**Jessica Jiggle**  
Jessica Jergle stretched her arms and took a deep breath, a smile on her lips. She got out of bed and threw open the curtains welcoming the sun after a stormy night. Today was the day. Jessica was a 26 year old realtor on the verge of closing a deal. Not just any deal. This deal would break the office record and win her a $5000 yearly bonus.   
  
Jessica sat at her kitchen table in her nightgown eating breakfast as she thought about what she would do with the winnings. She had decided on a trip to Hawaii where she would lie on the beach and soak up rays, margaritas and the attention of every cute guy who laid eyes on her. As she stared at her extra helping of bacon, she realized that she would have to shed a few pounds and lose the ample behind that had crept up on her during the long hours of sitting in the office working overtime to win the prize. But it would all be worth it with one phone call at 10:00 am.   
  
Jessica took off her nightgown and checked out her reflection in the mirror. Her breasts just the right size, her stomach still very flat with just a hint of soft flab forming. That would be easy to get rid of. But the bulbous cheeks that stuck out behind her would be harder handle. She stepped on her tippy toes and flopped back onto her heels causing her bottom to jiggle for seconds after the impact. She sighed but then smiled remembering the phone call at 10:00 am. Besides, a few weeks at the gym before her trip should be enough.   
  
After her shower, she put on her bra and blouse, garters and hose and began to pull up a long tight skirt without putting on panties. Jessica loved tight skirts and felt they could give her the edge with the right client. Underwear lines were never tolerated, even by a thong. Besides, she loved the thrill of no one knowing and feeling a little naughty at work.   
  
Jessica pulled her older Jag into the parking lot of her office. Before she got out she checked herself in the mirror quickly. Today she had to look perfect. Her layered brown hair framed a soft girlish face with a button nose, a feature that made her look eternally young but gave her an air of inexperience with some clients. Thanks to her bright piercing green eyes and shrewd demeanor, false first impressions of Jessica were soon met by a fierce and fiery correction.   
  
Jessica breezed into her office. She didn’t look or say anything to anyone. Today she had to be focused. Those who looked on did so with either envy or longing. She sat down at her desk and placed her purse in her drawer just as her boss, Bob Gilliam called her into the boardroom. Bob liked to give pep talks to those on the verge of closing deals. Jessica usually found them boring and repetitive. She winced when Bob also called Jack.   
  
  
Jack Helms was also on the verge of breaking the record. Jack was a veteran whose dashing looks and daring demeanor always kept him close to the top.   
  
“Jessica Jergle my dear you look ravishing as usual.” Jack spewed.   
  
“Jack” Jessica politely shot a smile at Jack trying not to look at his ridiculous over whitened grin made blinding by his far too tanned skin.   
  
“Well it’s a big day.” Bob began his rant about the contest and the fact that the prize shouldn’t be the point but the satisfaction of closing the deal no matter what and seeing things to the end, bitter or sweet and blah blah blah blah blah. Jessica just thought about Hawaii the whole time. The color drained from her face as she finally noticed the clock. 9:53.   
  
On and on the talk went and Jessica felt herself start to sweat. She had to get the call at 10:00 am. To miss it at this point would be devastating. She almost stopped breathing as she fought hard to look calm and keep herself from biting her lip. Finally Bob brought his speech to an end. 9:58! Jessica slowly let out her breath and began to stand.   
  
“Bob, will the final winner of the contest be judged by total sales or who breaks the record first?” Jessica seethed at Jack. Her heart jumped as she heard her phone begin to ring outside.   
  
“Um, Bob?” Jessica started.  
  
“Good question, one second Jessica, both will be equally considered when the folks upstairs make their decision.” The phone rang on and Jessica almost began to pant. If it was possible, Jack smiled wider. Bob finally concluded. “Understood? Ok let’s get out there and win this thing. Sorry Jessica what was it?”  
  
“Nothing Bob, you answered my question, great speech today!” Jessica raced out of the boardroom and moved across the office as fast as she could. Her skirt didn’t allow her to run but she wasn’t sure if she would even if she could. She wouldn’t belie a hint of desperation. But as the phone rang on, desperation got the better of her. She took a giant stride with a resounding “Rrrrrrip” as she grabbed the phone.   
  
“Hello Jessica Jergle speaking” her heart sank as her perfectly calm greeting was answered by dial tone. She looked back at the boardroom door to see if anyone caught her rushing. None but Jack dared look on in her direction. As she glared at him his eyes fluttered down to her legs. She reached around and noticed that the slit in the back of her skirt had torn a ways up her leg. It was far from reaching any embarrassing heights but she sat quickly nonetheless to hide the damage.   
  
She picked up the phone and dialed her client quickly. Answering machine. She tried over and over and finally left a message. She sat fuming as Jack gave her a smile and a shrug as he dialed his client. This was not good. She couldn’t believe how this day was turning out. She was certain Jack had somehow found out about her important call and intentionally made her miss it. On top of that she would have to wait until everyone else had left for the day before she would allow anyone to see her little skirt accident again. Her luck needed a boost fast.   
  
She fiddled and tried to look busy while she waited for her client to call her back. She almost leaped out of her chair when her phone finally rang. ‘Victory!’ Was all she could think. She shot Jack a winning smile of her own as she picked up the phone. Jessica felt prickles down her spine and her face flushing as her client’s secretary told her that he was sorry she missed his call and would close the deal next month when he returned from his business trip.   
  
Jessica finally bit her bottom lip as she hung up the phone. She was screwed. She had no other leads, no back ups and a big deal that would assure her the win coming a month too late. She sat stunned as she imagined her trip flying away from her. She slammed her hand on her desk before she could stop herself. A few people looked up from their work and she tried miserably to cover her disappointment. Jack sauntered up to her desk.  
  
“To the sweet or, bitter end right?” She wanted to wipe that gloating smile off of his face. Jack chuckled and swaggered his way past his desk, picking up his BMW keys and headed out to lunch. Jessica’s mind filled with sinister thoughts. It was Friday. The deadline was Monday. She had half a day to turn things around with nothing to go on.   
  
She flipped through office files looking for anything that was outstanding or undesirable. If she closed something, anything at the last minute, surely it would make her look good to the management. After sorting through file after file, she finally found a single prospect. Her heart sank deeper when she looked at the name: “The Baxter file.”  
  
Agents had been trying to close the Baxter estate for years. It was some dispute over a huge overgrown farm property between the late Mrs. Baxter’s husband Irwin and his children. The house had been in Mrs. Baxter’s name and she had left it to both Irwin and their children. The children had offered a huge bonus to anyone who could convince the surly old Mr. Baxter to sell. Many had tried, all had failed, until now, Jessica thought.   
  
“The old Baxter place huh?” Jessica jumped at Jack’s voice behind her. “That’s a quite a stretch. You must be desperate.”   
  
“No, no, I was just looking at prospects for next year. Not that it’s any of your business”   
  
Jack nodded and sat in one of Jessica’s client chairs. He moved in far too close and looked around to make sure no one was listening. “Just an idea. I can bring you in on my deal. I’m closing on Monday morning but I’ll cut you in 50/50, even say you closed the deal. That way we both win right?”  
  
Jessica was appalled. Her mind raced with thoughts of maiming Jack, maybe with her stapler. But she wondered if she had a choice. She would still get the prestige as long as Jack kept quiet about their deal and $2500 would still get her to Hawaii if not in style.   
  
“And what do you get out of it?” Jessica asked coldly.  
  
“You, me, dinner, dance and who knows…”   
  
Jessica practically shoved him away. “No deal.”  
  
Jack stood up and covered his embarrassment with another stupid smile. “You know where I am if you change your mind.”   
  
Jessica glared at Jack’s back as he sauntered back to his desk. She looked back down at the Baxter file, biting her lip again. Mustering a surge of confidence, Jessica took the file, grabbed her keys and hurried out of the office to her car. There was no way she was going down without a fight.   
  
  
Jack watched as Jessica drove off. If she was going to try and sell ol’ Baxter he had to see this for himself. He grabbed his camcorder and left the office trailing Jessica.  
  
  
  
Jessica drove for hours out into the country. She grew apprehensive as the highways turned to rough roads and the roads turned to gravel lanes. She passed a few tractors as the farms and forests passed by. Finally she arrived at the Baxter property.   
  
“Oh my god, what a dump.” She said to herself. The property consisted of a muddy laneway that lead a short distance into some thick trees up to dilapidated old farm house and a barn that burnt down long ago. She took a deep breath and turned down the drive. Immediately she realized her mistake as her Jag bumped and wallowed in the muddy lane. She looked on ahead to where the drive turned to old stone just in front of the house.   
  
“If I can just…” A sloppy splattering sound suddenly erupted from the back of her car and she felt the steering wheel go loose in her hands. She slowed down.  
  
“Oh my god no. Please” She pressed the gas and the engine picked up but the splattering sound intensified and she slowed to a stop. Jessica let off the gas and looked around with uncertainty of what to do next. She began feathering the gas but the car just vibrated moving forward an inch or two and then settling back where it started.   
  
“Come on.” She pleaded as she gave the car more gas. Once again the car rocked forward and the sound of splattering answered.   
  
“Damn it! I’ll just park on the road.” She put the car in reverse. Again she feathered the gas. She backed up a foot before her ears were assaulted by major splattering and felt her rear end sink. Panic began to well up in her.   
  
  
Jack parked in the driveway of Ol’ Baxter’s neighbor before donning his galoshes and trekking quietly through the trees towards the Baxter estate. The sound of spinning tires spurred his movement. Hiding in bushes, he looked on stifling laughter at Jessica’s plight. He began to record the scene.  
  
  
“I am not stuck. There’s no way. Not today.” Jessica put her car into drive and again moved a foot before stopping and spinning in her original spot.   
  
“Please.” She felt tears welling up. But she forced them back. “I’ll just call for a tow truck and close the friggin deal before they get here.” She checked her cell phone. “Out of service Area”   
  
“Oh COME ON!” she wailed. She set her jaw and floored it. The car bucked wildly but began to slither through the muck until she finally reached the stone.  
  
“YES!” she screamed. “That’s my girl!” She parked and got out of her car. She looked back at the mess she had made in the driveway. The smooth mud had been churned into a mucky mire. She knew she wasn’t getting through there again.   
  
“All the more reason to get rid of this place. I’ll just call a tow truck from the house. I hope he has a phone.” Jessica stepped onto the rickety old desk surrounding the house. She knocked on the door and looked for a doorbell. There was none. She tried the door. Locked. After about ten minutes of knocking and wondering how she was going to get out of here, she spied a window a quarter of the way open. She walked to the window.  
  
“Hello? Mr. Baxter? Are you here?” Again no answer. However, she saw hope in the form of a phone on the far side of what might be called a living room beyond the window.   
  
“Perfect. Hmmm. It’s going to be a tight squeeze.” She murmured to herself. Looking back at the mire she decided to venture forth. She poked her head through followed by her shoulders. Her breasts required a little negotiation but they popped through as well. She stopped with a small jolt at her almost inconsiderable love handles.   
  
“Oh come on.” She pushed on the wall hard but only succeeded in wedging herself into the small space.  
  
“Ouch!” she yelped and pushed again. No good. She had to reconsider this. She tried to back out shimmying from side to side but her belt had come through and in addition to her handles, and was caught inside the window.   
  
“Ohmigod. Are you kidding?” She looked back at her butt sticking out on the other side of the window. Embarrassment flushed her face as she struggled. She was stuck. Looking back again she assessed her situation. She was definitely wedged but her belt was the prime culprit for keeping her in. She tried to unbuckle it but ihe buckle was firmly under her tummy. She had to get her belt back under the pane. She tried everything to get the belt to move. Finally she kicked her feet. The bouncing almost brought the belt low enough. She kicked again. It might work. Looking back at her progress, she tried to ignore how badly her bottom wobbled under her skirt when she kicked.   
  
“Oh Jack would love this.” She mused.  
  
  
Jack was flipping out. He couldn’t believe how good this was getting. Not only was he going to win but after Jessica was laughed out of the office, his competition would thin considerably. His heart almost stopped with what happened next.  
  
  
Jessica kicked harder and harder trying to free her belt. Suddenly she heard a rip from outside. She stopped a moment to ponder what it was.   
  
“Hello? Is anyone there?” After a moment she returned to her kicking. Outside, muffled by her grunting, the tear in her skirt slowly crept upward with each series of kicks. But Jessica kept cluelessly kicking, bouncing and wobbling her butt. Suddenly Jessica felt odd. She felt cool air on her bottom. She looked back during one of her kicks. Her eyes widened and her mouth dropped open as she saw her bare bum jiggling through the window. She turned her head back to the empty house stunned.   
  
“My skirt! What happ…? Oh god my bum is completely bare.” She looked back again to reassure herself that it wasn’t a bad dream. She could definitely see the tops of her two plump cheeks quivering in the sun. She gave a slight kick to try and discover what had happened. Besides having to endure another jiggling display, the skirt ripped again and started coming free from her belt to fall outside. The sound of a car passing by on the nearby barely tree covered street induced panic. She kicked and wobbled like a maniac causing her bum to wobble and jiggle uncontrollably. She imagined all the people who could find her here like this. When her mind stopped on Jack she thrust herself down to the point of pain and popped out surprisingly fast. She grabbed the sill to steady herself before running to her car.   
  
The feeling of the leather seat on her bare behind was terrifying. “Screw the prize, I have to get out of here.” She started the car and gunned it into the mire. But when she got back to the same spot her car again came to a soft slithering halt.   
  
“NO!” She cried, tears welling up as she gunned the car. Mud flew everywhere but her rear end just sank and settled itself into a deep rut. Forward, backward, over and over. Now she was really stuck.   
  
  
Jack had undone his tie as his temperature had risen at least 10 degrees. He was in heaven. He took out his cell phone. “Now for the grand finale!” He dialed. “Hey. How would you like to make an extra 200 bucks?”  
  
  
It was hopeless. Jessica’s car moved up one side of the rut only to settle back down and then did the same in reverse. The more she churned up the mud the less movement she got. She slumped over the steering wheel and sobbed. “I just want to go home.” Suddenly she heard the sound of a car pulling in and her head jolted up. Pulling into the drive was a tow truck. Even worse, it stopped and out stepped a strapping young guy that on a normal day, would make Jessica consider dropping her number into his pocket. She desperately tried to make the car go as the guy slowly walked up trying to avoid the flying muck.   
  
“Whoa whoa whoa, slow down there. Stop spinning I’ll get you out.” Jessica stopped and pulled her short blouse down as far as it would go. The guy walked up to the window but kept his distance as to not make her nervous. Hot and Polite. If he only knew. He noticed she had been crying. “Hey it’s okay. I’ll hook you up and get you out in a minute. I just need you to get out of the car okay?”   
  
“Um, I can’t” Jessica sheepishly replied.  
  
“Hey I understand, strange guy strange place, but legally I can’t help you unless you get out of the car.”  
  
“I’m naked.”  
  
“You’re what??”   
  
“I’m naked. I lost my skirt and well…I’m naked ok?”  
  
“Right.” Was he sweating? “I’ll make an exception but you got to keep your head down ok?”  
  
“Right, no problem.” Jessica slunk down as far as her body would allow her to.   
  
  
  
Monday morning arrived. Jessica walked into the office wearing a pair of dress pants for the first time in her life. She had worked hard all weekend trying to forget the prize, her horrible experience and Hawaii. She would just have to try and beat the record next year.   
  
As she walked to her desk she noticed something was different. Everyone was trying not to look at her but it was not because of envy, it was something else.   
  
“Good morning sunshine” Jack said cheerfully. How’d thing go at the old Baxter place”   
  
“If you must know I didn’t go” Jessica replied.  
  
“Right. Well Bob should be announcing the winner, oh about 10:00 am” Suddenly Jack’s phone rang. “Oh! And there it is. Excuse me, that’s destiny calling.” Did he just say that? Jessica thought to herself.   
  
As she walked the rest of the way to her desk, Jessica heard snickering and giggling. Some people were laughing or trying not too, others were staring intently at their computers or desks, everywhere but at her. She sat down and opened her drawer to put in her purse. There in the drawer was a DVD labeled in marker. She picked it up and read the label: “Jessica Jiggle: here’s to a very sweet end.” Her heart filled with fear. She put the DVD in her drive and sure enough, there was a video of her entire experience. She froze. After a few long minutes she stood fighting back tears. She took her purse and began walking. Her mind fluttered between either running to the door or attacking Jack with the intention of murder. Suddenly Bob burst from his office bellowing.  
  
“JESSICA! Oh! You’re right here. Good. Everyone listen up!”   
  
Jessica was mortified. When would it end?  
  
“Jessica here….HAS NOT ONLY BROKEN THE RECORD BUT SMASHED IT TO PIECES!” Silence. No one was more stunned than Jessica.   
  
“But…but…What?”  
  
“Ol’ Irwin Baxter called me from the hospital this morning. Said Jessica’s presentation on Friday and a mild heart attack after she left made him see the light. Don’t worry he’s fine, but he now knows he’s too old to be so far from medical help so he decided to sell and a corporation bought it right up! Gonna build food processing plant or something.”  
  
Jessica’s eyes couldn’t get any wider. Jack was just sheer dumbfounded.   
  
“The place sold for a million and a half at 13%. Heh, the bonus’ now look like a pittance compared to what you pulled off Jessica my dear! How about a huge round of applause!”  
  
The applause trickled only for a second.  
  
“C’mon folks, Jessica just ensured we all get double our Christmas bonus this year”  
  
That did it. The office erupted. Jack was still beside himself. During the applause Bob whispered to Jessica. “Irwin apologizes for not answering the door at first but said your patience and determination made all the difference. I’d say keep it up but if you do you’ll have my job next year!” he suddenly turned to Jack “Jack, may I see you in my office please?”  
  
Jack snapped out of his stupor and followed Bob into his office in a daze.   
  
Jessica rolled onto the balls of her feet and then flopped down onto her heels. She felt her bottom jiggle but she didn’t care. She would have lots of time to get rid of it before her extended vacation in Hawaii.   
  
THE END