Picked up in the Toilets

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How an encounter in a public toilet turns into a lot more.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/crossdressing/picked-up-in-the-toilets-2.aspx

Here I was just turned 16, I liked to dress in girl's clothes and was very curious about cock, no about sex. Oh, god yes! My hormones were driving me mad with the desire to not only dress up whenever I could but also to have sex. Anything I saw in newspapers or magazines about women, girls or with sexual meaning had my mind just a blur of indecent thoughts.
This particular day I had been shopping and needed the toilet. The shop I was in didn't have any so there was only one thing to do - that was to use the public ones just down the road. I went into the cubicle, locked the door and did what I needed. After I had wiped myself I noticed that there were drawings and messages all over the door and walls. With my trousers and underwear still around my ankles, I started to read what was there. While reading I found myself getting aroused by the stories and offers of sex written everywhere. There were even hand drawn pictures of shemales in all sorts of poses.

I sat back down gently stroking myself and thinking about the different things written. There was no way I wanted to finish things quickly, I was just so turned on by it all.

As I looked down to my right, under the dividing wall to the next cubicle, I noticed a pen and wrapped around it was some paper. Grabbing hold of it I opened it to find ASL? written. (Eventually I discovered that it meant age/size/likes.) Now I was confused and put on the paper ??? and passed it back.

The next thing the paper was back with the pen and the words: *Hi. I noticed you're about the same size as my girlfriend. Can you help me out? If you can I would be grateful for your time.*

By now I just didn't know what to think so I wrote back: *how?* and quickly added that I wasn't sure how I could help.

The next note came back: *All I want you to do is try some undies on for me I bought for my girlfriend and let me know how well they fit.*

I couldn't see any harm so agreed to do it. He then explained that he would pass one pair at a time for me to put on. I slipped out of my trousers and underwear, folding them neatly and putting them on the shut lid of the toilet, making sure that they couldn't be grabbed as I was now wary and feeling vulnerable.

The first pair came under the wall and as I pulled them up panic now took over my mind. How did this guy know I was his girlfriend's size? Had he seen me coming in? It was then I noticed some holes in the walls had been covered by tissue but that one tiny hole was uncovered. On closer inspection I realized that this guy was staring right through it.

I told him how each pair fitted and felt, even if my tiny cock was making them tent, and now I knew this guy could see me it just made me stiffer. Once I had tried them on he said he was still unsure they were right for her and would I meet him the next day, same time and place? Well I thought that was easy, why not?

The following day as arranged we met in the same cubicles as before, but this time he was sending notes asking questions about did I enjoy wearing the panties, had I done it before, did I feel like a girl when wearing them? I told him how I had worn girl's clothes before and that I enjoyed it.

His next question was who was my ideal women or girl and why? At 16 I just thought of that day's newspaper. The model on page 3 that day was Samantha Fox. As for the 'why' that was easy. That day she had been dressed in a school uniform and I just loved the look.

We met a few more times after that talking about me being a girl and me trying different items of clothing for him. Finally he asked me if I would like to dress fully for a day as a girl just like Sam Fox. He explained he had a friend who could arrange for me to be fully dressed at his place and he thought I might like it. To reassure me he also said no one would make me do anything I didn't want to do. By now those hormones had taken over totally. I just wanted to get dressed up fully. He promised a full make over from head to toe, I couldn't wait.

I met him at the arranged time and this time away from the toilets. He was a very good looking business type guy who in my mind was around 45. We drove out of town and on to the next, reaching our destination. He told me his name was Simon and by then I had told him the girl's name I liked

most was Kylie. He agreed that once dressed fully that's who I would be.

We entered a very large house and were met by a guy around the same age as Simon, give or take a year or so, His name was Bill. A girl came into the room, Bill introduced me to Debbie and told me she would help me get ready.

Debbie led me up to a bathroom while the others went off into another room. Debbie took me up to the bathroom telling me to strip and jump in the shower. I did so willingly, not noticing that she now had a razor in her hand. "Trust me and relax," she said as she expertly shaved every part of my body, making me smooth all over. She then dried me off and covered me in lotion, making my skin even softer.

"Bill has put everything you will need here, honey," she said as she helped me into my school uniform. It consisted of white panties and bra, long white socks, white blouse and tie, a very short blue games skirt with T-bar shoes to finish.

Next she sat me down, applying my make up and also styling my own mid length hair to look like any girl in the late 1970's. With a quick spray of perfume to finish, I was allowed to see myself in the mirror for the first time. There looking back at me was a very sexy looking girl who wouldn't have looked out of place at any school, apart from her very short skirt.

"Let's go meet the others," Debbie said making me stop gazing at the girl in the mirror.

We entered the other room. Debbie led the way with me quickly noticing another two guys sat at the far end of the room along with Simon and Bill. Before I could dash out the room again Bill introduced them as Rob and Jason, reminding me nothing I didn't want to happen would. Simon then told everyone that I was Kylie and a little nervous.

"Do you like Debbie?" Bill asked.

"Y-Y-yes I do!" I replied nervously.

"Suck her clit, Debbie show her how it feels."

Debbie's voice was next. "Kylie would you mind as it's your first time if I tied your arms and legs? Don't worry, I'll make sure the guys stay right where they are, that way you should find it easier to control yourself."

Who was I to refuse an offer like that? I knew that I was going to receive a blow job from this very

sexy girl at the very least. Next thing I knew, I was in the archway of the room, bound hands and feet with the four guys watching. At first she teased me in my panties as I got stiff, telling me how naughty I was and that I needed to be punished. Smack! Smack! Smack! I cried out in pain.

"Don't worry," Bill said. "This room is sound proof."

Tears were welling in my eyes as she hit me hard before stopping, releasing my panty-covered cock out of the side of the leg.

God she was sucking so good, taking it all in her mouth with her tongue flicking around my balls. I now knew why I needed to be tied. My whole body was shaking until with a huge groan I emptied myself into her mouth. Debbie looked at the guys, poking her tongue out slightly before turning to me, giving me a french kiss - another first for me.

She tasted slightly salty as her tongue explored around my mouth. As my cock softened she tucked it back into the panties before stopping the kiss. As she did she grabbed the back of my hair, pulling my head back before grabbing my nose, making me swallow hard before I could breathe. Oh God I realized what I had done, she couldn't have. Surely not? Looking at her I knew she had. I reddened just like my backside knowing I had just swallowed my own cum.

"Would you like another spanking Kylie?" she asked.

"N-N-Nooo please no more!"

"Ok I will untie you on one condition. I want you to do what I just did to Bill."

What had I done? What if she left me tied up? They might all do things to me. I reluctantly agreed to do as she asked. She untied my legs but kept my hands tied behind my back.

She whispered in my ear, "Don't worry, I will help you where I can."

I noticed all the guys were playing with their cocks and had been for quite some time, looking at how big they all were. Debbie led me over to Bill, putting her knee into the backs of my legs, making me kneel. Before I could do anything. Bill's cock was sliding in my mouth with Debbie telling me what to do. I sucked and sucked, gagging as I started to taste his pre cum. He grabbed my hair, pumping even faster, groaning as he shot load after load right down my throat, not letting go until he was fully spent.

"Oh look boys she loves being a girl. Who's next?"

There was no going back. If I cried out who would hear me? They took it in turns to use my mouth as their pussy. I gagged and choked a few times but knew that I couldn't do anything other than do as I was told. I felt humiliated, used but also elated at managing to suck four guys off just like a girl.

Before I was allowed to change I was told to kiss everyone and thank them. Debbie took me back to the bathroom, watching me shower, asking if I had enjoyed it. I couldn't deny that I hadn't at this point. She said, "You will be back begging for more. You're addicted to being a girl, I can tell."

Once dressed I met Simon and we drove back to where we had met. I thanked him for a great day. He then told me to meet him same time the next week for more of the same.