Karen Killty talking in the living room and then starting to giggle. I usually took no notice of what they were saying.

“No, I don’t believe it!” exclaimed mum.

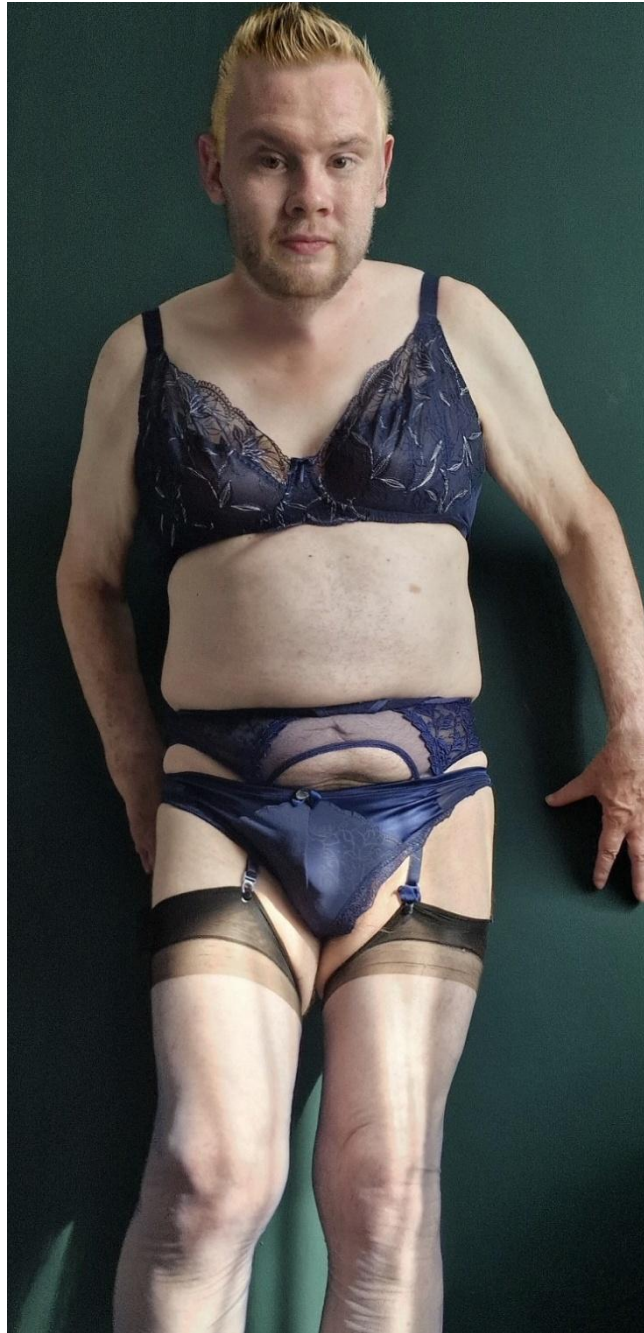
“Yes, Brian was standing there wearing my M&S navy blue panties and bra. Not only that but also black stockings and suspenders.”

My ears pricked up. Was Karen talking about her husband, Brian? I knew Brian Killty, he had been the scout leader when I was in the cubs.

“Was there a tent in his panties?” asked Susan Crick laughing. She was the other of my mum’s friends having coffee.

“Oh yes, a big one that made a very un-lady like bulge,” said Karen. “My badminton game had got cancelled due to a double booking and I had come home early to catch him wearing my lingerie. He was shocked and stammered that he would get changed. I said no, let’s have some fun.”

All three ladies giggled.





“And did you?” asked Susan.

“Oh yes, we had some fun. He hasn’t been that hard for years. He asked if he could wear my blue full slip as well.”



“I said he could so long as I could make him up and put a wig on him.”

“Oh, my goodness,” said Susan.

“I even persuaded him to let me take a couple of photos on my phone,” said Karen,

“Look!”

She must have taken out her mobile phone and showed them some photos. They were having fits of giggles.



“My husband doesn’t do that, but I did make a previous boyfriend dress up in my kilt for Halloween,” said Susan.

“I thought Scotsmen didn’t wear anything under their kilts to scare their enemies.?” asked mum.

“Well, it was Halloween, so I made him wear my red knickers, bra, suspenders and black stockings. I also made him wear my red slip and my long leather boots. Jason did look sexy.”





“Jason loved borrowing my lingerie. It was fun for a while.”

“But then he started buying his own heels and slippers. It was getting too much for me, so we split up. I think he even kept a pair of my frilly white panties.”

I could hear all of this conversation from the kitchen as I did my homework. I was getting hard at the thought of all these men dressing up in their partners lingerie.

Then I realised that I needed a book from my school bag that was still in the living room.

I walked back to the living room.

My mum giggled as I tried to sneak in quietly to get my school book.

“Here is my little princess, said mum,” turning towards me.

I froze looking at her, shaking my head thinking no mum please, you promised, but she just carried on laughing turning to her friends.





“You know Paul loved wearing my silky French knickers when he was younger,” said mum.

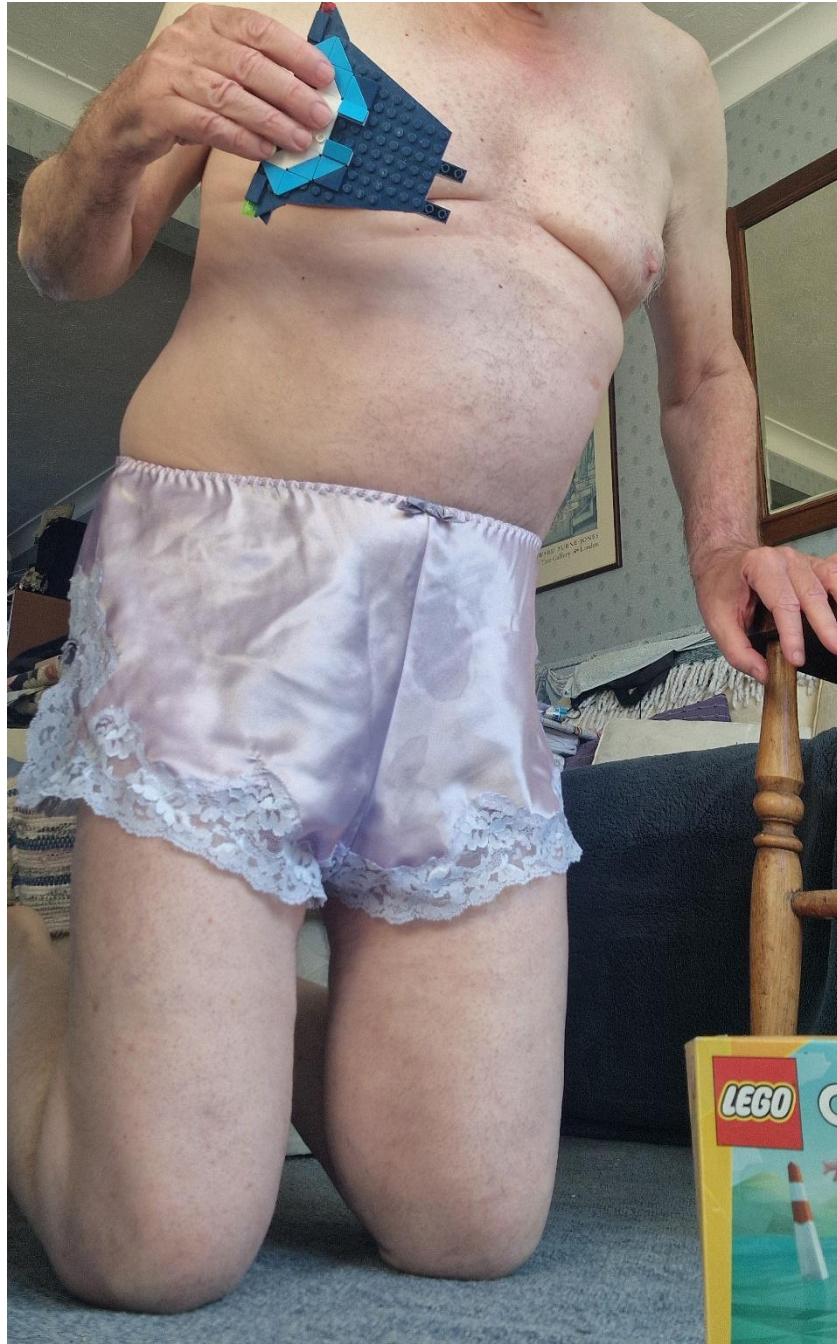
I felt myself blushing,

“Really? I bet he looked really cute,” said Susan, smiling at me,

“I used to call him my little princess seeing him happily playing while wearing my pink satin knickers. They were very frilly,” said mum.

“Bloody hell mum,” I thought. I grabbed my math’s textbook and walked out quickly,

I sat with my head in my hands in the kitchen. How could she do that?



A short time later I heard her friends leaving

“Bye princess,” they shouted to me and started laughing. I ignored them feeling humiliated that they knew my secret.

I couldn’t get started with my math’s so I walked back into the lounge. My mum sat there a glass of wine in her hand.

“How could you mum?”

She looked at me.

“Sorry sweetheart it just came out, when the others were talking about men wearing lingerie I remembered about you wearing my French knickers.”

“But mum you promised me, you wouldn’t tell anyone.”

I knelt beside mum then she saw the hurt in my eyes. She gently stroked my face, smiling at me.

“It is such a happy memory of you sweetheart, at a sad time in our lives. I could see you were happy for the first time since your dad passed away. You were playing with your Lego while wearing my pink French knickers.”



We both stood up

Mum hugged me.

“Just look at you now my little princess. You turned into a teenage ugly frog,” giggling at me.

“Oh thanks,” I said, “that really knocks my confidence.”

Mum smiled at me.

“You need to put on some weight Paul.”

I must have looked confused,

“What do you mean?”

“Well just look at you. Most girls would love legs like yours, long slim and such a slim waist. How do you keep so slim with what you eat?”



She hugged me again.

"I'm sorry for earlier, I promise I won't say anything again."

I smiled, "Thanks mum."

She turned but as she did she said,

"But you did love wearing my knickers didn't you?"

I threw my hands up in frustration finally admitting it.

"Oh God yes, I did actually. I loved wearing them. Satisfied now?"

Mum walked away giggling.

"I knew it," she said "I don't mind if you wear them again, if it still makes you happy, Paul."

I didn't know what to say to that, I just shrugged. But after hearing mum's friends talking about their husband or boyfriend wearing their knickers I realised that I was not the only male who did that.

I also could not help noticing the lacy red slip and sheer black hosiery that mum was wearing today and did most days. The lacy hem of the slip was peeping out from under her black skirt. Her red bra also showed through her white blouse. I was getting hard.

I wondered what wearing a slip with panties and stockings would feel like.





It was a few nights later when everything changed when I needed the bathroom. While there I noticed something shiny and shimmering in the washing basket. There was a pair of pink French knickers. Curious, I pulled it out, one of mum's black slips was underneath. The slip and knickers felt so soft and silky between my fingers. My mind turned to when I was small wearing mum's knickers. It would have been about 10 years ago. They couldn't be the same ones, could they? Was it a message from my mum? She had said she didn't mind if I wore her knickers again.

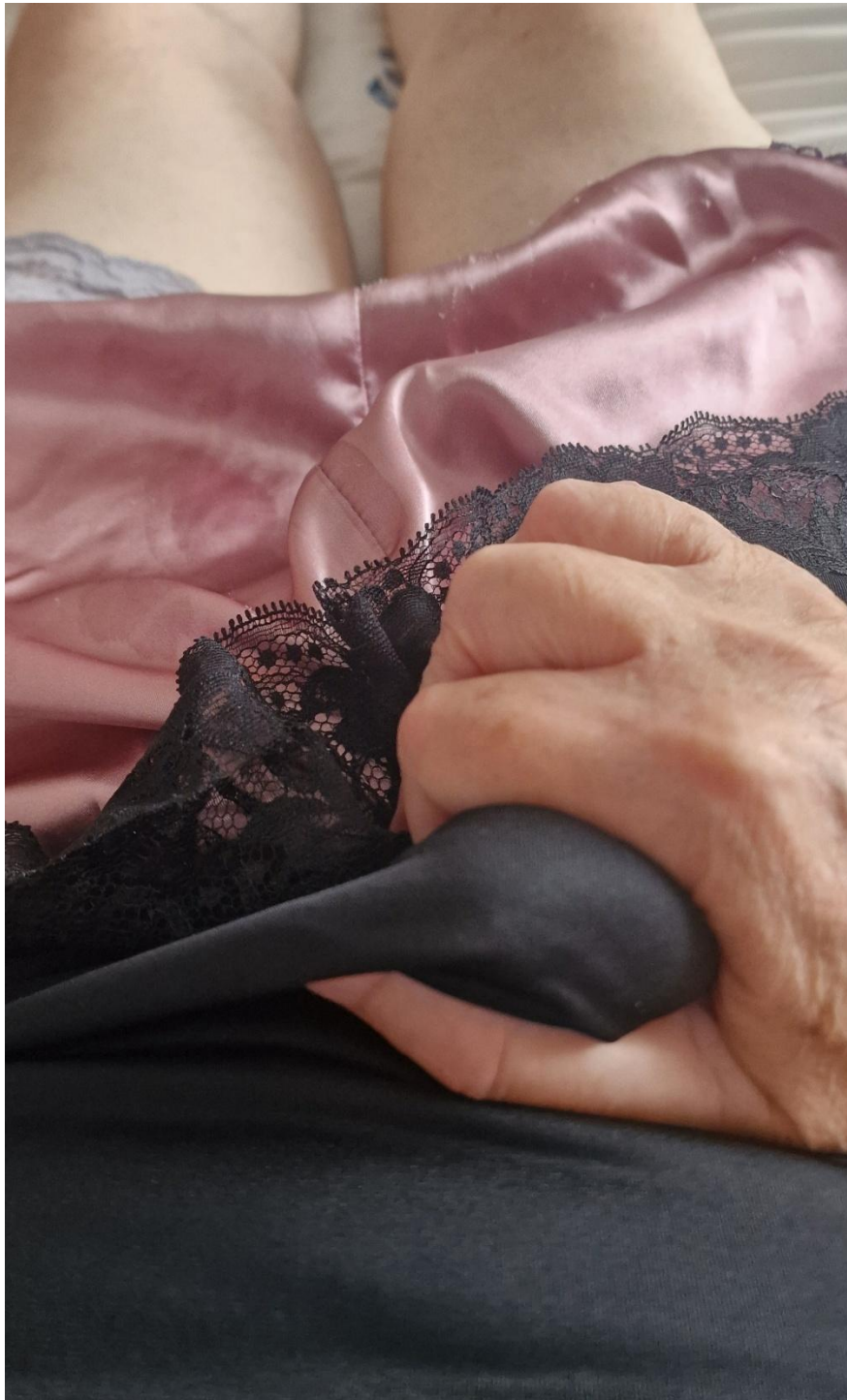
Something made me take the lingerie back to my bedroom. I quickly undressed but wasn't ready for the sensation I was about to experience as I stepped in to the pink French knickers and then pulled on her slip. Oh God, it felt like nothing I'd ever experienced before as the silky material caressed my body, As a sexy sensual sensation overwhelmed me, my clitty responded instantly making a large tent under my knickers and slip. Within seconds I felt myself moaning with pleasure.



I lifted the slip and shoved my hand into the knickers. My clitty was stiff, I was about to cum. I tried to pull the knickers out of the way but then ejaculated my cum all over the slip. My knees started to tremble.

I collapsed on my bed, basking in the warm afterglow of sexual satisfaction. Oh God, that was incredible. I wanted to experience it again.





I took off the slip, pulled the knickers down my legs and wrapped the cum soaked slip around my still stiff clitty. I wanked myself frantically. The black nylon and lace flapped up and down over my stiff rod. I soon felt that wonderful sexual sensation overtaking me again as I climaxed sending my cum over mum's slip. I was instantly hooked on wearing slips and knew this would not be the last time I would wear one.



After I calmed down, I stood up to take off the slip and knickers. Suddenly panic overtook me seeing the slip covered in my cum I tried desperately to wipe it away but large cum stains remained. What would my mum say seeing these? I quickly put the lingerie back in the washing basket, hoping mum wouldn't notice.



The next morning, I looked at the slip. Oh god, the stains were worse than I thought. Just then mum shouted,

“Can you bring the washing basket down please?”

Oh God she's doing the washing today.

School was a nightmare. All I could think about was mum holding up her slip and looking at the stains. With some trepidation I walked home, fearful of my mum's reaction.



But when I reached the back door, I could see the slip and some other lingerie on the washing line, blowing in the breeze.

“Hi sweetheart,” mum said, “Had a good day?”

“It was okay,” I replied.

“Go get changed, teas nearly ready.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. mum hadn't noticed, well I hoped so.

As we ate our tea mum said, “Are you going to cum tonight?”

I nearly dropped my fork.

“What?” I said looking at her,

“To see your nan, are you cumming with me?”

“Oh no, sorry mum, lots of homework.”

Mum nodded then said, “That's ok, you can cum another time.”



Please stop talking about cum, I thought.

“You ok Paul? Are you cumming down with something?”

I shook my head, “ No I'm fine.” I cleared away the tea things.

“Do me a favour sweetheart. can you get the washing in for me before it rains?”

“Sure.” I replied, as she put on her coat saying, “Sure you don't want to cum?”

Oh god mum, just go, I thought. Yes, I desperately want to cum.

I picked up the empty wash basket and walked out to the garden. I looked at the black slip. All the stains were gone, thank goodness. Touching the slips as I took them off the washing line and putting them in the laundry basket I was enjoying touching the silky nylon.



I desperately wanted to wear the black slip again but thought that I probably wouldn't be so lucky next time, getting away with the stains. I still had to bring in the rest of the washing.



I enjoyed feeling the other silky lingerie on the line, such as a pair of pink panties. These were made from satin and had a lacy panel all down the side.



There was a very silky blue bra. What would that be like to wear and would it fit? I was only slightly taller and heavier than mum, so it might be a bit tight.



Then there was a lacy red thing. I thought it was a bra at first but then realized that it must be a suspender belt. I didn't realise that mum wore stockings. There were no stockings or tights on the washing line. Where were they?



Then I remembered seeing hosiery hanging up to dry on the shower rail. I had assumed they were all tights. Mum must hand wash those rather than putting them through the washing machine as they were so delicate.



I carefully folded all the lingerie into the green wash basket and took them indoors. Mum had not said where she wanted me to put them, did she want to iron them?

I decided to leave the laundry on her bed.



There was one item I was confused by. It looked like a full slip but French knickers at the bottom with a crotch. I left it in the full slips pile. I now knew that mum wore some really sexy lingerie and I was hard. Was there anything in the laundry pile in the bathroom? Had mum changed when she got home from work?



Oh joy, she had changed before we had tea. I looked at my watch. It was 7.45pm. She probably wouldn't be back until about 10. I had time for a quick wank.

There was a caramel-coloured half-slip on the dirty washing pile and some other lingerie underneath. I picked it up and went back to my room.

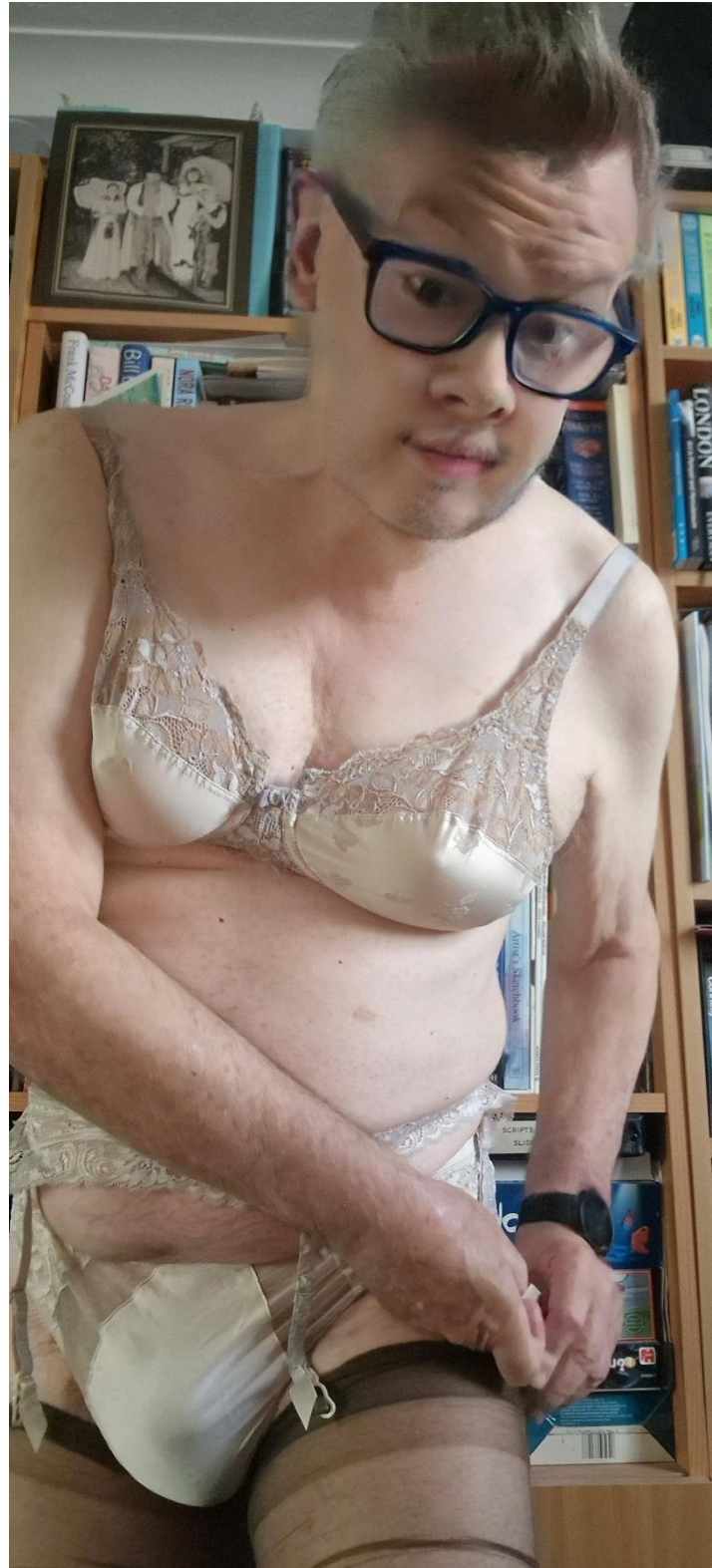
I undressed pulling on her knickers I could still feel her warmth in them. There was a bra and suspender belt. Having seen bras and suspenders on the washing line I really wanted to try these.

The catch at the back of the bra and the suspenders was a bit tricky to attach behind my back but I eventually managed. I was so stiff in mum's panties and starting to leak. I stuffed some socks in the bra cup to fill them out. It looked like I had breasts



Next it was the stockings. I gently pulled them up my legs. This felt like heaven, so silky. No wonder mum wore these to work.

I attached the clips of the suspenders to the stockings. What if I was a young woman trying stockings and suspenders for the first time, would mum help her daughter to do all the fiddly clips and catches? I began to wish I had been born a girl. I must be a bit weird.





I looked down at my stocking clad legs. They looked and felt wonderful and so sexy. I couldn't resist feeling my stiff cock through the panties. This was the lingerie she had worn to work; they were still warm.

I stopped wanking for a moment to
step into mum's half slip



The slip hugged my bum tightly. Oh God this feels fantastic. Soon my clitty was throbbing in the knickers. I hardly touched it before I ejaculated, filling mum's knickers with my cum

"Oh fuck" I cried as spurt after spurt of cum soaked the knickers. God that was fantastic. I removed the cum soaked knickers wrapping them around my clitty, wanking myself frantically. Soon I ejaculated again this time covering the slip.

"Yes, yes!" I cried as I was overwhelmed by sexual satisfaction. After I came down from that high, I had to decide what to do with the cum soaked lingerie. Could I wash them before mum got home so she doesn't find the stains?

I was exhausted from all the wanking and before I could decide about how to wash the lingerie I put the knickers back on as I wanted to lie down on my bed just for a moment. It had been both an exciting day but also a stressful one thinking mum would notice the cum stains on her black slip. Fortunately, she didn't, but I now knew I was addicted to silky lingerie. I lay down on my bed and shut my eyes, just for a moment.





“A word of advice, sweetheart, women usually wear their knickers over their suspenders.”

I woke up with a start as I could feel someone touching the slip. My mum was looking down at me, smiling.



“I see that when you said you were not cumming with me to nan’s that you had other plans for cumming,” mum said looking at the cum stains in her cream knickers that I was still wearing. She pulled the slip back down to cover up the stains.



I was in shock at being caught wearing her lingerie and that she knew I had masturbated in them.



“By the way you did a lovely job with folding my lingerie that is on my bed. Did you really think I would not notice your stiff spunk on my black slip? I decided to set you a test by making you bring the washing in and leaving the lingerie I had worn today to work in the dirty laundry pile. I knew that after you finally admitted enjoying wear my pink satin French knickers when you were little that you would not be able to resist.



Now get dressed, I will put the kettle on and we can talk downstairs. Don't forget to put my lingerie back in the dirty washing pile. I can tell you how to take care of delicate stockings and lingerie. This is going to be such fun."

With that she turned and left my bedroom. I was speechless.

After a while I recovered my composure, took off the lingerie, put it in the dirty washing basket, and got dressed in my boy clothes. I walked downstairs to face the music.

Mum had made me a cup of coffee. She smiled at me. We had a heart to heart about me wanting to be a girl and wear her clothes. She was prepared to help me by living out my dream of being a girl and wanting to wear pretty clothes, just not **her** pretty clothes.

“You are still growing and most of my clothes won’t fit you soon anyway. I might have a couple of items from before I lost weight that are ok for now, but you will need some new lingerie. We can have a look online. Do you want to wear a skirt and slip like this?”

She stood up and lifted the cream skirt she was wearing. I could see her stockings and suspenders through her thin slip.

“Yes,” was all I could croak.

“Well, we can probably look in charity shops for a couple of dresses, skirts and blouses. You will need some heels. I can help you try makeup, if you want”

So, it was a done deal. I could dress up as much as I liked at home, whilst I was still at school. Next year might be different, I was hoping to go to a sixth form college. I had also just started working at the local McDonalds and had some of my own money to buy clothes.





Mum did find some old lingerie in my size and even an old pair of heels that only just fitted. She gave me a pale blue nightie that matched the heels.

I had to buy my own panties, bra and suspenders online from Ebay. Finding slips was difficult, they seemed to be falling out of fashion. I also got a couple of wig's and some breast inserts They were much beter than socks to fill out my bra. Mum taught me how to do my makeup. I got better the more often I did it. Mum said I was a quick learner.



I started taking some photos and posting them on Flickr, I didn't tell mum about that bit.

I was surprised how many TV's like me there are on Flickr and how many liked seeing my cock framed by stockings and suspenders.





She also took me to some charity shops to buy some second hand dresses, skirts and blouses. We even found a pale blue half slip that matched my blue panties and bra, it was hard to find nice slips.



By now I was at sixth form college studying A-levels in Art, History and Fashion Design. I was hoping to go to uni to study fashion. I loved feminine clothes and was learning how to make my own with mum's sewing machine. Part of the way through the year I had a 2-week placement at a garment factory in Bradford, the next town to where I lived in Leeds. I had to get the train there and then take a bus ride.

I noticed from the bus that there was a ladies' lingerie shop, not far from the station. It had some old-fashioned lingerie in the window, full and half-slips, as well as French knickers. One afternoon there was a power cut, so I got sent home early. I took the chance to get off the bus early and walked into the clothing shop.

Even though the shop looked empty of customers I was still nervous as I walked in. Two middle aged women shop assistants looked at me; they were smiling.

"How can we help you, young man?"

"I'm looking for a present for my girlfriend," I said nervously.

The ladies smiled," Certainly, what have you in mind?"

“I am not sure,” I said, “maybe a slip, knickers, bra something like that.”

“A good choice,” said Miss Marples, the taller one.

“What size?” asked Miss Jasmin, the shorter one.

Oh god. “I’m not sure about the size actually .”

They nodded. “We’ve just had these in, they are a size 18, that will probably suit your girlfriend,” showing me a gorgeous dark green Charnos full slip, with matching French knickers bra and suspenders.

“These would make a wonderful present.”

I nodded. “Yes, they would.”

“Just feel how silky they are.” I gently touched them nodding but thinking about what I would look like wearing this pretty lingerie.

“I’ll take them,” wanting to leave as quickly as possible after I had paid a small fortune. I had spent all the money I had saved up from my part time job.

As he left the two women looked at each other someone's going to have fun tonight and I don't think it's a girl back home. They were right about that.





The lingerie shop ladies were right about someone having fun. As soon as I was home I said hi to mum and then went straight to my bedroom to try on my new lingerie. It was beautiful and I thought that I looked good wearing it.



I did my makeup, added my blond wig, and put on a black dress. I took a couple of photos.



I pulled up the dress to look at the slip.



The black lacy hem of the slip looked so pretty in contrast to the green body of the slip. I soon lifted the slip and dress and showed my hand inside my French knickers. I was determined to make my wank last longer this time, but to no avail, I was soon spurting cum into my knickers and slip.

The green lingerie and stockings would need a wash, mum had taught me how to do that for myself.



Now it was me washing the lingerie for both of us. It was me hanging the slips, panties and bras on the washing line. There was lots of lingerie on the line. I loved handling all the soft silky slips and other stuff.



What would the neighbors think of my mum with the huge volume of lingerie on the washing line at least once a week, sometimes more? There were also lots of hand-washed stockings hanging in the bathroom as well. Mum told me she hardly ever wears tights anymore, she mostly wears stockings and suspenders, even to her office job.

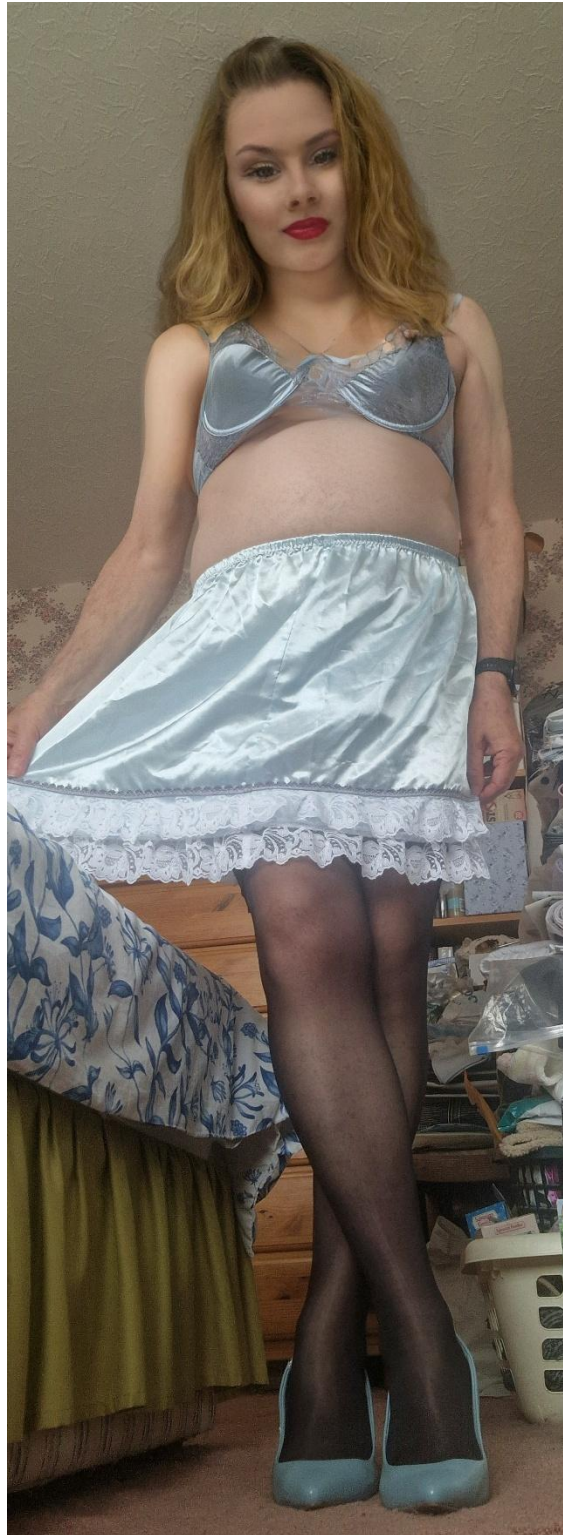
Mum had a sewing machine but had not used it much in the last few years. When I was on my work placement, I had learnt how to use an industrial sewing machine in the garment factory. Now I wanted to make some more clothes with mum's machine. Mum started to show me how to sew some dresses and skirts.

My first effort turned out Ok, it wasn't perfect. Goodness knows what the judges would have said on the Sewing Bee. It was a short skirt. The print was black with white bows. I wore it with black stockings, a white top and a white half-slip. The slip just peeped out from under the hem of the skirt. I really wanted to wear this to college but was not brave enough to come out, well not yet anyway.





I moved onto making a dress next. Mum had found some old paper patterns in the attic that her mum used to use. That was harder than the skirt, especially getting the bust right. I had a lot of help from mum with that.



I had also started making some lingerie, starting with a simple half-slip. I particularly wanted to make slips as it was so difficult for men to buy nice slips. I chose a pale blue satin material to match my pale blue panties and bra. Mum had to see me in my underwear as she helped me pin it and sew some white lace on the hem. She didn't seem to mind. She said it was like having the daughter she had always wanted.

The dress and slip worked well. It was a front opening dress with poppers. Mum and I had to look up in a dress making book how to do the poppers.





I was really pleased that my lacy slip showed if I left the bottom couple of buttons undone and my bra showed at the top.

I wanted to try and make a full-length slip, but we did not have a paper pattern for that. Perhaps I could use the green Charnos slip to make my own paper pattern. Mum had asked me where I had bought the green full slip. I had told her about the lingerie shop in Bradford that I had seen from the bus.

She said she would treat me to a new black full slip; I had outgrown her own black slip by then. She said it could be an early birthday present.

I got the train to Bradford and walked to the shop. Miss Jasmine and Miss Marples greeted me warmly. Perhaps they don't get many male customers and that made me memorable.

Although mum had promised to buy just the slip, I ended up purchasing a gorgeous black silky Charnos full slip and matching French knickers bra and suspenders.



“Your girlfriend liked the last ones, did she?” asked one of the ladies.

“Oh, er, yes very much.”

“She'll love these even more,” they said giggling to each other.

After I had left Miss Marples said, “Definitely he's a crossdresser, they are for himself.”

“The black lingerie will soon become his favourite coupled with black stockings as his crossdressing becoming more intense.” said Miss Jasmine.

“Well, we would know, wouldn't we, we were just like him once,” they both giggled thinking about their own journeys into lingerie when much younger, and now they sold it.

I was also sewing and making things at college for my A-level fashion design course. At the start of the second year of my course, we were given a project to design and make a dress from scratch for a film premiere. I had to work with Jacinta, as a team, to design and make our own dress. We both did some sketches but, in the end, we chose my design. We then had to work together to make the dress and model it at a fashion show. Jacinta was size 18 and so was I. She said she would model it, of course, but she couldn't take it home as her parents probably would not approve of her wearing it.



The material we had chosen was quite thin as we wanted it to be glamorous. I told Jacinta I was going to show it to my mum as she was an expert dress maker, and to see if she had any advice about making it more glamorous. The dress really was very sheer.

I tried it on at home to show mum. You could see my panties, bra, stockings and suspenders. Perhaps showing too much, even for a film premiere. Mum said wear a slip.

Jacinta and I talked to our tutor about it. Miss Jackson said we could line the dress to make it more discrete. I talked to Jasinta about it.

“I have an idea; we could wear a slip under the dress.”

Jacinta said, “What’s a slip?”





“It is like a silky underskirt; it has lots of lace and much prettier than plain lining and way more glamorous.” I thought about showing her a photo of me in a slip with the dress, but chickened out.

“Sounds old fashioned, like something my nan would wear under her sari. My mum would go nuts if I showed that. You will have to model it, Paul; you seem to know all about lingerie and slips.”

I protested but it fell on deaf ears.

“I know you would love modelling the dress, it is in your size of course,” said Jacinta.

So, I did, it was the first time anyone other than my mum had seen me dressed up en-femme.



I went to college in my normal clothes with my wig, lingerie, boobs, stockings and heels in a bag. Jacinta had added some frilly white lace over the bust and then ironed it. When I arrived at college Jacinta gave me the dress.

“Do you want me to do some make up for you.”

“No, I am fine, I can do it.” I think she knew I had dressed up before.

I went to the toilet and changed. I had thought about wearing my full-length green Charnos slip that I bought from the lingerie shop but decided on a green Charnos half-slip and matching bra instead as it was a bit more out there for a film premiere with the bra and slip showing.



I was so excited as I pulled the dress down over my silky lingerie. However, I did not want to get too excited in the wrong way. I made sure my clitty was tucked back. I was terrified I might get stiff, as I usually did in my panties.

We had a fashion show in the classroom for all the finished garments. The other teams had made some amazing clothes. I was nervous as I was last out on the mock runway. I had to strut down the runway like I owned it. The girls, and even my teacher, Miss Jackson, were initially shocked when they realized it was me modelling the dress and not Jacinta, then they all cheered. Jacinta and I both got grade A for our project. I felt on a high.

After the fashion show Jacinta said to me,

“It doesn’t seem right calling you by a boy’s name when you are wearing a pretty dress.. Do you have a femme name?”

I blinked. I had never thought about calling myself a femme name.

“Oh....”

I thought about just using Paula but then changed my mind. I was a different person when I was dressed as a girl.

“Alison.”

“The slip and bra match well.”

“They are made by Charnos.” I said.

“Let’s see this slip thing properly then, Alison.”

I lifted my skirt.

“Oh, I see, that does look pretty with lots of lace. Are you wearing stockings as well?”

I must have lifted my slip and dress higher than I intended.



“Yes, I am wearing stockings. Don’t tell anyone as that doesn’t show.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t, your secret is safe with me.” She gave me a hug.

“The girls are all going out for a drink, do you want to join us to celebrate, Alison? You don’t need to change, you look gorgeous.”

I had never been out in public and was a bit nervous, but it was nice to be accepted as who I really felt I was.

“Don’t worry Alison, us girls look after each other,” said Jacinta.

I phoned my mum to say how the show had gone, our grade A, and that I would be late. Mum was as pleased as punch for me. I was really pleased that I had kept my clitty under control and had not got stiff. That would have been a disaster.

My trip out with the girls was a great success but one drink turned into three. Those of us over 18 bought the drinks, although we all looked over 18 anyway. The bar staff didn't ask for ID anyway.

The girls all wanted to know if this was the first time I had dressed up or had I been practicing at home. I had to confess that I had been wearing my mum's French knickers since I was about 6. They roared with laughter at this.

"And she is wearing stockings under her slip," blurted out Jacinta, who was a bit drunk by then. "Show them Alison!" Her promise to keep quiet had disappeared in that moment.

I lifted my skirt and my slip. I was a bit drunk by then as well. I didn't mind flashing my slip and stockings to the girls, maybe even my knickers as well.

"And suspenders, bravo," said Jackie, one of the other girls.

I had to phone my mum to come and pick me up. I thought I might throw up if I got the bus home.



Miss Jackson, my A-level teacher, had asked me the previous summer term if I wanted to go to university. I said yes, to do fashion design, particularly lingerie. She was pleased and suggested a couple of degree courses I could apply for in September.

Our fashion show took place at the end of September. I had applied for the Contour degree at De Monfort University in Leicester. This degree course specializes in women's intimate wear. This would be perfect for my obsession with old fashioned lingerie.

I was thrilled to get an interview. It was only a week after the success of our fashion show. I had to take a portfolio of my designs. Thank goodness I was doing art A level as well. I knew that my artwork was imaginative and detailed.

I talked it through with mum and decided I would go dressed en-femme but what to wear?

I decided to wear mostly clothes that I had made myself. These would showcase my skills and knowledge as well as my portfolio.

I chose a white lacy blouse that I had made, it flowed over my pleated black skirt. Making pleats were quite tricky, there were so many folds. I also wore black seamed stockings and long leather boots. The boots were a present from mum for acing my special project.





Underneath I wore cream panties, bra, suspenders and black stockings.



The cream slip I wore was my first homemade full slip. I kept it simple, with a little lace on the bust, but no lace on the hem. It was very silky

From behind, the slip shows clearly through the sheer lacy blouse. The straight hem of the slip peeps out from under the pleated skirt and caresses the top of the seamed stockings. I had made a little pink bow and sewn it onto the stockings just above the top of the seam. I really liked the look. I hoped the admission tutors at De Montford would like it too.

Mum drove me down to Leicester for my interview. I was a bit nervous being out in public for only the second time fully dressed.

“You look gorgeous, sweetheart, knock them dead,” she said.



“Well Paul,” the admission tutor started, “We have never had a boy on the Contour course before.

“Please call me Alison,” I said.

“Sorry, Alison. Now have you brought any samples of your work?”

“Yes, here is my design portfolio. I designed and made my skirt and blouse.”

“But what about lingerie, Pa.... Alison?” asked the course tutor.

I lifted my skirt.

“I recently made this slip.”

“Oh, my goodness,” said the course tutor, “Your clothes and your portfolio are very impressive. Your teachers said you are their best student, but then they all say that. I don’t think we need to see any more.

I am happy to make you an unconditional offer for a place on the course. How does that sound, Alison?”



Alison Smith would fly through university and get an apprenticeship with a lingerie maker in Derbyshire. A few years later she would launch her own brand of slips and panties called Journey, mainly aimed at cross-dressers. She became very successful. Paul's journey all started when he wore his mum's pink French knickers and turned into Alison, a successful lingerie entrepreneur.

The End

With thanks to Paul White / Alison for inspiring this story

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AI Summary

This document is a personal and explicit story about a teenage boy discovering his mother's lingerie and experiencing sexual arousal while wearing it.

Personal Journey and Self-Discovery

- Paul struggles with gender identity and dresses en-femme to explore his femininity.
- His mother gradually accepts his crossdressing and supports his aspirations.

Family Relationships and Initial Secrets



- Paul's childhood memories involve wearing his mother's French knickers, which fostered his love for lingerie.

Discovery and Sexual Experience with Lingerie

- Paul discovers a pair of mother's lingerie in the laundry and experiences intense pleasure wearing it.
- He becomes addicted to the sensual sensation, masturbating in the lingerie and feeling overwhelmed.

Mum's Support and Understanding

- His mother recognizes his feelings and reassures him wearing lingerie makes him happy.
- She offers to help him find suitable lingerie and clothes in his size.

Developing Crossdressing Skills and Clothing Collection

- Paul begins making and sewing his own dresses, slips, and lingerie with his mother's assistance.
- They buy second-hand items and visit charity shops for dresses, slips, and stockings, supporting his fashion interest.

College Life and Fashion Design Aspirations

- Paul studies art, history, and fashion design at school, and conducts a project designing a dress for a film premiere.
- He models the dress en-femme at college, gaining positive attention and acceptance from peers and teachers.

Creating a Femme Alias and Social Acceptance

- He adopts the name Alison, embracing his identity as a girl when dressed en-femme.
- Alison participates in social outings, including a night out with friends, feeling more confident and accepted.

University and Fashion Industry Goals

- Alison applies to university for a fashion degree specializing in women's lingerie and intimate wear.

- She receives an unconditional offer, using her designs and portfolio to showcase her talent.

Commercial and Artistic Lingerie Pursuits

- Alison visits a lingerie shop to buy gifts and later purchases her own lingerie and slips online.
- She starts designing and sewing her own lingerie, developing her skills and passion for feminine fashion.

Professional Success and Brand Development

- Alison's talent leads to studying at De Montfort University and launching her lingerie brand, Journey.
- Her brand targets crossdressers and becomes highly successful, fulfilling her dream of creating beautiful feminine underwear.

Personal Growth and Transition into Femme Identity

- Alison's journey includes building confidence, modelling her clothes, and exploring her femininity publicly.
- She balances her education, fashion ambitions, and personal identity with the help her mother's ongoing support.