**Victoria's Secret**

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**Victoria's Secret Ch. 01**

Jessica stared across the cafeteria at the table of popular girls fantasizing what it was like to be one of them. She never really got a fair shot to hang out with them, having failed a grade back in middle school, making her the only 18 year old senior.  
  
"If you stare harder they might ask you to join." Her best friend Amanda said as she sat down beside her.  
  
Jessica laughed. "It's not fair. They get everything handed to them on a silver platter."  
  
Amanda took a bite of her sandwich and talked with her mouth full. "You know it looks easy but think of all the drama."  
  
"What drama? Looks perfectly fine to me."  
  
"Every one of those girls is dying to be Victoria's best friend. The closest ones Emma and Reilly are currently on the top, but they have to constantly fend off the rest."  
  
"And what about Victoria?" Jessica asked.  
  
"She has it the worst. If she makes one mistake, she doesn't just fall to the next rung, she falls completely off the ladder."  
  
Jessica picked at her food and continued to stare. "Still. Seems like a pretty good life to me."  
  
The popular girls laughed at one of Victoria's jokes. Amid the laughter, she looked across the room and made eye contact with Jessica. Embarrassed, Jessica looked down. She waited a few moments and then looked back up. Victoria raised her eyebrow and then focused her attention back on her friends. Jessica's heart raced. Victoria never acknowledged her existence even when they had class together. Why was she looking?  
  
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Jessica put her books in her locker and slammed it shut. Victoria startled her as she stood on the other side.  
  
"Hey. Jenna is it?"  
  
"Jessica."  
  
"Don't care. I'm having a party on Saturday and I wanted to know if you want to come?"  
  
"I...I...sure."  
  
"Perf. Give me your phone."  
  
Jessica handed her phone over. Victoria put her number in and handed it back.  
  
"I'll text you the deets. Toodles."  
  
Jessica felt like a freshman boy as she watched the most popular girl walk away after talking to her. She looked down at her phone and noticed Victoria put her name as Goddess Victoria. She felt like she was finally making headway into popularity three years too late.  
  
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Jessica took one last look in her car mirror to make sure her make-up was still perfect. She watched hours of video tutorials to find her style and was pleased with the final result. She needed to make a good impression if she wanted to be invited back.  
  
Victoria opened the door and hugged Jessica. She lead her into the party and announced her presence. She called her Jenna, but Jessica didn't correct her. The party was in Victoria's basement and it was bigger than Jessica's house. There were butlers handing out drinks and hors d'oeuvres with a fully functioning bar on one side of the room.  
  
She was lead through to the food preparation area where a team of chefs were busy cooking an assortment of appetizers. Jessica was overwhelmed by the excitement and ready to start mingling with other people she would never get a chance to talk with at school.  
  
"Look I know this is your first party, but one of our models dropped out last minute and we can't find a replacement." Victoria said.  
  
Jessica was too busy stargazing at the many things around her.  
  
"Jenna." Victoria snapped her fingers. "Right here."  
  
Jessica looked at Victoria.  
  
"Anyway, as I was saying, we need someone and you and the model are like twins. Do you think you can take her place?"  
  
Jessica was delighted that Victoria thought she was hot like a model. If she was a model at Victoria's party, everyone would soon know exactly who she was.  
  
"Of course, I'd love to. What am I modeling?"  
  
Victoria smiled and walked her over to the corner.  
  
"You're going to be a strolling table. Well I mean it's not really a strolling table because its not actually moving, but that's what they call it in show business."  
  
In the corner was a large round table with a giant hole in the middle engulfing the rest of the table cloth.  
  
"So you're going to go in the middle of the table and we're going to put drinks around and you basically just stand there with your hands on your hips, smile and be cute." Victoria said.  
  
"I'm going to be a table."  
  
"A strolling table."  
  
Jessica regretted saying yes. She thought she was going to be walking around in a sexually provocative outfit not stuck in some table. The silver lining was she at least she had an excuse to talk to the people that came over for drinks.  
  
"Do I have to smile the whole time?" Jessica asked.  
  
"Yes. I mean usually the model is pouring drinks but since you don't have your certificate for that I think it's just best you stand there and smile. Don't worry, no one will engage with you, I already let them know the models were just for decoration."  
  
Jessica deflated. No talking either. At least she would be seen helping Victoria out.  
  
"Just wait here and I'll have my team get you ready. Toodles."  
  
Jessica sat down and waited. She looked down at the new dress she bought and realized Victoria didn't even compliment it. All her hard earned money on a dress no one was going to see. At least she was at the party. The alternative was sitting in Amanda's basement watching television and gossiping about guys they'd never hook up with.  
  
Soon Jessica was brought out as part of the table. They had redone her makeup to exaggerate her eyes and mouth. The dress that was part of the table strapped around her shoulders and left a low dip in her top. A push up bra was used to create a voluptuous chest and a ruby pendent was placed around her neck to draw wondering eyes. Matching ruby earrings and a ruby ring were also used to complete the outfit. She stood with her hands on her hip and smiled as instructed. Drinks were placed around her and then she was left alone.  
  
Jessica watched the party and knew everyone was having a good time. She was disappointed she couldn't join, but at least she was now a fly on the wall for the cool kids.  
  
Emma and Reilly walked over and each grabbed a drink. They didn't even look at Jessica. Instead they stared out at the party with judgmental eyes.  
  
"Can you believe what that slut Kylie is wearing?" Emma said.  
  
"If you're going to show that much skin just like take it all off." Reilly said.  
  
Jessica spotted Kylie in the middle of the room surrounded by mostly guys. Her low cut top showed plenty of cleavage and matched with her short shorts, the two girls weren't wrong in their assessment.  
  
Victoria walked over and grabbed a drink, completely ignoring Jessica. She wanted to say hi, but she feared Victoria would be angry that she broke the rules. Victoria pulled out her phone and brought up a picture of a prom dress.  
  
"So here's my prom dress. I let Craig pick the color."  
  
"Oh my God, that's so pretty." Emma said.  
  
Jessica's morale deflated. She had a huge crush on Craig and always fantasized that in her final year, Craig would shock everyone and ask her. But he asked Victoria and she said yes. Now her favorite fantasy would never be a reality. Craig walked over and Victoria quickly put away her phone. He made brief eye contact with Jessica and smiled. His attention turned to Victoria.  
  
"Hey listen, I hear there's a big party going down at Masons. DJ and everything. You want to move there?" Craig said.  
  
The girls grew excited.  
  
"We'll let everyone know." Emma said and hurried off with Reilly.  
  
"I'll let them know to expect us." Craig said and brought his phone to his ear as he walked away.  
  
"Victoria." Jessica said.  
  
Victoria looked at Jessica.  
  
"You're supposed to be a decoration remember. Decorations don't talk."  
  
"Well I want to get out of her and go with you guys."  
  
"Where?"  
  
"To Masons."  
  
Victoria laughed. "We're just moving the party there, I can't bring my own decorations."  
  
"But.."  
  
"Look Jenna. You volunteered to be a decoration tonight. My father is having a party upstairs and he may want to use you. Now stop talking and play your part."  
  
Victoria walked away. Jessica didn't know what to do. She didn't even know how to get out of the outfit without causing a mess. She was stuck. The party guests starting leaving and Jessica remained in the corner. The lights went out and the entire room went dark. Jessica considered trying to get out on her own, but the dark added unneeded complications. She resigned to her fate.  
  
After 20 minutes of hopeless darkness, the lights came back on. A man dressed in an expensive suit came downstairs with what looked like one of his assistants and started pointing at all the decorations and people that were catering Victoria's party.  
  
Jessica was rolled into preparation room and the assistant hastily unloaded the drinks.  
  
"So change of plan, we obviously don't need a stroller girl anymore. Mr. West needs a trophy model."  
  
"A trophy model?"  
  
The girl looked at her dumbfounded.  
  
"Didn't your agency tell you... You know what never mind, we're paying you, so you'll do whatever we assign."  
  
"I'm not getting paid.." Jessica was silenced by the assistants finger as she answered her phone.  
  
"I'm needed elsewhere. Put this on, get your ass up there and be arm candy for whatever horny pervert grabs you."  
  
Th outfit was a skimpy shiny blue bikini and thong that would barely cover anything. She could always leave, but then Victoria would hear about and she may never be invited back. If she wanted to be apart of the cool kids, she had to make sacrifices.  
  
Looking in the mirror, the outfit left nothing to the imagination. The tight bikini hid her nipples, leaving the rest of her breasts on show. The slightest movement of her legs threatened to ride her thong up her pussy. Her body was on show for anyone to see and she desperately hoped the party was a small gathering.  
  
Jessica followed the noise, while trying to figure out what the term Trophy Model meant. She couldn't think of anything worse than being arm candy. She saw women treated like objects all the time on television and she couldn't believe someone would subject themselves to that. How the tables have turned.  
  
The party became evident as two large doors opened up into a beautiful hall. Jessica was immediately grabbed by a short stubby man. The alcohol on his breath almost knocked her over, but she held her composure. On the other side of the man stood another model wearing the same outfit as Jessica. She smiled with one arm wrapped around the man and the other on her hip. Trophy model was indeed an apt name.  
  
"And what's your name, cutie?" the man asked.  
  
Jessica didn't want to use her real name. The last thing she needed was to be creeped online. She said the first thing that popped in her head.  
  
"Candy."  
  
The man laughed and his trophy model giggled.  
  
"Well Candy, that's exactly what I'm looking for. Care to join me?"  
  
The man extended his arm for her to hook under. She didn't know why he asked, like she had a choice in the matter. If she said no, he would be embarrassed and depending how important he was that would ruin the whole evening for her. She smiled and nodded, hooking her arm underneath. The man walked forward with his two trophy models as others stared at the two beautiful attractions.  
  
Jessica figured it was best to emulate the other model as she seemed to be a professional. She straightened her posture and pushed her chest out. Her tits bounced around in the tiny bikini with one false move threatening exposure. When the man stopped to talk, she gracefully put her hand on her hip and made eye contact with the person. During conversation, the guests eyes would occasionally slip from the man's eyes and check out both models' bodies. It was worse when there were several guests. Their eyes taking in every inch of her body, every imperfection. And she let them. She had no other choice. She stood with her hand on her hip smiling as she was visually sexually assaulted. How did women do this for a career?  
  
One of the hardest parts of the role was the giggling. The other girl giggled and it seemed genuine. But Jessica knew the truth. The girl was probably having the exact same thoughts as her, the only difference is that she was used to it. Her giggles were quiet at first, but as she emulated the other model, she started to get the hang of it. The trigger was when either the man or another guest laughed. Both army candy would giggle as well.  
  
For the next hour, Jessica remained as army candy for the man, whose name she learned was Leonard. He was the CEO of an IT security company and from his interactions with other guests, very well respected. There were worst people to follow around. One of those people was Victoria's own father. He had arm candy of his own and he made a point to play with their bodies whenever he wanted. Groping their tits or slapping their ass. The models took it in stride, not breaking out of their perfect posture or brainless smile.  
  
Jessica wondered how long the party would be. The smiling and holding a perfect pose was physically exhausting. Leonard received a call and dejectedly told his arm candy that he had to step out. He brought them to a vacant corner and told them to stay put. He hurried off to the exit.  
  
Jessica copied the other model with both hands on her hips and an inviting smile. Now they were decorations in the corner. Not demeaning at all.  
  
"So are we his the whole night?" Jessica asked through clenched teeth.  
  
"No, anyone can grab us now."  
  
The girls tone seemed unfriendly so Jessica remained quiet. She observed the party until one man approached and grabbed the more experienced model. She happily obliged leaving Jessica standing alone. Another chance to escape. There was an exit right behind her. She could go find her clothes and then go home. But she had already come so far, and she wanted to see it through. Despite the humiliation, which was now turning her on, it hadn't been too bad. That was about to change.  
  
Out of the crowd, she first spotted him. She had seen glimpses of him throughout the evening but she never got a good look. As he walked towards her, his identify was confirmed. Her father was at the party. There was a 50% chance he recognized her. The makeup from the stroller costume combined with the fact that she would never model her body in this way might fool him into believing that this was not his daughter. He walked up to her and looked in her eyes. She looked back with a smile.  
  
"Hello there." Her father said.  
  
"Hi." Jessica said. Her pitch was an octane higher after all the giggling which further disguised her identity.  
  
"And what's your name?"  
  
"Candy."  
  
Jessica smiled. It was a weird position to be in. After going through the routine for a few hours with the other model, it was now natural to smile, flirt, giggle and show off her body. But this was her father. She figured she had to continue to play along. Her pose remained and she let him stare unabashedly at her.  
  
"Would you like to be my arm candy?" Her father asked politely.  
  
Jessica smiled and grabbed him around his waist. Her father and mother were happily married and she knew he wasn't the type to have his hands all over a model's body. If anything it was the atmosphere. He recognized the importance of status with each girl, so he found one. Little did he know he was actually parading around his daughter like a trophy to be won.  
  
It was humiliating. It was degrading. But it was so arousing. Jessica found herself posing in a more sexual manner and giggling like an airhead. Was it because she was turned on, or was she trying to play it up to make her father look good.  
  
"Well look at that fine young woman." A voice said from behind.  
  
Jessica and her father turned around. Victoria's father, Ivan, stood surrounded by a few other models holding the same pose. He was staring at her with hungry eyes.  
  
"Nice catch, Reed." Ivan tapped her father on the shoulder as his eyes remained on her.  
  
"Are you new, sweetheart?"  
  
"This is my first night." Jessica said and giggled.  
  
Ivan whistled and looked back at his models who giggled on cue.  
  
"Well you're a little overdressed for your first night.  
  
Jessica smiled politely and giggled. Everything she thought of saying sounded risky so she decided to say nothing at all. Ivan reached and slipped off her straps letting the bikini fall and hang off her arm. She was too scared to do anything. Maybe if another guest tried it, but this was Victoria's dad. If she screwed this up, she would never be invited back again. Her breasts where on full display for everyone to see including her father.  
  
"Nice pair on this one, isn't that right, Reed?"  
  
Her father stared at her tits and nodded in agreement.  
  
"Give them a good squeeze, that's what she's here for,"  
  
Jessica cringed in her mind. As if it couldn't get any more humiliating. She tried pretending that her dad was just a random man as she turned and gave him an inviting smile to fondle her tits. Her hands planted on her hips as she stood the proud owner of such a large rack. Her father didn't hesitate as he groped her breasts and pinched her nipples. They made eye contact and he still couldn't recognize her. Openly appreciating her body probably had a disassociation effect. Even if he thought she looked like his daughter, the acts performed so far would immediately contradict that. To him, she was just another dumb model paid for her body.  
  
"Give it a taste, Reed." Ivan said and slapped her father on the back.  
  
Reed bent over and start sucking on her right nipple. She giggled realizing she hadn't in a while. Her father's tongue whipped across the sensitive nipple and along with everything else, the taboo situation was starting to get her body wet. Her own father was sucking on her breasts in front of everyone. His head popped up and he wiped the slobber off his face onto his sleeve, leaving the rest on her chest.  
  
"Reed, why don't you and your trophy join us in the private den. This party is starting to bore me."  
  
Her father's eyes lit up. She knew exactly what he was feeling. It was the same feeling she got when Victoria invited her to the party. Both her and her dad were looking to move up in life and they needed to hang around the right people to do that. Jessica followed along side her father with her breasts bouncing freely. She was glad her father was making friends. It was a silver lining for having to relegate herself as an object. Besides her name, not one person talked to her. She was there to be seen and that was it. If the most intelligent girl in the world happened to be the most beautiful, men would still prefer to stare at her rather than listen.  
  
In the private den there were many other beautiful women hanging off men. The room had soft music playing with plenty of wait staff walking around with food. The private bar in the corner of the room looked like it carried ingredients for any drink you could imagine. Ivan led them to two red couches. As Reed sat down, two new models flanked him. Ivan pointed to Jessica and she joined him on his couch. She stared across at her father and he stared back looking disappointed he lost his topless model despite two more replacing her.  
  
Ivan was immediately groping and caressing her body, keeping her tits cupped in his hand. Her father watched as the host of the party helped himself to his daughter. Jessica didn't bother resisting. She had come this far, it was only a little longer before she could go home.  
  
"Sweetheart go grab me a drink from the bar." Ivan commanded.  
  
Jessica nodded compliantly. As she walked away, she could hear Ivan's booming voice.  
  
"I'm going to fuck that tonight. All these models do is come here to get some rich dick."  
  
Jessica walked to the bar and ordered a whiskey as wandering eyes stared at the round melons jiggling with each step. How was she supposed to respond to that comment? She brought Ivan his whiskey and sat down beside him. There was a moment of silence as if he was encouraging her to try and object. But she said nothing.

"Thanks slut." Ivan said.  
  
Jessica was so embarrassed. He was openly degrading her in front of her father and all she could do was smile, giggle and take it. Her dad's face showed pity. He was probably thankful it wasn't his daughter in this situation.  
  
After a general conversation about business and a few introductions to his business associates, Ivan got off the couch. Jessica stood up with him and held her arm around his shoulder. She made eye contact with her father one more time hoping he would notice her and save her. But he smiled politely and went back to talking with the other men. Ivan lead her to a small private room and closed the door.  
  
"Are you enjoying your night, Jessica?" Ivan said as he undid his built.  
  
Jessica's eyes lit up.  
  
"You know who I am?"  
  
Ivan smiled. "Of course. You think Victoria doesn't tell me anything."  
  
Jessica was speechless. Everything she did in front of his father was for the enjoyment of Ivan.  
  
"Now here's what's going to happen. You're going to get down on your knees and out of gratitude for letting you and your father attend this party, you are going to blow me."  
  
The door was behind Ivan. Even if she tried to escape, she would never be able to get past him. Being aggressive was only going to make things worse. The truth of the matter is that Jessica should have left a long time ago, but something inside her wanted to keep pushing the envelope. She didn't want to admit it, but every escalating scenario made it hotter and hotter. Even her dad groping her chest surprisingly turned her on. Knowing that he thought she was a random girl protected her from the judgment and disappointment and let her fully enjoy the moment. Up to this point, Jessica had been relegated from Jessica, the 18 year old high school senior, to Candy, a slut with big tits for the viewing pleasure of all. There was no personality, no stimulating conversations. She was just there to look good.  
  
What choice did she have? She already risked so much to fit in the with the popular girls. What's a little more dignity gone. Jessica slowly sunk to her knees. Ivan was pleased. He grabbed her head with both hands and guided his cock in her mouth. Forcefully, he face fucked her with no regard for her. After a few minutes of disorienting jabs down her throat, Ivan let go of her head and used his size to pin her to the desk with his cock down her throat. She couldn't move and her focus was maintaining adequate air exposure. She faintly felt her arms being lifted and the rattling of metal before the cock was finally released from its wet prison.  
  
Jessica gasped for air and tried to cover her mouth, but her hands were now handcuffed to either side of the desk. She struggled. Ivan placed a thick collar around her neck which must have been attached to something behind her. She could no longer move her head.  
  
Ivan stood over her with his arms crossed admiring his work.  
  
"Good girl. At these parties it's become customary to have a little slut, such as yourself, available for oral pleasure. Usually we pay the model extra on the side, but you have voluntarily accepted everything without complaint. So I'm going to give you one last chance, Jessica. Nod your head if you accept being this evenings entertainment."  
  
Jessica felt helpless. She wondered what game he was trying to play. If she didn't do anything, would he just let her go.  
  
Ivan waited patiently.

**Victoria's Secret Ch. 02**

Jessica felt the restraints and the taste of Ivan still fresh on her tongue. She had been degraded the entire night and she continuously accepted it. While the cool kids were partying and drinking, she was stuck with a bunch of old perverts and bimbos showing off her body. And she hated that it turned her on. Ivan tapped on his watch. Sucking cocks so her father could get ahead, was that really what it came to? Is that how far she would stoop? She lowered herself enough to be Victoria's friend, what was a little more loss of dignity.  
  
"I'll do it." Jessica said swallowing her pride.  
  
"You'll do what exactly?" Ivan said.  
  
"I'll suck everyone off like a good girl. I'll be your good little cock sucker." Jessica said what she knew he wanted to hear.  
  
Ivan grinned. "Beg for it."  
  
"Please let me suck those cocks. I'll do anything to have my slutty hole filled."  
  
Ivan walked over and undid the restraints. Jessica was happy to be free again and unsure how to feel. After mentally preparing herself to suck multiple cocks, the craving was lingering. The high emotion of humiliating situation after humiliating situation had raised her horniness so high, that without relief, any sexual situation seemed desirable even if it was sucking a stranger's cock.  
  
"That was a test. And you passed." Ivan said.  
  
Jessica stood up and rubbed her wrists."So I don't have to suck anyone's cock?"  
  
"No, but you do have to fuck me." Ivan played the video of Jessica's dirty talking. "Anytime I want. Wherever I want."  
  
He grabbed her and pulled her close. "That's a lot better than sucking 50 plus unknown cocks, wouldn't you agree?"  
  
Jessica was happy she didn't have to endure the abuse of different cocks or her father's depending on the peer pressure, which evidently was always high. But she needed to get off on something. The sexual energy within her was begging for release.  
  
"Are you going to fuck me now?" Jessica asked.  
  
Ivan gently placed a piece of her hair behind her ear.  
  
"Such an eager little slut." Ivan said. "I was going to wait, but if you insist."  
  
Ivan opened the door. "I want you to get on all fours on the table in front of the couches we were sitting at."  
  
Jessica could see her father was still sitting there. She regretted opening her mouth. The private room lead her to believe things were going to happen behind closed doors.  
  
"Please, no. You can fuck me in here, I'll do whatever you want."  
  
Ivan grabbed her by the arm and shut the door behind him.  
  
"The more compliant you are, the more dignity you'll have by the end of it."  
  
Jessica resigned to her fate. Ivan now had her on camera like a slut and although there was nothing too embarrassing, if it ever got out, and her father saw, their relationship would be forever damaged by the awkwardness of watching his daughter act like a total slut and enabling that behavior himself. By complying further, she was making the damage close to irreparable and the film more valuable, but what other choice did she have but to play along.  
  
Jessica avoided eye contact with her father despite seeing him staring back in her peripherals. The fact that he got Ivan's attention must have made her his lucky charm. Now she waited naked on the table on all fours. Ivan approached the couches.  
  
"Did I not say I was going to fuck this broad. Look at her asking for it." Ivan said.  
  
Jessica couldn't object which made it worse. Now she was the eager slut. She could hear the men laughing around her and commenting on various parts of her body. Her ass was just the right amount of tightness, no sag at all. She looked like she could take a big dick. Her tits were the perfect size for titty fucking. And finally, her least favorite one, what a dumb bimbo.  
  
But they weren't wrong. People judge others on their actions. And all they've seen from Jessica is a piece of meat with an open invitation to play with her. How else would they describe her.  
  
"Reed, this was yours right?" Ivan said.  
  
Her father shrugged his shoulders. "I found her in the corner."  
  
"Don't be polite. You were the talk of the town with that eye candy hanging off you." Ivan said. "Come, take center stage for the show."  
  
Ivan pointed to the sofa directly in front of Jessica. If being fucked by Victoria's dad wasn't enough, having her father watch and being forced to make eye contact with him was about as humiliating as it could get.  
  
Like her, he didn't know how to say no, nor would he dare. He leaned back on the new sofa and they made eye contact. The mind was a fascinating mystery, the way it perceived the world. He was looking directly at his daughter, where in any other context he would recognize immediately. But naked on a table waiting to be fucked completely distorted his facial recognition. The thought that she looked like his daughter must have crossed his mind based on his uncomfortable sitting position and nervous smile.  
  
Jessica felt the tip of Ivan's penis rubbing against her pussy. There was no need for foreplay. She was soaked from being the night's entertainment. Ivan entered. She didn't want to make eye contact with her father, but she had no where else to look but in his vicinity. It was clear from the start that Ivan would not considered her pleasure in the process as he jack hammered away. The psychological aspect, knowing how much of a slut she had been and who she was doing it in front of, took care of her pleasure. Jessica tried her best to hold off an orgasm, but the combination of physical and psychological stimulation was pushing her near the edge. She made the mistake of making direct eye contact with her father. He kept his face neutral. Her eyes trailed down to the outline of his hard cock straining against his pants. He was getting turned on by his daughter being fucked publicly. The thought was too much to handle as Jessica let out a scream as she climaxed. Ivan continued on for his own pleasure as Jessica recovered with her head down.  
  
After a few more minutes of fucking, Ivan pulled his cock out and walked around front blasting Jessica in the face. It landed in the center of her forehead and dripped down over her nose and chin. He cleaned his cock off in her mouth and then moved out of the way for her father to see the finished product.  
  
"Smile, you dumb bimbo." Ivan said.  
  
Jessica forced a smile as the cum slowly dripped and covered the bottom of her face.  
  
"There you go, Reed. She's all yours again."  
  
Ivan wandered to another area of the party, his original girls taking their place at his side. Jessica waited on the table. She became so used to waiting for commands, she didn't know what to do next. Reed stood up and offered his arm. She got off the table and accepted it.  
  
"Look you can leave if you want to." Reed said.  
  
Jessica sucked it up. "No, I'm fine. That's what we're here for."  
  
"Are you sure?"  
  
Jessica nodded. She knew the cum was to stay on her. If she wiped it off, it might provoke another sexual incident with Ivan. Better to be safe than sorry. She walked with Reed, her new master's mark covering her face for all to see.  
  
The rest of the evening went on as normal. She followed her dad around who made many contacts. She was happy for him and hoped when they first talked in their normal roles, he would be able to forget the image of the look-alike whore from the party. It was a conversation that had her nervous.  
  
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The week after the party, Victoria made a point to say hi to Jessica, but still didn't hang out with her. On Friday, she was invited dress shopping for prom with Victoria and her friends. Of course they were going to one of the high end stores and with all she did for her dad, she hoped the boost in status lead to a boost in money.  
  
She avoided her father, who was busy with work throughout the week, but if she wanted money, she had to bite the bullet. If her dad showed any hint of discomfort, she knew his subconscious worked out the truth. Whether he decided to accept that truth was the real issue.  
  
Reed was sitting at his desk starting at his computer. Jessica knocked and walked in. Her father smiled at her like he usually did.  
  
"Hello sweetheart, what's up?"  
  
Jessica smiled back and walked to the front of the desk. Up close she could see hints of suspicion on her father's face. He definitely thought of that girl from the party from time to time and seeing his daughter and confirming the uncanny resemblance did little to ease his troubling mind. Jessica wore no makeup when talking to him. She didn't want to be associated with that whore in her own home.  
  
"I'm going dress shopping with..." she couldn't say Victoria. The less association with that family the better. "Amanda. And I was wondering what my budget is?"  
  
Reed laughed. "You tell me, sweetheart."  
  
"Well it's the only prom I'll ever have, so I figured go big or go home, right?"  
  
"You know prom dresses are all the same. It's the brand you're paying for."  
  
"So what if I want to pay for a high brand?"  
  
"How much do you want, Jessica?"  
  
"Like...1000." Jessica said in the most innocent voice.  
  
"1000! Absolutely not." Reed said. "300 is the best I'll do. You want to spend more than that, you're making up the difference."  
  
"But daddy."  
  
Reed put his hand up. "No one likes a whiner."  
  
Jessica couldn't hide her disappointment. Her behavior seemed to trigger a memory in Reed as he sat back with a questioning look.  
  
"Where did you say you went last weekend?"  
  
Tone meant everything. If she had nothing to hide, it had to be a nonchalant answer. Any other tone suggested she knew what he was talking about. "Amanda's, why?"  
  
"Nothing." Reed said. "Is that all?"  
  
Jessica walked around his desk and gave him a kiss. She regretted wearing a low cut top as her breasts were on full view as she bent over slightly.  
  
"Thanks for the 300, daddy."  
  
She caught his eyes briefly examining the display before him. The whore at the party had big tits too. There was one connection. Eventually he may make the full connection if she wasn't carefully.  
  
"You're welcome, sweetheart."  
  
Jessica could see the internal conflict. He was trying to convince himself that it was a huge coincident and nothing more. He shook it off and smiled as she departed the room.  
  
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Jessica couldn't find any dress she liked. She tried on at least five, but they were all cheaper dresses. She knew she had to have the best if she was going to fit in with Victoria and her friends. Jessica made her way back to the more expensive brands. Victoria was trying on the dress from the picture she saw at the party. It looked way more beautiful in person. She made eye contact with Victoria through the mirror.  
  
"What do you think, Jenna?" Victoria turned around and put her arms up.  
  
"It's so beautiful, Victoria."  
  
"You should get one in this brand, they are the hottest items right now." Victoria said.  
  
"I don't even know where to start" Jessica said.  
  
The queen stepped off her pedestal and walked over to Jessica. "Like, never say never."  
  
Victoria brought Jessica over to the sales lady.  
  
"What's your most expensive prom dresses?" Victoria asked.  
  
The sales lady at the desk pulled a book of prom dresses and laid them on the table. Jessica saw Victoria's dress listed at $1,500. The rest where in the range from $1,000 to $1,500. Jessica stomached the cost. Where was she going to come up with $700 to $1,200? She needed to buy one if she wanted to stay within Victoria's group or everything she went through at the party would have been for nothing.  
  
"I'll try that one." Jessica pointed to a green dress from the popular provocative clothing brand Sexie.  
  
"Awesome choice, Jenna. That's totally hot." Victoria said.  
  
The price stuck in her head as she followed the sales lady. Even if she loved it, how could she pay for it? Ideas went through her mind from taking out a small loan to begging her father. Her credit card wasn't an option because that was maxed out. She wished she had bitten the bullet and gotten a part time job for extra money to spend. In fact her father would have been more generous if she was also working and contributing. That kind of attitude was grounds for a reward.  
  
The dress was perfect. The style was off the shoulder, dipping to show some cleavage and then elegantly contouring her curvy body with one slit revealing her right leg. Even the material of the dress was noticeably different from the cheaper dresses. A brand like Sexie always maintained high quality clothing and now she knew what that felt like. She had to have this dress. Nothing else would compare.  
  
Victoria and her friends gave her words of encouragement on how hot she looked. The thought of a prom date briefly popped in her head, but was pushed aside by the issues of the price. One problem at a time. Jessica did a few catwalks to show of the dress and then approached the sales lady on her own.  
  
"Excuse me, is there any discount or deal on this dress?"  
  
"That dress is full price. You're not going to find any discounts at this time of the year." The sales lady said. "We know you'll spend."  
  
"Could I like, do a payment plan or something? I really can't afford this right now." Jessica said quietly.  
  
The sales lady wasn't daft. She could see what was going on and kept her voice low.  
  
"Girl, if you can't afford it, you probably shouldn't be buying it."  
  
"Please, I'll do anything. I need it." Jessica pleaded.  
  
"Unless you pay or your parents come in and pay for it, there's nothing I can do." The sales lady said trying to end the conversation.  
  
Jessica knew her father would never agree to paying so much on a dress. She needed a different approach if she wanted to avoid any embarrassment.  
  
"What if I pay $300 and then work here to pay the rest off?"  
  
Kelly, according to her name tag, was sympathetic. She must have known the pressure of prom having gone through it herself at some point in her life.  
  
"I don't need any clerical help. But"  
  
Kelly looked towards the window.  
  
"I could use a living mannequin to advertise my Sexie prom line." Kelly said.  
  
"A what?"  
  
"You show up, put on the dress and makeup as if it were your prom and then you stand in the window for the evening to display it." Kelly said. "Once you're done the contract, the dress is all yours."  
  
Jessica was relieved. Finally an option that didn't involve her father. She didn't even have to do much. Just show up and wear a dress.  
  
"That sounds fair to me. Where do I sign?" Jessica said.  
  
Kelly pulled out a contract for living mannequin and had Jessica put in her personal details. Once that was complete, Kelly put in the start and end date and turned it around for her to sign.  
  
"Please make sure everything is satisfactory." she said.  
  
Jessica saw the price of the dress again and associated hours. It was going to be tough to fit in both the job and her studying for finals, but it was manageable. The dress would allow her to maintain her status with Victoria's group and finally make her popular. She happily signed the contract and handed it back.  
  
"So when do I start?" Jessica asked.  
  
"Tomorrow, you come after school and we'll get you dressed up."  
  
"Thank you so much." Jessica said. She placed her debit card on the counter. "Do you mind if I take the dress today?"  
  
Kelly put her hands on her hips. "I can tell you right now, once you're in with those girls you're going to hate it."  
  
Kelly took the card and rung up $300. Jessica grabbed her card back, but Kelly wouldn't let it go.  
  
"You may take it now, but if you don't fulfill your contract, I will take legal action." Kelly let go of the card and handed Jessica her receipt.  
  
She smiled politely and rejoined her new friends excited to share her new purchase.  
  
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Jessica showed up for her first shift after school and was delighted to learn the first dress to be modeled was Victoria's prom dress. For once in her life she got to feel like a real queen. With her hair, makeup, jewelry and expensive dress on, she was lead out to the front of the store and instructed to stand on the podium in the window. She stood with her hands by her side.  
  
"Now I want one hand on the hip and a smile." Kelly said.  
  
Jessica put her hand on her hip and smiled as she stared ahead.  
  
"I do have cameras on you. You can switch hands every once and a while, but you must always be smiling." Kelly said. "No breaking character with customers, you are just a display wearing a dress. Got it?"  
  
Jessica did not respond. Message received. Kelly left her alone.  
  
After two hours on display, Victoria and one of the football players, Eric, stopped in front of her. Victoria gave her a friendly wave. It was impossible to hide the side job from Victoria, but Jessica was relieved that she didn't make the humiliation worse. In fact, she was there to make things better. Jessica didn't know much about Eric, other than being a friend of Craig. He was just as good looking, but Craig's status and personality elevated his attractiveness above all the other players. Eric pulled out a paper sign that read: 'Jenna, will you go to prom with me?'  
  
The handwriting was obviously Victoria's, but Jessica appreciated the effort her new friend was making. She was so worried about buying the dress she was putting off stressing over the real issue, a date. Now that was resolved. Jessica discretely nodded her head. Eric smiled back. The two carried on their walk.  
  
The rest of the shift went by quick. Jessica felt butterflies in her stomach. Not only was she hanging out at prom with Victoria and her friends, but she was going with one of the top football players. Everything was falling perfectly into place.  
  
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Amanda leaned up against the locker beside Jessica.  
  
"You just going to ignore me now." Amanda said.  
  
"Sorry Amanda, I've just been busy."  
  
"With Queen Victoria and her minions?"  
  
"They're not that bad."  
  
"You're paying for a dress you can't even afford and do you even have a date yet?"  
  
Jessica slammed her locker shut.  
  
"Actually I do. Eric. He asked me yesterday." Jessica said. "Where's your date?"  
  
Jessica stormed away. She didn't have time to deal with Amanda's jealousy. If she was in Jessica's position she would do the exact same. Every girl wanted to be popular and those who said they didn't were only lying to themselves and avoiding the truth. The reason they aren't popular is because no one cares about them. No one desires them. But finally, Jessica felt desired. She felt cared for. And there was no way she was giving that up even if it meant losing one friend.  
  
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The build up to prom was everything Jessica hoped it would be. She balanced her studies and part time job while still maintaining a social life. . Victoria invited her out to different events and although she didn't get any quality time with Victoria or Eric, it was great to be apart of the group.  
  
The downside was that her and Amanda drifted apart. Amanda wanted nothing to do with her after Jessica refused to make time to hang out. It was a sad way to end their friendship and Jessica constantly questioned whether it was all worth it. Prom was going to be the party where all her dreams came true or where she realized it was all a terrible mistake. She nervously looked forward to that very special day.  
  
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Jessica stepped off her podium to end her last shift. The next time she was wearing a dress, it would be at her prom hanging off the arm of a football player. She changed into her casual clothes and headed out the door.  
  
"See you later, Kelly."  
  
"See you tomorrow." Kelly said.  
  
Jessica walked back to the counter. "My prom is tomorrow, I won't be in."  
  
"But your contract says tomorrow is your last day."  
  
Kelly pulled her contract out and pointed to the last day indicated.  
  
"But I can't. The whole reason I did this was to wear that dress at my prom."

"If you don't complete the contract, you can't have the dress."  
  
"I'll come back Monday and finish it." Jessica said in desperation.  
  
"No. The contract says tomorrow. I'm not breaking my own rules because you didn't read the fine print. You should have brought this up before signing."  
  
"Well if I can't go to prom, then screw this."  
  
"Excuse me." Kelly raised her tone. "You either fulfill the contract or I charge you 1,100 dollars."  
  
"You can't do that."  
  
"Remember what I told you." Kelly said. "Don't test me."  
  
Jessica sighed. All her dreams shattered in front of her. She couldn't go to her dad to resolve it because that would give away the biggest secret of all. There was only one option left if she wanted to keep this quiet.  
  
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As Jessica drove to the store, a limo passed her heading in the opposite direction. The thought of the fun she was missing soured her already bad mood. She texted Eric that she would be late and if he decided to go with someone else, she understood. He never responded back.  
  
The mall was dead, which worked in Jessica's favor. If there was no one around, maybe she would be allowed to leave early. She got on her spot and struck her pose, standing in the half empty mall while her entire class partied and celebrated their final year.  
  
Just before six, Jessica spotted Eric and Amanda walking towards her window. Amanda was wearing the same brand and style dress as Jessica, but in a different color. How did she afford that? They stopped in front and stared up at Jessica who didn't break her pose.  
  
"Looks like Jessica is a little preoccupied tonight. Let's take a selfie." Amanda said.  
  
They stood in front of Jessica and angled it so she was in the background. Jessica was embarrassed. Her former best friend was openly humiliating her and documenting it to the world. It was a bitch move on her part.  
  
"You go ahead, I'll catch up." Amanda said.  
  
Eric didn't acknowledge Jessica as he walked away . Amanda entered the store. Moments later, Kelly joined her in front of Jessica.  
  
"I think I have a much better idea for a pose. Do you mind if I reposition her?"  
  
"Be my guest." Kelly said. "Jessica, let the young lady pose you."  
  
Amanda stepped up and grabbed Jessica's free hand and put it on her head. She then arched Jessica's back and pushed her forward a bit so her tits were on full display. Amanda stepped back and admired her work.  
  
"Pucker your lips."  
  
Jessica begrudgingly obeyed and puckered her lips.  
  
"You let me know how it feels to be ignored." Amanda whispered.  
  
She joined Kelly in front for a better look. There was a lot more sex appeal now. Kelly nodded in approval and reentered her store. Amanda blew Jessica a kiss and caught up with Eric. Now Jessica was stuck in an even more humiliating position thanks to her former best friend. The pose was definitely sexier, but it wasn't going to attract the clientele Kelly was looking for at this time of night. Thankfully she was behind glass.  
  
After a few hours she heard commotion as Kelly ran through her closing routines.  
  
"Jessica, I'm going to be closing up early tonight because I have a few errands to run."  
  
Jessica broke her pose.  
  
"Oh I'm so glad." Jessica said. She stepped down from her podium.  
  
"Where do you think you're going?  
  
"To my prom." Jessica said.  
  
"You have to stay."  
  
"But you're closing."  
  
"I'm closing the store, but you're a window display. People can still see you."  
  
"There's nobody here."  
  
"Not now, but maybe later."  
  
"But."  
  
"We had this conversation earlier. You're almost done, just finish the job."  
  
Jessica begrudgingly climbed back up on her perch. She couldn't bring herself to pose.  
  
"Remember we have cameras on you, so remained posed as told."  
  
Jessica leaned forward, and puckered her lips with her hand on her head. The fact Amanda put her in this position made her even more irritated.  
  
"I'll have the security guard let you out at 10."  
  
The lights went out and Jessica remained in the window in her expensive prom dress. Provocatively posed. On display for no one.  
  
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Just as Kelly promised, the security guard let Jessica out right at 10. Prom was basically over which made the dress ultimately useless. No awkward parent meetings, no boys fiddling around with her corsage, no pictures and no dancing. The only memory she had of Prom was looking her absolute best and staring out into an empty mall. The only pictures that existed were of her in the background of many teen selfies who found her display amusing enough to share with their followers. But even with all that, the real disappointment was not having a date. She wanted to flirt and get to know someone like Eric, even if it was just for one night, especially at the after party. At least she still had an opportunity at that.  
  
The after party was held at Victoria's and Jessica ended her shift just as it started. She headed straight there hoping to change out of her dress before joining her classmates. She parked her car down the road and walked towards the house. Her phone beeped. It was a message from Ivan. Of all the times, he had to pick now.  
  
Ivan watched the prom party from the window. Jessica joined him and looked below at all her friends having fun.  
  
"You missed prom?" Ivan said.  
  
Jessica nodded.  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because I had to pay for this stupid dress."  
  
"If you needed money, you could have asked."  
  
Jessica looked up at Ivan. The thought had never crossed her mind. All her free time wasted when all she had to do was ask for help.  
  
"Keep that in mind for the future. I mean it's the least I can do." Ivan said as he undid his belt. "Before you go join your friends, I'd like to take advantage of this lovely sight."  
  
Jessica started to undress, but Ivan put his hand up.  
  
"Leave the dress on."  
  
Ivan slid the cushioned table over to the front of the window. Jessica got on all fours and stared out the window. Ivan lifted up the dress and claimed his prize. At least someone got to appreciate the dress. She scanned the party as Ivan had his way. In the middle of a crowd, she saw someone staring back at her. Victoria. She smiled and turned her attention back to her friends.  
  
Not a few feet away was Amanda hanging all over Eric, who was equally enjoying her company. That should have been her. If only she had gone for a cheaper dress. But because of her selfishness, she was instead stuck on display and then used like a sex toy to fulfill Victoria's father's twisted schoolgirl fantasy. Every decision she made lead her down a road of further humiliation. Even the highly anticipated sex was tainted by her decision. Instead of making love to a boy, she was fucked by a man.  
  
After pleasing Ivan, she changed into her casual clothes and joined the party. Her classmates were drunk which made them friendlier and happier than her usual interactions with them. Victoria welcomed Jessica to the party offering her a shot of tequila . The sting of missing her prom was washed away with each subsequent drink. Although they were hanging with the same crowd, Jessica and Amanda refused to speak. Her behavior at the mall was a clear effort to make Jessica jealous. She still couldn't figure out how Amanda and Eric ended up together or where she got the cash for her dress. Someone must have helped her out. But who?  
  
With no real date and the party winding down, Jessica decided it was time to head home. She took delight in the fact that Amanda already left. Eric got too hands on for her liking and the excess alcohol within her caused her to make a scene. She never really was a drinker. Eric backed off immediately and Amanda left in embarrassment. A part of Jessica still cared and she almost ran after Amanda to console her. But she was in no state to make apologies or amends.  
  
Jessica said her goodbyes and headed to the curb to wait for her cab. Alone on the street, she heard footsteps behind her. She turned to see Victoria staggering towards her.  
  
"After all that, you're not even gonna say bye bye."  
  
Victoria stumbled and Jessica caught her.  
  
"Sorry Victoria, I didn't see you. I thought you'd be with Craig." Jessica said. She saw a flash of disappointment on Victoria's face.  
  
Victoria held on Jessica to maintain her balance as she stood up. Their eyes locked. Jessica was unsure what to do with the drunk social butterfly. But Victoria knew exactly what she wanted. She moved closer and planted a kiss on Jessica's lips. Jessica froze. Victoria stepped back and smiled. She turned back towards the house.  
  
"See you later, Jessica."  
  
Jessica remained frozen in her place. Victoria would never do that sober. Or would she? Was that the alcohol or was there something else. Jessica's train of thought was interrupted with the honk of a taxi. Something to ponder with a clear mind. Jessica got in the taxi and shut the door.  
  
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Jessica sat across the desk from David Valentine, one of the most sought after modeling agents.  
  
"You want me to model?"  
  
"Look kid, you blew up on Insta with the Sexie prom dresses. We think you got the look and we think you got the talent." David said.  
  
Jessica blushed.  
  
"You're just getting out of high school and you can really make some noise. What do you say?"  
  
He pushed the contract towards her.  
  
"Your decision, kid."  
  
He placed a pen on top.

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