**Vera and Michelle
by Tester86**

##  Chapter 1

Hi. I suppose the best way to start my story is by introducing myself. My name is Vera Wright and until recently I was the manager of an Abercrombie and Fitch store at the mall near where I used to live. Shit, that doesn't make any sense to you, does it? I guess I need to tell you that story so that you'll understand how I got to be where I am now.

It was about a month ago when a middle-aged woman came into my store with an obviously embarrassed younger woman in tow. I remember not really paying any attention to them; ask anyone in retail, customers are notoriously boring and typically rude and they don't really want you around anyway.  When the woman shouted, "Get over here," I lifted my eyes from the clothing I was returning to the racks from the dressing rooms to see what was happening. That was when I first noticed them, I mean really noticed them. The younger woman whose name turned out to be Kimberly Turner was wearing a tiny wisp of a dress that accentuated her lovely figure. I could see the swell of her breasts and the gentle slope of her ass. And that dress was short. It ended barely two inches from the apex of her sexy thighs. With how small the dress was, and the color bright enough to light Manhattan, Kim stood out.

I opened my mouth to say something, closed it, and opened my mouth again, ultimately doing a fairly good pantomime of a fish. I stepped from behind the clothes rack, took one step towards them and stopped. My eyes were wide and instead of approaching them, I merely stood there and watched the show. Not very mature and definitely not the actions of a manager, but I couldn't tear my eyes away or force myself to intervene.

"Try this on," the woman said holding a small denim skirt in her manicured hands. It was the first thing I remembered clearly, her hands were neat and tidy and painted in a perfect French Manicure.

Kim's hands were trembling as she took the skirt and spun to her right. I could tell she was looking for the dressing rooms that I had just vacated minutes before.

"Again?"

Both Kim and I were perplexed by that. I was certain that my face looked the same as Kim's. Well, except for the color maybe; mine was not burning. Kim spoke something then but it was so quiet, so subdued, that I could not hear it.

"Did I say go to the changing room? No. I said, try it on. Here. Now!"

I watched as Kim hung her head in defeat. It was obvious to me that the pretty young woman was not happy and did not want to obey. Still, I watched Kim pull the tiny skirt up her legs and fasten it around her waist over her fluorescent dress.  I stepped towards the register, hoping to get a better look as Kim pulled her dress free from the skirt, revealing how small the skirt truly was. I wondered how much longer the show would continue. In my mind I could see myself obeying the forceful woman, donning revealing clothing as Kim was being made to do. Would as many people look at me as were looking at the shame-faced and nearly tearful woman? I doubted it.

"Turn around and bend over."

The skirt, too short already, slid up her legs as she obeyed. The skirt rose higher, revealing the thin line of Kim's pussy to me and the other shoppers; it was apparent to all that Kim was not wearing panties. Kim's naked ass slid into view as she held her humiliating pose. I pondered taking her place and felt myself grow wet at the thought.

I watched Kim tremble when the other women spoke, "Spread." Her voice was hard; it was a tone that demanded obedience.

Around me, the shoppers had all stopped to watch the lurid display. When Kim had entered, conversations were happening; clothes were being taken from racks and put back and silence was a thing of imagination. Now, the only thing that could be heard was the milling of shoppers beyond the doors of the store as they continued their days oblivious of the show taking place just beyond the main hallway of the mall.

From the register, I watched the blushing woman inch her legs apart, her knees slipping outward. She remained bent at the waist and I watched fascinated and jealous as her pussy opened and became even more evident. I could see Kim's sex peeking from between her parted thighs and once again I longed to take her place. Would people stare at me as they were staring at the shamed teacher? I rubbed my thighs together, feeling the rise of a comfortable ache that would soon need sating.

Glancing around, I could see the customers still staring at the blushing woman bent with her legs spread wantonly. To my left, one of my co-workers, Tina Caldwell, stood with her mouth agape and her eyes wide. Like me, she definitely wore the expression of a fish. Behind her, wearing a bemused smile stood the third member of our shift, Michelle Hayden. She looked beautiful; she had the clearest blue eyes, the kind of eyes that men actually spoke to. Michelle... no, now is not the time to talk about Michelle. That will come soon enough.

"Stand up, you slut," the woman (Sharon was her name) said to Kim.

I have never seen anyone move as fast as Kim did as she stood and slammed her legs together. I watched as she lowered her dress and shimmied free of the skirt as Sharon had commanded.  Sharon grabbed some more clothes from the rack and after a quick conversation that made Kim's face flash with even more color, she ordered Kim to wait by the door. Now, the patrons started to move and speak and fragments of their conversations drifted to me. Words like "slut" and "whore" and "shameless", to me, all really said the same thing, "Did you see her? "

The woman approached me, her hands full of clothes. She was grinning; it was a look that seemed to be a combination of victory, hatred and power. I imagined the grin of a cat that had not only eaten one mouse, but also had a second struggling between its paws; that was the look that adorned Sharon's face.

"What was that?" I asked even though I wanted to ask so much more.

"She's a little show-off," Sharon said me as I rang up her purchase.  "She gets off on it and she finds it more exciting if she doesn't know what's going to happen. I'm just helping her out."

I knew it was a lie. The look on Kim's face more than proved that she was not there willingly and the look on Sharon's face was one of malice; there was no compassion there. She was not helping a friend. But, would she do the same for me? Would she help me be seen as she was helping Kimberly? My mind was racing. Uncertain if she'd agree, I handed Sharon a business card. "If you want, I am the weekday manager and I could use a mannequin." Did it sound as lame to Sharon as it did to me? I needed a way to get her back if she was going to help me. I raised my eyebrows as if to beg her to say yes.

Sharon looked at both sides of my card and said, "I think, Vera," she spoke my name for the first time, "we can work something out."

I didn't realize how tense I felt until Sharon agreed to come back. I exhaled, hoping it did not sound as loud to Sharon as it did to me. "Excellent," I gushed my words. I felt like a teenage boy feeling my first willing breast, "I look forward to it. I gave you a discount for the show."

Sharon chuckled at that, though I am not sure why. She asked for another card and when I gave it to her she wrote her name and number on it for me.  "Call me and we'll schedule something," Sharon said to me. She gathered the two bags of clothes and left the store with Kimberly Turner in tow.

Tina crossed the store and stood by my side. "What was that?" She asked me as Sharon and Kim disappeared into the mall.

I tucked the business card with Sharon's number on it into the pocket of my jeans. "I have no idea." I was lost in thought. It seemed to me that Kimberly was obeying Sharon against her will; her look and mannerisms were those of someone not there willingly. How had Sharon managed that? Would Sharon expose me to others as she was exposing Kim? Would Sharon help me be seen, make me as visible as she had made Kimberly?

I looked at Tina, "Cover for me." The rising need in my pussy was speaking to me now and I needed to answer the call. Not waiting for Tina to respond, I ducked into the back of the store and darted into the small employee bathroom. My jeans were unfastened even before I locked the door. I slipped my jeans down to my knees and shoved my hand into my panties. My fingers found my clit, hard and swollen. I rubbed it, pressed my fingers against it and with thoughts of being visible racing in my mind, I came. I bit my lower lip to suppress my moans. Shaking in post-orgasmic bliss and trembling with thoughts of Sharon, I pulled myself together and made my way back to work.

The rest of the afternoon, I found it hard to concentrate. Thoughts of Kim and Sharon and what Sharon would make me do were more than enough to keep my mind occupied. Both Tina and Michelle commented that I seemed distant but they were polite when I explained that my thoughts were elsewhere. If either of them suspected that my distraction was due to the display earlier they didn't say. It was nice that they noticed my distraction.

I finished my shift, clocked out and drove home. As I always do after work, I took a leisurely shower. Afterwards, standing before the full-length mirror I stared at myself, trying to see me as others saw me.  My mother was Hungarian and as such my skin had a darkness to it that made me seem tan all the time, even if I hadn't been to the beach in months. I am not very tall; barely five feet and I often wondered if my height amplified my feeling of invisibility. No, that's not true, my height had nothing to do with it; it was my childhood. Both my hair and eyes were brown and my nose was small and cute; to me I looked plain. I have nice breasts, I thought, not overly large, but not small either. My best feature, though, was my butt; round and firm, taut and smooth.

I made dinner and after watching a little bit of mindless television I went to bed. The ministrations of my favorite on screen characters could not distract me from the thoughts of Kim. She had taken everything Sharon had dished out without complaining and I was jealous of her for that. I wanted what she had and needed to find a way to make that happen. Lying in bed, Kim's humiliating display ran through across my thoughts incessantly. I wanted to join her; I wanted to be seen.

"Look at me, daddy." The memory returned with such fury that I drew in a surprised breath.

Look at me.

Sleep overtook me and dreams formed of memories danced behind my eyes. When I awoke, the sun barely born on that fresh day, my first thought was of Kim's display. I took a shower and pawed through my clothes. I would wear something revealing as Kim had done, something to make me stand out. I knew it wouldn't do any good; seldom could I force myself to be as naked as she had been and when I did, what came of it? Nothing. Nobody seemed to really notice me. Maybe I really was invisible.

Look at me.

I grabbed a tiny skirt. It was white and pleated and ended just below the swell of my ass. I slid it up my legs and smoothed the fabric over my butt. Looking at myself in the mirror I saw that the skirt was shorter than Kim's dress had been. Maybe I would be noticed wearing it. I found a T-shirt that read "Abercrombie's" and donned it. Advertising for the store was always acceptable. I looked younger than my twenty-three years in my short skirt and T-shirt and I made up my face to amplify my youth.

I drove to work, stopping at McDonald's for breakfast on my way. I ate in the car and arrived as Michelle was opening the register, preparing for the day.

"Nice outfit," she said.

I think she was being polite, but it was nice that she noticed. "Thank you," I said, my voice was barely a whisper. I spun around, flaring out my skirt and Michelle laughed.

"Even nicer." I remember the way she looked at me then. Her eyes were wide and a small smile was playing at the corner of her mouth. What was she thinking? Was she mocking me? I didn't think so, but truthfully I was not sure. When she spoke again, her voice was playful, "I like knowing you aren't wearing panties." She grinned and then looked at her wrist, "Time to open."

What did she mean by that? Was she hitting on me or was she simply toying? Her boyfriend had been in a couple of times, so I really did not think she was trying to pique my interest in her, so she had to be playing with me. If she hadn't sound so friendly, I'd have thought that she was being cruel. Still, her tone had been kind. Shit! Why was my mind so addled?

The day progressed and only twice was my attire mentioned. Both times it was Michelle that commented. The first was right before lunch. Michelle came up behind me and whispered in my left ear, her voice was full of heat, "My panties are wet, are yours?" She knew I wasn't wearing any, of course, so what did that question mean? The second time was as Michelle was ending her shift; I still had an hour left in mine. Michelle pulled me into the back by grabbing my hand in hers. Her hand was soft and warm but the strength in her tug still took me by surprise. She spun me around and pressed my back against the cold concrete wall. She leaned into me; the delicious smell of her perfume was so heavy I could almost taste it. She raised my hands and placed a small pile of fabric in them. Her panties and as she had stated, they were wet. "I want to see you in these." And with that she kissed me, full on the lips, her tongue prying against my closed mouth.

She stepped back, tilted her head and took in the look of shock, confusion and uncertainty that creased my face. She laughed then, a warm sound and the smile that crossed her face was so genuine that I was almost convinced she was not being mean. I nodded at her, acknowledging that I would wear her panties.

"Monday," she said.

I nodded again, trembling and confused.

Michelle kissed me again, quick and firm. She spun away and as quickly as the conversation had begun it was over. Conversation? Hell, I hadn't said a damn thing.

And that was my workday. I wore two tiny pieces of clothing, no panties and no bra and the only person to comment was Michelle. Nobody else seemed to even notice that my nipples were visible through my T-shirt, nor did anyone realize how close my naked pussy was to being seen. But, no, I would have to be seen as a whole before pieces of me would be noticed.

I went home, alone as always, to my small, one bedroom apartment. I put Michelle's panties on my nightstand as I slipped off my skirt and shirt. They had dried out during my last hour of the day. They were small, a light-blue thong with lace trim adorning the waistband. I looked at them, picturing Michelle removing them before slipping her jeans back on. Not realizing what I was doing, I picked them up and pulled them to my face. I sniffed them, pulling in the combined smell of Michelle's sex and her floral perfume. What was I doing? I shook my head, returned the panties to the nightstand and then took a shower, washing the day away.

Saturday arrived and work was dull. Michelle had the weekend off and I had to admit I wanted to see her and I wanted to hear what she had to say and damn it, I wanted to smell her, too.  What was wrong with me that the first time someone notices me I can't get them out of my head? Was I that desperate to be seen by someone that I would give myself to them as soon as they saw me? Was a kind word, not forced and a firm kiss enough to capture me? I realized that it probably was. How weak did that make me?

Nobody noticed me during the day.

Sharon surprised me by dropping by that afternoon. I hadn't really expected to see her again. I had been in the back folding clothes when Diane, one of the two high-school students who worked weekends approached me and told me that a woman was asking for me. Diane left me to finish folding the shirt I was working on. I set it down and went into the store. There, out by the door stood Sharon. I approached her, "Hi. Are you here to take me up on my offer?" I said while thinking, ‘Are you here to help me be seen?' And what about Michelle?

Sharon nodded her agreement. "Yes, I am. How about Monday nights; it seems my slave has Monday nights free and would love to be your mannequin."

I remember how she paused before she said slave as if she was deciding if she should reveal the nature of their relationship to me. Thinking back, I realize I already knew. "Wonderful," I said, not doing a good job of keeping the excitement out of my voice, "what time?"

"Six O'clock."

"Great. I'll see you both then."

We shook hands then. Sharon with her perfectly manicured fingernails and me with my body shaking. Sharon pulled her hand free, flashed a smile like she had just won a battle and left me standing there wondering about Monday when Michelle worked with me and about what pose I'd put Kim in. No, that's not true, I knew exactly what I'd be doing with Kim, I had imagined myself doing the exact same thing.

Sunday came and went with me never leaving my apartment. I never claimed to be exciting.

Monday turned out to be an interesting day.

I woke early, as I always do. I don't know why and have never given any thought as to why I am a morning person. Some people don't do well when they first get up; they need their coffee or time to unwind from a hard night of sleeping. Me, as soon as the alarm goes off, I am up and ready to face my day. Most days, today included, I am up before the alarm. Today, I was anxious with good reason. One, Kimberly was going to live one of my fantasies. And, two, I was going to wear Michelle's panties and see what she thought of that. Truthfully, I can't tell you which one I was looking forward to the most.

I showered and made up my face for the day. I looked through my closet, trying to find the perfect outfit for Michelle. I decided on tight jeans, ones that I thought made my ass look great. I grabbed Michelle's panties from my nightstand where they had sat unwashed since I had sniffed them on Friday. I sniffed them again; frowning that they were much less fragrant. With a grin, I slid them up my legs, feeling them cup my pussy and part the folds of my ass. I donned the jeans, running my hand over them with satisfaction. Dressed from the waist down, I grabbed a gray blouse that buttoned up the front. I donned the blouse, buttoned the buttons, but left the top three undone so that just a hint of cleavage was visible. I truly wanted Michelle to like what she would see.

Look at me.

I left for work early knowing that Michelle would already be there as she started an hour before I did. She was at the register when I walked in. She looked beautiful; she was wearing a knee-length floral skirt with a white blouse through which I could see the outline of her bra. She glanced at me, smiled without showing her teeth, and then glanced at the steel chain door that blocked the store from the mall proper. With the grate down, we had the store to ourselves. She crossed over to me and without speaking; she just tilted her head and raised her eyebrows with her smile never leaving her face, she asked if I was wearing her panties.

Swallowing heavily, afraid my voice was going to crack, I simply nodded. How many conversations were we going to have without me speaking?

"Show me."

I trembled at her words; they nearly mirrored my own. I looked into her amazing eyes and gripped the button that held my jeans together. Not thinking, oblivious to my surroundings, I unfastened the pants and slid them down my legs to my knees, revealing her panties caressing me, enveloping me, hugging me.

Michelle said nothing, she just stepped forward and as she had done Friday afternoon, she kissed me. Her hands cupped my face and pulled me to her. Her lips, soft and inviting, pressed against mine. Her tongue slid against my lips and I felt my mouth open to her probing. My knees unlocked and I shook slightly before regaining my posture. Our tongues met and I moaned softly.

Michelle broke our kiss and whispered in my ear, "Give me my panties."

I nodded again. Speak, why can't I speak? I stepped free of my jeans, then I gripped the hem of the blue fabric with my fingers and slid Michelle's panties down my legs. I stepped out of them and held them to her. I stammered as I spoke, as I finally spoke, "Here."

Michelle, her smile never faltering, took them from me. She held them open and I could only watch in surprise as she stepped into them and slid them up her legs. She adjusted them around her hips and then raised her skirt to show them to me. "Thank you," she said. I smiled at her. She glanced at her watch and said, "Well, it's time to open the store." I knew she was playing with me and I knew, just knew that it wasn't cruel or malicious. I was not sure why she was playing with me, was it a game for her, too? I didn't really want to know, just as long as she kept playing.

Our shift began and before I knew it Michelle's day was over. Her landlord had called and explained how he had found a broken window at her apartment and so Michelle had to leave to take care of her home. I hate to admit it, but I was disappointed that she was leaving so soon. She left quickly, not paying any attention to me and I found myself saddened by that. Michelle had an emergency and I felt rejected. What was wrong with me? I knew the answer to that one: I was invisible.

After lunch we were short staffed. It was just after four when I remember that Sharon would be bringing Kim to work as a mannequin today. A smile crossed my lips, the first one since Michelle had donned her panties this morning. I finally had something to look forward to.  I knew just the pose I'd put her in; I'd imagined myself in the same position before.

It was ten minutes past six when I spotted them. Sharon was dressed in a smart business suit but it was Kim that I noticed. Her white blouse was simple and her skirt was so short, so revealing, that even from across the store I could see the creases of Kim's ass; her skirt barely covered her pussy as she stood and I'd wager that it would be visible if she were walking.  Kim's face was red and her eyes were puffy and I had to wonder if she'd been crying.  Could she not see how exciting it was to be visible to others?

I approached the couple. "Hi. I am so happy to see you." I shook Sharon's hand. Kim's head remained bowed.

Sharon snapped out her orders to me and threats to Kimberly. The woman was strong willed and confident and from her tone and mannerisms she knew she would be obeyed. "You have my number, Vera," she said to me. She turned then, looked at Kim with her eyes full of malice and said, "Don't make her use it." She spun away from Kim and I and left the store; leaving Kim to live out my fantasies. Make me do this; I wanted to shout out to Sharon.

"Follow me."

I led Kim to the back of the store where boxes of merchandise sat waiting to be checked in and put on display. "Take off your clothes and put them in there," I commanded, pointing to the employee bathroom. It didn't feel right ordering this scared young woman around. Her eyes were wide and she seemed agitated and stressed. Sharon had something on her, the comment about her being homeless confirmed that, but she was not fleeing. Did she have to do this and did she want to? I exhaled unhappily, thought about Michelle and then just shook my head. I watched as Kim removed her blouse, pulling it over her head. She unfastened her skirt and stepped free from the black cloth. Kim carried them into the bathroom and returned, naked save for her shoes

"Wait here," I commanded. I did not want to be the forceful one. Oh well, if I could not live out my fantasy first hand, I'd enjoy it from afar. I darted into the store, found the two shirts I had set behind the counter in anticipation of this encounter and then made my way back to the scared and blushing woman cowering with her hands doing a poor job of concealing her nude body. I looked at her and wondered if she was looking at me.

Handing Kim the shirts I said, "You'll hold one in each hand." I instructed her not to drop them, no need getting the store's merchandise dirty, and then when she nodded her understanding I instructed her to follow me into the store. I stepped into the store and paused. Turning back I said, "Hurry, it's not busy now."

That got her moving. She followed me; head bowed and face red through the store. She was naked and scared, but she was moving. She inched across the store, ducking behind racks, trying to keep her body hid and I found it amusing. Kim made her way to me as I stood at the bay window that served as the main display for the store. I pointed to the chair I had placed in the window, facing the mall, and said to the obviously embarrassed woman, "Sit in the chair and hold the two shirts in your hands, one in each. Look at one of the shirts and don't move. People walking by will think you're a mannequin." Next to the chair was a large sign I had drawn that read "Decisions, Decisions."

I could feel how wet I was as I watched Kim stare at the seat where I wished I was sitting wearing what I wanted to be wearing. How strange am I? She's naked and humiliated and I would gladly take her place if it meant a chance to be seen. I let her know she'd be okay if she remained still and then with my pussy commanding me as I was ruling Kim, I threatened her. With my words, Kim climbed into the chair, clamped her knees together, and held the shirts out as if she was contemplating which to wear. I clenched my own thighs as my pussy hummed with need at Kim's display.

I turned my back on the trembling woman and raced into the employee bathroom. I couldn't take another second; I could feel my pulse beating in my pussy. Shutting the door, my hand slipped my jeans over my hips and within moments, my sex rubbing against my stroking fingers, I came, biting my lower lip to stifle the noise. I could picture Kim sitting naked in the window, struggling to remain still as countless shoppers walked by oblivious to her distress. I wondered what it would be like to be there, in her place. Would my legs be clamped together or would I part them? I knew the answer to that question; my legs would be spread. Or, better still, what if the decision was not mine to make? That thought fueled a second orgasm. My whole body was alive, my mouth was dry and goose bumps covered my arms.

Arousal fueled my actions. I grabbed my phone and dialed Sharon's number. She answered curtly on the second ring. Not thinking, acting strictly on desire with my fingers still toying with my wet and swollen sex, I hurriedly made my request.

"Are you sure?"

I heard the confusion in Sharon's voice. Was I sure? No? Yes? Was I being rational? What would Michelle think? All these questions raced through my mind but still I whispered, "Yes."

Her words were slow and I wondered if she'd turn me down. "We'll talk about it after I take Kimmie home." Her words were vague and I just knew she'd turn me down. Why did taking risks always seem to end poorly? Sharon hung up the phone and I straightened my clothing.

I entered the store shaking and sated and made my way to Kim. I told her she was doing well even if her face was burning bright enough to lead Santa's mythical sleigh. I continued working, distracted by thoughts of Kim and Sharon and Michelle. Too much was happening for me to take it all in; I was confused by it all.

Sharon appeared right before the mall closed. I was shaking as she approached me. What would she say? Was she going to reject me or help me to be seen; lift the curse of invisibility that seemed to haunt me for years? She looked at me; her eyes seeming to smile and told me to get Kim dressed. Disappointment flashed across my face. I pulled Kim from her window display and took her back to her clothes. She got dressed; visibly relieved to be wearing even the tiny outfit she wore.

With Kim standing next to Sharon, her head hung in shame, Sharon spoke to me. "I'll be back in an hour. You'll be here, right?"

She made it sound like a question, but I was certain that it was an order. I nodded.

An hour later, with the mall closed and only few people left behind to clean the stores and stock the shelves for the next day, Sharon returned. Her face was a blank sheet; I could read nothing of what she was thinking. Still, she was here. That had to count for something. When she spoke, her voice held that same tone of confidence.  "This will be the last time I ask this. Are you sure?"

All my life. "I am."

Sharon explained her concerns, that I would disobey her if she didn't have something on me that I would not want to be revealed, some secret that I kept guarded. I was shocked that she thought she would need something like that. Didn't she see how badly I needed this? Still, I capitulated. "Okay."

"Call me Miss Reed."

"Okay, Miss Reed," I said, "I already know what it'll be; I just have to get it for you."

"Then I'll see you tomorrow. All of you."

I smiled at her words, catching their meaning. She had accepted my offer.

That night, I didn't sleep.

**Vera and Michelle
by Tester86**

##  Chapter 2

Hospitals are cold, unhappy places. When Vera asked me to write this, to put to paper what led her and me to this place where each passing moment I felt my pulse race with dread for fear that the hateful monitor above Vera's head would sound an alarm indicating that her fragile heart had finally stopped, I almost declined. The look of her swollen and battered face made my aching heart hurt all the more and I simply could not refuse. I could not refuse my Vera. Does that sound possessive? Well, I suppose it does, but in all honesty she is mine as I am hers. Together we are a more whole person than either of us had been separately.

But, I am getting ahead of myself and so, as Vera had done when she started writing, I will do the same; I'll backtrack and fill you in and with luck you'll understand why tears are staining this paper as I struggle to place the words that seem to blur my vision behind walls of tears and choke my throat with sobs.

I met Vera on a Tuesday. I had been hired the day before by the regional manager of Abercrombie and Fitch's, a man named Curtis Kinsinton. He hired me and that was the last I saw of him until he fired Vera. Okay, I guess I need to go back a bit more. Like I said (or is it wrote?), I met Vera on a Tuesday where she introduced herself with a weak handshake and a very warm smile. She had large brown eyes that to me look like they'd seen a life time of pain even though she was maybe a year or two older than my twenty-four years of age. She never seemed to hold your gaze for long; she always looked away or cast her eyes down when she caught you looking at her. But, what I remember about her most, what sticks with me now with the sun setting and darkening the sky outside her hospital window, was her smile. She was always quick to offer a smile that seemed to light up her soft face. I guess the best way to describe Vera is to say that she's beautiful.

We worked well together; I had weekends off so I was only able to work with her four days a week, but when we did, we clicked. She had her way of running the store and was confident enough doing it that we never seemed to have any real problems. We spoke often but never about anything that could be considered meaningful; she defiantly kept her feelings to herself. Her smile, however, was ever present. Tina, another woman that we worked with told me once that she thought Vera was distant and I think that that might be a tad inaccurate. I think she kept herself hidden, pulled into herself like a turtle escapes into its shell. Withdrawn is how I would have described her.

We each had our separate lives; Vera would leave for the day and come in the next and do her job and retreat again when the day was done. Her face would light up with a smile and then she'd move on and just as quickly be working on something else.

I dated a few men, but only one is important to this story and so I guess I'll introduce him now; his name is Carl Jordan. The reason he is important is because he broke into my apartment during a time when Vera was behaving strangely and coming to work wearing a lot less than normal and it was at this time that she and I started playing with each other. It was our beginning, you could say.

Our playing began when a woman came into a store with another woman following her like a submissive little plaything, blushing heavily wearing the brightest green dress I had ever seen in my life. The younger woman obeyed the humiliating commands of the other and I could only watch the scene unfold. The young woman bent over while wearing one of the shortest skirts we sold but what I found interesting, what brought a smile to my face was how Vera inched over to the register to get a better look at the humiliating display. I watched Vera's face, trying to read what she was thinking. She did not look disgusted and to my surprise she did not stop the display; to me, she looked fascinated and envious. I watched Vera and the older woman speaking, Vera rang up the sale and I watched Vera take the woman's number. Almost as soon as the two women left, Vera raced into the back and when she returned, her face flush and her eyes half-closed, I knew what she had done. The young woman's exposure had aroused Vera to the point where she had had to reduce her need. It was surprising and delicious and for the rest of the day Vera had been lost in thought.

The next day Vera surprised me again. She arrived an hour after I did and when she appeared she was wearing an Abercrombie's T-shirt and a very short, pleated shirt. "Nice outfit," I said to her in all seriousness. She looked great in it and my compliment made her smile so brightly her face seemed to glow. She thanked me with a tiny voice and then spun around in a rapid pirouette that caused her white skirt to flare out around her like an umbrella opening to block the rain. I could see her; all of her. Her firm ass and smooth thighs followed by her pussy and mound covered in a light brushing of dark hair.  I laughed at her then; it was not full of malice but surprise and delight. Vera was a fascinating woman that seemed to be slowly coming to terms with a new found fetish. "Even nicer," I said with my blue eyes wide. "I like knowing you aren't wearing panties." I looked at my watch, "time to open."

The confusion on her face made her look even cuter than normal. Like I said, delicious.

At lunch, while Vera was straightening clothing on the display racks I snuck up behind her and whispered throatily in her ear, "My panties are wet, are yours?" The thing is my panties *were* wet. Thinking of Vera being nearly exposed, of having her naked sex just inches from being revealed to the world, made my own pussy damp. It was exciting and a secret we shared; only she and I knew how close she was to being seen by others. I couldn't help but wonder what it would take to have her remove her skirt. The thought made my pussy clench.

My day ended and before I left I had to act. I snuck into the restroom and removed my damp panties. I wanted to give them to Vera, I wanted to see her in them and then I wanted to take them from her. I wondered if she'd play along; I hoped she would. I grabbed her, pulled her into the back of the store by her soft hand. I spun her around, taking control of her before she could resist. I pushed her back against the stone wall and placed my panties in her hand. "I want to see you in these." My voice was firm. Then, before she could speak I kissed her. I wasn't thinking, I just acted. I pressed my lips against hers and probed her clenched mouth with my tongue. She resisted my kiss; it was so cute and coy and expected that I couldn't help but laugh with her like an old friend sharing a joke.

Vera nodded at me; the shocked look on her face made me think she could do nothing more.

"Monday," I commanded and shook slightly at the power I held over this woman as she nodded again. I kissed her again and without waiting for her to consider what had happened; I left the store, my panties still clutched tightly in Vera's hands.

I spent the weekend with Carl and after our forth fight in as many weeks I felt that our relationship was ending. Thoughts of Vera made that seem like a good thing and when he stormed out screaming at me, I was glad to see him go.

Monday arrived and stepping from the shower I could only think of Vera. Would she be wearing my panties? I was so certain that she would be wearing them that when I dressed, donning a medium-length floral skirt, I neglected to don panties. I'd be putting mine on soon enough, or so I hoped. Deciding to play the flirt I donned a dark bra and wore the thinnest blouse I owned. My bra was visible as was the shape of my breasts. I hoped Vera liked the view.

She arrived an hour after I did. Vera was dressed in jeans, which surprised me. I thought she'd wear something more revealing. The thought that she was not wearing my panties as I had asked crossed my mind. I walked to her, tilted my head and with a wide smile I raised my eyebrows. Well, the look asked?

She swallowed and nodded.

"Show me."

She did not hesitate. I watched as Vera unfastened her jeans and tugged them down her thighs to her knees to stand before me, my panties cupping her sex. Both my and Vera's nipples were hard. I stepped closer and kissed her again. It was soft and warm and my eyes shut as other senses overwhelmed me. I could smell the soap Vera bathed with and I could feel her tremble slightly. My hands cupped her tender face. My tongue pressed forward and this time her mouth opened to mine. Our tongues met and we both moaned. I wanted to continue, wanted to postpone the day and pull Vera into the back where I was certain she would go, but there was no time. The way she trembled in my hands made me think she wanted the same thing.

I pulled away, smiled and whispered in her ear, "Give me my panties."

Vera nodded and in the middle of the store with the air conditioning running and various early mall walkers pacing the halls outside the store, Vera pulled off her jeans and stepped free of my panties. She held them out to me and croaked out a small, "here." She seemed so frail and looked so sexy; an intoxicating combination.

I took them from her small hand. I stepped into them, pulled them up my legs and adjusted them on my hips. Standing next to Vera, seeing her look so inviting and scared with her jeans lying in a pile next to her, her pussy bared to me, I pulled my skirt up to show her the panties as they cupped my sex. "Thank you," I smiled at her. I looked at my wrist and announced it was time to open the store. I was playing with her. Before she could say anything I crossed the store and opened the grate. I had to smile as Vera picked up her jeans and raced into the back to put them on.

Two hours later I had to leave work. My landlord called and told me that I had a broken window at my apartment. Vera was working with a customer so I didn't get to say goodbye. I hastened home to find that I had more than a broken window. The window to my bedroom had been broken and when I arrived home, my landlord was already there fixing the break. The problem was that the inside of my apartment had been ransacked. Pots and pans were lying in a pile in the kitchen, my laptop was open on the floor with the screen broken and the dresser and closets were empty; all my clothes were strewn all over the bedroom. The worst part; the violation that shocked me the most was the word written in soap on the bathroom mirror. BITCH. Below the mirror, in the sink with the stopper in place to prevent the loss of his parting gift was a pool of semen. With that, I knew what had happened. Carl had broken in and with fury and rage he destroyed my home.

No tears came then, only icy hate. I called the police and waited outside with the landlord, watching him replace my broken window, until they arrived. The police were polite and apologetic and I answered their questions, even the ones that made it sound like I deserved this. Were all policemen so jaded? I suppose, in their job, they had to be. They took pictures and one detective donned latex gloves and collected a sample of Carl's sperm. My landlord apologized to me but I brushed him aside. I made my way into my home and began the long clean-up, starting with the bathroom sink.

That night, I did cry. Another relationship broken and ended, gone the way of all things. Nothing lasted. It was the seventh relationship in five months that had started passionately and had ended quickly. Nothing I said or did was enough to keep the men in my life around for long. Was I always at fault? I think so. Relationships that start out strong seem to end with the same blinding force. I wondered about my faults, trying to think of why my relationships never lasted. I was the kind of girl men wanted, right? I liked sex and to a man, I put out on the first date. I shared what I had and still it wasn't enough. Was I too easy?

These thoughts kept me awake until long after the sun had set and the moon had risen on a miserable, tearful night. Another relationship down even if I had known it was coming. Was the fact that Carl and I were ending the catalyst for my playing with Vera? She was beautiful and I was enjoying playing with her and with the way her mouth opened to me the last time we kissed I was certain that she'd play with me, but the reasons bothered me. If I started a relationship with Vera was it because I didn't want to be alone and I knew that Carl was a thing of the past? If Vera and I became a couple and things worked out would that justify less than pure motives?

Damn it. And the tears came again.  Alone in the night was always difficult for me. I didn't like being alone and so when a man came along I spread my legs to get him to spend the night. Did that make me a slut or just needy and did it really matter? I knew it wouldn't work with Carl after that first night; he stayed because he knew he'd have sex. His motives with me made me question my motives with Vera.

Damn it.

The morning came and I awoke feeling tired and sore. My arms were stiff and my back was aching. It was going to be a long day.  I had to take the day off to take care of insurance with the break-in and to go to the police station; Carl had confessed to breaking in and had spent the night in jail and I had to take care of that. Would I press charges? Probably not if he agreed to replace my computer. It was a long day full of hurtful chores.

The only bright spot was Vera. I couldn't get her out of my mind.  She was petite and pretty with innocent eyes and a subdued demeanor that made me want to play with her like a doll.  Was she thinking of me as I was thinking of her and why was I so enraptured? Was it because I was alone? That waking up with only the sun made me desperate for companionship of any kind even if after just one night? I hoped not; I had never had such feelings for another woman. That had to be worth something, right?

Damn it.

The day ended and I got a good night sleep, the past day weighing on me better than a Valium. With a smile, I awoke Wednesday morning with thoughts of Vera running behind my slowly waking eyes. I made some coffee, watching as the morning blossomed with sunlight and life. Breakfast was an energy bar and while eating I wondered what to wear to see Vera. Where did these thoughts come from? Why was I so smitten? I dug though my clothes, searching for what to wear and decided on a yellow floral dress that looked feminine and soft. I hoped Vera would like it. Funny, I found myself dressing for her and had the thoughts of her undressing for me. Maybe we should be a couple.

The day, however, was different than I had planned. Vera was acting strangely. She arrived an hour after I did, wearing the thinnest dress you could imagine. From across the brightly lit store I watched her walk in from the back. Her eyes were shining as if she had a secret that would make her explode if she didn't reveal it. I couldn't help but wonder what had happened the day before to cause her to, well, strut in with more confidence than I had ever seen her display. Her lovely breasts bounced unhindered behind the blue fabric of her short dress; there couldn't be more than two or three inches of fabric concealing her pantiless pussy. You could tell she wasn't wearing panties, the dress was that tight.

I walked up to her and smiled. "I like," I said. I really did.

She looked at me, her eyes as bright as the sun and thanked me before moving on to other things. Something was distracting her and damn it, I wanted it to be me. I watched her through the day, confused by her actions and hurt that she wasn't paying attention to me. How weak did that make me? I don't care, I'm just telling the truth here.

That afternoon I got an answer that surprised me and made tears bubble in my eyes that it took a few minutes to get under control. The woman from the other day, the one that had dragged the woman in the green dress in to the store, approached Vera and I could see the look of happiness that appeared on Vera's face. So, that was it. I was too late; Vera would undress for this woman that she barely knew instead of me. Why did that hurt me so much? It wasn't like we had really been close; comfortable together, yes, but not close. It wasn't until recently that I thought of her more.

Damn it. How many times am I going to write that?

Vera spoke to Sharon (I found out her name later, and as I know it now I will include it here) and then approached me and spoke so fast the words seemed to be tripping from her mouth, "Cover for me a moment." That was it; she didn't wait for me to respond, she just darted into the back leaving me standing mouth agape at her departure.

Vera returned to Sharon's side and though I couldn't hear them, what Vera did next stunned me mute. She approached me, her brown eyes shining, not caring who was watching and pulled the top of her dress down to her waist, revealing the softness of her lovely breasts. I saw a small freckle next to her right nipple and I wanted to kiss it. I was so shocked I almost didn't realize she had asked if her breasts were too small. Honestly, they were perfect. "No." It was all I could say.

She grinned and pulled her dress back up before returning to Sharon's side. Still shocked and disappointed that it wasn't me that was making Vera do these things I watched as she stepped into the mall and pulled her dress down a second time. Whatever I knew about Vera, at that moment, was replaced with the knowledge that I didn't know enough. Sure, she had flashed me when we were alone, but now she was standing topless in the center hallway of the mall, bearing her breasts to countless people and she seemed happy to be doing it. Wow; it was all my mind could come up with.

Sharon and Vera spoke again and then Vera approached me, grinning widely, and grabbed a card from the register. She returned to Sharon's side and I watched Sharon make a phone call.

Today, as I said, had not gone as expected and the surprises kept coming. If you think I was stunned by Vera stepping into the mall and flashing her tits, what she did next nearly made me choke. She pulled her dress over her head and stood naked in the store with the steel grate wide and the store open. She was not hidden from view and safe from customers; we were open and she stood there naked. What was she doing and again the thought came unhindered by reason, why wasn't it with me?

Vera walked towards me and I noticed that she had shaved her cute pussy. Her lips were peeking at me, as if begging me to stroke them. I loved the look on her; a look both innocent and slutty. She handed me her dress and explained that she'd be required to work naked. I was certain I had not heard her right, required? I couldn't wrap my head around what was happening. I shook my head and said weakly, "I won't," I paused, "let you cheat." I took the proffered dress. I giggled next and I don't know why.

She returned to Sharon's side, her shapely butt bouncing beautifully as she walked away from me. It was a captivating view.

Vera spent the next three hours working naked. She explained how she had committed herself to Sharon and I wanted to kiss her and hold her and convince her to stop playing with Sharon and play with me. Was it so hard for her to see that? In her current condition I figured she was concentrating on herself only. Damn it. I know, I said that before.

I finished my day and as I was leaving, still stunned and disappointed by the day, I offered Vera her dress. Truthfully, I had liked watching her work naked; she had a lovely, taut body with nice breasts and a gorgeous ass. I enjoyed the view; why couldn't that body be for me? She turned the dress down; telling me she'd go home naked and I swear her knees buckled when she said it. I could smell her arousal; she got off on her exhibitionism. Strip for me; I need it, can't you see that? My mind was racing; my mouth remained silent. Dejected and sad I slipped home to my empty and still messy home. I couldn't stifle my tears. The loss of Carl, after a few good months and the loss of Vera even if we hadn't become a couple was too much to keep in check. I cried myself to sleep.

Wednesday arrived and with it new possibilities. I realized all hope hadn't been lost; optimistic, huh? Vera had been aroused and so I wondered and planned and would pay attention in the hope that I could steal Vera from Sharon. Vera enjoyed what she was doing, so wouldn't she enjoy it more with me, a friend than with Sharon, a stranger? I was certain she would become mine and the thought made the day before, miserable as it had been, almost tolerable. Vera would be mine.

I made my way to work, dressed in jeans and a T-shirt. Vera was a few minutes late; I didn't see her until I was ringing up a purchase for a young woman. She was wearing nothing but shoes and a coiled bracelet with keys hanging from it. If she was scared, I couldn't tell, but her nipples were so hard that I was certain that she was aroused. I watched her come into the store, inching forward, almost hesitating. It was time to make her mine. I crossed to her and commanded, "Give me your locker key." I would take charge of her. No matter what, she was being ordered to do this and I would give her orders, too.

"What?" She looked so cute trying to hide her nakedness behind her hands.

"I told you yesterday that I wouldn't let you cheat. If I have your key, you can't go, run, and get dressed. And," I was grinning as I continued, "drop your arms. If I catch you trying to cover up today, I'll tell the woman making you do this and I bet you don't want me to do that, do you?"

She dropped her eyes, revealing her sexy body to me; her pert breast with hard nipples and her naked sex that seemed swollen with need. She stood with her feet about a foot apart, a blatant pose that I found arousing. And she was trembling so softly that I wanted to take her in my arms but instead I spoke firmly, "You like this," I said.

Vera nodded with her face crimson. Her hands were curled into tight fists as she struggled to hold her pose.

"Why are you standing with your legs spread like that?"

"I'm supposed to," Vera replied, her eyes downcast. Those words explained so much.

"That close together?" I was playing with her. Watching her, I suddenly knew how to steal her from Sharon.

Vera looked into my smiling eyes and whispered, "Ma'am?"

Her submissive tone filled me with a surge of power that I had to feel again. "However you are supposed to stand for the other woman, you need to spread them even wider for me. Come on, open up."

Vera shook at my words. She looked into my eyes and slid her legs apart until there was about three feet of space between her shoes. I shook with pleasure watching Vera obey and the sound she made, sucking in a breath of air made me want to grab her, pull her to me, and ram my tongue down her throat. I was full of need as I watched her obey.

"Perfect." I applauded her. "Now, don't close your legs today. I'm going to work the register and I'll give you the floor. You will help as many customers as you can. When someone comes in, you walk up to them, spread your legs, clasp your hands behind your back, and ask if they need any help. I agree with the rule that if a child comes in, you hide in the back. So, if a kid comes in, scurry to the back and have a seat with your legs spread like that and I'll come back and get you when the coast is clear."

Her voice was tiny, "yes, ma'am."

"Great. Now, give me your locker key."

She handed me the key to her clothes and I left her there, open mouthed, tense and obviously aroused. If she obeyed me, then I knew she'd be mine. Today would be a test. Please, I begged silently, please obey me. We belong together and it's not just that once again I'm alone. The pleasure that I was feeling making her obey had to be the same that Vera was feeling as she followed my orders. We fit.

A chime sounded and two women entered the store together, gossiping and laughing, having fun on an early morning shopping expedition. I watched as Vera made her way over to them, hesitating in her gait; she was scared. They looked at her with a mixture of shock and confusion. Vera approached them and as I instructed her to do, she parted her legs, revealing the core of her sex. "Can I help you ladies?" Her voice was small.

The two women, one blond and the other brunette, both looked young at Vera; the blond one looked at Vera and blushed while the brunette stepped back nervously. "Uh, no," the blond stammered, "we're fine."

"Well, if you need any help, just let me know." I could hear the weakness in her voice and I felt my pussy clench.

Another chime sounded and a couple walked into the store, hand in hand.  They appeared to be in their mid-twenties. The woman walked to a display of pre-torn jeans, pulling her date, boyfriend, husband, I wasn't sure which with her. I couldn't tear my eyes away from Vera as she walked, naked to the couple. "Can I help you?"

I nearly coughed with laughter as the man said, "Maybe you should help yourself, first."

Vera was blushing when the woman scolded her and it made her look more innocent. I saw movement by the door as a woman came in with a child. Without hesitating I made my way to Vera and commanded her into the back. She obeyed. That was it; she simply obeyed. No hesitation, no questions; she just did as she was told. She was obviously aroused, I could smell it on her and I smiled, knowing she'd be mine.

I finished ringing up two sales before the store was once again empty. I walked to the back and watched as Vera masturbated herself to an obvious satisfying orgasm. She was biting her hand and shaking as she sat on the hard plastic chair that rested next to the break table. I had to applaud. I was smiling at Vera whose face flared with color as I said, "very nice." She gasped then and clutched her calves, pulling herself into a tight ball. I didn't think it was possible, but her blush deepened down to her breasts. I heard her squeak a nervous. "Oh, my God," and I had never wanted to taste her more than I did right then.

I didn't give her time to recover or clean up. I wanted her to obey and needed her to realize that she wanted to obey me, "Get back to work." I returned with a smile to the register. She would be mine.

Only once during the day was an issue made of Vera's nudity. A man, about 20 years old came into the store and when Vera took her humiliating pose, and it had to be humiliating, didn't it? He was rude and requested a blow job from Vera. Vera stepped away from him and spoke so softly that I could barely hear her.

"You could fuck me."

I stepped between Vera and the rude bastard and spat venom, "Get out of the store!"

The young man looked at Vera and hastened to flee. My tone left no room for doubt that I would protect Vera and that I could handle him. "Don't worry about creeps like that," I said, trying to soothe Vera with my soft words. "I know how to handle them."

Vera surprised me by wrapping her arms around me and clutching me tight. She whimpered, "Thank you."

"Get back to work," I said with a smile on her face, once again taking charge. Vera may have been the manager, but it was my store now.

"Yes, Ma'am." And she actually saluted me with a playful smile illuminating her lovely face.

The day went well after that. Vera kept her poise even if the blush never left her face. I kept an eye on her and in her natural state, I enjoyed the view. She acted confident and seldom trembled and at the end of the day, when I had to leave her alone to clean up the store, I refused to give her the key to her locker even after making her beg for it, and she actually thanked me for doing so, bowing her head as she spoke, saying she was happy to have me playing with her. Yes, she needed this and I was more than happy enough to give it to her. Surely Sharon would understand.

The next day, however, did not go as well. Vera came to work and stripped off her clothes and I once again took her key; I couldn't let her cheat, after all.  However, two hours after the store opened Curtis Kinsinton came into the store and in less than two minutes, with his voice so loud customers couldn't help but look towards the back of the store, Vera was fired. I could hear him demand to know where her clothes were and that she get dressed. I felt myself rise up, wanting to protect her but didn't know how. Instead, feeling weak myself I went to Vera who stood shaking in fear at Curtis and gave her the key to her locker. I hated the way I sounded when I spoke, "Here, I figured you'd need this." I squeezed her hands compassionately and hugged her, wanting nothing more than to protect her as I had done the day before. I was impotent however and I hated the feeling. "Call me," was all I could say as I hastened back to work.

Curtis promoted me after making me promise to keep my clothes on and I found that silly. I didn't care about the promotion, I only wanted to get to Vera and see how she was doing. I was distracted the rest of the day. I got home that night and gave Vera a call but she never answered her phone. I hoped she was okay. I left her a message to call me, leaving my number in case she didn't have it.

The next morning, as I was dressing for work, my phone rang. "Hello?"

It was Vera. My Vera. "Hi. I was wondering if..."

"Yes," I interrupted her. Whatever the question was, the answer was yes. "I was so hoping you'd call. I had so much fun playing with you that I wanted it to continue. Why don't you move in with me and be my little plaything. You can help with the rent and bills as soon as you get another job, but until then, I am sure I can find ways for you to earn your keep." I was rambling, so happy that she called me.

"Thank you." And with that, she accepted. Life was good.