Fun on Business Trip (part 1)

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This is a account of real-life events.

After the first couple of outings at the mall, I lost some of the nervousness around shopping fem clothes and started actually enjoying it. So much so, that over next two-three weeks, I visited many more stores and ended up buying nearly a dozen skirts, bra and sexy panties. I had begun to get a hang of interacting with the sales women, making them comfortable in helping me. Barring just a single occasion, I had had a positive experience in every single store.

In February, I had to travel to Texas for a two week business trip. I frequently travel for work; so this was nothing new. In fact, I have been to this particular office a couple of times before during 2011. It was a routine visit to our company's factory.

While getting ready for the trip, my newly-rediscovered love for crossdressing started picking my mind. There wasn't going to be a lot of work, so I would have quite a bit of free time on hand. I also know the town a little bit , so this was a perfect opportunity to have some fun in relative anonymity away from home. For flight, I had to pack light to avoid lugging around too much stuff. So I settled for carrying just a couple of sexy panties and one padded bra. What excited me more was the thought of putting my newly learned confidence to use and going shopping while on trip. Another rather thrilling opportunity I saw was dressing up and going out to one of the night spots.

On the very first day of trip, a Monday, I wound up the work early, and left for hotel around 4.30. I quickly took a shower, put on the red lace panties and bra I had brought along. I was not carrying any skirts or fem dresses, so just put on my guy street clothes on top. I sprayed on the girly perfume I had bought specially for this trip.

The bra I wore was a 36B size, which I had carefully selected while buying. This cup size is perfect for me; as it gives just the right amount of visibility while wearing guy mode clothes. To someone passing by, or to someone not looking deliberately at me, the 'boobs' of this size bra are not be very noticeable. But, to someone I am talking to at an arm's length, the boobs would be unmistakable. I

find this the best; because it lets me go around being too obvious in a crowd; while giving the slight exhibitionist thrill of showing off boobs to people I choose to talk to.

I drove to the mall and headed straight to the Victoria's Secret. I was hoping of a empty store, but also knew that that was probably unlikely. And so it turned out to be the case. There were a bunch of teenage girls hanging around there; which meant my chances of getting to try on lingerie were very slim. I walked through the store for a couple of minutes. I got a couple of usual greetings & offers to assist from the peppy young girls working there. One of them probably noticed that I was wearing a bra, and gave me a weird look. I didn't spend much time & walked out.

Walked a few stores further down the mall & lo-behold what do I find - my favorite store Soma. This one looked a bit larger than the store I had seen in Boston. This also seemed to advertise merchandise geared more towards younger women, more in line with the Victoria's secret sexier lingerie lineup.

I walked in and saw that it was a lot quieter than the Victoria's. There were two middle aged women shoppers. What was the highlight, however, was that there were not one or two,but three sales women and all of them were quite attractive. I especially noticed a short, slim blonde who was the very definition of a MILF. Probably in her early to mid forties, she had very delicate looking features. She was wearing very a tight black sweater and slacks that accentuated her tiny but well-shaped figure. She had a not so big butt; but her boobs were on a bit larger side for her small frame. Probably a D cup. Her wavy, smooth golden blonde hair swayed around as she walked. She was wearing definitely very tall-heeled shoes that clicked as she walked, but had a practiced model-like expert catwalk.

She said hello and walked over towards me. As she spoke, I knew that she had noticed my boobs. All the same, she talked in a very casual and friendly tone. She offered her help in finding anything. I was already liking her attention towards me, so I said that I would be glad if she helped and that I was looking for a few things. I told her that I was looking for something casual - a skirt or a dress; then a piece of silk or sheer nighgown, and a pair of bra and panties. I didn't mention that it was for me. I just wanted to see where the conversation went.

She started showing me a number of clothes. This Soma store is a little different than the one back in Boston; in that this one has a bigger selection of tops and skirts etc; besides the lingerie and intimates. First, she showed some casual skirts and tops. Some of the skirts were very long, some were very very short. Nothing in particular caught my eye.

Next, she led me to a different side of store and showed me some very pretty strapless, knee length dresses. Those were all very bright colored dresses, of summer look. These were quite sexy dresses;

except that being strapless, they had little use for me. They would look odd over a padded bra & no boobs ! I wanted something that could cover my bra, at least partially, and give appearance of large breasts.

I decided to take the conversation to a more personal level.

I said to her, "Well, these dresses are all pretty, but I think I don't want to look at strapless ones right now."
I paused for a second, before adding, "Actually, I'm shopping for myself. I wanted something that I can wear over ..... the bra".

I smiled and waited for her to respond. She gave me the most pleasant smile I have ever seen, something of an understanding and implicit approval. It was almost as if she was saying , "Of course , I knew that." I even thought I saw her taking a quick glance at my boobs. Maybe that part was my imagination.

She said, "No problem, I can help you with that". It almost seemed like she was actually enjoying this episode and wanted to see where things went.

She walked over towards another set of dresses nearby. These were of more silkier texture, although these were strapless too, like the previous ones. She said , "These are somewhat similar, but they also come with a set of attachable straps" She showed me the loose straps that were pinned inside.

She removed a black dress from the hanger, removed the straps pinned inside. Then she showed me how those straps could be attrached to the dress; and that in this way the bra would be concealed somewhat.
This was a classic little black dress with a very soft , velvet fabric; with frills crisscrossing at the chest in a V that could show ample amount of cleavage. The attachable staps she showed had a thin satin piece of lace that cold be added to cover up some of the cleavage.

I held the dress to my body to get a feel and see fit. The dress was actually very short, almost two to three inches above my knee. As I was checking the dress, looking at the mirro, she threw a sentence which was bombshell to me.

She said - "Why don't you try it on and see how it fits ?"

I was dumbfounded. I had not expected _her_ to suggest that I try on the clothes there in the store. I thought, either she is a very very helpful person or she is getting turned on at the prospect of seeing a crossdresser.

At this time, the other shopper women had left and I was the only customer in the store.

I said, "Uh, are you ok with that ? I can try these on - use your fitting rooms ?"

She said, "Of course. Let me show you to the fitting room".

As we walked in direction of the fitting rooms, on the way I noticed a very very sexy sheer satin nightgown. Without saying a word , I picked it up as well and carried with me.

She took me towards the left side of store back side. There were 5-6 fitting rooms in the store; and a couple of them on the left side were a little separated from others. She opened the door to one of the rooms and let me in.

She hung the clothes' hangers on to the hook on back of the door and said, "Just try this on and see if it fits well. Let me know if you need a different size or something".

I first put on the black dress & found it a bit too tight. Just then, the sales woman knocked on the door and asked me if I was doing fine.. I opened the door.She eyed me from top to bottom and asked me if I liked the dress.

I told her, that I did, though it was slightly tight. I asked her if she could show me a larger size of the dress for fit. I also told her that sometimes I wore a larger cup size bra - a D - that would make the dress very very tight, so it would be best if she could lend me a D cup sized bra to try on as well.

For a second I thought that I had tried too much. But she was cool, and she just muttered something about being right back & left. She was back with the larger size of the dress and pair of bra _and_ panties. The label on bra indicated it was a size D. She handed them to me and left.

I stripped again, put on the bra and panty she had brought, along with the large size of black dress. This one hugged my body well. It went over the bra smoothly showing a nice shape of boobs. It was also tight at the hips and short enough to stay a couple of inches above knee. All in all, a sexy outfit by any angle.

The woman was back in a couple of minutes. When I showed this size I was wearing, she smiled and said emphatically , "See ... that looks good on you. I would definitely say this one is better fit."

I said thanks and told her that I'll also wanted to try on the sheer negligee. She said sure and left.

As I was stripping off and getting into the negligee, she was back. She knocked on the door. I opened the door slightly. She came very near the door and whispered to me "I don't want to rush you or anything; but there's a group of girls who just entered the store. If they need to try on something in fitting rooms, I can't let them in back here while you are here. So can I just ask you to not take too much of time ?"

That sent a wave of panic through my spine. Immediately I pictured a group of staring eyes, all silently ridiculing me as I talk out of the fitting room. I had to hurry before this got too embarrassing.

I promised her that I should be out in just two minutes.

I quickly stripped off the negligee, got into Tshirt and jeans, put on my shoes and hurriedly , but as silently as possible, walked out of fitting room. I was sweating profusely on my forehead at this moment.

I gingerly looked around the store, but only saw two teenagers around. The others may have left. Also, the two girls were luckily farther off and wouldn't notice me. I was relieved.

I quickly walked towards the checkout counter where the woman who helped me was. She was talking to two other employee women. As I reached the counter, they stopped talking. I could literally feel the other women stealing glances at me; with a suppressed laughter on the lips.

The woman who was helping me, she quickly did the billing for me, put the two dresses I had bought in a large bag and handed to me.

Then, as I thanked her and was about to leave, she did the second thing that quite surprised me.

She came out from behind the door, and accompanied me towards the door. As we got a little farther from other two teenager girls, she said to me , "Sorry to rush you back there, but certainly the evenings are generally more crowded. It would be lot easier if you call us before you come in next time. Probably earlier in the day. That way, you know, we can definitely help you better"
I was a bit flustered at this time, and was little eager to leave. But she went on in a more whispered tone, "You know, I know a lady - she's a friend of mine - who works at the Macy's here down at the mall. I think she may be able to, help you with fitting etc in a more private setting. It's this 'by appointment only' thing that they have. Do you want me to give you her contact ?"

I mumbled that it would be great.

She walked to her counter, and was back with a card. She handed me the card , and said, "This is my

card. My name is Marcie, and my friend is Nicki. You can contact her there in the store and give my name.".

I thanked Marcie again and then a second time and walked out of the store.

This turned out to be an extraordinarily great beginning of the fun I had over next week or so. More to follow