

# Wonderful crossdressing shopping experience

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Published on Lush Stories on 26 Dec 2011

*A wonderful Christmas eve to remember*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/crossdressing/wonderful-crossdressing-shopping.aspx>

Following is a true account of my recent experience of shopping for clothes (crossdresser, no sex). I just wanted to share a couple of very pleasant experiences I had shopping at the Natick Mall near Boston. It was the first time ever that I managed to shop with confidence and without any stress. I really want to give compliments to lovely women who made this possible (in case any one of you ever went to shop there, tell them about this story). The first experience I had was at a small boutique store named Free People. I was just passing by the store, when a few skirts and dresses on display caught my eye. I was planning on shopping for a dress, so I went inside. There were few customers, a couple of teenager girls and a woman in her forties. The only sales associate was a short young girl. She looked friendly, but not too intrusive. She did notice me and gave a welcoming smile, but did not draw attention to me by greeting loudly. She was mostly busy checking something at desk computer and adjusting clothes on racks. As I strolled around in the store, I happened to walk around to where she was standing. I was checking out some dresses, when she asked me in a low voice and friendly manner if I needed any help. I wasn't yet sure, so I said I'm doing good. I was happy to be keeping a low profile so far. I picked a knee length cocktail dress, held it to my chest and stood in front of a mirror. I did look around to see anyone was giving me any look. The 40something woman was nearby, and I'm pretty sure she noticed me checking out the dress, but she did not stare at me. Then I saw a saffron color lace skirt & I was instantly sold on it. It was a very light textured skirt, very girly and little bit of see through. The waistline had a flowery lace design and the hemline had some ruffles. It had sort of fluffy and airy look suitable for a teenager or young woman. The moment I saw it, I knew it I was buying it. I picked two- three different ones and did a quick compare on size. I briefly held it to my waist and found that it was fairly short enough to stay a couple of inches above my knee. This was exactly what I was looking for. I looked around and saw that the sales girl was arranging some stuff in one corner. As I pondered my next move, she noticed me looking in her direction & walked over towards me. She smiled and asked if I needed any help. Now, a few months ago, this would have been precisely the moment when I would have panicked & chickened out, but not this time. I had summoned enough courage this time. I looked her in the eyes and said, "I like this skirt and I think I want to buy this. But, I want to try it on before buying. Can I use the fitting room to try it?"

To my relief, she did not show surprise or disdain like I used to dread about. On the contrary, she looked as if that was the most natural thing to ask and said, "Oh sure, you can. Let me show you the fitting room." I told her that I was looking for a small or medium size and asked her which of those dresses were small, as I couldn't see a label. She pointed at two of those and said those are small & medium and then said, "Maybe, try both. See which is a better fit" She showed me to one of the three fitting rooms. The fitting room did not have a solid door, but just a heavy curtain. I was just a little conscious about there being gap between curtain and walls and that someone might see me. Nevertheless, I quickly took off my shoes, jeans and put on the small size skirt. I posed at different angles and saw how it flowed and moved as I turned. I also did bend down to see if while doing so it looked too tight. It did not. It was a perfect fit. I went to the checkout, the assistant asked me if I was all set. I said yes and paid. As she was neatly folding the skirt and putting it in a carry bag, I blurted out, "I'm buying something after a long time, wasn't sure what size would fit me". She blushed a little bit. I thought for a second if I shouldn't have said anything, as it seemed to embarrass her, but then she gave a beaming smile of understanding and said "Have a good day". As I walked out of the store, I was actually surprised how calm I felt. In my past couple of experiences of shopping for lingerie or dresses, I used to be literally sweating or my heart would be beating so fast I could hear it. But today I just felt the nice feeling you get from happy shopping. After buying the skirt, I walked around the mall, stepping in few stores occasionally. I had been very happy so far and was content to call it a day. But I happened to wander into a store named "Francesca's collections". Walking in there, I would have never guessed how huge and great experience it would turn out. This store was smaller than the last one. Also, unlike the previous one, there were no customers here at the moment. There were two lovely ladies behind sales counter- a smartly dressed tall woman probably in her mid 30s, and a younger woman who was very pretty. I looked around a little bit, but nothing caught my attention. The young woman was walking around, tidying up things in general. I was looking at a few tops on one rack, when she asked me if she could help me find anything. I noticed that she wore a tag indicating her name was Kelly. I hesitated for a minute, but remembering the previous experience, I decided it was worth asking for help. I showed her the skirt I had bought earlier and said that I was looking for something that would look good with this skirt. She commented that it was a nice skirt and then asked the other woman, "Hey Linda, he wants to find something that will go well with this skirt" Linda walked over towards me. She took the skirt in her hand and said, "Oh wow, that's a gorgeous skirt. Let me see ..." . She walked to one side and picked up a couple of white and beige colored tops. They looked a bit plain to me and I said as such. I was looking at a light-chocolate colored top with frills and asked Linda what she thought about it. By this time, Kelly was also near. She commented on my selection that its color probably went well with the skirt, but not the design. She went through a few tops and picked a longer dress that had sort of a slip that went down to the knee. She said that since the skirt was sort of see-through, this slip would be well inside. I said I actually have a slip (I do) so didn't need that. She asked me, "So are you mainly looking for something like a top?" . I told her that, that's what I was looking for. She then looked around more and took a small beige halter top, with a satin finish, held it and the skirt together. She held it up against the light, pondered for a moment and said that

these two would look good together. Linda agreed and asked me what size I was looking for. At this time, it dawned on me that they were still thinking that I was buying a gift for a girlfriend or wife. I cleared my throat and stated plainly, "It's actually for me, I need to try it on to know the size." I looked at their faces for expressions. Though my experience in the first store was positive, I was still half expecting for one of them to give me weird look. I thought I saw faintest of smiles on Kelly's face. But Linda reassuringly, "Oh, no problem. Please go on", and motioned to the fitting rooms near inside wall of store. This is a pretty small store, so the fitting 'room' - or booths rather - are not more than 10 feet from the sales counter. I walked over towards the fitting rooms. I briefly stopped and asked Linda which room I could use. She said, "Yeah, no problem, take any one." Maybe, it's that I am a pretty small guy, not very muscular etc; so they were not feeling any imposing vibe. And no doubt, my politely asking for directions and gauging their comfort level helped. Both of them seemed to be genuinely interested in helping , without any judgement or sarcasm. By this time, there were other customers in store - a couple of Japanese girls, looking at some jewelry. Kelly went towards them and Linda returned behind the counter. I stepped inside the last fitting room booth in row, drew the heavy curtain. I took off my shoes, jeans, my shirt and jacket. Now I was just stripped down to my red push-up bra and a lace panty (yes, I had been wearing those the entire evening). I put on the skirt and the halter neck top. The top seemed a little tight beneath the bust line, but I wasn't sure if that was the intent, to accentuate the breasts. The thought of dressing up like this, with two women right outside who knew fully well I was crossdresser was a huge turn-on & I was stiff as a pole by now. The copious amount of pre-cum was wetting my panty already. I didn't want to cause any embarrassing situation, so I quickly coated my finger with the precum and licked it all off. With some effort, tucked my stiff shaft inside my panty. As I was checking myself in the mirror, I heard Linda's voice right behind the curtain. She asked me if I was doing OK or if I needed any help. I told her I was doing fine. I then thought of trying on the other chocolate colored top as well. So I again put on my guy clothes - the jeans shirt etc and walked out. Linda asked me if the dress fit well. and I said it did, although I was thinking of trying something else too. By now, there were few more customers in store, but everyone was busy checking out stuff. I picked the top and went back to the fitting room. I found that what Kelly had said earlier was right, in that the chocolate colored top didn't mesh well with the look of the skirt. So, instead I put on the halter neck top again and decided that it looked much better. I was hoping that Linda would come back to ask if I needed any help so I could ask her opinion. I waited a couple of minutes and then briefly peeked out to see if Linda was nearby. I saw Linda behind the counter , doing billing for some customer - a tall blond girl buying something. I waited few more minutes in the hope that Lind could come around, but the blondie seemed very talkative. After maybe 3-4 minutes, she left. When I peeked out again, Linda wasn't at the counter. From my viewing angle, I could see neither Linda nor Kelly. I thought for a second about stepping out, but decided against doing so, since I couldn't see if there were other customers in the store. As I was wondering if I should put on my jeans etc and step out, I heard someone talking. I peeked out again, a little bit more obvious this time. Linda was behind the counter and she noticed me looking in her direction. I closed the curtain and waited. I was expecting Linda to come over. Instead, I heard Kelly's voice this time. She said, "Hi, do

you need any help ?" I thought for a split second, and thought what the hell? they know that I'm dressing up. I moved the curtain slightly and looked out. Kelly was outside and again said "Hi". I said in a little hesitant tone, "Yes, can I ask your opinion ?" "Sure, let me see" I opened the curtain more to give her full view and step in. She did not step in, but moved little closer and held the curtain in one hand , covering the view from the rest of the store. She eyed me from head to toe. Here I was, wearing a see through skirt showing my inner red panties and a mesh halter top showing my red bra. I must have been quite a spectacle. At least my saving grace was that I have recently waxed very smooth legs. She said, "It actually goes the other way around. The mesh goes on the back." I flushed. I couldn't even tell front from back. How dumb. She said, "That's ok. This one doesn't have a very clear bust line , so it's a little hard to tell. Can you move sideways ?" I did move & that gave her a nice view of my bra-boobies. She said, "This one is slightly tight around beneath chest. Probably the medium size would be a better fit. I'll get it for you.". She came back in few seconds and handed me the medium size one. Again, she waited outside while I changed into that one. (She didn't really need to - as she had very clearly seen my panties and bra through the see-through clothes. But she did, which just showed me that she's quite professional and giving me the same courtesy as other customers) I let her view it again, and turned both side ways etc. She nodded approvingly this time and said , "Well that looks nice !". She smiled and left. I got back into to my street clothes, walked out with the top and went to the counter. Kelly was a bit away doing some arranging and Linda was at the counter. She asked me, "So, you like it?" I said, "Yes, Kelly gave me the other size and and this one fit well." By now, I was very relieved and happy at the whole experience, and Linda could clearly see it. She said, "Anytime, glad we could help." As we completed the payment etc, I casually mentioned, "I used to be small size, but haven't shopped in a while so wasn't sure what size fit me." "Oh yeah, it's hard. Please do come by anytime, we can help." "I do wish you guys had shoes too" She gave me a big smile and said "I know !! Well have a good day and happy holidays !" I said good bye to her. On the way to the door, I stopped by where Kelly was arranging stuff. She said cheerfully, "See ya, do come back". I thanked her again for helping me find what I needed and walked out... ----- I'm sure they both must have had a chuckle after I left, and a story for the day. Personally, I was never more satisfied from shopping. This was my first experience of showing off dressed up to anyone, what an experience! I'm already looking forward to go all the way, get dressed up along with make up and go out !!. By the time I walked back to the car , I could feel the pre-cum wetting my thighs and panty. I drove back home quickly & had a wonderful evening exploring & pleasuring my body. But that's story for another time.. -- the above story is entirely true factually, except only one part. I made up the names of Kelly and Linda, because I just forgot to really ask for them. Other than that, the conversations did take place exactly as I mentioned above. If you liked the story, do remember to rate and send me your comments.