

# Becoming A Salesgirl



**Anna Komnena**

A "New Woman" Novel

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# Becoming a Salesgirl

by Anna Komnena

## Chapter 1 – A Great Job

“What a great job,” Jimmy thought as he entered *Lady’s World* on Wednesday morning. He had been hired by his Aunt Betty’s old friend, Margery, as a stock boy in the fashion and beauty shop she was managing.

Jimmy had finished high school, but hadn’t been able to decide what to do with his life. Soon his aunt, who had taken him in several years ago when his parents had died, got impatient with him hanging around the house all the time. “At least take a summer job to help with the rent,” she had said. Finally she had convinced him to take up Margery’s offer. At first it had felt strange for the young man to work in such an exclusively feminine environment, but after a few days he realized the opportunities: girls everywhere! Small and shy, he was a late bloomer and had never been intimate with a girl. But now at *Lady’s World* he was working among some really pretty young women, and every day a lot of fashionable and elegant ladies came into the store. He had hit the

jackpot! It was only his third day, and he had already spoken with some of his coworkers! Soon he would go out with one of them!

“Oh my, what a great job,” he thought again.

Something was different today, though. Margery had gathered the whole team in the middle of the store.

“What’s going on?” Jimmy whispered to Nancy, one of the salesgirls.

“Shush, it’s Model Day,” she whispered back.

“Quiet, please!” Margery called. “You all know the deal for today. You choose whatever outfit you like from the store and wear it throughout the day. Make sure to look presentable at all times. Let’s see whose choice is sold the most! Hurry, we’ll open in just half an hour.”

Jimmy’s mouth dropped. While the salesgirls, seamstresses, and cosmetologists all started to run around, transforming *Lady’s World* into a dizzy beehive, he stood uncomfortably in one corner. He felt hot all over, when he observed his female coworkers busily undressing and slipping into the nicest possible dresses, totally ignoring him. Some even started to fight about who got to wear which cocktail gown! He could only hope that they didn’t expect him to join in. He was a man, for crying out loud!

But of course Margery insisted that he would have to dress up too. “You’re part of the *Lady’s World* team now, Jimmy. There’s no place for big macho egos here. Take off your clothes, I’ll find something suitable for you to wear,” she ordered matter-of-factly.

Deeply blushing, Jimmy slipped out of his shoes, shirt, and pants. He could see that his great job was at stake, if he didn’t participate in this silly Model Day. He could only pray that Margery wouldn’t make him wear anything too frilly or feminine.

“First let’s spruce you up a little,” she said when she came back with some soft, colorful clothes in her arms. She had him take off his glasses; then with a brush and some deftly applied hairspray, she transformed his longish locks into a pixie cut.

“That’s better,” she observed. “Now we can see your pretty eyes.”

Jimmy cringed. He didn’t like to be called “pretty.” He knew he wasn’t the manliest of men, with his hairless face, thin arms, and soft, rounded shoulders. But his boss didn’t give him time to ponder his fate.

“Your underwear is too bulky for the outfit I want you to wear today. Here, take these nylon stockings, panties and camisole, and put them on.”

The young man knew better than to argue with her. With his head hanging in shame, he took the dreaded lingerie and vanished into one of the changing cubicles.

It took Jimmy some time to figure out the alien clothing, with tiny straps, delicate lace, silky smooth fabrics. Finally he succeeded in rolling the gossamer-thin stockings up his legs, slipping the tight panties over his hips, and snuggling into the white camisole. He realized that he had to squeeze his male parts between his thighs to make the panties fit.

Dumbfounded, he stared into the cubicle’s mirror. It felt so weird to be dressed in female underwear. He was just glad that his aunt and his friends didn’t see him like this.

“Are you decent? Can I come in?” he heard his boss through the curtain.

Taking a deep breath, Jimmy squeaked, “I ... I guess, but ...”

The outfit Margery had chosen for Jimmy consisted of a frilly silk blouse that closed with tiny but-

tons in the back, a light green jumpsuit with tight pants and a figure-hugging top, matching Mary Jane shoes with a one-inch heel, and a wide white patent leather belt to give him a more girlish waist. With an attitude that allowed no backtalk, she helped him into these feminine clothes. Jimmy was too embarrassed to resist, feeling completely silly all over, as the smooth fabrics encircled his entire body.

“See, that’s not so bad, is it?” Margery remarked. “I’m surprised how well the jumpsuit fits you. It’s a good thing that you have such a delicate figure and cute face, or you would look rather silly. You make quite a pretty doll!”

Jimmy didn’t know what to say. These were really strange compliments for a man. It was rather disconcerting for him that his boss was right, and he looked almost like a girl! He just wished the day would already be over.

The Model Day at *Lady’s World* was busy as usual. Poor Jimmy had little time to think about his unmanly masquerade. Following his boss’s orders and the example of his co-workers, he tried to smile as much as possible. Everybody was friendly to him, even though some of the shop girls couldn’t help but giggle when they saw him toddling around on his tiny heels. If any of the customers realized that the pretty brunette in her cute jumpsuit wasn’t a girl at all, they didn’t say anything.

One customer in particular, an elegant but stern-looking lady in her forties, paid him a lot of attention. Whenever he saw her glancing at him with piercing eyes, he blushed furiously and became acutely aware of his sissy ensemble, his girlish shoes forcing him to take little, mincing steps, the gentle rustling of his blouse, the strange feeling of his pants rubbing against his nylon stockings. He later found out that the lady was Mrs. Ophelia Goodall, a wealthy and conservative businesswoman, who was known for her generous charity work.

Finally it was closing time, and Jimmy's weird ordeal was over – or so he thought. Hastily, he stripped out of the shameful, soft clothing and slipped back into his normal attire—but he forgot to comb his girlish hairdo back into a more boyish cut. He was just glad that he had survived this strange day without too much embarrassment.

To his amazement, when Margery called out the most successful sales, he learned that his jumpsuit was the winning outfit! As it turned out, Mrs. Goodall was considering an order of no less than sixty sets of the jumpsuit and blouse in different sizes to equip a local girls' school with new school uniforms. Jimmy was surrounded by his co-workers congratulating him on his achievement. It was the first Model Day ever that a pants outfit won over a skirt or a dress! Jimmy couldn't help but feel elated. He never had won anything, and had never stood out in any competition, until now.

"You're a natural," Margery praised him. "Maybe you should become a model?" This made him blush again, feeling it was emasculating for a boy to excel in such a feminine task.

When Jimmy got home, he told his Aunt Betty all about his exciting day. She was happy for him that he had been able to contribute to the shop's success.

"It's nice that you kept the hairstyle Margery has given you," she added. "It makes you look younger, more fashionable."

"Gee aunty, I don't know. Isn't it a bit too feminine?" Jimmy asked.

"Oh no, not at all," she answered. "It's just trendy. I'm sure the girls at the shop love it! I could show you how to keep it?"

And so, with just a little prodding, Jimmy soon found himself in his aunt's boudoir. He had taken a shower and washed his hair and now was dressed in

his pajamas. Carefully she rolled his locks in curlers, behaving as if this was the most normal thing in the world.

“We’ll take the curlers out in the morning. Just wait, you’ll look smashing!”

Jimmy kept quiet. He sure looked silly with all the little tubes in his hair! He could only hope that this all was worth the while and he’d make a good impression among the shop girls. Maybe he would ask one of them out tomorrow!

## Chapter 2 – A New Model

It took some time Thursday morning to style his hair, but finally his aunt was satisfied and let him go to work. Jimmy still wasn’t fully convinced that it wasn’t a woman’s hairdo, but agreed to give it a try. He could always change it back, right?

At the shop there was a new horror waiting for the poor guy. Margery called him into her office and informed him that Mrs. Goodall had just called and intended to visit *Lady’s World* again. Especially, she had asked that the “charming young woman” who had modeled the jumpsuit would accompany her to the girls’ school to show off the new outfit there!

Jimmy was aghast. Surely his boss wouldn’t expect him to prance around in woman’s clothing in broad daylight! What if someone recognized him? He prayed that she had made some excuse to Mrs. Goodall to get him off the hook.

Alas, she had not. “Ophelia Goodall is one of our best customers,” Margery explained. “We simply can’t afford to reject her demands. She’s used to getting what she wants. I’m sorry, but you simply have to play along; I already told her that it’s okay. But if she finds out that you’re not a girl, we’re dead in the water. Come on, it’s just for one more day. It’s a good

thing you kept the hairstyle. The whole *Lady's World* team will help to turn you into a pretty young lady. I'll even come along and do most of the talking."

Jimmy felt cornered. Of course he didn't want to jeopardize the success of *Lady's World*, but he couldn't think of another solution.

"Gee, I hope this is not a huge mistake ..." he muttered.

If Jimmy had believed that he would just wear the jumpsuit again, he was terribly mistaken.

"Heavens no, boy," Margery exclaimed, "you'll have to appear as one of our salesgirls. First we need you to put on a bra. You'll be under much closer examination today. Mrs. Goodall would be suspicious if you didn't have the right curves in all the right places."

So after slipping into lacy panties and sheer nylon stockings, Jimmy tried to struggle into a padded bra—but he couldn't figure out which hook went into which eye! Finally his boss came into the cubicle and helped him with the unfamiliar garment. Then she slid some falsies into the bra cups to give the boy-turned-girl a nice bust size.

The next piece was a powder-blue full slip that encased his limbs in smooth nylon. Hitherto unknown sensations surged through Jimmy's slim body, as the cool fabric slid over his hairless skin with every move. He almost didn't notice how Margery then slipped his feet into white open-toed pumps with a much higher heel than yesterday. When she led him to the makeup section of *Lady's World*, he realized that the narrow slip and the three inch heels left him very little space to move his legs.

"I can't walk in this slip," he whined, "it is way too tight! And these heels are too high!"

"Put one foot directly in front of the other, then it's much easier," Margery instructed him. Jimmy did

his best to follow her lead and found out that she was right.

“I’ll never wear a slip again!” he stated anyway, trying to sound as confident as possible. It’s not easy to appear masculine and assertive when scuttling along in high heels and a tight skirt! Margery just smiled. What she hadn’t told him, was that, with smaller, more mincing steps, his walk had become terribly feminine, as his nicely rounded behind wiggled enticingly in the shiny slip.

Marcy, the head cosmetologist, a nice woman in her early thirties, took over from Margery. She put a nylon cape around Jimmy’s neck to protect his dainty slip and tied his hair back with a silky scarf. Then she expertly applied makeup to the young man’s soft face.

“It’s fortunate that you have no nasty facial hair yet,” she remarked lightly, as Jimmy cringed uncomfortably in his seat. He was greatly embarrassed by his lack of hair on his face and on his chest, which now showed only too clearly due to the deep neckline of the slip.

Meanwhile Marcy had, with foundation, blush, mascara, eyeshadow, eyebrow pencil, and lipstick, transformed the boy’s features into those of a pretty young woman. Jimmy couldn’t believe his eyes when he saw himself in the mirror.

“This can’t be me!” he gasped.

“Why, of course it’s you,” Margery countered. “I promised you, we would make a cute girl out of you. By the way, I told Mrs. Goodall that your name was Jenny.”

“*Jenny?*” Jimmy squeaked. “I’m a *Jenny* now?!”

Once his hairdo was restored and he had his glasses back on, Jimmy was shown the dress Margery had chosen for him. She held it open for him and he reluctantly stepped into it, careful not to

wrinkle his slip, quite unsteady in his high heels. Gently, Margery pulled the pretty turquoise polka-dotted dress up his body, directed his slim arms through the short sleeves, and zipped him up in the back. Nervously, Jimmy smoothed down the full skirt, as the dress snuggled around his torso, encasing his eye-catching twin bulges. A thin white belt was buckled around his small waist, accentuating his well-formed curves above and below.

Slightly distracted by the strange feeling of the dress rubbing against his slip, Jimmy had to agree that he looked like a pretty young lady, not overdressed, but just right for a girl his age. He was glad that at least his dress was rather modest.

A little bit of perfume, some pretty blue clip-on earrings, and “Jenny” was ready to face the world – well, at least the *Lady’s World*. The salesgirls welcomed him with warm smiles, complimenting him on his nice dress and his sweet face.

“We’re all really proud of you,” Nancy said. “We know it’s a big sacrifice and we love you for going along with this. You make a really smashing girl.”

Jimmy gave her a weak “thank you” smile. He felt like a lamb on a slaughter bank, but knew that the fortunes of *Lady’s World* depended on his abilities to look and behave like a young woman.

Mrs. Goodall didn’t arrive until late afternoon, which gave him the opportunity to practice his walk and general conduct. The girls loved instructing him how to hold his arms and how to sit in a ladylike manner, without showing his slip. They even taught him how to curtsy!

Finally his dreaded nemesis, Mrs. Goodall, made her appearance. She gave Margery a hug-and-kiss, and then turned to Jimmy, who stood with his hands folded primly in his lap.