

# Cynthia's New Salesgirl

BOOK ONE



# *Cynthia's New Salesgirl*

## **Book 1**

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# Chapter One

## Cynthia's High Heels

Hi, I'm Steve...although I usually refer to myself as "Stephanie" these days. As I sit here writing about my journey from one sex to the other, I'm all dressed up from the top of my curly head to the tips of my red-painted toe nails. If you could only see me, I know that you'd be very impressed—and maybe a little turned on, too. Don't be embarrassed if you think you might be because most so-called "normal" guys would be.

How did I get from *Steve* to *Stephanie*? When I began, I certainly had no idea that I would go as far down this road as I have, but I must say that I have never been happier. Let me tell you all about it.

Several months ago, I was like any other Generation X guy, out there trying to make a decent living for myself but taking some lumps along the way. I moved to the "Big City" in search of better opportunities but, I'll tell you, I must have searched for two full months before I found a so-so job clerking at a hardware store. It was certainly better than starving to death but I can't say a whole lot more for it.

During my weekend escapes from wood chisels and vises, I poured over the classified ads in the city's newspapers in the hope of finding something better. I got several interviews, but I saw right away that the newspaper advertisements for the jobs were much more interesting than the jobs themselves. It was a fairly depressing time, all things told.

Then, one day my luck changed and my life took a

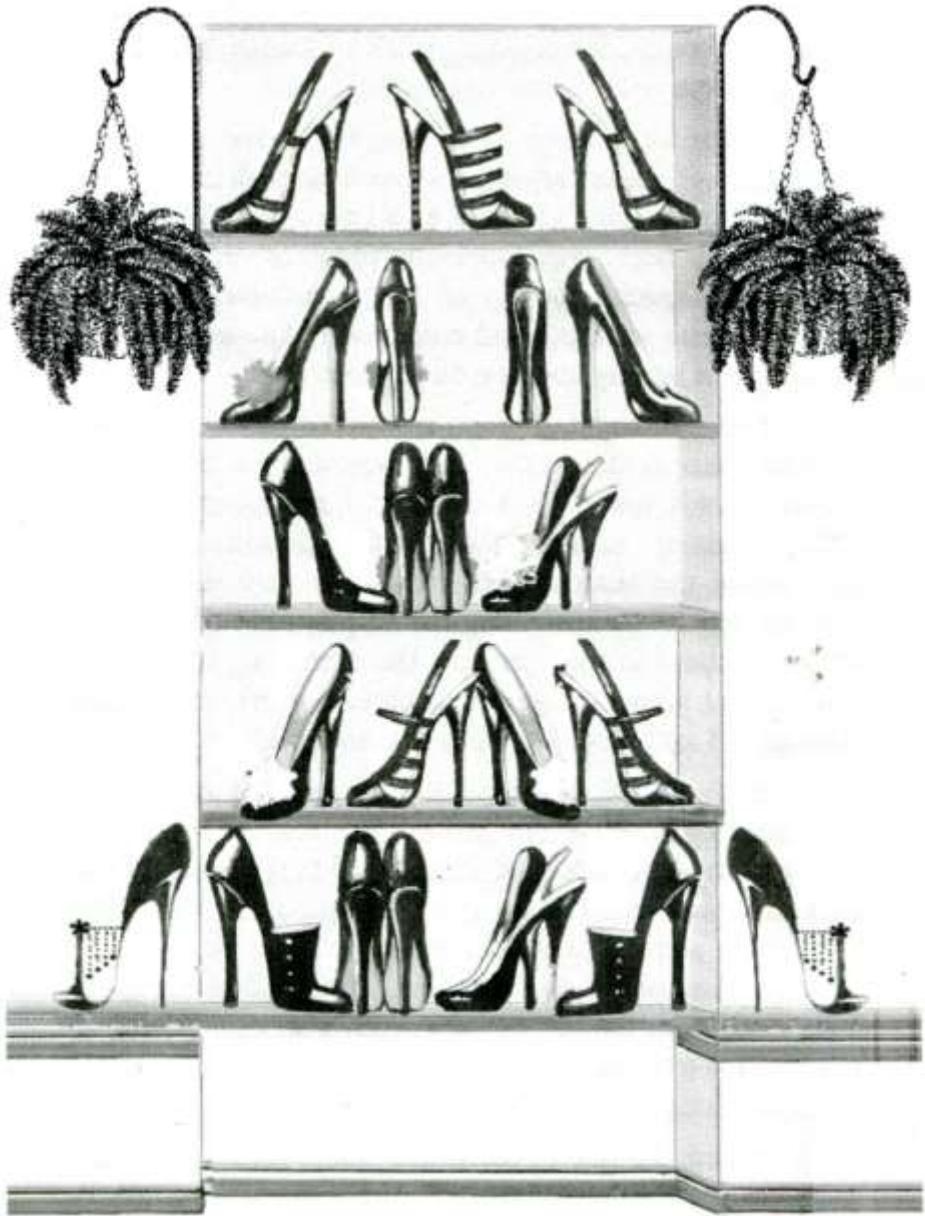
completely new direction. I saw an ad for a sales clerk in a women's shoe store called Cynthia's High Heels. Around the border of the ad were eight little line-drawings of high heeled shoes in very sexy styles. They immediately grabbed my attention in an unexpectedly strong way. This was a store where shoes obviously meant more than mere protection from the pavement. Yeah, this job might work out OK after all.

I was a little nervous as I dialed the number for the store, but was soon relieved to hear a cheerful female voice on the other end. We quickly made an appointment for a job interview the very next day. I couldn't believe my good luck! Several times that evening, for some reason, the images of the sexy drawings in the advertisement popped unexpectedly into my mind, but I didn't think much about it at the time.

The first thing the next morning, I called the hardware store to tell them I was taking the day off, and then I headed straight to Cynthia's. When I stepped inside the door, I could sense that, in some mysterious way, this store was speaking directly to my libido, to my deepest sexual fantasies.

To begin with, the walls were lined with the most exotic pairs of high heels that I had ever seen. There were pumps in black and white and red—and in virtually every other color imaginable.

The variety of leathers ran the gamut from patent leather to suede to lizard-skin to butter-soft Italian leather. In fact, the unique intoxicating scent of leather permeated the entire store with its fine sensual fragrance.



There were boots of all heights: above the ankle, knee high, and some very impressive thigh-high ones. That wasn't the only style I saw, not by a long shot. The display of strap high heels was especially provocative, and there was even a special section of "ultra-feminine" shoes in pink and white with lace and cute bows. The ambiance of the store was strictly up-scale throughout.

For a moment, I stood transfixed inside the door savoring the vista before me. This was surely a foot lover's heaven—but I

*wasn't* a foot lover, I reminded myself. Then, shaking myself from my rapturous daze, I approached the nearest clerk (who was *very* pretty) and told her that I was answering the employment ad and had an appointment to see Cynthia. Her name tag, which was perched just above the gentle swell of her left breast, said "Denise". I told myself to try to remember it.

She smiled warmly at me and, after a few pleasantries, escorted me toward the rear of the store, through some double doors, and down a long corridor. The back area was remarkably large—enormous, in fact. The front of the store, spacious as it was, gave no indication of the true extent of the establishment. Could all of this space have to do with the selling of women's shoes? It was so big. As we walked, Denise mentioned that Cynthia's office was located at the very end of the hallway.

When we got to the office door, Denise knocked and I heard an authoritative alto voice invite us to come in.

There she was, Cynthia, standing behind a large mahogany desk, looking as I hoped she might, tall and elegant and, although conservatively dressed, exuding a powerful sensuality. Her commanding demeanor made me think to myself—albeit fleetingly—that it would be exciting to work for such a magnificent female, although I had never had such a thought about a woman before. Denise quickly and gracefully excused herself, leaving Cynthia and me to our business.

The interview lasted about 45 minutes and was very thorough. Some of her questions seemed unusually personal, but as she asked them, she reminded me that her business was also personal. Selling shoes was not like selling pots and pans, she said. Sure, the salesperson sat at the foot of the customer in a supplicant position of service but also, of necessity, he handled the stocking-covered feet of his customers as he put various pairs of shoes on her.

Stockings, she reminded me firmly, were a type of lingerie, so the salesperson was actually fondling women in their lingerie. I had never thought about it quite like that, but it all seemed to make sense once she explained it to me.

As she talked about her business, she was obviously proud of the fact that her shoe store featured only the most stylish shoes, all with high heels and made of the finest leather. Her customers were upper class and expected nothing less than the very best service. I assured her that I would regard working in such surroundings as a true privilege.

I guess the interview went well because she offered me the job at the end of our talk, eliminating the usual delays between the interview and the hiring. I could not have been more delighted and raced directly from the shoe store to the hardware store to give them notice that I was quitting.



On the following Monday, I showed up for work at Cynthia's bright and early. Luckily for me, the pert and pretty Denise had been assigned the task of showing me the ropes. She was a joy to work with—as well as a joy to look at. Best of all, she seemed to like me well enough as far as I could tell. That Monday, I remember, she had on delicate, pink, strap high heels which showed off her dynamite legs and tiny feet to perfection and immediately caught my eye. I tried not to stare but she soon caught me giving her the once over and gave me a gentle smile.

“Well, it does seem that you like girl’s tootsies, don’t you? You have been looking at mine regularly, you know. Not that I’m offended, you understand. In fact, I’m quite flattered and I can tell

you that at Cynthia's you will certainly not be alone in pursuing your obvious interest in a well-turned and graceful female foot.”

I blushed deeply to know that my ogling of her pedis had been so obvious, and sputtered some half-coherent response to her in the midst of my embarrassment. Nevertheless, I was also comforted to learn that admiring female feet was not frowned upon, or regarded as unusual, in the store—not that I had spent an inordinate amount of my time admiring them, in my opinion.

Throughout the orientation training, Denise couldn't have been more considerate. Indeed, she even made a point of positioning her feet close to my line of sight so I could enjoy the view of her precious little tootsies while she talked to me. Given the distraction of her lovely pedis, it was a miracle that I learned the necessary record keeping, stocking and accounting tasks fairly quickly.

From the beginning, my psyche became more and more intrigued by my new environment. I sensed that I was being drawn into an erotic maelstrom centered around the female form, and especially around girl-feet. After a while, I came to grips with the fact that I loved the way that they looked, the polish that their toes flaunted and the lovely shoes and stockings that encased them. My burgeoning obsession with them was quite unexpected— but it was also powerful and undeniable. Before I entered this magical world, I had never realized that this particular attraction ran so deep inside me.



On Tuesday afternoon, Denise and I had a light lunch at a nearby sandwich shop, during which she updated me on my

progress.

“I'm proud to tell you, Steve that you have done very well as a trainee, in fact, so well that I think that you are qualified to begin waiting on customers by yourself when we return this afternoon.”

I was pleased with the positive feedback but could not help thinking that this was all happening *very* quickly!

In spite of the thoroughness of the orientation training, nothing could have prepared me for my experiences when I returned to the store. I spent that entire afternoon in rapture. I can't think of any other word to describe it. There I was, sitting at the feet of lovely women, handling their silky stockinged peds, fitting them in the loveliest, sexiest high-heeled shoes on earth! One after another!

Just like Cynthia had told me in the interview, the clientele of her store was almost entirely ritzy women of leisure, women who had all the time in the world to pamper their pretty feet, including receiving expensive pedicures. One look at their beautiful little toenails was ample proof. They were painted the prettiest shades of pink and red in multiple coats of rich lacquer, which made them fairly glisten. Of course, there were *never* any calluses or rough places on these feet. Heaven forbid! Each one of them was baby soft all over.

As my mind raced on, I got lost in fantasizing that these women wanted to make their feet so sumptuous and precious and delicious that their rich, big-deal husbands couldn't resist sucking on them. I loved the mental image of those dignified, middle-aged big-shots sitting at the feet of their “trophy wives” humbly laving their peds with their tongues. (My psyche, now fully obsessed, was obviously generating a rich fantasy life on its own.)

Each pair of shoes had to be properly fitted on these perfect, stocking-clad feet, so I not only got to view them up close, I actually got to fondle them and sniff the delicate perfumed scent which emanated gently upward from them. (I discovered that women of this high class stature invariably perfumed their pretty feet.)

As I waited on each new customer in turn, it was all I could do to keep from blurting out compliments on the exquisite beauty of their peds or from humbly lowering my mouth down to their toes and caressing their tender morsels with my lips. I restrained myself, however, as I was very unsure about how they would respond to such behavior and I certainly did not want to get myself fired from this perfect job.

Because the customers were so wealthy, they were used to being waited on hand and foot. (My responsibility, without being too cute, was the foot part.) In a word, these patrons expected to be pampered. As a result, they felt no urgency about making up their minds. That meant that I usually had to bring out numerous boxes of shoes for each customer.

Luckily, Cynthia didn't worry about how long it took us to wait on each customer. Her rule was that each customer must be "fully and properly serviced". She made up the cost of our time in her higher prices. For their part, the customers were clearly willing to pay premium prices for the super-attentive service they received as the store was always busy.