Part Time Job

by shayexhibits ©

I took a part time job for a while working evenings at an adult toy shop.

It was a blast working there. Not only did I get to see all the new stuff

that came along, I got a discount on everything I bought. I also met a lot

of really cool and interesting people. Some of the guys that came in were

all the way weird but I usually just paid no attention to them and did my

work. I, being the exhibitionist that I am, always had to wear the clothes

I bought there. The manager didn’t mind, since he had a thing for my ass

anyway. It was fun dancing around him, trying to not let him know that I

knew he wanted me. He was a young guy, 23, and ran the store for his dad,

who lived in another state. I wouldn’t say he was a drop dead good looking

guy, but he had something about him that made the girls like him.

Sometimes he would pat my butt as he walked by, I just pretended not to

care or even notice. I think it made him bolder in his attempts later but

like I said I really didn’t mind. There was only one time that he took me

by surprise and actually embarrassed me.

I had just got to work and was changing in the dressing room, when I heard

a thump against the wall. It sounded as if someone had fallen into it, but

there wasn’t another office or anything on that side. We were on the end

of a small strip of stores. I leaned closer to the wall and heard another

noise, like something being knocked over. With my ear to the wall I

listened to Jack, the manager cursing his fool head off, not very loud but

just enough for me to recognize his voice. I leaned back in surprise. What

the hell? I leaned into the mirror as close as I could get, cupped my eyes

and tried to see if it was a two-way mirror or something. Very faintly I

could make out a video camera lense staring straight at me. Startled, I

jumped back clutching my shirt to my chest, that little punk had been

video taping everything and everyone who ever changed in here. A surge of

fury fled through me…..but a part of me was turned on by it. Sometimes

that bad girl side of me was way tooo bad.

I got dressed with my back to the camera and hurried into the store. How

was I going to ever look at him with fighting the urge to slap I him

silly? Logging into my station he came from the back and I just wanted to

punch that smirk right into the back of his head. When he saw me looking

at him he dropped his eyes and I could see his skin blush a little. He

didn’t know that I knew, well he would as soon as he watched the tape, or

would he? I bet he turned off the tape when he was leaving. How could I

play this to my advantage? My mind started spinning at warp speed, trying

to figure out what to do. Maybe I could get him in the room with me and

get him harassment….no, that was no good, it wouldn’t any fun any way. I

would definitely have to think on this one, but for now, I would just have

to make like I didn’t know.

I noticed as he got closer that he was carrying his clipboard in front of

his crotch. I bet he still had a woody from watching me….this was too

good, I had to find out, and had to be quick about it. Again my mind went

to work. No time, as he came up onto the platform where the registers

were, I walked straight for him. I reached out and grabbed the clipboard

and as I went by, I looked down to see an impressive size bulge. I told

him I needed to borrow it for a sec and kept on walking. I could feel his

eyes burning through the fabric of my shorts. I let my hips sway a little

more.

I never did anything about the camera and I still changed at work, always

knowing he was watching. It gave me a perverse pleasure knowing he was

only a couple of feet from my naked body.

He came to me one night as I entered the store with a big smile. He

slipped his arm around my waist as we walked to the back. He then began to

tell me of an idea his dad came up with to boost sales and wanted to know

if I would help them out in getting it started. I was reluctant, their

ideas were always on the weird side and usually meant someone getting

naked. With my heart pounding, I asked what I would have to do and if it

meant getting more money. He smiled broadly and assured me the money would

be better and started filling me in on the details. At first I was a

little stunned by the boldness of the idea, but the more I thought about

it, the more my heart started to race. I quickly agreed before I could

change my mind and had him put the extra bonus money amount in writing. I

would get my regular hourly, plus when I was wearing an outfit, I would

$75 an hour, and 50% of anything I sold. I also made him agree that I

wouldn’t have to do this every night.

Their idea was this, they wanted me, and only me it appeared, to dress in

some of the outfits we sold as a live mannequin. I would stand in the

window and hold as still as possible until someone came to the window to

look, then I would have to move in a robotic way into a different

position. If we had customers in the store I had to walk around the and

try to get them to buy the outfit or ask if they wanted me to model

another one. Again, the more I thought about it the more my heart raced! I

mean, I have flashed and shown more of my share of people, but the clothes

we sold, left very little to the imagination and most were crotchless and

well, you get the idea.

What a wonderful way to get some sales, but was I really bold enough to

prance around in almost nothing and, be on display for some many people

walking by? I think I am, but only time could tell. Like I said, I agreed

and he wanted me to start right that moment, but I told him I would have

to build up some courage to do it and jokingly said I needed a drink to

get that brave most times. His eye brow cocked a little and asked what I

drank. Still chuckling I said I was a slave to screwdrivers and out the

door he ran. Surely he wasn’t going to have me drinking while I was

working, but yes, that is exactly what he wanted me to do, he returned a

few minutes later with a big bottle of Skyy, my favorite, and some juice

to go with it. Damn, he really was serious about this. Being out of

excuses, I started picking through the racks of outfits, trying to find a

tamer one to build on. Of course he already had one picked out and I just

had to put my foot down and say no! It was a bondage outfit that was made

up of ropes that stretch between your pussy lips and up over your

shoulders and tied your hands behind. I mean forget it, not into bondage

much anyway, but for my first outfit, hell no. He relented, seeing that I

just may back out all together.

Finally deciding on a red almost see through teddy, I went to change. I

couldn’t believe I was going to do this. The things we do for money……. and

a little thrill. OK, it’s a big thrill. The money was just a bonus, hell,

if he had badgered me enough I would have probably done it for free.

Better to not the bosses know that little secret though. It might be a

little harder to sell these outfits as it is. They aren’t the cheapest in

the world. They are good quality, but for the prices they should be lined

with gold or something. Looking at myself in the mirror, as I straighten

everything up, I notice that my nipples can easily be seen. They aren’t

overly dark but the material is more sheer than I had thought. My small

patch of pussy hair is also clearly visible. If I would spread my legs I

know that it wouldn’t take 20 20 vision to see my goodies. One more look,

damn, my heart was pounding and I had the shakes. This would be the first

time I would be so clearly visible to anyone who walked by me.

I looked out the door slowly, just peering around the corner. No one in

the store yet, I would probably have just enough time to get to the window

before passing out. Where was Jack? Hell I know where he was, he was on

the other side of the mirror looking at my ass! Well, it was now or never.

I walked out and went straight to the window box door. As I shut the door

behind me, I heard Jack coming from out of the back. Smiling to myself, he

would just have to wait to see me some more. I had barely struck a pose

before a couple of young guys came up to the window. I could hear them

talking about how real I looked and with that, I struck another pose, they

jumped back in surprise and both of them had their mouths hanging open.

They quickly came into the store and started talking to Jack about me and

he was all over it. Saying how it was a new selling tactic that he came up

with and wanted to know if they wanted to see the outfit closer. They both

agreed of course, and to my surprise, Jack stated that he could remove the

model from the window if they were serious about buying an outfit. It was

quiet for a moment and I could just hear the two guys whispering between

themselves. Jack then blurted out that the model would display any outfit

in the store. Again silence and then I could hear the racks of outfits

being moved.

In the mean time there was another guy outside the window. Damn was this

guy a great looking guy. Feeling a little bolder, I shifted from my

standing pose to a crouched position. Again he stepped back in surprise

and then his attention was refocused on me crotch. All he had to do is

side step a little and he would get a pretty nice view. He did so and my

heart started pounding even more, I felt like a heart attack was evident.

He openly stared at the moistness that I had there, noticing this is mouth

slowly opened as he realized that I was real. His eyes met mine and it was

all I could do, to not grin, I was in character after all. He also came

into the stare just as Jack was opening the door to the window box. He was

telling me that two gentlemen were interested in buying a rather expensive

outfit, if I were to try it on for them.

All eyes were on me as I stepped out. The two guys and the other one that

had just came in, as well as Jack. I proudly walked to them and held up

the garment that they were holding. Black leather, bodace that tied in the

back and pushed up your breasts, with little curved cut outs where your

nipples can show, with little rings that had chains hanging from them and

a ruffle of fabric hanging from the end that I guess is suppose to be the

skirt. It wasn’t long enough to be anything like a skirt. It didn’t come

with any knickers, so I took it from them and started to grab a pair as I

was headed for the dressing room. One of the young guys spoke up that he

didn’t want to buy any knickers, so without looking back I walked on,

feeling their eyes burning me. Getting it on is easy, tying it up is not,

I had to have some help, but sure didn’t want Jacks hands on me. I peeked

out through one louver in the door and saw the good looking one was still

here. I slowly opened the door and quietly asked him to come over. He

hurried over and with huge eyes, listened to my problem and as I turned I

saw him in the mirror looking at my ass cheeks that were clearly visible.

He held the strings and laced me up one by one and every time his hands

touched my back I shivered a little. I watched him in the mirror and he

was staring intently at what he was doing. As he finished I handed him one

end of a chain that wrapped around and clamped to the back on a ring. As

he reached for it I let go of my end letting it fall to the floor, I

looked around slightly and asked him if he could get it for me. As luck

would have it, for me, it fell just between my feet. He crouched down

slowly taking in the obvious view he was getting and as he raised up he

boldly ran him hand along my leg up over my ass cheek, letting it rest

there as he reached around and clasped the chain in the ring just below my

left nipple, brushing it as he did. Without thinking I was biting my lower

lip and had my eyes closed, the sensation was heaven and I wanted it to

never stop. In fact, I hadn’t realized he wasn’t there anymore for a

moment. I turned and he had gone back to the group. I check myself

everything over once more and tried to get my thoughts off his touch.

Taking a deep breath I stepped out and let everyone take me in from across

the store for a moment. I could feel the cool air on my over heated pussy

now and I wanted so bad to sink my fingers into myself and get off right

in front of them. I just strolled over to them with a big smile knowing

and seeing all their eye focused on my pussy, the skirt, stopped just

where my small patch of hair was. I stopped a few feet from them, raised

my arms slightly and turned slowly around for all of them. The bulges that

started to grow in all their pants affirmed that they liked what the saw.

I stopped facing them and placed my hands on my hips while they circled

me. One of the younger guys wanted me to bend over a little, so he could

see how it would look, I did and he took in a nice view of my ass. As I

straightened up a young couple entered the store and Jack tore himself

away to greet them and explain what we were doing and they came to look as

well. The girl looked at me with the widest eyes I have ever seen and then

asked me if it was at least comfortable, easy to move in and all that. I

told her that it was. She started to turn a little red and looked around

at the other guys for a sec then let out a breath, and asked me if I would

get on my hands and knees, cause she liked it doggy style and wanted to

see how easy it moved. With this all eye intently focused on me and I

couldn’t help a little smile and got down on my knees. Everyone walked

around me in a circled, my bare pussy lips had to be shiny from how wet I

was and when she got behind me I lowered my arms a little and let my ass

raise into the air more. With that everyone got behind me to gaze at my

pussy. I let them look for a moment, then got back up. I went to the rack

and picked out a new outfit to put on for in the window and with out

saying a word went back to the dressing room. Everyone was quiet as I

walked by them.

I heard the girl say she had to have one and the two guys being under

obligation bought one as well. I forgot that I had to untie the back and

again peeked out to find the other guy who had helped me before standing

near. I opened the door and let him step in to help me, closing the door

behind him. It was kind of cramped, but I didn’t mind him being so close.

I turned to face the mirror and knew that Jack wasn’t there for once, he

was out ringing up sales. We didn’t talk, I just watched him through the

mirror’s reflection. He stared right back at me, switching from my eyes to

my hard nipples that were clearly visible. He would occasionally look at

his hands to see where he was at, but mostly he just looked at my nipples.

I could feel his hardness brushing against me lightly and wanted more. He

took my arms and traced up them to my hands, placing them on the mirror,

so I looked as if I was getting frisked. He then traced back down my arms,

and reaching around to undo the chain under my nipple, he took each one in

his hands and rolled them between his fingers. I series of electric shocks

ran through my body. Undoing the chain he let it fall to the side, I could

feel it brush against my side as it swayed. Again, he pinched my nipples

slightly and again the shocks ran through me. He then traced around my rib

cage to my back and undid the clasps and everything to open the bodice up.

As it loosened I felt my chest free up and I breathed in deeply with

relief.

He reached inside the bodice loosening it further and sliding his hands

along my bare skin to cup a breast in each in hand, and gently squeezing

them, as if to massage them after being restrained. It was now loose

enough to fall to the floor and as it did, I saw his eye’s looking at my

pussy through the mirror. The look was hunger. I started to turn to him,

but he held me in position. I watched his hands slide down my rib cage and

across my belly, where he stopped to flick my belly ring, then sliding

down further to let his fingers play in the small patch of hair. He took

his foot and used it to spread my legs apart further. He reached further

down and found my clit, at first he rubbed it just on the surface then

applied just the right amount of pressure. I nearly came right then and he

must of felt my body shudder, because he ran one hand down my ass crack

and slipped a finger into me and continued to rub my clit with the other.

A bolt of electricity powered through with such intensity that I felt my

knees getting weak and my eyes closed just as my head slung back. I

started coming immediately and he never slowed a bit, I met his movements

with my hips and soon we were in perfect rhythm. I heard someone coming

and he must of as well, because he quickly left the changing room and I

was left to recover by myself.

It was Jack, coming to get me back in the window no doubt. He must of not

seen the guy leaving the little room or I would have heard him screaming

his fool head off. He rapped on the door and when I didn’t respond right

away he asked if I needed some help, with actual concern in his voice. I

mustered up a no and he left. Being shaken by the whole experience I

stayed in there for a few minutes, just trying to collect myself. Jack

brought me another outfit to wear and this one was even more revealing

than the last, if that was possible. After getting it on, I turned and

checked myself in the mirror again. It was one of our lighter bondage

pieces. It was made of pleather and was very shiny red. The breasts were

completely cut out so you could see all of them and it was shaped in a V

so that it was very narrow at the crotch. I was so wet that it kept

sliding in between my pussy lips and I finally gave up on trying to keep

it out and left it. My lips were red and the buttons that snapped the

crotch together, were rubbing on my clit, so when I moved, just a little

bit, I felt little shocks hitting me. It was going to be impossible to

walk with any kind of grace at all. The ass was made into a G string that

came up the back getting wider as it got to the shoulders. I might as well

have been naked, because everything was showing. There is no way I would

be able to get in the window with this on. Thinking of the guy who was in

here just moments ago, I thought about it again, yes I would. I would walk

proudly to the window, letting everyone see me and love every second of

it.