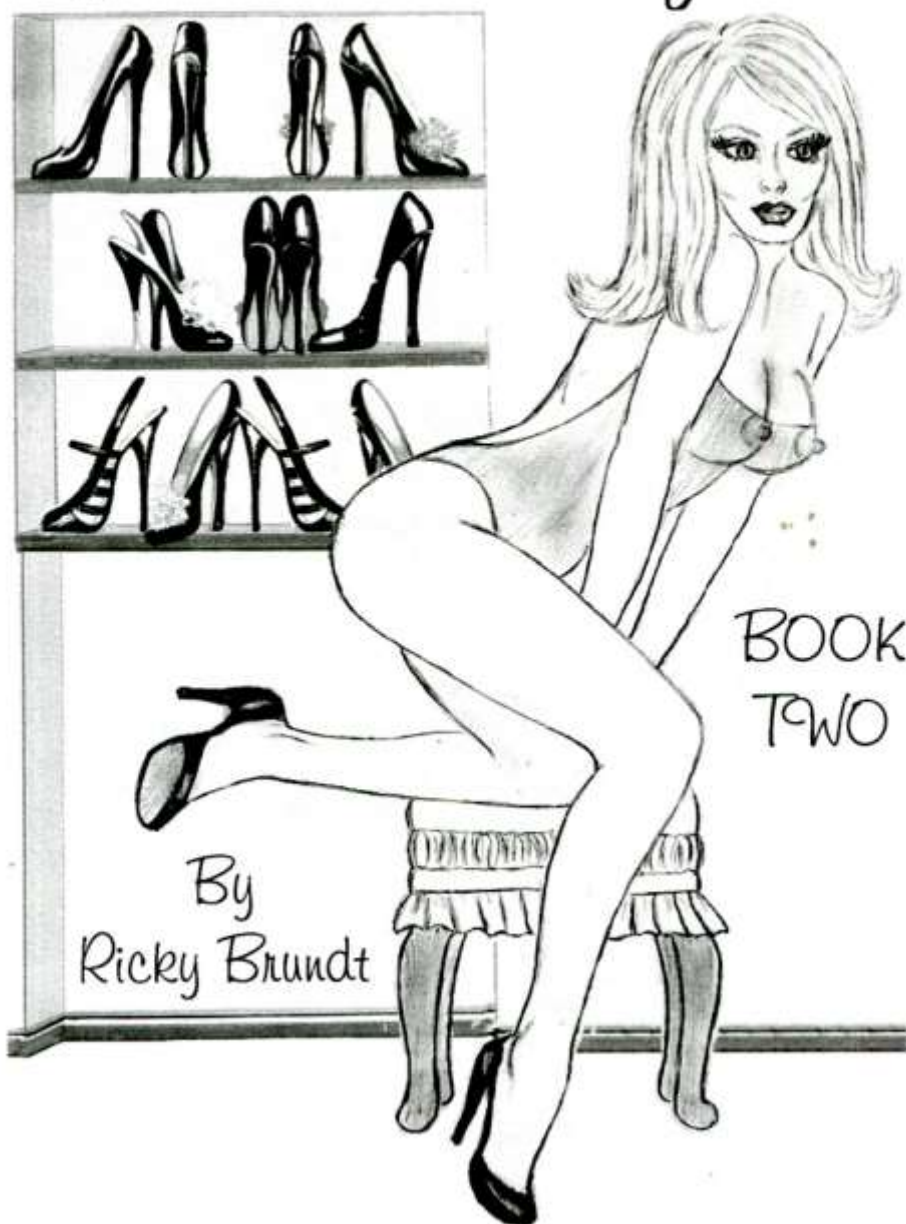


# Cynthia's New Salesgirl



BOOK  
TWO

By  
Ricky Brundt

# *Cynthia's New Salesgirl*

## **Book 2**

**By Ricky Brundt**

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Printed in the US

# Chapter Five

## The Boutique

Raphael was waiting just outside for me and gave me a quick, careful once-over. While she did so, a smile began to light up her lovely face until it stretched from ear to ear. She approved!

“How pretty you look!” she said. “That cinch gives just the right curve to your hips. I’ll tell you, Honey, you look like you could have a baby with no trouble at all. And I just love your dainty little feet and polished toes!”

She didn’t seem to miss a thing in telling me exactly what I wanted to hear, including a flattering reference about how my “chest had developed nicely”. In appreciation for her kind words, I threw myself into my girl role with all the skill I could muster. I decided to show off my new look by mincing back and forth a few times in front of her, being sure to give a little extra swirl to my skirt as I turned. With each pirouette, I caught my lovely image in the full length mirrors which lined the wall of the boutique.

Two other clerks even came over to express their approval at my transformation. Denise, who had been hovering in the background, delighting in the obvious pleasure I was having, also came over to squeeze my hand and to tell me how proud she was of me. I was very touched by it all.

After several thrilling minutes of basking in their approval, Denise stepped up close to me and said quietly that it was time for me to get back into my outfit for the salesroom: heels and stockings below the waist and a man’s dress shirt, tie, and sport coat above the waist. I was a little disappointed because I wanted this experience to go on forever, but I did as she directed without questioning her. As I re-entered the dressing room to change back into my sport coat and tie, I realized how much I wanted to do a *lot* of shopping in this delightful place in the future.

While I was changing back into my other clothes, I did not know that Denise and the clerks of the boutique were engaged in

an intense conference about my future, the results of which were quickly relayed back to Cynthia in her office. As a result, when I finally emerged with the beautiful dress draped carefully over my arm, Denise immediately asked me to step into a small office off the corner of the salesroom. Raphael stepped up and took the dress from me.

As soon as we were inside the office, Denise closed the door and said, "Now that we're alone, Stevie, we can speak more freely. Most importantly, how does your femme-self like being all dressed up like a girl? I'll bet she loves it."

"Oh, Denise, I have to admit that it's so very exciting! I never expected that the dress, waist-cinch, breast forms and wig could produce such a change in my appearance—as well as my spirits. It's as if this graceful, pretty creature has been waiting all these years down inside of me but did not have a chance to come out and show herself off—that is, until today."

I then paused and looked down at the floor. I knew that Cynthia was very generous but the items I had picked out were quite expensive. I saw the price tag on the box that the breast forms came in and couldn't believe how much they cost. I hoped that I hadn't gone over her budget for what I was permitted to get. In spite of these legitimate concerns, my heart, having experienced wearing these new delights, couldn't face the prospect of giving them up because they had worked such miracles in connecting me to my girl-self.

Denise, perceptive as always, picked up immediately on what was troubling me.

"Don't worry about being able to pursue your new passion, Stevie. Believe me, we understand fully how strong your urges can be and we have provided for that. All you need to do is to keep right on being just who you are, a boy with a lovely girl person down inside who wants to be seen and admired for her beauty. We'll take care of the rest. You see, we've done a thorough analysis of your evaluation sessions thus far and it is clear that you would be much happier if you were able to dress as a girl most of the time. That's what we want, too."

She didn't give me a chance to comment before she continued.

“Luckily for you, Cynthia does a very extensive business catering to cross-dressers, so she can make very good use of your special psychological bent. In fact, that leads me to the next matter. You have adapted so well to wearing heels and skirts in Advanced Salesroom II, and to putting on a dress over your new breasts today, that Cynthia wants to move you to the staff of the Boutique full time. Anyone can see that you're a natural for the job. All they have to do is watch you priss your stuff and toss your curls over your shoulder.

“You will, of course, be expected to dress totally in girl-clothes all the time that you are working in the Boutique, and that will require that you set aside more time to dressing up. After all, this will involve more than just shaving your legs and polishing your nails. Cynthia always says that good feminine grooming by her clerks is the best way to show the boys who shop here that they can look like a real girl if they only apply themselves.”

I was, of course, very excited by the offer, but I told her that I wanted to think it over until the following day, if that was OK. The truth is that I was so fascinated by the prospect—my mind was so excited—that I wanted to make absolutely sure that I didn't do anything rash.

Denise was a little surprised that I wanted some time to think over the offer but she seemed to accept it.

As you might imagine, I couldn't think about anything else all evening. This was almost too good to be true! I would actually get paid to prance around as a girl all day long! People would look at me and think that I was pretty.. .because I *would* be pretty!!

As I thought about it, it was obvious that there was no good reason to decline the new job assignment, especially since Cynthia had been so good to me, so first thing the next day I told Denise that I would be delighted to work as a clerk in the Boutique. In one of her few displays of overt emotion toward me outside of the evaluation sessions, she actually gave me a big hug around the neck!

Cynthia was so thorough (no surprise there!) that she required me to take a two-week training course in cosmetics and feminine deportment before I started working in girl-clothes. A group of specialists would be responsible for the actual training but Denise would monitor the entire process and keep Cynthia informed on my progress. I could tell that they took all of this very seriously.

There were so many things to learn. Foundations, blushes, powders, not to mention the many types of eye makeup—as then there were the various techniques for applying them. Each night when I snuggled into my pillow, I could detect the faint scent of the cold cream which I had just used to remove the last bit of cosmetics from my face.

I also learned a lot about the most challenging part of feminine grooming: creating a feminine hair style. I had always assumed that women's hair just naturally assumed a pleasing shape. Little did I know! My own hair, although a little on the longish side, was not yet reached the flowing lengths necessary to make it into a convincing hairdo, so I had no choice but to wear a wig until my own locks grew out and could do the job. I must have had a natural knack for hair care because my instructors told me that I improved my skills noticeably from day to day.

I tied to be a very conscientious student. (What pleasant work this was!!) My efforts not only pleased Denise but also Cynthia who kept close tabs on my training. It didn't surprise any of us that I got high marks and, at the end of the two weeks, got approval to begin work in the Boutique.

Now I was actually going to do it!!

Working in the Boutique was tremendous fun. At the beginning, I was required to put on my dress, breast forms, cosmetics and wig in a special "dressing area" adjacent to the Boutique, but that was only until I had established my skills at transformation. Underneath the male clothes I wore to the dressing area, I was dressing as a girl all of the time, now.

*Do you know from personal experience, Dear Reader, how thoroughly comfortable girl's silky undergarments are to wear? I*

*certainly hope so.*

Each morning, as I walked along the corridors toward the Boutique, I was highly conscious of my panties, garter belt, stockings, and bra (empty, of course) which enshrouded me so wonderfully. In my attaché case were my breast forms and a full complement of cosmetics so I could put on my girl-face. I carried my sexy high heels in a plastic shopping bag just as I had seen *those girls* do who wear sneakers while traveling to the office instead of their heels.

I usually arrived at work about an hour early and had a rapturous time doing the many little tasks which were necessary to bring out my girl-self. At the end of the transformation, I took a final lingering look at myself in the mirror and marched out, eager to meet my customers, many of whom I knew would be just as excited about their own journeys into the wonderful world of wearing women's clothes.

It was clear to me from the beginning that the customers were going to be a lot of fun. My favorites were the young ones who were totally inexperienced, and yet so anxious, to make themselves *girly*. As I showed them an array of lovely garments from every color of the rainbow, I could almost see their eyes glaze over with the sexy thoughts dominating their minds.

Of course, I could have tried to calm them down, but most of the time I couldn't resist exciting them even more by talking dirty to them. For example, I told some customers that the clothes they were thinking about buying would definitely make them look pretty and sexy, and that when men saw them dressed in *these* clothes, they were sure to get very hard in their pants.

I told others that the clothes would look especially good in the sunlight, knowing that they wanted more than anything to leave their safe indoor "closets" for the outside world where they would actually be seen in their girl-clothes. When I helped customers to buy high heels, I almost always mentioned, as a casual comment, that there was nothing to compare with the satisfaction of hearing your own high heels clicking on the pavement as you walked down the street.

All the while, I was carefully gauging their reactions. Some of the younger customers would simply blush three shades of red and look down at the floor. At the same time, I could see the bulges in their pants get bigger so I knew that I had been right about their desperate desire to show themselves off in public. With some of the shyest ones, I even threatened to refuse to sell them the clothes unless they promised me that they would wear them in public. When they gave me a quiet *Yes, I'll do it*", I knew I had triumphed.

Whether these gimmicks helped me to sell, I do not know, but I did become the most successful salesperson on the staff in short order.