

"Do you like my clothes?"

The end of the train we were in had almost emptied out, so only I heard her question

"Don't be embarrassed-she must have seen me reddening-but you've been looking me up and down ever since I sat opposite you"

Yes, she was tall, my height probably and yes, I loved the outfit she was wearing; red top, feminine and elegant, a very well-cut navy skirt and simple but smart shoes, medium heel. A white jacket hung on the hook beside her and an obviously expensive bag was on the seat beside her. I knew that her underwear, well bra at least was pretty; there was a very small triangle of white lace at the base of the V of her top just visible.

"Yes, I do, as it is a very elegant outfit -you look great."

"Thank you." She leaned a little closer and I could smell her perfume, as classy as her clothes "They would fit you; I'm in the clothing business so can size people very quickly"

I really didn't know what to do as I was fantasising about a similar outfit, but, realised the cost would be excessive and I didn't know where she had bought the items.

"Would you like to try them on? I'll sell them to you if they fit and you feel good in them."

"What, me? Trying on your clothes! How, where...."

"I get off at the stop after next. My shop is a 5-minute walk away in the High Street. You do want to, don't you?" I managed to stammer a yes. "I thought so. You've your credit card of course?"

So, only a few minutes later we got off the train together. Yes, we were the same height, in her heels, 5cm probably, she was a bit taller than me. Her shop was double fronted, one side with a window of delightful lingerie, the other with a very attractive display of dresses and accessories.

"I run them as two businesses, but customers regularly move from one to the other. A new frock often calls for new underwear. My staff have finished early today; the start of the week is always quiet, so you're not at any risk."

She opened up and we went in the dress shop; lovely clothes everywhere. "Sit down and make yourself a coffee, oh and one for me please. I'm off to undress."

She came back in a full length Chinese print dressing gown. "All my clothes are in the second changing room on the right, so off you go". Yes, there they were: blouse, skirt and jacket on a hanger, undies draped over the chair, under which were the shoes.

I undressed as quickly as I could; my excitement showing only too clearly. The white lace knickers were a perfect fit, with just enough lycra to hold me tolerably flat. The bra, matching the knickers was lovely and I could smell her and perfume. I didn't even need to adjust the straps. No padding, so socks would have to do. Fortunately, I'm fair haired and don't have heavy body hair so the nude tights looked good and improved my legs. Top and skirt fitted perfectly, as she had said. Finally, the shoes; a bit tight, but I could get them on and they felt wearable. Clearly well worn, they weren't scuffed but had been re-soled so had probably stretched a bit.

"Are you dressed?"

"Yes, I'm coming. May I know your name please?"

"Joanna, Jo to my friends. So, let me see you."

I came out blushing red and feeling, well just like a young man in women's clothes; Aroused, happy (sort of), uncomfortable in her presence, but comfortable in the clothes.

"Yes, I knew that they would fit you. Turn around please. A bit of padding on the derrière would help, as would proper breast forms and, oh dear, you really need a girdle. Do you know how to tuck? Whose clothes have you tried on before?"

"Well, my mother's when I was a teenager and more recently my girl-friend's."

"She's O.K. with it?"

"Well, yes, but the last time she did suggest that I start buying my own clothes."

"So, today's the day! You want to buy what you are wearing? "

"If I can afford it yes please."

"I don't dress cheaply, but I'm in the business, so, as my Jewish girl friends tell me, I never, ever, pay retail. "The bra retails at £85, the knickers at £30, but don't go pale. They're not new, at least 18 months old, so you can have them for £30-the price you'd pay in Marks and Spencer and the quality; worlds apart. Blouse and skirt? Can't remember what the retail price was, but I do keep my wardrobe refreshed so the Once Loved dress agency would probably give me about £40 for the ensemble. Tights, a gift and shoes (new £150) but 4 years old so £30. That's a £100. Oh and don't forget the jacket ,hm £40 . You need a high-waisted girdle also to help flatten your tummy.....I'll let you have one for £30 that will give you a smoother line under a straight skirt. OK? Bag, forget it, I'd feel completely naked without it and jewellery, well you can go to Accessorize and the market for those.

So, I paid my £170 on my credit card and changed back into my normal clothes.

"And you?" I asked.

"I've a very nice flat above the shop, full of my clothes, that I'm not giving you access to. So, go home, tell your girl- friend all about this evening. Buy some accessories and a decent wig. Try Melanie down the road and tell her I sent you. Oh, and get some breasts, I don't sell them, but the medical supply shop attached to the chemist has them. Ask for Jane and tell her where the bra came from; she sends me her post-mastectomy clients for pretty bras, so will ensure that you have nice breasts. And you'll want a waxing all over. The beauty shop next to the hairdresser will do you. The girls there are not uncomfortable with male clients, especially if they come as women and you'll be able to get some make-up lessons there also. My sale starts in three weeks. If you bring your girl-friend, I'll see whether we can help you both What is your name as a woman?"

"Petra, actually"

"Ah yes a feminized Peter. So, Petra dear, it has been an amusing couple of hours. I do hope I see you again but as a happy young woman"

"Joanna, can I ask a question please?"

"Yes, of course but I won't promise an answer?"

"Are you like me, I mean into dresses, TV/TG? What's under the robe?"

"A woman dear, what else. You'll just have to puzzle it out. NO, don't even try to touch!"

She pushed my hand away as I tried to touch her breasts.

"I'll see Petra soon I hope," she said, "Goodbye and be good to yourself and to your girl-friend."