**Staging the House**

By peccavitoon

**Chapter 1**  
Lilian was happy being a high school English teacher, but it paid little and she always needed more money. She decided to get her masters degree since that would get her a pay raise. She had never had much of a social life, and devoted all of her free time to her degree. At last she had earned her masters and her salary increased, but when summer came and she looked at her finances she realized that with her student loans, she realized her finances were worse than ever and she needed a summer job.  
  
She had worked a few retail jobs in college but they paid so poorly and at 32 she did not want to be working with teenagers like her students, she scanned the want ads looking for something better. She found nothing. She heard from a teacher friend that a realty company was looking for some extra help during the summer. They were offering a flat rate plus commissions.  
  
Lilian called the number and spoke with Greg, a realtor. When he heard she was a teacher looking for a summer job he got very excited. He said it paid $100 per day and if the house sold she would get a $1,000 bonus. Lilian could make more money over the summer than in a year of teaching. They set up an interview, Lilian was a little confused when Greg said to “wear what you wear around the house.”  
  
Lilian could not afford work and casual clothes. She just had her work clothes, so she wore one of her plain blouses, buttoned up to the neck, and an ankle length skirt with sensible shoes. When she walked into the realty office, the man stood up and greeted her.  
  
“Hello, ma’am, are you looking for a house?” he asked.  
  
“I’m Lilian, I’m here for the job,” she said.  
  
Greg almost gave up on her immediately. The woman before him looked old in her long, plain hair and old-fashioned prudish clothes. But her face was pretty and even her frumpy clothes could not hide her trim body and large breasts. She was, or could be, the hot girl next door which was exactly what he was looking for.  
  
“I’m looking for an assistant to help me stage houses I am selling,” he told her.  
  
“What is staging?” she asked.  
  
“An empty house looks unfriendly,” he explained. “Staging is dressing up a house so people see what it can look like. A few pieces of furniture so they can see where a couch can fit, that sort of thing. I can do some staging, but it really requires a woman’s touch.”  
  
“I can do that,” Lilian said.  
  
“Well, let’s try you out then,” Greg said. “I have an open house this afternoon. If you are free, you can start today. It will just be a half day, but I’ll pay the full $100.”  
  
“I can start now,” Lilian said, eager for the money.  
  
Greg drove them to the freeway and an hour out of town to a housing development. Along the way he told her a bit about selling houses and asked her about herself. He was very smooth and friendly, Lilian talked about teaching and her money woes.  
  
“Do what I ask and you will be making $5,000 a week,” he promised her.  
  
The houses were nice, two story houses, the kind Lilian wanted but thought she could never afford. There were few cars on the streets and it seemed very quiet.  
  
“It’s a new development,” Greg explained. “Not many of the houses are sold yet. We don’t have for sale signs on all of the houses because people do not like to be the first to move into a neighborhood. So we sell one at a time.”  
  
“Isn’t that dishonest?” Lilian asked.  
  
“We don’t lie to them, we just want the neighborhood to look nice,” Greg said. “In a few months all of these houses will be sold and occupied, and you can have a piece of the money.”  
  
They pulled up to a house with a for sale sign in front of it. Inside there was a couch, a table and two chairs, a few lamps, and a few pictures leaning against the wall. Greg asked Lilian’s advice and they arranged the few pieces of furniture. He seemed impressed by her opinions and she was pleased by his praise.  
  
“Do you think we should put something in the bedroom’s upstairs?” he asked.  
  
“I think so,” she said, hoping it was the right answer.  
  
In the garage was a mattress and a pile of bedding.  
  
“I think you are right,” Greg said. “Let’s carry up the mattress like you suggested.”  
  
The mattress was heavy, and Lillian had not exactly suggested they move it upstairs, but Greg was happy with her so she did not want to complain. When they got to the stairs, Greg took off his coat and tie.  
  
“You are getting your clothes sweaty,” Greg said. “You should take something off so you don’t ruin it before the open house.”  
  
“I don’t have anything under this,” Lilian said.  
  
“Nothing?” Greg asked, a bit suggestively.  
  
“My bra and panties, of course,” Lilian said, blushing.  
  
“Well just roll up your sleeves then and unbutton your blouse a bit. You can’t be all sweaty for the open house.”  
  
Lilian turned away from Greg and unbuttoned her blouse one button. She unbuttoned her cuffs and rolled up her sleeves. She was still covered from neck to ankle, but her wrists and throat were exposed.  
  
Greg said nothing and they started to push the mattress up the stairs. They got it to the landing with a lot of struggle. Lilian thought Greg would have been stronger, but he struggled as much as she did. When they stopped at the landing he unbuttoned his shirt and took it off, revealing his white undershirt.  
  
“You’re sweating,” he told her, pointing out dark circles in her armpits.  
  
Lilian turned away and unbuttoned her shirt a few more buttons, exposing a bit of her full figure bra. When she turned back she blushed and grabbed the mattress again.  
  
“If you think that’s enough,” Greg said. “But you can’t wear a sweaty blouse at the open house.”  
  
They lifted the mattress and pushed it up a couple of stairs. Lilian could feel the sweat running down her sides.   
  
“Stop,” she said.  
  
They put down the mattress. She turned away, unbuttoned her blouse, and pulled it off. She was wearing a full bra that covered her entire breasts and more. Still she hid herself behind the mattress as they carried it up the rest of the way.  
  
When they go to the top and put the mattress down, Greg had just time to see that he had been right about her figure, trim waist and huge breasts - natural, judging by the bra needed to hold them up. Then she slipped her blouse back on and buttoned it back up to the top. When they put the sheets and comforter on the bed and arranged the pillows, Lilian avoided looking at Greg. Her face was flushed. Was it heat, embarrassment, or something else?

**Chapter 2**  
“We can rest for a bit,” Greg said. “We have an hour until the open house starts.”  
  
He was still standing in his t-shirt. He opened the bedroom window to let a breeze in and looked out.  
  
“Look out the window,” he told Lilian. “I can teach you a bit more while you cool off.”  
  
Lilian went over to the window and the cool air felt very good. She looked down on a row of backyards separated by fences.  
  
"The neighborhood is as important as the house," Greg said. “We make sure that the yards are well maintained.”  
  
“They look nice,” Lilian said, “but empty.”  
  
“You’re right.” Greg said. “Why didn’t I see that. I knew a woman’s touch was needed.”  
  
Lilian blushed at the compliment. She had been worried after the mattress that Greg would have second thoughts about her.  
  
They went out to the backyard, where a couple of lawn chairs and a table had been set out.  
  
“Let’s move these to the yard next door,” Greg said.  
  
They tossed them over the fence and then Greg helped her scramble over. He climbed over after her and they set up the table and chairs. Greg made sure they were fully visible from the upstairs windows of the house for sale.  
  
They climbed back over the fence and went into the house. Greg put his shirt, tie and coat back on. Lilian looked looked at the bathroom in the mirror. Her hair was a mess, but she could comb it straight. But her blouse was sweaty and dirty, and her skirt had a grass stain and was ripped from the fence.  
  
“I’m a mess,” she said to Greg.  
  
He looked her up and down, “You are right again,” he said.  
  
She was glad he did not say he’d told her so, but he did not say anything. What was he going to do? He had told her, and she had gotten her clothes messy.  
  
“I can run home and change,” she said.  
  
“We don’t have time,” he said. “The open house starts in less than an hour.”  
  
Greg stood and thought while Lilian fretted, her great job might be over before it started.  
  
“You could buy some new clothes. I know a store nearby,” Greg said.  
  
“I’m afraid I don’t have the money for new clothes. That’s why I need the job,” Lilian said.  
  
“I’ll buy them for you, and you can pay me back as you earn the money,” Greg said.  
  
Thrilled that Greg still wanted her to work for him, Lilian agreed. He drove them to a nearby department store. It was still early on a Monday, and the store was empty. A clerk came over to help them. It was a teenage girl, probably her first summer job.  
  
“We need to buy her some new clothes. Something summery and nice,” Greg said.  
  
The girl did not ask for her size, she took out a measuring tape and began to measure Lilian’s figure. First she measured her height, then her arms.  
  
“Raise your arms,” the girl commanded, and held the tape up to Lilian’s breasts.  
  
“I’m a size 4, with a 34 D cup,” Lilian said, embarrassed to mention her bra size in front of Greg.  
  
“Size doesn’t really mean anything in women’s clothes. They all fit differently. And most women are wearing the wrong bra size,” the girl said. “It’s in the manual. I have to do this. Don’t get me fired.”  
  
Lilian was sympathetic about being fired, so she raised her arms and held her tongue.  
  
The girl wrapped the tape around Llilian’s breasts and pulled it tight.  
  
“Hold still,” she said to Lilian as the tape slipped off of her breast.  
  
“Sorry,” Lilian said, although she didn’t think she was moving.  
  
“Hold this,” the girl said to Greg, putting his hand on the tape and on Lilian’s breast. “I need to get your wife’s measurement’s right.”  
  
“Oh, she’s not my wife,” Greg said, pressing the tape firmly against Lilian’s breast.  
  
“I see,” the girl said, looking at Lilian with renewed interest.  
  
Lilian blushed. She was too embarrassed to say anything about Greg holding her breast. What did the girl thinking of her?   
  
At last the measuring was done and the girl went around the store to find some clothes. She came back with a pile of summer dresses.  
  
“Try them on quickly,” Greg said. “We have to get back.”  
  
Lilian went into the changing room and took off her blouse and skirt. The summer dresses all had low necklines and high hems. She chose the longest one and put it on. It had spaghetti straps and her bra straps showed. She checked and they all did.   
  
“Hurry,” Greg said from outside the changing room.  
  
“I’ll get this one,” Lilian said.  
  
“Let me see it. If I’m paying for it, I at least want to see it first,” Greg said.  
  
Lilian couldn’t argue with that, and he was going to see it anyway. So she unclasped her bra and took it off. Pulling the dress bottom down and hiking the neckline up, she stepped out of the changing room.  
  
Greg watched her walk out. Her unrestrained breasts swayed pendulously beneath the thin dress. It took him a minute to notice the rest of the dress. When he did, he frowned.  
  
“It’s a bit too frumpy, don’t you think?” he asked.  
  
It was the most daring dress Lilian had ever worn, but she dared not say it.  
  
“Maybe,” she said.  
  
“What do you think?” Greg asked the clerk.  
  
“Too frumpy,” she agreed.  
  
Lilian went back in and found the next longest dress. She pulled off the one she was wearing, fully aware that outside the half-door was Greg, her boss. He could probably see her bare legs underneath. She quickly pulled on the second dress and stepped back out.  
  
“That’s better,” Greg said.  
  
“You have to see the whole thing,” the clerk said, “turn around.”  
  
Lilian turned around slowly so the skirt did not swirl up.  
  
“Still too frumpy,” the clerk said.  
  
“I see what you mean,” Greg said.  
  
Lilian tried on the dresses one by one. Each shorter and lower cut then the last. With each one she had to step out and present herself to Greg and the girl, twirling herself before them. The girl started to have Lilian pose to “check the fit”: lifting her arms, bending over, and kneeling down. Lilian did not realize that how high her skirt was lifting and how much cleavage she was showing but Greg and the girl enjoyed the show.  
  
At last Greg and the girl agreed to the smallest dress. If Lilian raised her arms, her panties showed. If she bent over, her breasts nearly fell out. She did not realize this and was just relieved to be done.  
  
“That will be $350,” the clerk told Greg when she rang it up.  
  
‘$350,’ thought Lilian. She needed the job just to pay for the dress. But if they sold the house it would be paid for.  
  
They drove back to the house and arrived just before the first realtors and buyers. Greg assigned her the task of showing the upstairs. Everyone got a good look at her legs as she climbed the stairs in front of them, and they all got a great look at her half bare, swaying breasts, as she knelt down to point out all of the electric outlets as Greg had insisted she do. Many realtors took phone pics of the house, and they asked Lilian to be in them. Lilian was surprised at how many took pictures of the electric outlets, but apparently Greg was right.

**Chapter 3**

The next morning, they were meeting early to review yesterday’s open house. Lilian put on the sundress and headed to the realty office. She had no strapless bras, so her loose breasts swayed beneath the dress. Her nipples hardened in the morning air and poked against the thin fabric of her dress. The mailman gave her a warm ‘hello’ as he stared at her huge tits and erect nipples. Lilian noticed he was staring at her breasts, blushed, and hurried to her car and drove in to the office. She was embarrassed but also proud that the mailman had been so interested. He had never given her a second look in her teacher clothes.  
  
“Everyone loved you,” Greg told her. “The comments about you are all positive, raving even.”   
  
Lilian read about how people thought she was friendly, and pretty, and sexy. She blushed. She had never tried to be sexy, never thought of herself as sexy.  
  
“We had a lot of interest in the house, but no offers,” Greg said. “We did well, but we have to step it up today. So you earned a hundred dollars yesterday. Today let’s go for one-thousand. Read the comments carefully, the answer to why no one made an offer is there. Maybe you can see something I didn’t.”  
  
Lilian read the comments carefully. The were mostly about how sexy she was, but she tried to focus on the negative comments. Then, she noticed a pattern.  
  
“The main problem seems to be the neighborhood. They did not see anybody around the neighborhood. A few people commented on that.” Lilian said.  
  
Greg read the comment cards she handed him.  
  
“You’re right,” he said. “Great job. I guess I was focused on the house we were selling. We need someone in the neighbor’s yard. As the realtor I have to be at the house, so it’ll have to be you. I’ll miss having you at the house helping me, but having you playing a neighbor will be better. You really are great at this.”  
  
Lilian was so happy with his compliment she could not argue. It would be silly to argue with her own idea. They drove to the sale house and they walked around to the neighboring yard. She walked up to the door, it was locked.  
  
“I don’t have the key for that house,” Greg said. “You’ll just have to stay out in the yard.”  
  
“I can sunbathe, I guess,” Lilian said, although she had never done it. She had never worn an outfit that exposed her skin.  
  
“Brilliant, now we just need to get you a bathing suit,” Greg said.  
  
“I’m wearing a sundress,” she said.  
  
“No one sunbathes in a dress. I’ll need to buy you a bathing suit,” Greg said. “You can pay me back later.”  
  
He drove them back to the department store and the same sales girl was there.   
  
“Buying more clothes for your girlfriend?” the sales girl asked.  
  
“She’s not my girlfriend, she’s helping me stage a house,” Greg explained. “She’s going to sunbathe in the neighbor’s yard, so she needs a bathing suit.”  
  
The sales girl and Greg led Lilian over to the swimsuits.   
  
“Find one you like. Take your time. We aren’t in a hurry today,” Greg said.  
  
Lilian chose several which were basically shorts with a top and took them to the dressing room. By now she was almost used to stripping naked, putting on a skimpy outfit and showing it off to Greg and the sales girl. The top had a built in bra and the shorts did not swirl around her legs, so she felt more comfortable than in the sundress. Of course Greg and girl did not like any of the outfits she had picked out.  
  
“How much is she getting paid?” the store girl asked.  
  
“One $100 a day,” Greg said.  
  
“If you are going to pay someone $100 to lay around in a bathing suit all day, ditch the prude and I’ll do it.”the girl said. “I’ll wear a bikini.”  
  
“Hey,” Lilian said.   
  
“She has a point,” Greg said. “A bikini would be better. If you won’t do it, maybe I should hire her.”  
  
“I’ll do it,” Lilian said.  
  
She found a bikini and put it on in the changing room. The top covered about her breasts and the briefs covered her whole bottom, but there was a problem with the bikini line.  
  
“My um, hair shows,” Lilian said.  
  
“You’ll need a razor then,” the sales girl said.  
  
She passed Lilian an electric razor under the door. Lilian took off the bikini briefs, sat down in the changing room, and turned the razor on. It was much louder than she expected. She tried to ignore that both Greg and the sales girl knew she was shaving her pussy with just a half door between them. She shaved it smooth and put the bikini briefs back on, then stepped out to present herself.  
  
“Such a prude,” the sales girl said.   
  
Greg did not say anything, just shook his head. Lilian grabbed another bikini and went back into the changing room. The cups on this one covered only half of her breasts and she crossed her arms over her chest when she stepped out of the dressing room.  
  
“Put your arms down so we can see it,” the sales girl commanded.  
  
Lilian blushed but did as she was told. The sales girl had her turn around pose like she had in the sundress. Greg just watched the teenage sales girl order Lilian around. She rejected the bikini and made try on bikini after bikini, each one getting smaller. And each time stepping out nearly naked to seek the approval of the teenage girl.  
  
At last, Lilian put on the smallest bikini in the store. The tiny triangles of the top barely covered her nipples and the bottoms were a thong with a thin strip of fabric covering her labia. By now she just wanted the girl’s approval so she could be done. When she stepped out of the changing room she did not try to cover up, but went straight into her modeling poses. The bikini top barely clung to her breasts, and they swayed as if she had nothing on.  
  
“That one will do, I guess,” the sales girl said.  
  
“We’ll get the bikini and I guess the razor. Oh, and suntan lotion” Greg said.  
  
“That’s $400,” the sales girl said.  
  
“With the dress, that’s $750 I’ll owe you,” Lilian said. “That’s too much.”  
  
“What’s the return policy on the dress?” Greg asked the sales girl.  
  
“You can return it within 24 hours for a full refund,” she aid.  
  
“Excellent,” Greg said. “We’ll return it right now.”  
  
So Lilian had to walk out of the store in her micro bikini. She crossed her arms in front of her breasts, but was too embarrassed to put a hand in front of her pussy. All of the people stared at the nearly naked woman walking through the parking lot.   
  
They drove out to the sale house. Lilian spent the day sunbathing in the neighboring yard. It was warm and she drifted off to sleep a few times. She tried not to think that there were people staring at her almost naked body from the house next door. Every time she thought about it she blushed, and her pussy got moist. As embarrassing as it was, she could not wait to see the comments about her the next day.

**Chapter 4**

The next morning, Lilian wore her bikini beneath her teacher clothes. The mailman ignored her when she went out to her car. Lilian imagined what he would have thought if he had seen her in the bikini. The thought made her blush and made her pussy tingle.  
  
When she got to the realty office, Greg was not alone. The sales girl was there.  
  
“Lilian, you remember Daisy from the store,” Greg said.  
  
“What’s she doing here,” Lilian asked.  
  
“We got an offer on the house, but it was a little low,” Greg said. “I’ll take it, but I am hoping to do better. Daisy is going to sunbathe with you today. She thinks she can do a better job. We will check the comments, and whichever of you the buyers like better gets the job.”  
  
Lilian was upset. The job was hers. She had thought of posing as a neighbor. And she needed the money. She was determined to beat this teenager. When they got to the house, Lilian took off her clothes. She posed a little, showing off her huge breasts to the girl.   
  
The girl took off her dress. She wore the smallest thong bikini there could be. The top was merely string holding two small triangles over her nipples. The bottom was so small that it barely covered her slit, the lips on both sides were visible. Her breasts were not as large as Lilian’s, but they were younger and firmer. Lilian knew she might be in trouble.  
  
The both put on sunscreen. Lilian’s nipples fell out as usual. When Daisy’s did, Lilian saw that the girl had silver rings in her nipples that flashed in the sun. And Daisy made no effort to keep her nipples tucked in.  
  
They lay down and began to sunbathe. A little while later, Daisy stood up and began to put on more sunscreen. She could not need more this soon, and Lilian was confused. When Daisy did it again a bit later, Lilian realized she was putting on a show for the open house. That was too much for Lilian, who just watched as Daisy pretended to put on sunscreen throughout the day.  
  
When the open house was over, Lilian started put her clothes back on. Daisy grabbed her dress and walked over to greet Greg in her bikini. Lilian pulled her pants back off, bundled her clothes and followed Daisy in her bikini, too.  
  
“We had a bidding war,” Greg said. “You two did great. But it is time to see who did better.”  
  
They read through the comments. People loved the neighborhood and the women next door. But the only one they singled out was the girl putting on sunscreen, with her nipples exposed and her nipple rings flashing.   
  
“It looks like Daisy won,” Greg said.  
  
“Wait,” Lilian said. “Give me another chance. Give me one more day and I will do better than Daisy.”  
  
Greg looked at the woman standing before him in the micro bikini and thought of how she had looked when she first walked into his office.  
  
“Alright, one more chance,” Greg said.  
  
The next day, Lilian showed up in her buttoned up teacher clothes once again. When they got to the house she stripped to her bikini, and when she put on sunscreen out popped her nipple and a large gold nipple ring. She smiled at Daisy’s shock. She was going to win her job back.  
  
When the open house started and Daisy began to put on her sunscreen again, Lilian stood up and put hers on as well. Daisy made a show out of putting it on each breast, and Lilian did the same. It felt wonderful massaging her breasts in the warm sun. And when Daisy tugged on her little silver nipple rings, Lilian tugged on her large gold nipple rings, pulling her nipples out and lifting her breasts.  
  
When Daisy lay back down she did not adjust her bikini, leaving her nipples exposed. Lilian did the same. She was not thinking of the watchers, she was just determined not to be outdone by the teenager.   
  
Daisy lay still for just a few minutes and then spreading a little lotion on her stomach, she began to massage her breasts, one in each hand as she rubbed in the sunscreen. She would pause now and then at her nipples to twist and tug until they were hard. Lilian watched the teenager and copied her. She had no second thoughts as the tugged on her exposed nipples, just a warm feeling between her thighs.  
  
Then Daisy moved her hands to her stomach and began to rub them down to her thighs. Lilian copied. She spread her legs and the thin strip of her bikini briefs slipped between the swollen lips of her pussy. Lilian rubbed the sunscreen on her pussy. She was more aroused than she had ever been, and she could not resist slipping a finger into her slit and rubbing her clitoris.  
  
Now it was Daisy’s turn to copy Lilian, determined not to be outdone by this older woman. They lay next to each other in the sun, their pierced breasts exposed, their legs spread, rubbing their clitorises faster and faster as they panted and moaned. Lilian came first, moaning and shouting as her body trembled with orgasm. Daisy came a moment later, and the woman and girl shouted together as they came.  
  
They looked at each other with determination, then each began to masturbate again, making sure their open legs were pointed at the open house windows. Lilian brought herself to three orgasms before she drifted off to sleep, her tits and pussy exposed in the afternoon sun.  
  
Greg walked over with a woman in a dress suit. They seemed not to notice that Lilian and Daisy were nearly naked, their nipples and pussy uncovered, and their legs coated in a mixture of sunscreen and pussy juice.  
  
“You did it,” Greg told Lilian, “They liked you best.”  
  
“No fair,” Daisy said. “I won the first day.”  
  
“You did well too, so Patricia here would like you to stage houses for her,” Greg said.  
  
For the first time Lilian and Daisy looked at each other and smiled. They had both won. They each got to spend the summer getting paid to lay in the sun nearly naked and masturbate. Lilian was not sure she would ever be able to go back to her job teaching. Or at least she would have to buy new outfits, she thought with a smile.