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## Secrets

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We're supposed to welcome each person who comes in. Start up a conversation amid too-pink walls and perfectly sculpted mannequin busts clad in 30DD and extra small panties, which never sell because most women just don't wear that size. We ask Her how long it's been since she was last sized. I haven't been measured, or anything, but I'm wearing the right one. We try not to offend Her as we tell Her that Most women wear the wrong size, can we please measure you? and if She lets us we have to make sure she gets the Full Bra Shopping Experience, having her try on pushups and sports bras and lacy bras and pick out a thong or two and don't forget a fragrance, even if She only came in for another Tee-Shirt bra, or another Perfect Fit. Always put a woman in the Bombshell bra, tell Her that it's our best seller, and it will make Her look like she's (sell voice) 2 ½ cup sizes bigger with it on! When she finally relents, and lets us write her name on a little pink slip and put it in a little pink holder in front of a door with a floor length mirror and a bra and panty set, a Very Sexy set, of course, we have to make sure not to let up because if She buys lots of bras we get paid better. She'll balk, but Don't worry honey we just want to get you the wardrobe of a woman. We put her in the dressing room, and gather up more slings for Her to wear, pink and lacy and least one racy one Her husband will love.

Must make sure to tell her that a Bra Wardrobe consists of at least eight different bras. When She responds with surprise, and we see Her adding up how much that costs, we lie and tell Her lots of women buy even more, and that we have at least ten, even though we would never drop 60 to 90 bucks on one of these bras we see every day and can't stand anymore. We tell her Right now I'm wearing a whatever bra we think of first, flash her a glance of the strap hooked around our thumb, and slip it back under our black shirt. She steps into the dressing room with more bras than one woman needs, into the soft yellow light designed to soften Her wrinkles and fill out her hips, make Her look prettier, sexier, better somehow so She'll think it's the bras doing it and She'll buy more, and the light beside the mirror door comes on and we, the whole store, step into

the dressing room and tell her yes this is normal, it should fit snug, straps should not dig into your shoulder, it hooks here, lift the girls up each time you put on a bra, gotta get them in there snug. She'll panic as we say the 34B she's been wearing doesn't fit her, and she needs a 32D. She'll call us blind. I am not the sort of person to have boobs that big. Sometimes we re-hook the bra for her, sometimes we are in there as She takes one off and puts on another. Sometimes we listen as She complains about her sex life, and sometimes we are in there while She calls in Her husband and asks Him if He'll finally do her if She wears the Very Sexy Bombshell.

We tell Her again and again our names, and in the two seconds it takes Her to get to the cash register she's already forgotten. Oh, I don't know, she wore black, as we all do, and we have to hope that we get the commission for all that work because you can't depend on Her to remember or care, and you can't depend on Her to even remember what we look like, aside from being the woman in the black shirt, Even though we know that she is Stacy, that her husband is probably cheating on her with the new neighbor, and she doesn't need most of what she bought today. She'll go back to her room, cut off the tags, and fold her purchases into her drawer, probably popping one cup into another to save space even though that wrinkles the padding, and wonder if it will make her beautiful, make her loved, make her love herself.

We'll go home, after the mall has closed down, yanking up the gate just far enough for us to slip under it and slamming it back down, checking to make sure the gate on the other side is locked. We walk out as a group. We watch each other climb into our cars. One of us lights up before sliding into the driver seat, and another yells at them Weren't you quitting? But hops into the car and we drive away, leaving two of us, one waiting for a ride, and one waiting to make sure we all make it.