

The Meeting

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Some first meetings turn out better than others

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I initially met Richard through a TG Community site and we seemed to hit it off from the very start. He was very open about his likes and dislikes, about him being a TG admirer, about having had a fair number of encounters and dates, but he never pressured to know anything about me. Drawn by his gentleness and gentleman ways though I found myself sharing my deepest dreams and wildest fantasies with him through regular emails over the following several months. Richard had this way of making me feel all giddy inside just by the way he wrote and I soon discovered that I could not get enough of this feeling. Although we both lived in the same city, which was one of the details that further fueled my interest; we never spoke of meeting other than in passing or as a possibility in a very distant future. Eventually, after several months of email chat and increasingly daring pictures from me I felt comfortable enough for us to take the next step... so I asked if we could meet this coming weekend. Richard seemed absolutely thrilled with the idea; his reply letter described how he had been looking forward to meet such a special lady as myself and that he had hoped for a while that I would ask. That letter of course only made the wait that much harder since we had only been Tuesday. The rest of the week went by excruciatingly slow as my mind became lost in daydreams of our upcoming meeting instead of being on my work. We had decided to meet in a public park in the early hours of Saturday, Richard having been more than happy to accommodate my request for us to meet where I would feel safe yet away from the general public's scrutiny. My experiences in going out dressed had been rather limited and I did not want for anyone to recognize me. We both knew the park and agreed that the low pedestrian traffic would provide relative safety while not hindering our first meeting. I found myself unable to sleep that Friday night. My heart raced in anticipation of the meeting that I could not help imagine would fulfill so many of my dreams and maybe even a few of my fantasies. By 2am I had already jumped in the shower so that I could shave all of the unsightly hairs and apply to my smooth body some flowery scented skin cream. Once satisfied with the cleanliness of my form I moved onto the next step which was to give myself the curves Richard had so often commented and complimented me on. My favorite black lace bra was put on first and filled with a pair of C-Cup sized breastforms. Next I slipped into matching black lace panties and a pair of stay-up black stockings. I took a moment to glance at the full length mirror and smiled while I hoped Richard would truly like what he would see. Next came my corset which nicely shaped my body into a gentle

hourglass figure. The apparel could have been set much tighter but since I already had problems breathing because of my nervousness I thought it best to not push too far for fear of passing out even before I would reach the park. A white frilly blouse, short black skirt and my knee-high 4 inch black boots followed to complete the outfit that I had particularly been proud of. The contrast of the black bra and white blouse hinted to me not being as innocent as some might have figured... as if the short black skirt had not been enough for that. With me dressed I strutted around the room for a few minutes while I concentrated on my posture and how my hips swayed with each step. Like everything else I had wanted this to be perfect so to insure that Richard would not be disappointed in our first meeting. The last steps brought me to my desk where my vanity mirror and makeup had already been setup. Carefully I applied my makeup as I recalled some of Richard's comments on how great my eyes and lips looked in the pictures I had sent him. Although I had been courageous enough to send him a few pictures of me showing my face, I had wanted this occasion to be perfect in every way, so no detail however small had been overlooked. Once finished I completed the look with a pair of large silver loop earrings, a lacy black choker, several hoop bracelets and my long, mid-back wavy auburn wig, the one that Richard had mentioned had been his favorite. I then took great care to apply some nice long press-on nails as they always helped me feel especially feminine when I wore them. I gave myself one last glance in the mirror before I slipped on my black spring coat, checked that I had my ID, cell phone and keys were in my purse and headed out into the cool spring morning air. The drive to the park was nerve-racking as I double and triple checked everything to make sure that nothing would happen. Despite the slowness of the drive I still managed to arrive at the park for 4:40, a full 20 minutes ahead of our scheduled 5am meeting time. Too nervous to sit still in the car and wait I left the relative safety of my vehicle and fearfully headed into the park. My head spun with thoughts, trepidations and excitement as I walked down the dimly lit paved path. This had not been the first time I had ventured out for an early morning stroll through the park, but this had been the first time that I had been so aware of the clicking of my heels and the shadows that surrounded me. My heart skipped a beat when a jogger came up behind me and passed me with a whistle. I had been so nervous that I had not heard him approach, but the smile on his lips as he glanced back at me took some of the edge off as I figured that he had approved of what he had seen. I continued on my walk while I waited for the dreaded 5am to come, half scared that Richard would not show and half terrified that he would show but be disappointed in me, my look or disprove of anything about me. As I made my way back to the parking lot I noticed a car park next to mine. Once again my heart raced in anticipation. I could have reached into my purse to check the time on my cell phone but decided that it would make me look too nervous, so I forced myself to breathe in slowly and wait to see what would happen. A tall figure emerged from the car and looked around for a moment before he started on his way... in my direction. I felt myself grow faint with each step that drew him closer to me until he was close enough for me to see his features. "Good morning," the man said. "You truly are beyond gorgeous," he added before he gently reached for my hand and placed a tender kiss on it. I found myself unable to say anything, instead I just grinned like a schoolgirl after her first kiss. Obviously this had been Richard and he had been everything I had hoped for and more. "Shall we take a walk?" He

asked as he offered his hand to me like the gentleman that he was. Totally unable to force words out I again simply smiled and accepted his offered as I placed my hand into his. His grip was firm yet tender which instantly made me feel like the queen of the world. I felt both as feminine as I had ever felt and as protected as I could have ever hoped to be. The moment had been truly magical and I hoped that it would never end. "I am so glad that you decided for us to meet," Richard offered in a whispered voice. "I had wanted to see you for a very long time but never wanted to pressure you." "I am glad that we are here now too," I finally managed before I bit my lower lip as I looked into his eyes and thought of how much I enjoyed being the woman on his arm. "You have been so kind, sharing your dreams and fantasies with me," Richard began in a somewhat serious tone. "I hope that you will not be against hearing some of mine." I stopped and looked deeply into Richard's eyes. "It is you who has been too kind. You waited for me to be ready for this meeting and now... well... I feel like I am ready to do anything for you. You have made me feel more like a woman in just a few minutes than I could have ever imagined... and to be honest I feel like there is nothing I wouldn't do for you." "Do you truly mean that?" Richard asked as he gently caressed my left cheek with the back of his right hand. "I do," was my reply which even surprised me. Richard knew that I was rather submissive but I had never imagined that this meeting would have triggered such absolute abandon in me. I found myself truly ready to do whatever he would ask of me, and part of me secretly hoped that he would ask some truly unspeakable things of me. Richard only smiled and resumed to walk with me still hooked onto his arm. I leaned in onto his shoulder and took in the moment happy that I had finally gathered the courage to meet him. We walked for a little while and talked about some of my fantasies before we ended in the tunnel that connected the train station to the park. Because it was still rather early the tunnel had been empty but I knew that this would not last as commuters would soon be passing through to get to work. I also felt somewhat nervous at being in a fully lit area instead of out where my facial features would not be so easily seen. Richard suddenly stopped in the middle of the tunnel, leaned against the wall and pulled me in closer. Without warning he gently tilted my head and kissed me. His lips pressed against mine with loving passion and I melted into his arms as I offered absolutely no resistance to his embrace. I felt my knees shake as we shared a passionate kiss which pushed away any remaining shadow of hesitation I might have had in regards to my submission to his will and desires. After what felt like hours our lips parted and Richard smiled as he looked into my eyes, a sparkle of dominance having appeared in them. "You said that you would do anything I asked," he playfully whispered. "Yes," I replied in the same whispered tone, my eyes momentarily dropped to show my full submission to his will. "Then I will allow you to fulfill one of your fantasies," he offered as he reached down to his pants and began to undo them. My heart raced once more as I glanced to either end of the tunnel in fear of someone having been in with us. When Richard saw my hesitation he reached for my face and again gently caressed my cheek. "Be my little bitch... my little slut... and I will make you mine. I will treat you like you have always wanted to be... like a goddess in public... and like a whore in private. I will shower you with gifts... some to be enjoyed by you... and others to be used by me." Charmed by his words and driven by the desire to please him I lowered onto my knees, helped undo his pants and gently guided his manhood out into the open. I glanced up

at Richard and found that I truly enjoyed this view of him... me at his feet as his submissive to command... his slave to abuse as he wished. Gently I wrapped my red painted lips around his cock and slowly, delicately took him in. He inhaled a deep breath as my mouth took in his full length which quickly began to grow to being too long for me to have in whole. "That's it you little slut... suck me... make me feel just how much you want it... make me see what kind of little slut you are... that you are *my* little slut," he moaned which only made my desire for his hard length even more powerful. My lips worked feverously on his stiffened shaft, so much so that I had failed to realize that someone had joined us in the tunnel. "WHORE!" I heard a woman say in utter disgust as she walked past us which caused me to stop for a very brief moment before I came to realize that she had been entirely correct. Here had I been, on my knees with Richard's cock sliding between my lips... and I enjoyed it... a lot. "She's just jealous that you are more gorgeous than she is," Richard offered with a smile followed by a deep grunt. At this point I no longer cared who else had been in the tunnel with us, I had been made to be Richard's little slut and saw no reason to stop being who I had dreamt to be for so very long. As I continued to work on Richard cock I heard pictures being taken by a cell phone. Obviously another commuter had passed through the tunnel, this one though having found the sight more enjoyable than the previous woman. Soon Richard took hold of my head and held me there as he shot load after load of thick hot spunk deep into my throat. I delighted in swallowing each and every drop before I drained his cock of the last remnant which caused his knees to buckle a little, something that made me inwardly smile with delight. Richard casually did up his pants and helped me back to my feet as I became aware of the audience that we had gathered. About half a dozen men had stopped to look at this little slut giving her man a blowjob... and that slut had been me. Fear began to wash over me as these men looked at me with lust in their eyes but Richard placed his arm around me and pulled me closer before we started to walk out of the tunnel. "You were wonderful back there, and I am sure that those guys would have given up their right arms to be where I was... to have such a beautiful woman please them as you did me," Richard said in a loving, admiring way that filled my soul with pride. I had just made a public spectacle of myself, seen dressed by more people at once than I had ever seen before, in a rather compromising position... and still I found it in me to be proud of what I had accomplished. Richard had managed to draw out the slut in me and this had only been our first meeting.