

RELUCTANT BRA MODEL



A College student in need of a summer job is convinced to work at a lingerie store as a male bra model.

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Reluctant Bra Model

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The Reluctant Bra Model

Kylie Gable

The shopping mall in America has been dying for over a decade now. A 2017 report by *Credit Suisse* predicted that one in four malls would close by 2022. Victory Gardens Shopping Center was more resilient than most. Cloud Bluffs was one of those towns that didn't really have a downtown. This meant that people either shopped in the mall, in a neighboring town, or online. Shops came and went and there were a lot of abandoned storefronts, but at least the mall wasn't a ghost town.

For Garret Edison, it just seemed like the most practical and efficient way to get a summer job. He had a big stack of resumes and would make his way from store to store dropping off his fairly empty resume and filling out applications. Of course, the salespeople were very friendly when he came in their shops, but they were rarely the decision maker and he rarely got call backs for interviews.

He went to the sporting goods store, the bookstore, several male clothing stores, and even a candle shop as he made his way from one end of the mall to the other. The mall had a very popular *Victoria's Secret* for years, but they pulled out three years ago and were replaced by a new lingerie store called *Vixen*. Looking through the window at all the sexy lacy underwear displayed in the shop, Garret immediately decided that this shop wasn't for him. He was about to call it a day when he spied the girl working at the sales counter. She looked to be roughly his age—late teens or more likely early twenties, but that was where their similarities stopped.

Garret was a small, skinny, half-Chinese and half-Scottish college sophomore. He was awkward around women and hadn't really even had a serious girlfriend yet. Girls liked him enough and his face was cute and almost pretty, but five-foot-six and barely 130 pounds didn't exactly scream stud.

This salesgirl had the silkiest red hair that Garret had ever seen. It hung down around her face in soft flowing curls. Her eyes practically sparkled. They were large green saucers and Garret could feel himself getting lost in them. Her breasts were small, but perky and her ass looked like it was squeezed from a tube into the tight miniskirt she was wearing. She bent down to rearrange some bras and Garret could feel himself gawking, but he couldn't resist it. Unfortunately, when the

salesgirl stood up, she caught Garret dead to rights. He tried to fumble with his papers and act like he was doing something else, but he knew she had in. Garret began to scurry away when she walked right out of the shop and called after him.

“Did you enjoy the view?” she asked.

“I’m sorry, I wasn’t looking at you,” he lied.

“Yes you were,” she replied stone faced.

“I—I’m sorry,” he stammered.

“It’s okay,” she replied. “I don’t mind. I was kind of bored. This place is dead.”

“You’re beautiful,” he replied without thinking.

“Thank you,” she gushed. “It’s nice to start the day off with a compliment. I have to get back to the shop. Would you like to come with and keep me company?”

“I don’t know,” said Garret. “I’m passing out my resume. I’m trying to find a summer job.”

“Well, maybe I can help. I’ll let you pitch me. My name is Amber, by the way.”

“Hi, I’m Garret.”

The two of them walked back to *Vixens* smiling and laughing. They almost looked like a young couple except that girl looked way out of the guy’s league. Amber explained that the shop was going through hard times. The mall traffic was way down and while people still came to the shop when they wanted to get something special, they had lost so much of the mall traffic that they used to get. Young women would go to visit other shops and would then make their way to *Vixens*. Those women were long gone.

“Well,” said Garret. “I’m pretty sure you wouldn’t have hired me anyway.”

“I hope you get lucky,” said Amber. “I don’t know that there’s another business here for anybody to hire more workers and you’re going to be competing with all the experienced people who got laid off and now need to find another job.”

“Why is it more work to look for a job than it is to work a job. How did you get your spot at the lingerie shop?”

“Believe it or not, my grandmother opened it.”

“Your grandmother was a vixen?”

“You know,” said Amber. “Back in her day she was, but when she opened her first shop it was called Edna’s Foundations.”

“That’s not a very sexy name.”

“It was for 1962, but you’re right it was not doing well. When my mom took it over, she changed the name to *Vixens* and things picked up. We’re up to six stores now, but I don’t think that will last forever. The writing is kind of on the wall.”

“On the wall?”

“Retail is dying. This shop is making less than half what it made two years ago.”

“So we’re both up shit’s creek.”

“Hmm, do me a favor and stick your arms out and your side and turn around very slowly for me.”

“How slowly?”

“Just do it nice and slow. I just want to see something.”

“Like this?” Garret tentatively spun for her.

“Very nice. How would you like to make \$100.”

“Really? What would I have to do?”

“Everything I say,” said the beautiful redhead as she opened the cash register. “Here’s \$50 and I’ll give you the rest when we’re finished.”

“I don’t know,” said Garret.

“You need money and I need help. What’s not to know?”

Garret took the \$50 and then turned to Amber, “So what do I have to do?”

“This is the toughest part. You need to go home and remove every bit of hair from beneath your neck. Here, rub this on your skin when you’re done,” said Amber handing Garret a pink bottle.

“Shave off my hair?!”

“Your head is fine. I just need the body hair gone.”

“I don’t know about this,” protested Garret.

“Do you know another way to make a quick \$100?” asked Amber.

“This is ridiculous.”

“It’ll be fun. Go home and come back hairless. I don’t even think this will take more than four or five hours.”

Garret shook his head and sighed before taking the money and heading to the back of the mall where his bike was locked up. Truth be told, he had a drivers license, but without a job there was no way that he could afford gas. This was a weird assignment that he had undertaken, but he needed the money.

Arriving home, he was thrilled to see that his parents and sister were out. He reluctantly walked into the bathroom and found where his sister kept her pink disposable razors. She had a big bag and he decided she wouldn’t really miss one or two of them. The warm water felt good against his skin and though he had never done it before, he decided that maybe it wasn’t so bad after all. That was before he rubbed the lotion that Amber gave him into his skin. It was a very strong smelling lilac scent with hints of gardenia. Once it was applied to his naked skin, Garret smelled undeniably feminine. He began to wonder if Amber was just paying him so that she could humiliate him and have fun at his expense.

When Garret finally returned to the shop, there was actually a petite young raven-haired woman looking through the bras. It made Garret feel a bit better about taking money from the cash register. There was also a tall blonde woman who appeared to be another employee. He had been hoping for more alone time with Garret.

“My, somebody smells nice,” called out Amber as she saw Garret enter the shop.

“You didn’t tell me it’d make me smell like flowers,” replied Garret.

“You could have just sniffed the cap,” teased Amber.

“I didn’t think of that,” said Garret.

The young woman who was shopping approached the counter and could easily detect Garret’s feminine scent. She smirked at the confused boy and did an exaggerated sniff in his general direction.

“That’s our Vixen Hydrating Lotion,” said Amber.

“It’s quite nice,” said the woman doing another exaggerated sniff of Garret before turning and asking him. “Is that lilac?”

“I-uhm,” Garret self-consciously stood there unsure how to answer.

“Yes it is,” interjected Amber. “There are some other floral notes, but it’s mostly lilac.”

“It might be a bit too girlish for me, but it does smell nice. You know, I think my little sister might like it. Give me a bottle,” said the woman.

“Excellent,” said Amber.

“I hope your tester here gets some of the credit for the sale,” said the woman.

“Yes of course,” replied Amber. “She’s just started with us, but I think she’s going to work out amazingly.”

As the woman left the shop, Amber couldn’t help but laugh at Garret’s reaction.

“That was so embarrassing,” said Garret. “That stuff you gave me smelled so strong.”

“I think it smells pretty,” said Amber. “Let’s put you to work.”

“I still don’t understand what I’m supposed to do.”

“I’ll show you,” replied Amber helpfully. “Monica, it’s all yours. I’m going to work with Garret on the special project I’m going to tell you about.”

There were not a lot of dressing rooms in the shop, but there was a back room that they used for giving bra fittings in private. Some shops, just had a partition or used an old storage room, but Vixens had a comfortable room with a lounge feel to it. Amber motioned for Garret to step inside.

“Nice room,” said Garret walking inside.

“Are you familiar with covert marketing?” asked Amber.

“I’m not, but I assume it’s some kind of sneaky sales technique.”

“You’re a quick learner. It’s not necessarily sneaky, but when people know a sales pitch is coming, they tend to have their guard up and we’re trying to get them with their guard down.”

“That makes sense.”

“I know this is going to seem strange, but I think I can use you to do some amazing covert marketing. It won’t be easy, but that’s why I’m paying you the big bucks.”

“What do I do?”

“Just stand over there,” said Amber picking up a fancy camera.

“Should I smile or pose or something?”

“No, try for as blank an expression as possible. This is the before.”

“What’s the after?”

“This,” said Amber pulling a bra and panties set from a table in the corner of the room. “Strip down and put these on.”

Garret looked at it in disbelief. It was a pink striped bra and panties set.

“I can't wear that.”

“It’ll be so cute. Don’t be shy.”

“I’m a guy, I can’t wear a bra.”

“It’s padded.”

“That’s not the point. I’m sorry, I can’t do this.”

“Look, you are making \$100. What did you think that was for? You’re not digging ditches or something. This will at least hold you over until you find something more permanent.”

“I’ll go outside if you want your privacy.”

Garret waited for Amber to leave. He blushed furiously as he picked up the bra and panties and examined them closely. He absolutely hated it, but the \$100 was \$100 and he wanted to stay on Amber’s good side.

Garret felt incredibly self-conscious standing naked and hairless in the bra fitting room, so humiliated as he was, he stepped into the panties, strapped the padded bra around his chest.

A knock on the door, signaled Amber’s return. A huge smile crossed her face as she saw Garret in just the bra and panties. For the first time, Garret looked at his reflection in the mirror and he could hardly believe what he saw. This was one of *Vixens*’ so-called *Magic Bras*. Amber walked over to him and began to tug and pull at the bra and panties that Garret was wearing to get them into the perfect position. When she was satisfied, she stepped back and gave Garret the once over.

“This is so weird,” complained Garret.

“I don't know, I think there's something magical about a boy's first bra although are you sure this is your first time?” asked Amber.

“It is,” cried Garret.

"It doesn't matter to me," said Amber picking up her camera and quickly snapping a few more pictures.

"Wait! Don't film me like this," protested Garret. He put up his hands to block his face but Amber already had the pictures that she needed.

"Now let's pretty you up."

"I figured that was next."

"Good, I said you were a quick study and you really do have a pretty feminine face already. I'm just going to highlight those features and minimize some of your more masculine features. I can tell you're going to look hot because you've got a lot more feminine features than masculine ones."

"I don't know about that," replied Garret. He disagreed with everything she was saying, but he wasn't going to go through all of this only to piss her off by talking back to her.

She began applying his makeup with a layer of liquid foundation and then a light layer of powder as well. She contoured his face and the soft brush she was using tickled him. Next, she blended what she had done and Garret began to see a feminine face emerge.

"This is good makeup," said Amber. "I'll write down everything I'm using in case you want to buy some for yourself."

"I don't think so."

Amber began to work on his eyes, applying a colorful fading eye shadow that began with hot pink and blended into a sparkling white near his nose. She applied a little wing of liner at the outer edges of his eyes and then took a pair of long, thick fake eye lashes and glued them over his own. It was weird feeling the extra weight as he opened and closed his eyes and he hoped he could remove the lashes soon.

Moving down to his lips, she lined them with a red pencil before using a deep pink gloss to fill his lips in and leave them shining.

"Ta da," said Amber breaking the spell. She held up a big mirror so that Garret could see his face. He could scarcely believe how much she had changed his appearance. He couldn't decide if he looked like a woman or not, but the makeup certainly made him look like a much different person and did bring out his feminine features. He couldn't help staring at his reflection. "It'll look even better after we find the perfect wig for

you. That has to wait though. We need to finish getting you dressed first.”

“By dressed, you mean DRESSed, I assume,” said Garret.

He was startled by a camera flash as Amber took yet another picture.

“Of course I do, she replied. Let me get us some options,” replied Amber.

A few moments later, Garret watched as Amber entered the break room carrying an armload of outfits. The sight of so many things that she obviously expected him to wear made him very nervous.

"Some of those outfits are way too sexy," complained Garret.

"Is there something wrong with sexy?" asked Amber. "*Vixen* girls are supposed to be sexy."

“I’m not a Vixen girl.”

“Not yet,” said Amber handing Garret a stretchy sapphire blue bodycon minidress with quarter sleeves to hide his shoulders. The dress was low cut in the back and made Garret's ass look very feminine.

"Excellent," said Amber. “It’s not perfect, but I think it shows just what you’re going to look like with the right dress. I'm going to have you wear pantyhose to help conceal your little problem. These are nude to show off your legs and they're sandal toe so you can still wear open toed shoes.”

"Yeah, wouldn't want to be deny that,"Garret said snidely.

"I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that as I really don’t accept so much backtalk from my other employees" said Amber.

"I'm sorry,"

Amber showed him how to roll the pantyhose up his legs and he did so without putting a run in them. She was quite proud. Next, he stepped into a pair of strappy black sandals. He could scarcely believe how beautiful he looked in the outfit.

“I would really like to get you a pedicure later, but that will do for now,” said Amber. “Now, let’s try to find an even better dress for you.”

Women came to *Vixen* to look sexy. None of the dresses could be described as conservative or even basic. Dresses were tight, hemlines were short, and necklines were low. A lot of dresses had to be tossed out because even a smaller guy like Garret could never pull them off.

After Garret took off the bodycon dress, Amber handed him a lilac colored minidress with cut out detailing on the sides. Garret did not like the cut outs at all.

“I can’t wear something with holes in it,” he protested.

“Relax, it’s showing off your flat stomach and that’s an area of your body we want to show off because there’s not a whole lot of difference between a guy’s stomach and a girl. Try this,” she said handing him a sage green satin minidress with buttons up the front.”

Resigned to his fate, Garret put it on shocked by the squeal of delight he heard emanating from Amber’s seductive lips, “Perfect!”

“I don’t know,” said Garret. “It’s awfully short.”

"There's no way this could be your first time in a dress," said Amber. "You look way too perfect."

"I swear it is."

“Monica! Come here! You have to see this,” said Amber calling to the other employee.

“Oh, she looks hot,” said Monica taking in Garret’s appearance in the minidress.

“Doesn’t she? I didn’t think it would work this well,” said Amber excitedly.

“I don’t know,” said Garret. “I think it’s obvious I’m a guy in a dress.”

“That’s because of your hair,” said Monica. “We get you a nice wig and you won’t just look like a girl, guys will be checking you out.”

“Do you have things under control here?” asked Amber. “I’m going to take our little project for her wig.”

“Yeah, there’s no rush. Get her a pedicure while you’re at it,” suggested Monica.

“Her?” asked Garret.

“Get used to it,” said Amber.

One thing that neither of the women had counted on was that while Garret’s feet were small and almost dainty and Amber had no trouble finding shoes that would fit him, walking in those shoes was another matter altogether. Garret stumbled badly as he tried to walk.

“Okay, I guess we work on your walk before we do anything else,” said Amber.

Garret was not a total klutz and he did better than most guys would have under the circumstance, but it still took twenty-five minutes of constant practice and criticism before he was capable of walking the two-hundred feet to the wig shop without falling flat on his face. Garret was nervous about going to be fitted for a wig when he was so obviously male, but as Amber explained to him, if a lingerie store is having trouble surviving in this mall, how do you think a wig shop is doing?

The owner of the wig shop was a thirty-something woman named Xena. She was a pale woman with blonde hair and very red lips. Rather than judging Garret, she was happy to see him and Amber.

“Hey Amber! What can I do for you and your friend?” she asked.

“I had an idea for doing some guerrilla marketing, but he needs a very convincing wig. What do you have for us?”

“I have a lot. He has a very easy hair color to match. I’m assuming you want something very feminine.”

“Absolutely! Maybe bangs and some loose curls,” suggested Amber.

“I can find you several choices and you two can pick to your taste,” replied Xena.

By the time they left the shop, Amber had settled on a glossy brown wig that’s color was described as French Roast. The wig had bangs and curls past Garret’s shoulders. Even for a woman’s wig, Garret thought it was extremely feminine. When it was placed on his head, he looked incredibly feminine too.

“That’s perfect, Xena!” said Amber as the wig shop owner styled the wig onto Garret’s head. “If I didn’t know he was a boy, I would totally be convinced he was all girl.”

“With enough time and the right tools, anybody can look like a woman, but he’s got the features to be a beauty. I just brought that out,” said Xena. “How do you like it, Garret?”

“I don’t know,” said Garret staring at his reflection. “I-I can’t believe it.”

“Thanks Xena, you do miracles,” said Amber as she settled her bill.

As they walked back to *Vixens*, Amber spied the nail salon and was tempted to take Garret for a manicure, but decided it was more important

to get him back to the shop and put him to work.

“Okay, so you dressed me up like a woman. I still don’t understand what my job is,” said Garret. “Also, when can I take this stuff off?”

“Not anytime soon,” said Amber. “You know those guys who have signs and they stand in front of oil changes, pizza places, or tax filing services? That’s kind of what you’re going to be.”

“I don’t want people seeing me holding a sign. If they realize I’m a guy they’re going to make fun of me or worse.”

“Well, then you’re in luck. We have no sign,” said Amber. “People will realize you’re a guy though.”

“I know, I’m not that convincing.”

“No, you’re very convincing. However, you’re going to be taking off your makeup, wig, and eventually your bra. When you do all that people will know.”

“I don’t understand this at all,” complained Garret.

“It’s simple. If our *Magic Bra* can make a guy look like you do now, just think what it could do for a woman.”

“Wait! So people will know I’m a guy?”

“Absolutely, this doesn’t work if they just think you’re a woman in the first place.”

“I can’t do that,” said Garret. “I don’t want people seeing me without my wig and makeup.”

“Hardly anybody’s going to pay attention to you and it’s a job so nobody is going to think you’re weird.”

“I could never pull it off.”

“Then it’ll be a lark and you’ll be paid and on your way because if it doesn’t work, we don’t need you. Come on, it’ll be fun. Hardly anybody’s going to notice you anyway, they’ll be busy looking at the bra. It’s to our advantage to make sure of it.”

When they arrived back at Vixens, Garret was surprised to see another half dozen young women in the store. At first, he thought they were there to shop but he soon realized that they were milling around and not looking at the merchandise. A tall back woman with long dark hair and a beaming smile greeted them.

“What’s up boss?” asked the woman. “Monica said you had something to show us.”

“Did you hire a new sales associate?” asked a short redhead.

“A new sales associate? We’ve barely got enough business to keep all of you,” said Amber. “I hired Brielle here, but she’s not going to be a sales associate.”

“So what’s she doing?” asked the black woman.

“Is she a model or something?” asked a short blonde woman with large breasts.

“In a way,” said Amber. “Do you notice anything about her?”

The women all looked her over, but nothing odd was readily apparent. A few women made guesses, but they were quickly dismissed by the other sales associates. Brielle could not be Amber’s sister because they didn’t look enough alike. Brielle was cute enough, but not breathtaking or anything. She certainly didn’t look like any celebrity or even social media influencer that any of the women knew of.

Suddenly, Monica walked behind Garret and removed his wig. The associates still looked puzzled. He was obviously a woman, but her hairstyle was horrible. It made her look like a boy. Despite, Garret’s protests, Amber undid the buttons on his dress and took it off of him. Reluctantly, he stepped out of it. When Amber took off the bra, his gender was suddenly in doubt.

“No way! She’s a he!” exclaimed the redhead.

“What do you think?” asked Amber.

“I think he makes a great looking woman, but why?” asked the black woman.

“He’s going to be the spokesperson for our *Magic Bra*. The product is great and the manufacturer’s marketing is terrible. Think about it, if a bra can make him look that good, what can it do for you?”

“I can’t do this,” complained Garret.

“I think it’s amazing,” said Monica.

“I won’t do it!” said Garret much louder this time.

“You will,” sighed Amber.

“Are you going to blackmail me with those pictures. I’ll sue,” threatened Garret.

“Blackmail? I don’t need blackmail. You’re going to do this for us. If it bothered you so much, you wouldn’t have let it get this far. The only question is how sore your ass is going to be before we reach a meeting of the minds.”

“You’re not going to spank me,” said Garret.

“I’ll do it right here in front of everybody. Do you think those lacy little panties are going to give you any protection? So what’s it going to be? Are you going to put that dress back on and do this promotion for us or am I putting you over my knee?” asked Amber.

Garret stared at this girl that he was so attracted to and looked for the smallest trace of sympathy. Finding none, he looked around the room and it didn’t look like any help was forthcoming from any of these associates. He really did not want to get spanked in front of all of them. There was still the matter of the job.

“What do I have to do?” asked Garret.

“We’re going to video you doing a striptease. Not that different from what just happened here. We can do some flattering lighting and some sexy music. We’re going to put the video up on the big screen in the store and use it to promote that *Magic Bra* that was just doing so much for your figure,” explained Amber.

“It seems like you’re getting an awful lot for \$100,” complained Garret.

“I’ll tell you what, we make about \$6 on every bra we sell. We’ll give you \$1 of it,” said Amber.

“How many will you sell?”

“Hundreds, possibly thousands. It might not pay you what you’ll make working, but it’ll give you a nice little nest egg for when you return to college,” offered Amber.

“Or you can take the alternative way,” suggested Monica making a spanking motion.

“I’ll do it,” said Garret.

The redheaded sales woman helped Garret into his bra and slipped his dress back on. The shop closed early for the night and a very pretty

young woman from the wedding photographer in the mall, came by with her video camera and light kit.

“This is Margaret,” said Amber. “She’s a film student who makes ends meet by videoing weddings. She also earns some pocket change from time to time recording stuff for us.”

“Hi Garret,” said the young woman. “You look amazing. You’re going to make my job very easy.”

“Thanks Margaret,” said Garret. “I’d like to get this over with as soon as possible.”

“I’ll go touch up your makeup while Margaret sets up,” offered Amber.

Ten minutes later, they were back in the shop and the cameras and lights were set up to film the video. Margaret could see that so she tried to encourage him.

“Just have fun with it,” she said. “You’re just going to do a slow and sensual striptease. I’ll play some music as a guide for you. This isn’t like a television commercial so if it takes you longer, it’s no big deal. You don’t have to be done in thirty seconds or a minute.”

The story had an old fashioned chaise lounge, which Margaret posed Garret lounging on. As the music started, he was instructed to slowly mug for the camer and act sexy. This was not at all easy for Garret who would have had trouble acting like a sexy guy for the camera, let alone a sexy girl.

“Can you use any of that?” asked Amber.

“With some quick edits, I can use some of it,” replied Margaret, but we need a lot more.

“You’re putting music over this, right?” asked Amber.

Margaret nodded and Amber had her begin shooting again. It wasn’t easy for Garret, but with Amber dictating directions to him, he managed to at least give Margaret more footage that she could use.

“Okay, I think we’re ready for the striptease. Garret, start by taking off the false eyelashes, then use one of those wipes behind you to remove the makeup. It’s okay if you don’t get it all. We’ll stop the video and help, but we don’t want you scrubbing on camera,” instructed Margaret.

“Make sure you smile and look happy when you’re doing it,” said Amber.

Garret did his best, but one thing that hadn't occurred to him was that since they would need multiple takes, he would have to have his makeup put on and taken off over and over. Amber was happy to do it, even though it was exacting to make sure that she put it on the same way every single time.

"This is stupid. I've taken the makeup off four times and you've recorded it four times," complained Garret.

"And you're going to do it as many times as we need you to," threatened Amber.

"I've been cooperating. Let's move on," said Garret.

"Can you excuse us a second, Margaret. Take a break. We'll be ready soon," said Amber even as she advanced on Garret.

"What are you doing?" demanded Garret as Amber put him over her knee.

With Garret cowed and intimidated, it was relatively easy for the determined store manager to hold down her rebellious employee. She took one of her own shoes and began to punish Garret's tender behind. It only took ten sharp on his ass cheeks before he was instantly in tears.

Whack!

Clap!

Smack!

"Stop it, please!" begged Garret.

"Do you still refuse to let me do your makeup?" asked Amber getting in his face.

"No, you can put it on me," sobbed Garret.

"And do you promise to be good?" asked Amber.

"Yes, just stop spanking me," pleaded Garret.

"Do you promise to be a good girl?" added Monica. Amber put her hand over her mouth, but couldn't completely stifle her giggles at that, and at the look on Garret's face as he struggled between fear of greater humiliation and fear of more punishment. In the end, fear of pain won out.

“Yes, I’ll be a good...a good girl,” said Garret as if the very words were as painful as the spanking.

“Those panties were great for a good spanking,” said Monica. “Not much in the way at all. You got him nice and red very quickly.”

“Excellent,” said Amber, gasping between gales of laughter at how completely she had broken Garret and she was going to enjoy having her under her thumb. “I’m sure we’re going to get plenty of use out of them in the future...or rather Brielle here will.”

Garret started to protest against the use of the humiliating new name that had been chosen for him when he first met the other sales associates, but his butt still burned in agony, and so he thought better of it. Instead, he bit his lip to keep silent, an unmistakably submissive, demure, and girlish gesture that both women noticed. They exchanged knowing looks and excited smiles.

“Okay, let’s get you made up,” said Amber.

Garret meekly obeyed and did his best to look sexy when Margaret did three more takes of him wiping off his makeup.

“Okay, now that the makeup is off the rest is going to be easier,” promised Margaret. “You need to teasingly take off your dress, then your bra, and finally your wig. The nice thing is even though we’ll need several takes we don’t need to touch up your makeup anymore.”

Garret did his best and the last part of the modeling session was certainly easier than the first part. He breathed a sigh of relief when Margaret finally announced that they were done.

“Well, I know that wasn’t fun but you earned your pay tonight,” said Amber.

“I appreciate the \$100, but I won’t pretend I’m not happy that it’s over,” replied Garret.

“Maybe not completely,” replied Amber.

“What do you mean?” asked Garret.

“You’re probably done, but if this thing is a big success, we may need you to do an occasional appearance in the store,” said Amber. “We’d pay you more of course, plus you do earn on every bra you sell.”

“I don’t know about that,” said Garret.

“Well, it’s only if this becomes a runaway success. There’s no reason to worry about it now.”

A week later, Garret’s video began playing on the large video screen of *Vixens*. He was at home at the time blissfully unaware just how much his life would soon be changing. Throughout the next ten days, the buzz began to grow even as Garret searched in vain for a summer job that would pay him decently and wouldn’t leave him smelling like onions. Then one day, his phone rang. He finally had a job offer.

TO BE CONTINUED

CANDY APPLE CUSTOM EROTICA

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Ever since high school, April has really enjoyed feminizing and tormenting Paul. I have written nearly a dozen books about these experiences, but now she has her heart set on having Paul as her very own secretary. Paul will fight it of course, but when has that ever been successful for him?

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KYLIE'S BOUDOIR

I would like to invite all my readers to check out [Kylie's Boudoir](http://kyliegable.blogspot.com/) (<http://kyliegable.blogspot.com/>). This is my place to communicate with readers and let them know my thoughts on feminization and female domination as well as give details on upcoming projects. I'd especially love to get more comments from readers. Thanks for reading.

Love,

Kylie

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