**Window Dressing**

by[fantasygirl30](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=630290&page=submissions)©

Andrea was bored out of her mind. The summer job she took at the department store wasn't the exciting, fun-filled adventure the human resources woman made it out to be. But she needed the money, and because she had waited so late to look for work, all the cool jobs at the mall were taken. She really wanted to be at Chucky's Burgers in the food court, since both her best friend Jilly and her current crush Mark worked there. But being the lazy ass she was, all the positions were gone by the time she got around to filling out the application. Jilly was pissed, but at least they were both in the mall and could meet for lunch every day.

Hanson's was the biggest store in the mall, and although Andrea hated the work, she did like the 15 percent discount that came with he job. All Jilly got were free burgers and shakes, which didn't do anything but make you fat and give you zits.

They had made Andrea a "floater," someone who isn't assigned a regular department, but fills in to help whichever area is short of personnel. Most of her time was spent taking clothes out of the dressing rooms, hanging them up and putting them back on the racks. She was stunned at how sloppy women were, and felt more like a maid than a sales clerk. She was also amazed at the crap that was left behind in the dressing rooms. She had cleaned out half-eaten chicken nuggets, stained panties, dirty diapers, and just about anything else that could be imagined. What was more upsetting than anything else was getting her paycheck and seeing just how little she was making after working so hard.

"I think I'm gonna quit," complained Andrea to Jilly, as she dipped a French fry in ketchup and shoved it in her mouth while they ate lunch at the food court. "This is stupid. I'm nothing but a glorified janitor, and it sucks. If I wanted to pick up clothes all day, I'd start in my own room!"

"Andrea," sighed Jilly, "this is your third week on the job. It can't be all that bad."

"Easy for you to say," Andrea shrugged. "You get to be with Mark all day. I'm such a dope for not getting my application in early."

"Yeah, you are," smiled Jilly. "Maybe next summer. But for now you have to stick it out, since it's already July and there are zero jobs left in this crummy town."

"I know, I know. I guess I'm just going to have to find a way to make it work for me," Andrea devilishly grinned.

"What are you talking about, Andrea?" asked Jilly warily.

"Well, because I spend so much time in the stockrooms, I've had a chance to do some exploring. I know where the cameras are in the ceiling, and I also think I know how to avoid them. I bet I can get a five-finger discount on some clothes, since my crappy paycheck is so small that even with the real discount, I can't buy all the stuff I thought I was going to."

"That's just dumb," Jilly said shaking her head. "If you get caught, you could go to jail!"

"I might be willing to share some things with you since we're the same size, so be nice. Shit!" Andrea said glancing at her watch. "It's almost one o'clock; I gotta get back. I'll let you know how it goes. Call ya later!" she shouted, as she sprinted toward the far end of the mall.

By 5:30, store traffic had slowed down. Most people were home eating dinner; it didn't get busy again until after 6:30, when those who don't have air conditioning at home escape to the mall to cool down. Andrea was back in the stockroom again. She had hidden a pair of $200 designer jeans under a stack of out-of-season sweaters that were slated for shipment to the outlet store. She checked the jeans once again, making sure the security tag she removed earlier was the only one, and then glanced up toward the ceiling, noting that the camera was not angled in her direction. She was sure the section she was in was out of view, and was feeling confident she could pull off the heist. In her eyes, Hanson's owed it to her for all her hard work but minimal pay.

Finally, at 9 p.m. when the store closed, Andrea went down to the employee area and grabbed her backpack, pretending to head out for the night.

"Night Robert," she smiled seductively at the security guard. She knew Robert liked her, especially since he never looked at her eyes, but stared at her tits when he watched her, which was quite often. As soon as her hands touched the exit door, she turned around with a panic look on her face.

"Shoot! My cell phone! I must have left it upstairs!" Before waiting for an answer, she ran past Robert and shouted, "I'll be right back!" Robert watched her, but didn't follow or ask her to leave her backpack. She really didn't give him much of a chance, but Andrea knew he wasn't going to harass her.

Andrea flew up the stopped escalator, ran to the storeroom, grabbed the jeans, and shoved them in her backpack. She made it downstairs in record time, and tossed a wave and a shout to Robert, holding up her cell phone to prove why she went back, as she sprinted through the exit doors. She practically ran to her car, and when she saw nobody was chasing her, she slowed a little and allowed herself to breath again. It was a gutsy move, but, Andrea thought to herself, it certainly made working at Hanson's a lot more fun that day!

When she got home, Andrea tried on the jeans and admired herself in the mirror. She looked hot. The jeans hugged her ass, and after checking her body from all angles, decided that Hanson's was a much better place to work than Chucky's.

"Guess what I did?" Andrea said to Jilly on the phone, as she rolled on her bed wearing only her new jeans.

"I don't want to know, do I?" Jilly replied. "Maybe I better come over. It's late, but I'll tell my dad you're having a hair emergency, and that I won't stay long. See ya in a few."

Since Jilly lived only three houses away, she was at Andrea's in a flash. "Oh my God, those are awesome! Weren't those the jeans we saw in Cosmo this month?" Jilly asked, diving for the magazine on the floor in Andrea's bedroom. "They are! And they're expensive! Girlfriend, you're crazy!" Jilly laughed.

"Wanna try them on?" said Andrea, unzipping her new favorite pair of pants.

"Hell yah," Jilly shrieked, grabbing for them before Andrea even had them off. They fit perfectly on Jilly, and the two spent the next 15 minutes deciding who was going to wear them and when.

After Jilly left, Andrea was so pleased with herself and her boldness, she thought she'd go a step further and called Mark. She was surprised how talkative he was, and she even finagled a pizza date Saturday night, to which she was going to wear her new jeans.

Over the next week, Andrea took more things, mostly small items she could smuggle in her bra or down her pants. She took a great pair of Dior earrings, a small evening bag, an adorable—but thin—peasant top, and some new eyeshadow. Andrea realized she loved being a floater now; it gave what she called "sampling" a lot more variety! She almost had a complete outfit to wear on her date with Mark. Everything but the shoes, and she spent the next day trying to get scheduled into that department so she could pilfer that cute pair of Stuart Weitzman wedges in her backpack. She had shared everything with Jilly, and told her as soon as she had her date, Jilly could wear it all.

On Friday, Andrea was working in the Boy's department when Robert came up to her at the counter. She was wearing a too-tight T-shirt, and Robert often stopped by to ogle her, so Andrea wasn't concerned.

"Miss Andrea," Robert nodded politely. "I need you to come with me. Security wants to speak with you."

"Security? What for?" Andrea's heart jumped in her throat.

"I don't know," replied Robert. "They just told me to come get you."

Andrea, trying to be calm, followed Robert up to the top floor. She was pretty sure the cameras couldn't have seen her take anything. Maybe someone else saw and ratted her out. Well, it would be her word against theirs, and she'd stick to her story.

Robert opened the door to security, and as soon as Andrea stepped inside, he closed it behind her. Andrea stood there alone with three big men she didn't know.

"Andrea Green, I'm Mr. Hollister. Please sit down," the biggest man in the room said, pointing to the chair in front of his desk. Andrea sat down, but kept quiet. "It has come to our attention that you have been stealing merchandise from the store."

"I have no idea what you're talking about, Mr. Hollister. I just started working here. Why would I take anything? Did someone say they saw me or something?" Andrea squirmed in her seat.

It didn't go past the men that Andrea Green was a budding beauty. They let her sit there, suffering in silence for a few minutes while they checked out her oversized breasts, tiny waist, and wavy brown hair. Mr. Hollister secretly wondered if her hair was wavy all over.

"No, Miss Green, no one has said anything to us. But we do have you on videotape putting jeans in your backpack from the storeroom."

Andrea just sat there with her hands folded in her lap, her chin down. She couldn't bear to look at any of the men in this tiny office.

"It's our duty, Miss Green," said the youngest man in the room, who didn't bother introducing himself, "to call the police and have you arrested for shoplifting." He picked up the telephone receiver. "Even though you are 18, you will need to notify your parents, as well as secure the services of a lawyer. The penalty for shoplifting can include jail time, fines, and community service. Also, depending on the total amount stolen, you will either be booked on a misdemeanor or a felony charge, which carries a much more serious sentence."

When Andrea heard the word felony, she began to cry. "Oh my God, I'm so sorry. I've never done anything l-l-like this bef-f-ore," she sobbed. "Please don't turn me in to the police. I'll do anything. I don't want to go to jail," she cried louder.

The third man in the room took the phone out of the other one's hand and set it back down. "I can see you're upset, Miss Green, but you understand what you did was against the law."

"I-I-I know I was stupid," sniffled Andrea. "I was ju-ju-just trying to impress this guy, and I couldn't afford the clothes on what I was m-m-making here."

"Mr. Hollister," said the third man, "I think Andrea is showing a fair amount of remorse for what she did. Perhaps we can find a solution to this problem without putting this offense on her record. What do you think?"

Andrea looked up. She wasn't sure she heard him correctly. Were they really considering not calling the cops? "Yes, I'm extremely sorry. I have never done this before, and I will never do it again; I promise," Andrea looked in the eyes of all three men with as much humility and sincerity she could muster at the moment.

"Well, Craig," responded Hollister. "I think you're right, she seems sorry. But Andrea, you know we just can't let you go. You must be punished somehow, as well as return everything you've stolen. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Andrea humbly replied.

"Here." Craig handed her paper and a pen. "Write down everything you took, and how much it cost."

Andrea handed the list back to Craig, and remained quiet as he looked over the paper. "Looks as if the total was under $500, which is good for you," smiled Craig at Andrea. He passed the list to Hollister and the other man, who both looked at it thoroughly.

"This is a serious offense, Andrea. But you said you were willing to do anything to stay of out jail. Will you cooperate fully with whatever punishment we give you?" admonished Hollister.

"Yes, sir, anything," Andrea responded before thinking, but her mind began to wonder if she was going to have to do anything sexual with these men. She started to worry, since she had only had sex a few times, and was afraid she was going to get gang raped.

"Well, let me tell you what you are going to do," instructed Hollister. "Ever done any modeling?"

"No sir," Andrea replied.

"Well, you're about to get your first assignment, unpaid of course. You are going to be posing in the main storefront window as part of a display tomorrow, Saturday, to help advertise the kickoff to our big, semi-annual sale."

"No problem," grinned Andrea, relieved she wasn't going to have to suck three different cocks. She stood up to leave, thinking this was the easiest punishment she had ever received.

"Sit down," Craig practically yelled at her, which startled Andrea, and she returned to her seat. "There's more to it. You will be in that window, from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. on Saturday, with only three 15-minute breaks and a half hour mealtime. Oh yeah; there's one more thing," he grinned. "You will be completely naked."

"What??" shouted Andrea, jumping up. "Naked? I can't be naked! You can't do that! I can't do that. You guys are crazy!"

"Okay, well, we can understand if you don't want to." Hollister turned to the young man who hadn't said anything yet. "Go ahead and call the police, Frank."

"No, wait!" said Andrea. "Give me a minute to think here."

"Not much to think about Miss Green," said Craig.

Andrea realized she was trapped. She didn't want to go to prison, but didn't want to stand in a store window all day naked. It would be totally embarrassing, but it had to be better than going to prison.

"Fine, I'll do it," Andrea conceded angrily.

"Great!" Mr. Hollister stood. "Go home now; your shift is over. Be here by 8:00 a.m.; they're going to put some makeup on your face. Put your hair in a ponytail, and they will style it when you get here. Oh, one last thing," said Hollister, as he opened the door for Andrea to leave. "Be sure all body parts are cleaned and shaved," he grinned.

Andrea was mortified. As soon as she left the store, she rushed over to Chucky's to tell Jilly what was going on.

"Shit," said Jilly wide-eyed when she heard Andrea's story. "I told you not to steal! Look what happened! Are you really gonna do it?"

"I have to," Andrea sighed. "I don't want to go to jail; that's for sure."

"Well, you better tell Mark you can't have pizza with him tomorrow."

"I can't break that date," whined Andrea. "I'll just tell him I have to work late, and we'll go after I get outta that window."

"What if someone you know sees you? That sale is one of Hanson's biggest. You're parents are going to freak!" screamed Jilly.

"I'll just tell them it's art, and I'm 18, and, and, shit, I don't know. I'll just deal with it if they find out," Andrea said. "Don't tell anyone, okay, Jilly? Promise me."

"Oh I won't," laughed Jilly, "but I'm sure everyone will know tomorrow! I'll come over to see it after I finish work. Wouldn't miss it for the world! I might even take pictures!"

"You do, and I'll tell them you were going to wear the clothes, too," warned Andrea.

"Okay, okay, Now leave, I gotta get back to work," replied Jilly. "Say, there's Mark. Wanna say hello to him?" Jilly grinned at Andrea.

"No! I'm going home. I don't think I'm going to get much sleep tonight."

Andrea correctly predicted she wasn't going to sleep. She got up at six and took a long, hot shower, shaving her pits, legs, and trimming her stupid heart-shaped pubic hairs that she originally did in anticipation of showing Mark, but now the world was going to as well.

At 8:00 sharp she was in the back employee area, where she saw Mr. Hollister and Craig, along with two window dressers, a makeup girl, and a hair stylist.

Well, at least I'll look good, thought Andrea. She got undressed and put on a robe, so she wouldn't get makeup on her clothes. Unfortunately, she didn't bother to ask what the theme was for the window treatment. Since she had no mirror, she couldn't see what they were doing to her face and hair. When they were done, the window dressers led her to the front window, and told her how to pose, both hands on her hips, her face in a panicked look. That was when Andrea caught a glimpse of herself in the window reflection. Her hair was sprayed like some kind of wild deranged homeless person, but at least her makeup looked okay, if a bit heavy. The window had paper on the outside, so no one could see yet what was going on inside. Hanson's always did something unique for their windows on the first big Saturday of the sale, kind of like Macy's windows at Christmas time. She could hear people outside the window, waiting the 15 minutes before the paper was removed and the store opened.

"Take off the robe, Andrea," said Mr. Hollister.

Reluctantly, she removed it, and handed it to him. The air conditioning was on, and her nipples were hard. She hoped some summer heat would come through the window and keep her somewhat warm, so she wasn't totally humiliated, although she didn't know what else they could do to her to make it any worse.

Mr. Hollister sent the rest of the team back to the employee area to clean up. He wanted a private word with Andrea.

"I expect you to do a good job here today, Andrea. If you try to turn your back to the window, or cover yourself up, I will personally see to it that you'll be spending time in prison, and the ladies there will know exactly what to do with that tight body of yours." Hollister moved closer to Andrea, close enough to feel her tits against his shirt, and brush his hands on her mound.

Andrea flinched a bit, but was way too scared to move. She felt Mr. Hollister's breath on her neck, and was almost grateful there were only a few minutes left before the store opened. She knew he wanted to do more to her, but that was the last thing she wanted.

"Good luck," Hollister said, pinching one of Andrea's nipples before he left the window and closed up the back wall.

Before she could think, she heard the paper ripping off the window, and she got in the pose they told her to assume. "Just 11 hours. I can do this," she said defiantly to herself.

Andrea expected the crowd to gasp and point, but the one thing she never expected was laughter. Yet the crowd was roaring. She wanted to die, but she couldn't move. Why were they laughing? Out of the corner of her eye, she could see people pointing in the window, but it wasn't at her. It was the display. From the outside, this is what everyone saw: There was an armoire on the far side of the display, open, with hangers, but no clothes. The big sign above Andrea read: "Nothing to Wear? Come to Hanson's Semi-Annual Sale!"

Andrea was relieved they weren't laughing at her body, but was still miserable since she could spot a few of her schoolmates staring at her. Through the glass, she could hear them mention her name, and saw some of them get on their cell phones, she assumed to call everyone else to come look. Thank goodness school was out for the summer, so she wouldn't have to face them all on Monday.

The air was blowing almost directly on her breasts, and her nipples were sticking out like big Tic Tacs. She saw Mr. Hollister outside the window, checking up on her, as she assumed he'd be doing all day. Her first 15-minute break wasn't until noon, so for the next three hours, Andrea stood there while people stared. She saw the mothers and fathers of friends watch her, as well as some of her teachers, and even the coach, who she always thought was a pervert. She saw him lick his lips as he stared at her. He stood in front of the window for almost an hour, as if he were memorizing every inch of her body. Gross. Andrea wanted to puke.

By the time she got her dinner break at 6 p.m., she was in major pain. Her nipples were sore from being erect all day, and as she sat in her robe and wolfed down a sandwich and chips, she rubbed them, along with her sore feet and tired arms.

At 6:25, Mr. Hollister came into the break room. Andrea looked around for any other employees; unfortunately they were alone.

"Andrea, you have five minutes before you go back in the window. I have to admit you're doing a great job. Less than three hours to go. How are you holding out?" asked Hollister, taking the chair next to Andrea.

"I'm tired, but I'll get through it," Andrea said, not wanting to look at him.

"That's a good girl. You've been holding your position; I've been checking. But your nipples must be sore from the cold. Open your robe and I'll rub them for you."

"No thanks, Mr. Hollister; they're fine," Andrea said, grabbing her robe tighter around her chest.

"Andrea, remember; I am in control here for the next few hours, not you. Now open up your robe."

Andrea did as she was told, and sat there motionless while Mr. Hollister rubbed his big hands on her tits and over her super-sensitive nipples. Andrea began to get wet between her legs, and out of habit started to spread them a bit before realizing what she was doing.

Hollister's hand moved down between her thighs.

"It's 6:30 Mr. Hollister. I have to get back in the window now," Andrea quietly reminded him.

"Since I'm calling the shots, how would you like 15 more minutes of rest?" he asked.

"That would be great, thanks," relaxed Andrea.

"No problem, just open your legs for me, and you can sit there and relax."

This was it, thought Andrea. He has been dying to touch me, and this is how he's doing it. Blackmail was such an ugly thing, but for 15 more minutes of rest, she was going to put up with it. Andrea spread her legs, and Hollister slid his finger along her outer lips. He felt the moistness, and had an instant erection in his pants. He knew he couldn't risk doing anything other than fingering this young hottie, but maybe later he could do more. He looked up at Andrea; her eyes were closed, but her legs were still apart. He pushed her pussy lips aside and explored deeper with his fingers, rubbing her clit with his thumb, while his fingers poked inside her.

Andrea didn't want to enjoy this, but couldn't help it. An orgasm would relax her enough to stand for a few more hours. She just kept her eyes closed, pretending Hollister was Mark.

After a few more minutes of rubbing her, Hollister couldn't take anymore. He dropped to his knees and began licking her pussy until she came. Damn, she tasted sweet. He was already planning how he was going to get her again, but next time fuck her hard. He knew he couldn't take much longer, since most of the employees took their last breaks at 7 p.m.

Andrea couldn't believe she came so fast, and when she finally opened her eyes, the extra 15 minutes had passed. She tried to clean herself up with the robe, but was only mildly successful. It was time to go back in the window, but after the long day, and the rocking orgasm, she could do two more hours easily.

Once back in the window, Andrea caught a glimpse of Jilly, who was staring at her with her mouth open. She must have just finished her shift, since she was still in uniform. Next to Jilly stood Mark, and if Jilly looked surprised, Mark was stunned. At the same time all this was happening, Andrea felt some of her juices run down her leg, which did not go unnoticed by anyone looking in the window. Andrea began to cry, believing this was the worst thing that ever happened to her. And it was all her fault. She was a stupid, greedy girl who was paying for a crime in the worst possible way. After seeing Mark's face, Andrea felt that she would have been better off taking her chances with a judge. Mark walked away shaking his head, and when Andrea looked at Jilly, she just shrugged and turned away. The only saving grace was that her parents didn't see her. But she was sure it would get back to them sooner or later. There were too many people who saw her today that knew them.

At 9 p.m., the store closed. Andrea put on her robe, ran to the employee room and got dressed. She ran out of Hanson's department store, and drove home as fast as she could. Her parents weren't home, thank goodness. She knew she'd have to deal with that tomorrow. Andrea took a long, hot shower then went to bed.

There was no way she would go back to Hanson's ever again.