

# Susan is Complete

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*Love of pantyhose turns me into Susan*

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Like most of us, my cross dressing started with wearing pantyhose. This is a true story. My older sister (she was 14 and I was 9) would wear them to school (private school with uniforms) everyday. She started to notice that I would stare at her legs when she wore them. To this day I don't know why, but she would tease me trying hard for her not to be obvious about it, letting her skirt hike up to the point where I could see her reinforced band of the pantyhose, clicking her heels on and off twisting her ankles around flirtatious like. As this continued and my life as a boy who couldn't play sports or have and boy like coordination progressed, I start wishing that I was a girl and day dreaming what it would be like wearing short skirts, pantyhose and having everyone like me in an instant. The more bad days I had as a boy the more I would dream about looking like or being a girl. Well as you probably know, that was the spark of trying on my sisters pantyhose and skirts. It wasn't till I was 18 till I decided to totally become a girl. My mother thought it was cute and didn't care one way or the other she was into her own life. The transformation wasn't as hard as most of guy out there, I didn't have any muscular build, had curvy legs (from my mom I guess, never met my dad) and long hair with sissy like features. I guess this is probably one reason that the boys never like me when growing up.(?) During the summer of my 18th year, I asked my mom if I could switch schools and go to this school wear people went to get their GED. She once again didn't care as long as I got my degree. So my plan was for the summer to buy all girl cloths (mostly skirts and dresses) and get used to wearing and walking around all day in public as a girl. I ordered hormone pills online and that really sent my hips, voice to something I would never forget. I thought I was imaging that my breast were getting bigger till my mother noticed and told me that she had two daughters now and laughed. As a 18yr old, my hormones where raging out of control to begin with, but taking female hormones it took my body into a metamorphosis state of a dream come true for me. I remember taking the city bus to go shopping in a pleated blue mini skirt, tan pantyhose, white flats shoes, and a sheer white blouse that you could see my bra through it (my breast where small but I was proud to have my little tits LOL). As I was sitting with my legs crossed, some guys about 18yrs old or more where looking me up and down. This was the first time I sat there with confidence and just crossed my legs twisting my ankle around like my sister would tease me. It was also the first time I had conformation that I had extremely sexy legs and from that point on men, boys, and sometimes women would tell me I have

really nice legs and they loved the way the arch in my foot was so flexible. I never realized that having really flexible ankles to the point that I can make my ankle curve the opposite direction from the shen of my legs meant that I had some beautiful legs ( I wear a size 9 in women's shoes, if that paints a better picture for you on how petite I'm ). After a summer of finding out how much of a sexy 18yr girl I was, I couldn't wait for school. I would babysit for extra money for my clothes. Neighbor down the street that moved in earlier that summer thought they hired a 19yr old girl to watch there 2 boys 9yr and 11yr old. That was really fun wearing short skirts with pantyhose sitting around with them as they started at my legs. I would practice sitting and teasing them getting ready for the new school year. The boys would find excuses to touch my legs like come up to me and ask stupid questions and stuff. It reminded me of my sister and how much I wanted to be a girl. I wonder how they feel now? It came time to go to class my first day and I was totally prepared for it, wearing a lime green chiffon flippy mini skirt that would blow up if a slight breeze blew, tan pantyhose with reinforcement (to show it if my skirt hikes up), navy blue flats, and a really nice white blouse. As I sat in class, it was mostly guys, older guys that had gone back to get their GED. OMG. It seemed like everyone one was staring at my legs. At first I was really nervous, but as the day went on, I started to gain more confidence, and started crossing my legs, sitting down fast so my skirt would flare out to the sides, bounce my legs up and down, and sliding my foot in and out of my shoes. It was like everybody wanted to be my friend, it was almost like magic. As the days went on and going to class, some of the guys would flirt with me and one time this guy started to rub my legs. I just sat there with my legs crossed bouncing them around and acted like it was nothing. I guess this sent the message that anyone could feel on my legs. So as weeks went on the thing for us to do on our breaks was to sit around (they smoked) and for the lucky person sitting next me would have a opportunity to feel on Susan's curvy pantyhose clad legs. The one guy that really took to my legs, Don, started to make me feel for him, he felt my legs differently then other guys and I wanted him to more then anyone else. I now realize that I never had a relationship with a guy or female for that matter and it was becoming my first. I wanted to please him, so one day he drove me home and I could see his cock bludging out of his pants, so I grabbed it and started to stroke it. I unzipped his pants and gave him a blow job. This was my first, even though I would practice with carrots, pickels, and things, but he told me that I was the best he ever had. It must of been cause he came twice in about 10 minutes of me blowing him. I loved swallowing cum because I think it taste good and i get a part of that person everytime I swallow. It makes me feel more and more like a girl/women everytime I get cum in me, it just reinsures me of being a girl now. As Don and me started to date ( he didn't know I was a guy yet, I told him I was going to have sex only if I had a ring he was a 19yr old geek and he never had a girl so he was happy to get what he could from this sexy Susan ), he would want me to wear shorter skirts with high heels when I was with him and even if I wasn't with him. I asked him why he wanted me to wear shorts skirts and heels when he wasn't around and he told me he wanted me to tell him everytime a guy would hit on me or what they would do staring at my legs. Don started to teach me how to sit and make my skirt go up without being obvious, and he like to go to the movies when it was crowded and have me sit next to a guy and cross my legs towards the guy and brush up against his leg with mine and see if he would

feel on my pantyhose. It would work just about everytime and Don would get excited just watching another guy feel on me. It was almost like he would get off more having me being felt on or watching me give another guy a blow job. He would take me to parties and watch me from afar and tell me to let whatever happened if a guy came up to me and started to talk to me wearing really short skirts, 5in heels (he had me practice wearing them all the time now). I got so good at wearing them, I could wear them all day and my feet wouldn't hurt at all. Now I didn't mind any of this at all, in fact I loved swallowing cum and making guys want me to the point that they wanted me for their girlfriend. One time Don and I got into a argument because his friend was feeling on my pantyhose when we where in the car and he told me not to let his friends touch me. I got made and all and I went back into party where this took place and was totally all over his friends, getting drunk and letting them lift my skirt up and and feeling on my pantyhose he got so mad, he got into a fight with his friends and the next day when came over to talk to me his friend was there with me watching a movie and feeling on my legs. My legs where across his lap and my foot was in his crotch rubbing his cock. Don started to beg me to come back to him and I told him that I would be he has let me suck or fuck whoever I wanted to including his friend Steve. Steve was the first guy to fuck me in my ass. He didn't have a big cock so he was perfect for me. Steve couldn't get enough of me either, with me wearing skirt and pantyhose all the time everywhere we went, I was a dream girl for any guy. What guy doesn't want his girlfriend looking sexy 24hrs a day? Now that I'm 18, going on 19, I work as a software programmer with a bunch of guy wearing skirts, and hose everyday sitting in the same cubicle and knowing they want to feel on my legs. To this day, I have changed my first name to Susan and my fake ID shows that I'm a female. Not too many people know this so my life as Susan is now complete. I have a lot of true stories to tell you so if you write me and let me know if you like this I'll be happy to share them with you. Susan.