**Amy Lucas**

by Multinational

**Amy Lucas 1

The Interview.**
Life was hard in the Lucas household. Amy (18) and her sister Erica (16) were solely dependent on their mother for income and she toiled on a minimum wage as a supermarket shelf filler. There were no fancy Christmas presents, basic flat-pack furniture all over the flat and clothes were often of the charity shop origin. It was a happy flat most of the time, despite the lack of cash and the three of them got on well.

Time had come now for Amy to take some responsibility. She'd done ok in her A-levels, not brilliantly, but not a disgrace either. She wasn't university grade, but neither was she stupid. After discussions with her mother, she'd decided to go for a job. Even a minimum wage one would make so much difference to the whole household. Getting an interview was the problem though. The job market was flooded by graduates and Amy was struggling. To add insult to injury, Erica managed to score a few part time shifts in a garage. All of a sudden her little sister was contributing and she was not.

She redoubled her efforts, scouring the jobs pages and online vacancies too. So many were just duplicates and agency adverts that rarely led to anything, but one ad caught her eye. A new venture, the owner, Mark, wanted a senior bar person and also an apprentice. She was overjoyed when the following day she got an email telling her she had an interview.

Amy really needed the senior job. An apprenticeship was no good really, it would help, but for full time commitment she'd be bringing home little more than Erica. No, she really had to go all out to get the proper job.

Come the day it was time to look at her best. She let down her red hair, which had a gentle wave to half way down her back. Minimal make up allowed the freckles to show and a smart blouse and skirt completed the look. She ummed and ahhed about a bra. With her large, milky white boobs it was quite necessary, but the only ones she had were getting old and had certainly lost their pristine whiteness. In her view necessity won. She was very proud of her boobs at some times, but at others wished she was less bountiful, allowing her to go braless like her friends

It was a good half hour walk to the office where the interview was held and the weather was warm. Amy tried to take it easy so she wouldn't arrive all sweaty. Her heart fell as she saw two other girls, complete with folders full of academic qualifications. Her interview was last and by the time she even walked though the door she knew she'd lost. The company owner, Mark, was in his late forties, greying and yet full of enthusiasm. He aimed to fill a gap in the market with a mobile bar, which could trade at weddings, functions, everything through to festivals. He also had an old shop unit, using it for storage at the moment, but with a view to opening it as a specialist off licence at some stage in the future.

Her worst fears were confirmed as it became apparent that Mark had chosen one of the earlier girls. Tears started to well in her eyes and a lump formed in her throat. Mark noticed and passed her a tissue.

“Are you really that desperate for a basic job?” he asked, not unkindly.

Amy told him a little of her home situation and Mark looked thoughtful.

“Listen,” he said, “I was going to hire models for some of the festivals as some are a bit raunchy. I'm doing one or two bikers fairs and even a fetish event. If you were to take the apprenticeship, those events would bump your wages right up, possibly even more than the basic full time.”

“Is there a catch?” Amy dared to ask.

“Oh nothing comes without cost. Like I said, some of these venues have their own atmosphere. You'd have to wear exactly what I say and only that. I need to make a good impression.”

Amy gulped, but so didn't want to be outdone by Erica's achievement. Besides, just how bad could these costumes be?

“I'd love to take it” she gushed.

“That's great, I'll have the contract drawn up. Flexible on time and flexible on dress, but I'll guarantee you exceed a full time wage. There will also be bonuses when we have a good result.

Amy brightened up still more. She could make this work. Dressing in a denim skirt or whatever for a bike rally was a small price to pay.

**Amy Lucas 2

The Catch.**
Amy joyously told her mum and sister about her exciting new job, letting them know it may involve some travel and flexible hours due to the varied nature of where they'd be trading. Finally it seemed the three of them were going to be a little more comfortably off.

Next morning Amy returned to see Mark, who, good as his word had the contract ready. Amy took the time to look it through and she checked the bits that they had agreed on. Flexible time, but to a maximum of 40 hours a week, with reasonable notice given for the attendance of events. Provision was also there for just half a dozen last minute bookings each calendar year. Amy thought that was only fair as it enabled Mark to take bookings when another trader had dropped out unexpectedly.

Then there was the section regarding dress at work. “Smart casual wear is to be worn at all times, except when clothing is provided for specific events. When this occurs, said outfit must be worn, to the exclusion of any other clothing.” There was also a few questions regarding her shoe and dress sizes, even to the extent of asking her bra size. Amy did think of querying this, but put it down to Mark wanting to make sure any outfits she had to wear fitted, besides she didn't want to do anything to jeopardise her chances of the job before she even started.

There was also a photography clause, allowing Mark to use pictures taken at events for any future advertising. Amy saw that as understandable and as such, she signed her name, smiled and handed the paper to Mark, who said “Welcome aboard!”.

Start was to be the following Monday and then a couple of days off, before loading up on Thursday before and event spanning Friday and Saturday. It all seemed straightforward to Amy, so she bade farewell and strolled off home.

Watching her saunter off down the street, seemingly without a care in the world, the watch Mark was wondering to himself just how far he could push his very own dress-up doll. In truth there were only two events lined up where he was going to hire models, but there were a lot of weekends he hadn't booked yet, so it was time to get sorting some arrangements out.

The receding figure was very slim, very pale, but seemed to be well blessed in the chest area. Mark determined to find out just how well blessed she was – from a very close up vantage point.

Coincidentally, both of them found themselves clothes shopping that weekend. Her mother had given Amy a small amount of money so she could get herself a couple of new blouses for work. Such a small amount was it that it barely ran to the cost of even one blouse in the supermarket, so it looked like charity shops would see her custom once more.

Mark, on the other hand, was in a few trendy boutiques that specialised in goth and fetish wear. He found himself trying to guage skirt length on the fairly diminutive teen with the large bust. Yes, he wanted some leg, but he didn't want to scare her off at the first event. In the end he went for a little tartan flared number, with a corset style plain black top to go with it.

He knew that it would be impossible to wear a bra with it, so congratulated himself on one score. Though he guessed she'd wear knickers, he decided he could raise that subject in the future. What was needed was to get his living mannequin used to wearing what was provided. To that end, he bought her a pair of Doc Martens to complete the outfit. The outlay was more than he intended, but he knew the boots would see repeated use, so wasn't too concerned.

Laura, the other girl he had taken on, would be charged with getting the shop up and running. The success or failure of it would see determine the length of her employment. Weekends, he decided, were going to be playtime.

**Amy Lucas 3

Work starts.**
After a nervous weekend, Amy found herself stood outside the shop with Laura, chatting easily while the waited for Mark to come and open up. Laura said how she thought Mark would be easy to work for and this reassured Amy somewhat. If another girl (though three years older than herself) thought that, it had to be a positive – didn't it?

Mark duly arrived with a 4x4 ready to unload, a desk, and second-hand PC, odd bits of stock and some metal shelving, which would need assembling. Laura was tasked with assembling and setting up the PC, with a list of paperwork pro-formas Mark wanted designing. Amy found herself helping to set up what would be the stockroom. The work itself was uneventful, creating space for when the main delivery arrived on the Thursday.

The day passed quickly and eventually the three found themselves sat having a breather before they finished up. It dawned on Amy that Laura was no taller than her own 5'2”. Was this indicative of Mark's taste in women? Or was it purely coincidence? There the similarity ended though, as Laura was a suntanned blonde and she certainly had nothing to match the F-cup boobs that Amy had a love-hate relationship with.

Still, at least work had not been too difficult. It was always easier when you got on with your colleagues too, so Amy was quite contented when she arrived home that evening. She duly answered all her mother and sister's questions about her day and after clearing up from dinner took herself off for a long soak in the bath.

It always amused and annoyed her, pretty much in equal quantities, that when she lay back, almost immersed in the tub of bubbles, all she could see was her boobs and her knees. Her tiny, almost little-girl pink nipples annoyed her and she thought they looked silly atop such large mounds of flesh, so much so that petting, the little she had done, had always been allowed only with her bra firmly on!

She wondered if she imagined it when she felt Mark's eyes in their direction? She knew he was divorced, with grown up daughters, so surely he would only have business on his mind. Then again......

She finished washing herself, got dry and wrapped herself in her robe to return to the room she shared with Erica. After slipping on a nightshirt and bidding her family goodnight, she dropped into a deep sleep and it was a good job she didn't have work on Tuesday as it was half way though the morning by the time she woke.

A list of chores left by her mother was relatively short and she found herself wishing she was at work. With Erica at college and mum at work, it was slow couple of days for Amy, who was reduced to counting hours before she was back at the disused shop again.

Thursday came and went, Amy and Mark loaded up the 4x4 and trailer, so it was all ready for the Friday morning start. Laura seemed a little left out as she set up stock and wages systems on the PC, but she'd join them for breaks and seemed contented enough.

Finally everything was done and such was the preparation that the only thing to do o Friday morning would be to start the car. Nothing had been said about Amy's work attire and she didn't feel inclined to bring the subject up. She told herself she'd just come in jeans and tee for the set up and have a blouse and skirt ready for the event itself. Once home she packed herself a little bag with spare clothes and make-up and tried to keep busy so the nerves of facing the public for the first time didn't overwhelm her. They'd be sleeping in the little marquee that housed their bar overnight the following night, but she'd seen Mark load two sleeping bags and two blow up beds into the trailer earlier, so that wasn't of great concern.

It was only then that she realised she hadn't even asked what sort of event it was. “First thing, I'll ask.” she told herself.

**Amy Lucas 4

The First Event**
Amy arrived early on the Friday morning and was moderately surprised to see Mark already in. It was Laura's day off, so just the two of them were there.

“Hi, your outfit is by the PC” Mark called.

Amy shuddered slightly, then found her heart beating stronger as she went towards the front area where the PC was. She spotted the boots first, thinking they were at least practical, the skirt, well, she did expect a skirt and at least it wasn't obscenely short, but the top, the first thing that struck her was that a bra would look stupid and she didn't know how the mock corset was going to manage when trying to hold in her charms.

She looked round to see Mark watching her.

“Well go on, put it on then” he urged.

“Surely it's better if we get there and set up first?

“Not at all, I want the right image from the moment we arrive. We could do with a good take the first week, all helps pay the wages”

The subtle reference to wages was the nudge she needed and Amy set off to the toilets to get changed. The skirt wasn't too bad, she didn't think her knickers would be on show even when she had to bend, but the top looked like it was going to have an almighty battle on for the next two days to hold her breasts in place. She sighed, at least it was work. She was covered, well, if you didn't count the large amount of boobs bulging over the top, and she was being paid.

She has one last look in the mirror. Her red hair was quite set off the black top and the pale skin between gave her quite a unique look, different to what she was used to anyway. Life could be worse, she decided and finally ventured out. The smile on Mark's face strangely pleased her. With such a poor upbringing it hadn't been possible to dress up much and to look as she did now was slightly empowering.

She sashayed over to the 4x4 in a slightly provocative manner and got in the passenger seat. Seconds later, Mark joined her and they were on their way. At first she was a little perturbed by the van drivers that overtook and leered down at her cleavage, but after the first few, she found herself giving in to the need for sleep that last night hadn't provided. The Land Rover was comfortable and she drifted into a dreamy sleep.

Awakened as the car stopped and the security guard asked Mark for his pass, etc, she looked down and her left nipple was peeking out. She quickly tucked it back in and took stock of her situation. Mark was completely businesslike with the security guard, and even after they passed through the gate showed no sign of having seen anything.