

Friend Becomes My First Part 1

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The true story of one my best friends becoming my first

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This is a true story of my first time having sex dressed a girl It finally happened, and it was a dream come true. I started dressing as a girl when I was 17. For me, it started with a thong I stole from my mom's drawer which eventually went on to lingerie, to normal clothes, and all the way to dressing fully. Im now 24, and all I wanted to do was to show myself to a man and be the little slut I know I can be. I tried online a few times but being in the closet and meeting randomly made me really nervous so I could never bring myself to do it. After a while, I started having a lot of time with the house to myself. I'd dress as much as I could and would always cam for guys on the internet. But after a while, that was not enough and I started to realize that I had to have a real man. I was friends with Mark for about 6 years. A lot of my friends thought he was gay and liked me. Considering I come off as a straight acting guy and no one knows about my little secret, I always just laughed at the joke and moved on. After a while, I'd find myself dressing and thinking about him. I started wishing he would barge in on me one day and have his way with me. The more and more I dressed over the summer, the more and more I'd want him. I finally started to wonder if my friends were right. Whenever I was with him, he always wanted to be close to me and was kinda touchy with me. After a few months, I was told my parents were going to be gone for a weekend. That's when I decided: have Mark over, dress up, and show him the night of his life. When the weekend finally arrived, I was a nervous wreck. The moment they left I began to prep. I took a long bath, shaved my entire body, and got my clothes ready. I told Mark to come over and just hang out which was a common thing we would do any other weekend night. Little did he know, this night would be completely different. When he arrived, we just hung out, talked, and watched a sporting event. The whole time I was wondering if this was a good idea or not? I mean, this could be TERRIBLE. I'm giving myself away and if it didnt work, I'd never be able to show my face to anyone ever again. After a few hours, I decided I had to do it. I told Mark that I had to take a shower and walked into the bathroom. I ran a shower as I got ready. I already had my outfit out: my short black dress that barely covered my ass, a matching black and white lace bra and thong, some black thigh highs and of course my favorite 5 inch fuck me heels. I took my time with my make up and made sure my hair (wig) looked good. I touched up my lips with my favorite glitter lip gloss, and sprayed myself with some of my mom's Victoria Secret Angel perfume. Finally, I was ready. A moment I was waiting to happen for so many years was about to. I looked myself up and

down in the mirror, thinking about how amazing I looked. I won't lie, I posed for myself a few times, just saying to myself "Wow, you look hot you little slut, now go get that dick". I blew myself a kiss and turned off the light. Finally, I opened the door..... sorry guys....part 2 coming soon