

# Have A Good Feel, She Loves It! Part One

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Published on Lush Stories on 27 Aug 2012

*First of four parts, PaulaTVxxx the transvestite slut arranges to meet some new friends.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/crossdressing/have-a-good-feel-she-loves-it-part-1.aspx>

I initially came across David like so many other people I know on the scene whilst fishing around on the internet. Unlike many though, he was 100% genuine, he'd read my profile on the transvestite contact site with interest and taken the time to write to me. It was a well thought out message that consisted of real words, put together in sentences with no text speak. I liked him for that from the start. We arranged to chat online one night, he wanted to see if I was the kind of chick he was looking for to suit his needs. He told me he'd had so many disappointments with time-wasters that he was thinking of packing the internet scene in. I would normally disregard a guy who had as little as David did on his profile, but it was the nature of his first message to me that caught my attention. It was a concise and detailed few paragraphs, it seemed to me that he didn't need to fill his profile with bullshit to attract people, he didn't want that. He was the one looking and I was intrigued enough to find out exactly what it was he was looking for. We got on well, he was interested in my liking for fantasy role play and turning those fantasies into something real. We had a good long chat and swapped a few pictures and ideas. He was just a regular kind of fella, clean and nice looking. There were none of the usual cock shot pictures where I was supposed to be wowed by an image of a dick and nothing else. All his pics were of him just being him in normal life, although I did notice in one of them that there was a nice bulge in his jeans. I told him I liked what I had seen and heard so far, he said likewise. He asked me if I could be totally subservient to a guy, that was the scenario he wanted to play out. I said yes, I think I could be as long as the things I'd be expected to do were legal I'd be up for it. We swapped phone numbers and he said he'd call me when a suitable occasion for a meet presented itself. He called a few days later, I was surprised, I was doubly surprised when I heard his voice, he noticed. He had a soft Scottish accent, the sort that someone who has lived a long time in England develops, the mixture of the place they were born and the place they now lived. "What's up?" he said. "Erm nothing, it's just that you never said you were Scottish." I realised how silly that sounded. "Is it a problem? You aren't racist are you?" He laughed as he said it, making me feel even sillier. "No, not at all. OK, hang up, ring me back in a few minutes and we'll forget this call ever took place." He laughed at the suggestion then agreed. "Well, that's a good fucking start isn't it?" I said to myself out loud as I hung up and ended the call. So, we tried again and had a long chat about what was expected for this role-play meet that he had planned. It was quite simple, I was to belong to him for the duration of our

time together. He would meet me at a swingers hotel that was having a T Girl and admirers party, the place was new to me but he had been there before. He said it would be perfect for what we were doing due to the amount of male admirers that went there looking for genuine T Girl tarts. He set out the ground rules to me, I was to do anything he asked me to, I wasn't to speak unless spoken to or given his approval to. If at any time I felt uncomfortable with anything I could leave, just walk out and say goodbye, end of story. It sounded good. He said I wouldn't have to pay for anything he would look after that, I wasn't allowed alcohol, he didn't drink and didn't expect his girls to, but smoking was fine, he liked sluts who smoked. I asked him about getting there, I can't change at home, I always transform into PaulaTVxxx wherever a meet is arranged, it wasn't a problem. He only wanted to see me as Paula, he would book a room for me at the hotel, I was to get there at around 5pm, giving me plenty of time to be ready for the party starting in the bar and ground floor area of the hotel at 7pm. "Dress like you do in your pictures, I want you suitably slutty," he said to me. "I don't think that will be a problem," I said. "Do you prefer your sluts in stockings or tights?" "I think tights for this one, I've got a thing about tights, but, no knickers. OK with that?" "Yeah, I think I can manage that." I laughed. "I've never worn knickers with tights anyway. So, tell me more about the hotel and the party." He put me in the picture about the parties, they were twice monthly affairs, the hotel was a place where T Girl sluts and their men got together. They had no time for solely lesbian T Girls or ones who just wanted to dress up and pose, there were other nights for that kind of thing. Tarty and slutty was the theme, no frilly girlies. Once the party started it was anything goes, they didn't want T Girls sneaking off with their men, whatever happened, happened in the party area. It sounded good, he had one last request before hanging up. "Telling you about it has made me horny, why not help me cum?" he said to me. It had got me horny as well, so I got my cock out and we helped each other with a phone wank. "See you next week then?" he said after I heard him gasp through his orgasm. "I'll look forward to it," I said with a smile as I felt the rush of hot spunk explode in my hand. I arrived at the Excelsior Hotel at 5pm to get myself ready for the 7pm start for the party, the couple who ran the hotel were expecting me and showed me to the room that David had booked for me. "Come down as soon as you are ready, have a drink and a chat," the lady half of the couple told me. I was ready in an hour, I'd chosen my tightest leather mini skirt with a matching biker style jacket, a white silk blouse and black leather driver type gloves with the fingertips cut away. The hairstyle was my new favourite, a black shoulder length style with red streaks. It matched my red and black leather choker collar that had a hook in the centre that I put around my neck. My lips were painted deep red as were my nails. I slipped on my blingy gold necklaces and bracelets and looked at myself in the full length mirror at the end of the room. "Something is missing," I said out loud, then laughed when I realised what it was. I hadn't put my boots on, you just can't judge an outfit until you have the heels on with it, be they boots or shoes. I'd selected a pair of five inch heeled thigh length boots with lace up fronts for the night, the boots made the outfit complete. I had followed David's instructions and was wearing a pair of tan skin tone sheer tights without knickers. I was ready, I picked up my shoulder bag and checked that I had all the essentials in there. Cigarettes, lighter, chewing gum, camera, poppers, packet of paper hankies (wankies!) and some touch up make up, they were all there. I went down to the bar and asked for a

red bull in a long glass with lots of ice. I was the only person there apart from the hotel couple, the guy was busy getting things set up for people arriving, the woman started to chat, she introduced herself as Linzey, "With a Z" her husband was called Franco "With a C". She giggled as she told me it was actually Frank, but Franco sounded more exotic for the swinger scene and was a far a more suitable name for a stripper. "You'll be busy tonight honey," Linzey said to me. "I think there'll only be two or three T Girls here, a couple of the regulars rang earlier to say they had something else on." "I'm off to get changed hon, look after Paula until the guys get here will you?" Linzey said to Franco before leaving the room. "She's nice, really sexy girl. You're a lucky fella Franco." I smiled as I spoke to him, I meant it, Linzey was hot! "Yeah, too right, just wait till you see what she wears to work the bar for the party," he replied, then gave a sly smile and a wink. "Or more to the point, what she doesn't wear!" They were a good looking couple, they looked to be in their early thirties. Linzey was a perfectly shaped size 14, a big girl but not carrying any excess fat around her tummy or arms, she had long bleached blonde hair that fell half way down her back. Franco was tall and slim, he looked like he swam to keep in shape judging by his broad shoulders atop the slim frame. His hair was jet black and gelled, with his nicely tanned skin, the name really suited his Mediterranean look. I thought he was going to blush when I commented on how nice his butt looked in his tight jeans, he gave me a wink. "I know," he mouthed to me. "Thanks." I asked Franco where the smoking area was, he told me to go ahead and light up at the bar, it was a private party so people were allowed to smoke if they wanted to. There was a patio at the back of the hotel that could be used but for parties it was fine to smoke inside. We had a quick natter about how the smoking fetish scene had turned into a big thing since the smoking bans came in and then he told me a little about himself and Linzey. They met through working for the same entertainments agency. He was a stripper who worked the hen party and ladies night circuit and Linzey did topless bar work amongst other things on the growing gentleman's evening scene. Their working paths crossed when they had been booked by a rugby club stag night to do an after hours double act and they had been together ever since. Linzey was an only child, her mother died when she was a young girl and she'd been brought up by her father who had made a fortune climbing the banking ladder before setting up his own financial consultancy company. When he died in a car crash she inherited a lot of money. They bought the hotel outright with some of the money, using the whole of the top floor as a luxury flat for themselves and running the hotel as a place where dedicated swingers and fetishists could get together. The inheritance made Linzey financially secure so they didn't need to run the hotel side of things at a profit, it was purely for pleasure. "It took Linzey a year to even think about what to do with the money, she wouldn't touch it at first. Her Dad dying like that hit her hard, she grieved for nearly twelve months, but she got there eventually." Franco lit a miniature cigar as he explained it all to me. "You won't find us in yellow pages or anything, we don't do normal guests. But you will find us on just about any sex contact or swingers site on the net. It's a good life, even if it did come out of something so sad." "Fucking hell hon, I bet it is!" I laughed. I was fascinated by the story and wanted to know more. Linzey had always been a rebellious kid which was how she had got into the lifestyle she had. She could have been set up in a job by her father and taken the easy option, but she'd opted for something she enjoyed, sex. It

was getting me quite horny thinking about Linzey and Franco doing the show that first brought them together, and what a great time they must have living the life they did in the hotel. "So, Franco, do you still do any stripping at all?" I asked mischievously. "I wouldn't mind seeing you in action. Can't wait to see Linzey in her work gear as well." "Well, we do like to have a hands on approach to running the place," Franco said. "So is that a yes?" "What do you think?" He gave me a truly beaming smile with his reply. "I'll be doing a bit of DJ stuff tonight, so who knows?" We started to chat about the news that was playing away in the corner of the room on the large television screen. Franco never took his eyes off me as we spoke, he was giving my look and outfit a full appraisal before passing his judgement. "Paula, you look great. The guys who come here will love you," Franco said after one final top to toe look at me before adding, "You'll go down a treat. love." "Well Franco, I'm hoping to go down on a lot tonight." We both chuckled at the double entendre and Franco looked back towards the television screen as the newsreader was telling the world about impending financial problems in the City of London. "By the way, once the party gets going all that depressing telly stuff goes off. There's a little more in the line of, erm, adult entertainment," Franco said. "Porno I take it?" I replied, knowingly. "Of course, but it's all our own stuff, shot here at previous parties." He reached for the remote control and changed channels. There must have been a DVD already in the player, I smiled as I watched, it had been shot in the very room that I was sitting in. The camera was roving around the room, Linzey was behind the bar pulling a pint, smiling and topless. There were people stood around the bar, guys with their T Girls, one of the couples were French kissing as the others chatted. The camera swung around to the centre of the room, Franco was just about to start a strip, taking off a suede tasseled cowboy jacket with a group of T Girls and a couple of women stood around him. They were clapping to the rhythm of the music that was playing. with one of them shouting loudly "Come on! Get 'em off!" The person with the camera then moved onto one of the small cosy alcoves that ran along one side of the room, a sluttily dressed woman was sat in between two men, she was kissing them both in turn, the camera moved in a little closer to see more. Both guys had their cocks out of their flies, the woman was wanking them both as they fondled her through her skirt. A gruff Northern voice came from behind the camera and said, "You're a greedy fucking bitch you are, Julie." Franco switched back to the news channel which was now onto the sporting events of the day. "You like? That was a mixed swingers night from last week, me and Linz ended up doing a turn on one of the tables," he said almost matter of factly as if he was describing a family video shot on the beach. "I fucking love," I replied. "Make me a copy of that!" My enthusiasm making Franco laugh. "Good girl, cos I'm hoping you are gonna be a star of the show tonight, you OK with that, Paula?" "Franco, honey, I love doing stuff for a camera, it's my hobby, of course I'm OK with it." "Fabulous, did Linzey tell you it'll be mostly guys tonight?" he asked. "Yeah, that's what I'm here for. I'm meeting a Scots guy called David, but I'm after as much cock as I can get," I told him. "Aha, a bona fide slutty T Girl then? Y'know, it never ceases to amaze me how cock crazy you lot are." Franco laughed, then carried on speaking in a more serious tone "I know David well, a really dominant guy, he'll be expecting a lot from you." "Sounds good," I said. "And, maybe I get a little play with you and the lovely Linzey?" Franco laughed, came over to me and kissed me softly on the lips. "Paula, if you are as

slutty as you look honey, you'll have a whale of a time." My phone started to buzz and ring in my bag, I looked at the display on the screen and it simply said K9. "Franco, I have to take this call, is there somewhere private I can go?" I asked. "Yeah sure, go out the back to the smoking patio." He waved his hand in the direction of the door. As I walked out to take the call the hotel's front door buzzer sounded, people had started to arrive for the party. I was nervously excited at the prospect of what was to come, yet more new territory for Paula to strut her stuff on and more new people to meet, but first, the call. K9 was a code, all my contacts had one, be they male, female or other T Girls. I never wanted to go through the worry I'd had eighteen months earlier when my phone had gone missing. It had been filled with contact names, pictures and porn, the pictures and porn relating to the names in most cases. The phone turned up eventually, it had somehow found it's way underneath the toolkit in my car when I'd had to change a wheel. It was broken but thankfully hadn't got into the wrong hands, I was never going to put myself into that situation again. Since then all contacts on my new phone were in code, and I had banned myself from keeping anything more than the scantest information on it. K9's was a call I always took, simply because he paid me for anything that I did for him. That was his thing, his fetish, he wanted to pay for his sleaze. He had a sort of love-hate relationship with it all, he detested the skanky type hookers he came across in his job, the druggies, alcoholics and pimped out desperate girls who did it for the next fix or drink. But he adored the girls and transvestites who did it simply because they enjoyed sex, and who made the effort to dress the part and to please their clients. So he created his own little clique, he had a list of T Girls and real girls, people who he could trust to be in his own fantasy world. If he met me in real life it was simple I'd do what he wanted and he paid me cash, if in situations like this one where he needed relief over the telephone he would deposit twenty five pounds into my paypal account. His code name was K9 because he was a policeman, he was the head of the dog handling unit. It was a quickie, he had just finished work and was horny as hell, he needed to cumm. Once I had told him where I was, what I was wearing and what I was doing there I knew that he was pulling his cock hard. I sat on one of the benches on the patio and started to stroke myself through my leather skirt, then I invited him to come along. He could be there in less than an hour to join in with the fun if he put his mind to it. I told him about David and the scenario we had set out, he was really getting off at the thought of seeing me with other men. He called me a dirty bitch and a whore before reaching the point where he could hold back no longer. "Thanks baby," I heard him groan as he shot his load. "You gonna be coming over then?" I asked him. "I'll text you the address of the hotel." "Yes, I'll be there, by hook or fucking crook I'll get there," he said before hanging up. Just at that moment there was a familiar voice behind me. "Ah, Franco said I'd find you here." It was David, he came around to stand in front of me. He looked as cool as he did in his pictures and I was very impressed by the look of the tight leather jeans and black t shirt he was wearing. "Well, hello, nice to see you in the flesh at last," I said to him looking up from where I sat on the bench. I was still sat with my legs open, the skirt had been pulled up to the top of my thighs as I'd spoken to K9 and got myself more horny, the phone was still in my hand. "Fucking hell, what have you been up to?" He asked me as he lit a cigarette. "Just helping a friend," I replied, smiling and standing up so that I could put my skirt down into its natural position. "He may be coming along later,"

I added. "Fuck, you are a real slag aren't you? I knew you wouldn't let me down on that," he said with a naughty smile on his face. "But, as from this minute you are now my property, as we arranged. If he does come along he only gets you if I say he can. You do exactly as I say for the rest of the night. Still up for it?" He asked as he gestured for me to follow him back into the hotel. "Yeah, of course I am. I'm yours for the rest of the night, just as we arranged," I replied. "Mine and who ever's slag I fucking say you are. Now come on, I want to show you off and get started with you." I followed him into the hotel, I couldn't help admiring his nice, tight arse in the leather jeans and very nearly went to give it a nip, but I stopped myself when I remembered the rules. No matter how much I fancied it, role-play was role-play and I had to follow the agenda that had been set. I got an exciting tingling sensation down below as we got inside, I'd nearly shot inside my tights speaking to K9 and was still on the high from that. I took David's hand as he led me to the now busy bar, I wasn't sure what I was letting myself in for, but I was looking forward to finding out! \*\*\*\*\*