

Becoming LoriAnn part 1

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a boy becomes the girl he always wanted to be

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I had two old sisters and spent many hours borrowing and dressing up in their beautiful clothes. I loved the soft texture of their panties and bras, the silkiness of their nighties and the tightness of their pantyhose. I especially loved feeling sexy in their miniskirts and tops that revealed just a little bit of my chest. I would dress up and wish I was a cute girl.

One day it happened, they came home unexpectedly and caught me all dressed up and admiring myself in the mirror. Their punishment was to make me dress up whenever they wanted. But they took it to a new level. They included make up and an old wig that they had. I was made to dance around them and be a little sissy. Before long they realized that this was what I wanted. So my mother was told and we had a little talk. She said that if this was what I wanted she would get me some clothes of my own, but I could only wear them at home. I was thrilled and soon my girly wardrobe began to grow.

I spent every waking hour at home dressed as the girl I wanted to be. My sisters taught me how to use makeup, and how to walk and talk like a girl. Of course my choice of clothes always leaned towards the sexy. I wanted the same clothes my sisters wore - thongs, short skirts and mini dresses and heels.

Then, before I started to develop more male traits, my mother asked me the question - did I want to be a girl. If I did she would find a doctor to start me with medication that would help me to be more like a girl. I wanted that more than anything and soon my hormone therapy began. I quickly began to develop like a girl - rounder hips, softer skin and best of all breasts!! It happened more quickly because I started the hormones early and had never started to mature as a boy.

During this time we moved and I was home schooled. One weekend while my mother was away, my sisters said I was girly enough and that we should go out. We ended up at a party. My sisters introduced me as a cousin in town for the weekend. I had the time of my life dancing and chatting with the girls. And then, one of the boys asked me to dance. My heart was in my throat, but it was so much fun!! When the slow songs came on he held me close and I could feel his hard cock pressed

against my belly. The more we danced the more he rubbed up against me. So, I rubbed up against him. He moved his hands to my backside and made sure I didn't back away. When the song was over he went to get a drink and I asked my sisters what to do. They said he wanted me, but not to let him feel between my legs.

We walked outside. He did want me. We kissed for the longest time. I loved the feel of his tongue in my mouth. I never wanted to stop. He felt my breasts and I never felt more like a sexy girl with a guy who wanted me like a guy wants a girl. When I told him I couldn't have sex he told me there were other things I could do to make him happy. He told me about hand jobs and blow jobs. I decided to give him a hand job. I felt like I was in a dream when I began to unbuckle his belt and unzip his pants. Soon I was reaching in and feeling a guys hard hot cock for the first time. I slow began to rub it and stroke it up and down. I could tell he liked it by the way he moaned. The faster I stroked the more he moaned and soon his milky white cum was shooting out and covering my hand. As soon as he was done he pulled up his pants and walked away. I stood there looking at my cum soaked hand. I brought it to my mouth and tasted it. Soon I was licking my hand clean knowing that this was not the last. I wanted more - of everything.