**Stacy’s ENF At Work**

by anonenffan

**Stacy's ENF At Work (Chapter 1. The "Toy" Store)**

“This right here is going to be your most important tool,” she said, presenting a metal spray can.

Stacy glanced at the can and hesitated, raised an eyebrow at her employer, and picked it up. A bright yellow label displayed the “Ultra Clean” logo. It boasted that it was the most powerful sanitizer legally available. The base of the can depicted a person wearing a surgeon’s mask and a nurses shirt. His eyes were wild and bloodshot, like he had never known the peace of sleep. With a spray can in one hand and a rag in the other, he cleaned the words “Germaphobe’s Choice.”

“…Why do I need this?” Stacy looked back up at her manager.

The owner of the store was a little taller than Stacy. Long curly auburn hair flowed down to her shoulders. Multiple bracelets jingled against each other as laid her hand on the counter. Her blouse was white, and a few gold necklaces hung from her neck.

“I’ll be blunt. This business has a hard time competing with the internet. So, we’re going to do something online shops can’t do! At least not without a lot of shipping, anyway,” the woman said. She leaned on the counter, using her elbows to balance herself more upright.

“And that is…?” Stacy’s voice trailed off, trying to not look at any one thing in particular. Almost every object in the room made her shiver.

“Try before you buy!” The woman raised her hand, pointing at the ceiling, smiling at Stacy. “If customers want to try out one of our products, you point them to that room over there, and when they’re done, you clean the toys off with that spray!”

Stacy’s jaw held slightly open, as her wide eyes fell back to the can. “You can’t be serious… that’s gross!”

“That’s why I bought that spray and put the poster up! Surgeons clean off their tools with this stuff when they’re in a pinch!” She said as she stood upright away from the table. With a confident walk, she moved to the counter and knelt down. “I think this will be a hit, so if you need more spray, you’ll find a whole box of it down here!”

The blonde looked down and glanced around the store again. Her face felt hot with blush, and her shift had only just started. “Umm, Miss Meylane, I’m sorry but… um, this place… I don’t know that it’s for me.”

“Hmm?” Miss Meylane stood upright, looking at Stacy directly in the eye. She bared a small frown and had one hand on her hip. “You can just call me Alexa, don’t worry about it. But what do you mean this place isn’t for you?”

“Well um… I sort of was throwing a lot of applications around. I didn’t really look at what this place… you know, was.” Stacy scratched the back of her head, wishing she had spent more time researching the store.

Alexa nodded and laughed. “Right right, I understand. Throw your resume everywhere just hoping someone calls back. I guess my store looks a little plain from the outside, doesn’t it?”

“Y-yeah, I mean… I thought this place was a toy store…” Stacy said, her voice sounding weak as she glanced around the building. Every wall and shelf held a variety of erotic entertainment. Vibrators sat locked inside a display case near the register, while phallic shaped silicone novelty items decorated the shelves.

Alexa laughed harder, “Well, I mean, you’re not wrong!” She cleared her throat and looked at Stacy in the eye, still smiling. “Seriously though, is this a major issue for you? I can understand it being a little weird, but there’s a money to be made. This store is like a celebration of sexual freedom!”

Stacy hesitated, unsure of what to say to Alexa. The simple prospect of having to clean sex toys was enough to make her reel back in disgust. Not to mention, she wasn’t used to being around so many perverted items. Despite this, she balled her hands into fists. She needed to maintain a job. There was something to prove.

“I’ll… try to not let it bother me,” Stacy forced herself to say. She smirked, though her blush conflicted with the image of confidence.

“Glad to have you on board!” Alexa cheered. “Alright then Stacy. We’ll get you started with some simple things. I have to make a few important phone calls in my office. You restock some shelves. I think… aisle four could stand to be reloaded.”

“O-okay,” Stacy took a deep breath and forced a smile onto her face as her boss left. It faded as soon as Alexa was through the office door. “Aisle four,” she said to herself, stepping out from behind the register. When she arrived, she saw what it was short on. It made her take a step backward and put a hand over her mouth.

The entire shelf dedicated its space to dildos.

Stacy stared for a long time, shook her head and started to head to the back stockroom. She began to whisper to herself. “Nah, why do I need to research this place? It’s just a toy store. Why would it be anything weird?” She shook her head. “Maybe if I do a lousy job she’ll just fire me.” The blonde wasted little time in going into the stock room. She grunted on her way out, carrying a heavy box of rubber products. “Yeek,” Stacy looked away and shoved the box onto the shelf.

Stacy finished her work with more haste than care but she wasn’t concerned. She didn’t have long-term plans of working at this store. With the dildo shelf reloaded, she set her sights on the register. One step forward, and she felt resistance. Something was pulling on her shirt!

“What the…?” Stace leaned forward, trying to assert her stance. Her eyebrows narrowed, and she jerked forward. A loss of tension threw Stacy off balance. Little plastic buttons scattered to the floor. The cool air of the store buffeted her chest and stomach as she tried to regain her footing.

“Ahh!” She gasped and snapped her head back. The box pinched the tail of her clothing. Stacy took a quick glance around, thankful nobody else was in the store at the time. The wardrobe malfunction left her simple, yet sturdy white bra visible. She bit her lip and lifted the box to free her shirt. Once she was no longer ensnared, she inspected the damage.

Every button that secured the front of the shirt was missing. Stacy ran back to the register, holding the shirt shut by hand. A warm blush rose to her cheeks as she looked under the register for a way to fix her shirt. Paper clips, tape, a stapler, anything that could help her hide her cleavage. Stacy tossed aside rolls of receipt paper and pens and pushed the box of extra spray aside. She gritted her teeth, as she soon realized there was nothing there to help her.

Did she dare to ask Alexa for help? What would she say if she saw Stacy’s damaged uniform within an hour of hiring her? Stacy felt helpless as she stood up and glanced around, seeing the shelves filled with sex toys again. She paused, and tapped her fingers on the counter, and smiled through her blush as an idea hit her. “Right… this place isn’t for me.” As Stacy looked at the door to the back office, she began mentally rehearsing her explanation.

She knocked on the door, “Um, Alexa?”

“Come in!” came the reply.

Stacy took a deep breath and opened the door. One hand still clutched her shirt together, and she looked up at her boss. Alexa was nose deep into her laptop, fingers tapping away on the keyboard.

“What’s up?” Alexa asked.

The blonde blushed and looked away, knowing she had no explanation that would make her look good. “I um… kinda screwed up my uniform.”

“Really?” Alexa looked up and saw how Stacy was holding her shirt. “Oh! Wow, how did that happen?”

“My shirt got caught, and the buttons just sort of… snapped off,” Stacy said. “Do you mind if I go home and change?”

Alexa looked at Stacy and put a hand to her chin. Her eyebrows narrowed, and her lips frowned.

“I’m sorry… I really screwed up on my first day here,” Stacy lifted one foot and scratched the back of her ankle. She mentally prepared herself for a phrase that would crush her on a normal day. Instead, she was actually hoping to hear it.

Alexa then smirked. “No no no, I don’t blame you, those things are cheaply made.” She leaned back in her chair, “It’s technically not proper uniform, but you know what? It’s not like it goes against the spirit of the store.”

Stacy’s eyes shot open. “What?”

“Yeah, I mean, it sort of makes you look more…” Alexa waved her hand around. “Alluring! It fits right in with what we sell here. Do you have a bra on? Wanna try working the rest of the shift like that?”

“…What!?” Stacy’s mouth hung agape.

“Yeah! I mean, that’s up to you, but as long as you’re legally decent, I think that can be good for business,” Alexa smirked.

Stacy held her shirt tighter and felt her blush get hotter. “Y-you can’t be serious, I can’t just… no way!”

Alexa hesitated and then shrugged. “Alright, alright, let me see if I can improvise,” she said, looking through the drawers. “Hmm… this could work!”

A few minutes later, Stacy stepped out of the office, still feeling her heart racing away. Some thin pieces of scotch tape sat across her shirt, holding it in place over her chest and stomach. It was nowhere near as secure as the buttons once were, and it felt like it could fall open at any time. As uneasy as she was, she still made her way to the register.

The only new task for Stacy right now was to wait for a customer. As she stood there, she thought about two words that could have had her walking back to her car. Two words she swore she would never say to an employer. A sudden ding interrupted her thoughts, and she forced herself to put a smile on her face.

“H-Hello! How can I help you?” Stacy said, looking towards the front door, and saw a woman.

The customer wore a large sun hat and a pair of sunglasses, making her harder to identify. She looked back at the door, then at Stacy, and then back at the door again. “Oh I’m just here to browse.”

“O-okay, if you have any questions, just ask!” Stacy said, her voice shaking as she watched the girl go into the back corner of the store. She sighed with relief. If that woman had gotten closer, would she have noticed the shirt was being held together with tape? What would she think of Stacy working in a store like this? Stacy shook her head and looked at the tape. It felt like it wasn’t even there, being so flimsy that if Stacy were to lean, it would burst apart with no resistance.

As Stacy did her best to keep calm, the office door opened, and Alexa poked her head out. “Is there a customer?”

“Yeah, she said she’s just here to browse,” Stacy explained and pointed towards the back of the store.

Alexa glanced in the direction of the woman, put her hands on her hips and frowned. “Stacy, do you see the way she’s dressed? The jacket, the hat, the sunglasses?”

“Yeah, what about them?” Stacy hesitated.

“That’s how people dress when they feel ashamed to be somewhere. I want people to feel open and free when they’re in my store,” Alexa explained. “I want you to try and talk to her, be really high energy and friendly to her. If you don’t, she’ll be too scared to buy something.”

“B-but what about my shirt?” Stacy said, crossing her arms over her chest as she reeled back.

“Lower your guard, and she’ll be less intimidated!” Alexa said, looking at the customer again. “I see she’s looking at the egg vibrators, but she’s not actually going in the aisle. I bet it’s her first time here. Help her along!” She said, waving her arm for Stacy to move.

Stacy hesitated, keeping her arms in place over her shirt. She resigned and nodded. “Alright, I’ll try,” she said, stepping out from the counter and making her way to the customer. With Alexa’s advice about lowering her guard on her mind, Stacy gritted her teeth and forced her arms to her sides. Maybe her boss was right, maybe that woman was just as uneasy here as she was. She struggled to form words in her head as she approached.

“H-hello, is there something I can help you find today?” Stacy said as she made her approach. There was a noise that halted Stacy’s thought process. It was the sound of rustling tape. Combine with a renewed loose feeling in her shirt, Stacy knew it threatened to come apart again.

The woman kept looking down, trying to avoid eye contact. “W-well um… like I said, I’m just sort of browsing. I’ve um… I’ve never been in this store before.” She giggled and looked away.

Stacy forced herself to laugh with the woman, as the shirt drifted back to an open state. “Well, that’s fine. This… store wants everyone to feel free of shame and um… you know, celebrate… what’s below the belt…?”

The customer looked to Stacy, and gave a small smile, her face bright with blush. “Th-thanks… I just… you know… I kinda… don’t want people knowing… I don’t even want to risk something being on a credit card bill.”

Stacy gave a firm nod. “Y-yep! I understand, whoa man do I understand!” She gave a deep exhale. “Well, you’ll be happy to know, we accept cash here, and I think we even have unmarked bags if you decide to buy anything.”

The woman put a hand over her mouth with a light giggle. “U-um, thanks. I’m sorry, I just… like this is a world I’ve never really looked into… and I just wanted to…” She paused, looking at Stacy, no longer making eye contact. “W-whoa! Miss, your shirt!”

“My shirt?” Stacy glanced down, seeing her blouse hanging open off of her shoulders. Her bra hugged her chest, containing her ample breasts. The rest of her torso was embracing the air conditioning of the store. As Stacy realized just how exposed she was, her face began to glow with embarrassment.

“Ahh!” She gripped the edges of it and pulled it shut. For a moment, she was half dressed in front of a customer! Stacy slowly looked back up at the customer and managed to laugh. “Oh, it looks like my shirt is messed up! Sorry about that!” Her heart began racing as she held her blouse in place. “S-so um, what were you interested in looking at today?”

The woman looked at Stacy for a moment and glanced back at the aisle that captivated her curiosity. Stacy could only assume she was trying not to stare. “W-well, I sort of wanted to… look at some… v-vibrators.”

“Vibrators!” Stacy chirped despite a tremble in her voice. “I can certainly help you find some of those. Right this way!” She took some steps forward, leading the customer into one of the many risque aisles. Her goal was simple, keep the customer focused on the products, not the bra. “O-okay, so right here we have a variety of vibrators, and um…” She glanced down the aisle. “They’re organized by how powerful they are, s-so these are recommended for first-time buyers. Um… uh… if you see this sticker, it means they’re waterproof so you can, you know, use them in the shower if you want.”

The customer nodded, lifted her had and brushed some hair out of her face. “I-I see… and u-um… I also heard that this store… lets you…” She whispered something.

Stacy blinked a couple of times and leaned forward. “I-I’m sorry, what?”

“U-um… you know…” She gulped and looked around the store to ensure they were alone. When she was certain, she leaned towards Stacy, and sheepishly whispered, “T-try them?”

Stacy’s eyes widened, and she put a hand over her mouth. Her face reddened, and she shook her head. “O-oh yes! That is a new thing. D-do you um… want to try one out?”

The woman could only nod and knelt down. She glanced a the various lewd toys and selected a pink egg vibrator. “I’ll um… t-try this one?”

“F-fine choice, right this way!” Stacy said, hurrying to lead the woman to the back room. All the sexual items around her combined with her own exposure made her heart race. The two arrived at a door near the register, and Stacy used a key to unlock it. “Um, h-here you go, you can lock the door and try it as much as you like. If it’s not the one, just um… leave it in the basket and let me know, okay?”

“Thank you,” the woman said, wasting little time in getting inside the test room. The locks clicked and sealed the woman inside. Stacy sighed with relief, feeling like the weight of the world lifted from her shoulders. Even if it was only for a short time, she felt better to be alone.

Stacy returned to the register and tried to fix her shirt. The cheap tape did a poor job of keeping her shirt together. She tried to smooth out each piece over the fabric of her shirt. It didn’t work. The transparent pieces kept losing their stick. Her shirt would burst open on each attempt, re-exposing her bra. The tape failed, letting go of the shirt and flickered to the ground.

“Ahh!” Stacy gasped, pulling her shirt shut again. The tape wasn’t going to get the job done. Her boss allowed this, but Stacy didn’t want to show off. She glanced at the door and thought about running to her car to grab her coat. The blouse wasn’t giving her any sense of security. Before she could commit to the idea, the office door opened.

“Stacy, did you help that customer out?” Alexa asked.

Stacy jumped and snapped her head towards Alexa. “Oh! Y-yeah! She um, she’s in the demo room right now.” She kept one hand clutching her shirt, while the other brushed hair out of her face. “Um, I kind of need to…”

“Wow, you talked her into the demo room already?” Alexa leaned back and put her hand to her chin. “What is she trying out?”

Stacy glanced at the door. Her free hand joined the occupied one in holding the shirt. “Um, I think she picked out an… egg vibrator?”

“A little egg, huh?” Alexa put a hand to her chin, as her eyes lowered to the floor. “I kind of meant that room for more high-end toys…”

The blonde could read the disappointment in Alexa’s voice. Did she break a rule? She wasn’t aware of that. But if that gets her in trouble, that’s actually a good thing. Stacy didn’t want to work here. “Oh! I’m sorry. I knew it was a cheaper toy, but I figured it would be okay.”

“Hmm…” The manager bounced her head left and right, puckering her lips. “I think I can overlook it. If she likes the egg, she’ll probably buy it, and one day come back for something with a little more shake!” Alexa smirked. “Keep up the good work Stacy!”

Stacy froze as the words hit her. She wanted her boss to be mad at her so she could leave this perverted place. Was she getting praised!? “W-wait, wasn’t that against your rules?”

Suddenly, a loud moan sounded through the demo room walls. Both Stacy and Alexa went silent and looked at the door. Stacy moved one of her hands to cover her open mouth, while Alexa moved her fists to her hips, and fought off a laugh. “Listen closely Stacy, that’s what a sale sounds like!”

Stacy’s cheeks felt hot. Words couldn’t form in her head. There was only astonishment.

“Be sure to clean up that room once she leaves, okay?” Alexa said.

The blonde gave a slow nod as Alexa left. Then she actually processed what Alexa said, and looked at the yellow can nearby. “Oh no…”

A few minutes later, the woman stepped out of the room. Her clothes appeared shuffled and uneven on her body. The hair beneath her hat was without direction, scattering at random atop her head. Her face glowed red, and she could not help but smile. “I-I’ll take it.” She approached the counter and set down the opened package.

Stacy cringed, and picked up the barcode scanner, still keeping her shirt shut. A single beep sounded. The blonde forced herself to smile, “G-glad you had fun.” She cleared her throat, “that will be twenty-six forty-nine.”

The woman handed Stacy thirty dollars, meaning she needed change. Stacy popped the drawer open and began counting the change. The cool air conditioning of the room washed over uncovered skin. Her shirt had unraveled itself, framing her upper torso to the woman.

“Ah!” Stacy gasped and gripped the fabric. “S-sorry,” she said. One hand kept the shirt shut, while the other trembled on its way to the register. It fumbled dollar bills, struggling to pull them out in an organized stack. Stacy’s heart raced, as she tried and tried to give this woman her money so she could leave. She needed to be alone so she could do something about her shirt.

Still, handling change was not a one-handed task. Once Stacy had enough dollar bills crumpling in her palm, she struggled to pluck coins from the tray. A quarter slipped from her fingers several times. “C-come on…” She looked up at the woman and gave a shaky laugh. When Stacy finally managed to pick up the quarter, it slipped from her grasp and into the dime tray.

Stacy wanted to scream. She looked back at the woman, who was showing less red on her face and was regulating her breathing. Stacy’s hand fumbled the quarter again before she frantically reached in with both hands.

“U-um, miss, your shirt is…”

“I-I know,” Stacy gulped as she scrambled for coins. “It’s um… w-within the spirit of the store!” She forced herself to smile. “H-here’s your change, have a wonderful day!” Her blouse opened a little wider, letting her bra cups protrude outward. Cleavage pressed forward as Stacy leaned to hand the woman the money.

“Thank you very much,” the woman took the money let out a tiny giggle. “And um… thanks for letting me… try it.” She put her sunglasses back on, straightened her hat, took a deep breath, and opened the door.

Stacy sighed with relief, her chest rising and falling with her breath. “I hope she doesn’t remember me…” With the store empty again, she pulled her shirt shut and grabbed her car keys. A jacket from her trunk could do the job.

The office door opened, and Alexa stepped out with a clipboard in hand. “Did she buy it?”

“Mhm!” Stacy nodded, as she pulled her blouse shut again. “Y-yep! A very happy customer!”

“Nice! Here’s some rags, and clean up the demo room so it’s ready for the next customer,” Alexa said, as she threw some cloth on the countertop.

“But I-”

“Oh, and don’t forget the spray!” Alexa said. “I’ll watch the register while you take care of that.”

Stacy looked at the rags and sighed. ’At least nobody can see me in there,’ she thought. She picked up the can and the little towels and walked into the demo room.

She turned the dimmer switch up and looked around. The inside of the demo room resembled a small doctors office. A wide leather bench sat to the side, a tall mirror hung from the back of the door. Coat hooks decorated the walls, intended for would-be buyers to place their clothes.

Stacy sighed, and set some of the rags on the chair, keeping one for her cleaning task. She could smell evidence of the woman’s “test,” and looked towards the bench. A small spot of moisture was the source of the scent.

The cap to the disinfectant popped off, and Stacy wasted little time in spraying bench. Then she took the rag and began to rub away on the leather. “This stuff better be as strong as the can says.” In the seclusion of the demo room, Stacy relaxed her grip on her shirt and started cleaning. “Maybe if I take too long, she’ll fire me,” she said to herself.

Stacy shook her head. “No, she’ll probably praise me for being thorough. ’Oh, good thinking Stacy, everyone likes a clean floor!’” She said, imitating Alexa’s voice. Curious if that could be the real result, Stacy knelt down and began to spray the floor, and wiping away with the rag. In her mind, the longer she spent cleaning the room, the less time she would spend out in the main lobby of the store.

She was under the bench spraying the wall when she failed to notice a nail hooking into the back of her skirt. There was a minuscule tug, but not enough to grab Stacy’s attention. After making sure the wall underneath the bench was spotless, Stacy coughed. The spray was making it harder to breathe under the bench, so she crawled out from under it.

There was resistance around her hips, followed by a ripping noise. Stacy’s eyes widened, and her heart skipped a beat. “Oh no…”

“Stacy?” Came Alexa’s voice with a quick knock. “Are you almost done?”

The blonde nearly jumped to her feet out of shock, earning a louder tear. Her skirt fluttered off her hips and settled on the floor. “O-oh yeah! J-just finishing up!” She reached down and picked up the damaged garment. The rip ran straight down the back. Without the skirt, her matching choice of underwear was now visible.

Her panties weren’t anything special to look at. Like her bra, they prioritized functionality and comfort over style. A plain white color and elastic band around the waist clung to her hips. Having visible underwear, especially in a store like this one, was still embarrassing. The exposure forced her to move her hands over her panties to conceal them.

Stacy stood in the room and stared at the damaged skirt, wondering what she could do. Going back out to her car like this wasn’t an easy option. Her attire wasn’t appropriate for lounging around her home. Going outside or working? Even worse. Still, she had to do something, and it would only be a short walk to her car if Alexa allowed it. She held the skirt in place over her hips. The hemline tickled her exposed skin, reminding her that the fabric was of little use to her now.

“U-um, Alexa?” Stacy peeked her head out from behind the door, trying to keep her body hidden as if the store were at its peak hours.

“Got the demo room all clean, Stacy?” Alexa asked as she was organizing items and taping posters near the register.

“W-well, yes, but I have a little problem,” Stacy said, feeling her pulse rush.

“Hmm? What’s the matter?” Alexa said, setting down her roll of tape and looking towards Stacy.

“My, um, skirt got ripped,” Stacy admitted, her legs shaking inward as if she had been running a marathon.

“Really? Come on out of there, let me see,” Alexa said, walking towards the demo room.

Stacy took a deep breath, unable to believe what she was about to let someone else see. Her only hope was that her boss would actually think she was incompetent, and not worth having in the store. Then, Alexa would fire her, and Stacy could leave the store and still be able to claim that she had never quit a job. She trembled and stepped out from behind the door.

“Y-yeah, I can’t wear it anymore…” She said, showing one of the frayed edges of the fabric. “Um… I really think I should go home now… please?”

Alexa looked at the skirt, and of all things, she laughed. “Wow, you really can’t catch a break, can you?” She looked at Stacy, letting her eyes wander her body, looking at the undergarments she wasn’t able to see before.

“N-no, I can’t.” Stacy thought for a moment. She needed to sell herself as an employee that could make the store worse. “Things like this always happen to me, I make some…” She swallowed a little of her pride and cringing at herself. “I always make some kind of silly mistake, and things just fall apart.” Admitting that was a monumental task, but she had managed to say those words. Now she had to wait for a phrase she would dread anywhere else.

“Aww, don’t be so hard on yourself, Stacy! I bet everyone else just isn’t giving you enough time to learn the ropes!” Alexa nodded. “You know, seeing you dressed like that reminds me of how I actually wanted to expand this store. You know, carry some naughty underwear. You could model it!” Alexa laughed.

Stacy stared at Alexa in disbelief.

Alexa giggled again, “Oh don’t act like it wouldn’t be fun. You’ve got the body for it!”

The compliment almost made Stacy’s face invent a new shade of red. She thought about the suggestion, selling sex toys in perverted lingerie. Customers would look at her body, and have her ring up lewd items. Would they ask for a demonstration? What if they asked her to show them how to use it?

“Th-thanks, I think…?” Stacy shook her head. How did that suggestion happen? Why didn’t Alexa fire her yet!? “Um, do you mind if I grab a jacket from my car or something? This is a little… you know, risque.”

“No more risque than anything else in the store,” Alexa noted. “Are you sure you wanna dress up more? I actually think you’re doing really well for your first day.”

“Wait… really?” Stacy looked Alexa in the eye.

“Oh sure! Remember that girl you just helped? She’d normally be a window shopper, too scared to buy anything she truly wants. I was so happy to hear her really enjoy herself in there.” Alexa smiled and stepped away from the register. “You don’t think you could stay like that a little longer? I just know you’ll be able to help out another meek customer.”

Stacy was speechless. That praise tickled her ears in a way she wasn’t used to. Her hands spread against the counter, as she looked at her revealed form. Memories flashed of the girl, about as nervous as Stacy was. Then she came out of the demo room with an unmistakable smile. Stacy’s fingers tapped on the counter.

“I guess… I could try to stick with this… a little longer,” Stacy said, after a deep breath.

Alexa nodded, “I’m glad you’re braving it! I’ve got some more office work to do, so stick by the register!” She stood aside for Stacy, allowing the lesser dressed girl to get behind register again.

Stacy stayed at her post, trying to process what was happening as Alexa returned to the office. She may have had her underwear on display. She may have had an unpleasant cleaning task. But that customer smiled. Not only did they smile, but they smiled in a way that represented pure unashamed happiness. All Stacy could think about was that smile and the fact that she helped it happen. Did she really want to get away from this job?

She looked down at her body again. The shirt was hanging wide open, only tickling her skin while allowing her bra and tummy to greet the room. If someone were to look further, they would see that Stacy’s panties were also free to view. The skirt abandoned its job of covering her waistline. There were things left to the imagination, but Stacy still looked and felt vulnerable. Still, she couldn’t help but wonder if that helped that customer.

The door dinged, interrupting Stacy’s thoughts. A new customer stepped into the room and was looking behind them, before shutting the door. Like the first, it appeared to be a woman in a trench coat, a hat, and sunglasses. Another customer that wasn’t proud to be there.

Stacy looked down at her lack of clothing, blushed at herself and shook her head. The urge to cover was there, but Stacy fought it and forced herself to laugh. “H-hello there! Is there anything I can help you with today?”

The woman looked Stacy’s way and lowered her sunglasses. “Oh no, I know what I’m after, thank you!” She almost looked away, until her eyes jolted back to Stacy.

Stacy, in barely half a uniform, blushed a little more. “D-Did my uniform catch your attention?” Her heart began racing, and adrenaline began coursing through her. She tried to keep the lines straight in her head. “We um, we don’t believe in shams. I mean shame, shame! We don’t believe in shame here!”

The woman stared at Stacy for a moment and placed her sunglasses in a pocket. “That’s um, that’s very nice. Excuse me,” she said, before turning into one of the aisles.

As the woman hurried away, Stacy began to think. ’Maybe she’s just like the first girl. She’s too nervous to be here.’ Stacy nodded to herself and looked at her revealing attire. If she was going to make that woman feel as liberated as the first customer, she’d have to be brave. She shut her eyes tight, took a deep breath, and stepped out from behind the counter.

Stacy shivered and fought the urge to move her hands to covering positions. She let her shirt hang in whatever way gravity would will it. Each step she took brought her uncovered body closer to a customer who was too intimidated to look. She tried to avoid looking directly at anything and kept her eyes focused on the customer. If she could earn another smile, it would make her feel better about what this store was.

The blonde cleared her throat, “U-um, are you looking for something specific, today?”

“Oh, well um, no, not for me anyway, something for… you know, a friend,” she said, keeping her eyes away from Stacy.

With a nod, Stacy rubbed one of her arms. “Right, right, shopping for a friend, gotcha,” she said. Forcing herself to smile and wink still didn’t feel right. “Well, um, if you’re interested in trying something out, we have a demo room over there.”

The woman paused, turned and raised an eyebrow at Stacy. “…Demo room?”

“Yep! We’re the only shop in town with one,” Stacy blushed, mentally screaming at herself. Eyes were on her. She wanted to cover, but she also needed to maintain an image of openness. Her underwear was on show, and she wasn’t even trying to hide it. The customer probably thought she was a pervert.

“That’s… unique…” The woman looked away.

“I-indeed it is! We um, we have very strict cleaning standards for the room, and it’s sanitized after every use,” Stacy explained. “And um… if you don’t like certain… merchandise, we um, we clean them with the same extremely strict standards!”

“Right, right, I saw used bin, it had a note about hospital grade cleaning.” She shuffled a little more, still trying to avoid eye contact. Her breathing seemed quicker and deeper, and she adjusted her hat. “I’ll um… I’ll let you know if I need something.”

“O-okay! Remember, this store is a… no shame zone! So feel free to ask any questions!” Stacy said, trying to be as polite as she could before turning to walk away. That woman was still uneasy, or at least she seemed that way. Not that Stacy was going to complain, she needed a moment to herself.

The air flowed under her shirt, lifting it and flashing her panties to the store behind her. A hand found its way to the back to force it down, though there was no disputing the idea that Stacy wasn’t well dressed. And yet she wasn’t able to do much to cover. Outer cover lost buttons and displayed tears, while inner cover counted as a uniform. Stacy reached the register, able to obscure her lower half, but unable to dress better.

Stacy felt her heart fluttering and warmth gently flooding over her uncovered skin. She was just exposed and talking to a customer. All that to help a nervous woman feel comfortable. To make matters worse, it seemed ineffective. The customer was still shopping with only her eyes, and not daring to take a step forward.

Stacy wanted to do more, to make that woman feel like the first. Was her own guard too high? She looked over her clothing, thinking she looked defenseless already. A shirt, a bra, a pair of panties, socks, and shoes made up Stacy’s wardrobe, and there was no way to close the shirt. She bit her lip and looked at her bra.

The idea seemed like a bad one. But there was no denying Stacy would look more vulnerable without her bra. More skin would be on display. Her shirt could still cover her chest in an emergency. She might be more exposed. That might make her easier to talk to about naughty activities. Stacy gritted her teeth and tapped her fingers on the counter.

“It’s to help her. I’ll put it right back on when she leaves,” Stacy whispered. A hand slid under her shirt, traveling to her back in search of a clasp. A snapping noise, though subtle to the rest of the store, echoed like a gunshot in Stacy’s ears as the bra went slack. The cover shifted, and the lack of pressure around her chest sent another wave of nervousness. Her hands trembled, and one was even forced to move to the counter to balance herself. She watched for the customer as she pulled the bra from her body. Her body temperature continued to rise.

Stacy knelt down and shoved the bra under the counter. She gasped and stayed in that position with her eyes wide as she realized what she was doing. Clothing came off, and unlike the buttons or the skirt, the bra went by choice. The decision made her more vulnerable, more nervous.

More naked.

She gripped the sides of the blouse and pulled them over her chest. The fibers of the fabric caressed the tender tips of her chest. Stacy fought the urge to pull it completely shut. Looking easier to talk to was the entire reason Stacy was doing this. So, the shirt framed her body, allowing everything above her panties to be visible. Everything between her breasts, anyway.

Hands formed into little fists as Stacy tried to regain some semblance of courage. Her breasts weren’t secured, and Stacy missed that feeling. One unbalanced step could set the tender mounds free from cover without restraint. But that was why she was supposed to be able to help that customer now.

“The smile will be worth it, the smile will be worth it, the smile will be worth it,” Stacy repeated to herself.

But before Stacy could take another step, the customer returned from the aisle. She wasn’t empty-handed, bringing many phallic items of different sizes and colors with her. Once at the register, she placed them on the register and reached into her pocket to put her sunglasses back on.

Stacy glanced at the many toys in front of her, and then back up at the customer. “…Wow… you um… have a very… busy friend, don’t you?”

“Oh! Um, they’re um… they’re for a prank,” the woman said, giving a shaky chuckle. “My um… my ex-boyfriend is a jerk, so I was… going to prank him with these! You know, maybe glue them to his windshield or tie them to the ceiling fan. Just pranks! Nothing else! Nope! Just a night of…hi…jinks…” She paused and looked at Stacy, her eyes going below eye contact level.

Stacy, of course, noticed the woman’s voice trailing off. She may not have been able to see through the sunglasses, but she didn’t need to. Stacy took a deeper breath and tried to keep her arms down.

“W-well, these do have a specific purpose, but um… profit is profit here!” Stacy blushed trying to keep an innocent smile on her face.

The woman took a glance to each side of her and leaned in to whisper. “Um, did you know that… um…” She held up her hands and gestured towards her own chest. “Your bra is… I can see your…”

Stacy didn’t want to look. That woman tried to explain what she was seeing. She didn’t need the help though. There was no need to look. Not when Stacy could feel the air conditioning. Still, Stacy let her eyes glance downward.

The shirt was open. It still hung on her shoulders, but it was wide open. Stacy’s breasts sat uncovered and reacting to the crisp air. Goosebumps rushed up the back of her shoulders. Her nipples became firm tips.

Stacy’s mind was rushing. How could she react? Should she react? Could she even think of what to say? Intimate parts of her body were in front of curious eyes. Her arms almost twitched into covering her, when she took a breath.

“Oh, it’s just part of the dress code we’re allowed to explore!” Stacy said. “We can get away with a lot if we’re careful about it!” A wink followed. Stacy just winked at this girl. A woman she didn’t know at all saw her naked breasts, and she just gave a flirty wink.

The woman was silent. “That’s… interesting.”

“Uh huh, the idea is that we look more… approachable!” Stacy said with a nervous laugh.

The woman tilted her head. “I’m not sure if that has the effect you really want… um…” She took another glance around. “How far do you usually go? You know, with… taking things off.”

Stacy’s fingers tapped the countertop. Could shy lie? Should she go further? Her attire seemed to be making the woman calm down. That woman was even more talkative. A little further might make things work. She internally screamed and bit her lip.

“How far? I think I can get away with a liiitle bit more. As long as I can cover up most of me.” Stacy said. She took a step back from the counter. More of her body was visible. Again, she wondered what she was doing. Why was she doing it? Her heart was racing. All of her body felt warm. She wasn’t sure what her reason was anymore. Whether it was to help this woman or to feel a strange new rush flowing through her.

Stacy glanced around the shop. Alexa was still in her office. No other customers were in the lobby. It was just her and the customer. The blonde shivered and sent her hands to her hips. White cotton slid down her slender legs. Her face reddened further. More clothing was leaving her body by choice, and it made her heart flutter faster. The white panties hit the ground, and Stacy stepped out of them. “I… think I can get away with about that much.”

“Wow…” The customer said. “That’s… really bold.” She removed her sunglasses, along with any doubt that her eyes weren’t exploring Stacy’s body. Stacy stood there, wearing a smile, and a white blouse that did little to conceal her nudity. If anything, it framed her breasts and highlighted how much Stacy had taken off.

Stacy fought the urge to cover herself, she couldn’t let this girl know just how embarrassed she felt. It was enough of a problem to have her skirt and shirt damaged, but she removed her underwear by choice. Now she was a shirt tug away from being completely naked. Her legs still end up squeezing against each other as she approached the counter. Stacy let out a long exhale as she gathered her thoughts and ignored the slickness between her legs.

“Y-yep, It’s bold! Now, how about we ring you up?” Stacy said, forcing herself to smile through her blush.

Beep after beep happened as Stacy scanned the barcode stickers on the sex toys. Stacy thought about the woman’s prank excuse and smirked. She had her own thoughts but didn’t say them. Instead, she looked up at the woman, smiled, and continued scanning. It was still awkward for Stacy to handle the dildos, as she didn’t want to touch certain parts. She would try to nudge them around with a pen and scan the barcode.

One rolled the wrong way. It slipped off the counter and fell onto the floor. “Oh, whoops! Sorry about that!” Stacy said. She leaned over to reach down.

“No no, it’s alright…” The woman blushed. “U-um, forget about that one. It’s… more than I need.” She gave a light laugh and handed Stacy money to pay for her new items. “Stay bold, miss!” The woman said, as she let a small smile appear on her face, as she placed her newly purchased toys in the bag.

Stacy was embarrassed, but she took note of that little smile on the woman’s face. It wasn’t quite the look the first customer had. The first customer seemed like her life had changed for the better after using an egg. But it was still a smile that woman didn’t have when she entered, and Stacy helped make it happen.

“H-Have a wonderful day!” Stacy waved. She kept her hips close to the counter, in case a new customer entered. Her body had to stay covered. Stacy enjoyed seeing customers become more comfortable with something they want. But she had her own decency to maintain. Once the door dinged and the customer left, Stacy looked down to pick up her panties.

A single, silicone sex aid had its tip nestled in her underwear.

Stacy looked away and pinched the fabric between her fingertips. She had to get her clothing away from that thing. Just thinking about what it was, what its purpose was, all made her cringe. Fortunately for Stacy, it took little effort to retrieve the panties out from under the toy. But she wasn’t about to put them on yet.

The blonde glanced at the counter and spotted the yellow can. “If there’s a time for this stuff…” She mumbled to herself. Stacy laid the panties on the countertop and grabbed the sanitizer. The can hissed away at her underwear, burning away anything that would make Stacy shudder.

Then, Stacy heard the office doorknob open. “Uh oh!” She set the can down and snatched her panties. With no time to put them on, she huddled close to the counter and set the panties on a shelf under the register. As soon as she hid her clothing, Alexa stepped out.

“Hey Stacy, how did things go with the customer?” Alexa said, carrying a clipboard.

“Oh! They went really well, she bought a whole bunch of toys!” Stacy said. Her heart was thumping. She was naked between her hips and her shoes, and her shirt wasn’t much better. Stacy’s eyes widened when she remembered the state of her shirt. Her chest was plainly visible, and right in front of her boss! She shifted positions, so her back and left shoulder faced her employer. Meanwhile, she attempted to close the shirt without drawing attention.

“Wow, really? That’s great!” Alexa smiled and glanced down the aisle. “Hmm… looks like she dropped a couple of things on her way up to the register. Wanna clean those up?” She said, scribbling down notes on her clipboard.

Stacy’s head snapped back towards Alexa. “Clean them up? But… she didn’t try them. So I shouldn’t need to…”

“Well, they’re still on the floor, and people walk on that. And they’ve stepped in who knows what, you know what I mean?” Alexa said, gesturing towards the ground. She then placed a basket on the counter. “Give them a good spray and put them back on the shelf. I’ll keep an eye on the register.”

Stacy was unsure what to do. She was trapped! Most of her clothing lost buttons or was off of her body. If she stepped out from behind the counter, she would see how little she was wearing. There was no disputing that Stacy had crossed the line of legal decency. She couldn’t let her boss see that much of her, and there was only one way to avoid that.

“R-right away, mam! But um… you know, while you’re up here…” Her eyes shifted left and right, desperately scanning for a distraction. “M-maybe um… I think that… shelf over there is a bit low on items!” Stacy said, pointing at a small book stand near the front door.

Alexa tilted her head. “Really? I don’t remember selling a lot of erotica books this week…” She took a few steps towards the bookshelf.

Stacy had the distraction she needed, but she had to be quick. She grabbed the can of spray, and darted off, following the trail to get away from Alexa’s sight. Her shirt fluttered, baring much of her naked backside.

Once she was in a more secluded corner, Stacy stopped to catch her breath. That had been too close. She avoided detection for now, and nobody else was in the store aside from the two of them.

Stacy wasn’t sure what she could do about her wardrobe. There was little left of it, the spray can in her hand wasn’t clothing. The aisle only offered items that were only useful to an undressed person. Shoes and socks didn’t cover anything intimate. The shirt she had on kept flapping open, letting her breasts embrace the cool air again. Her panties were still at the register, not covering her most intimate parts.

She looked down and noticed a few sex toys, sitting on the floor. Stacy was still expected to clean those, but she didn’t want to touch those things. At least not directly. Stacy tried to close her eyes, and picture the smiles on those customers they helped. They were so much happier than when they entered, casting aside some shame from being here because of her. When Stacy re-opened her eyes, she saw the brightly colored dildos staring back at her.

“If only I had some gloves…” Stacy said, looking down at the floor. She raised a foot to scratch the back of her ankle, pressing against the material of her socks. Her head perked up as she looked at her footwear.

Shoes flew to the side with quiet thuds. Socks slid off of ankles, and bare feet touched the tile floor. Stacy knew this action brought her closer to complete nudity. It was by choice, too. But footwear didn’t cover the essentials. There was a real purpose to doing this, as she slid the socks up her arms.

The improvised gloves were a little warm, and the fabric was a bit thin for Stacy’s liking. So, she put both socks on one hand, and armed herself with the spray can in the other. Stacy remained on her knees as she picked up the dildo with her sock-clad hand, and began cleaning it. She didn’t think it needed much cleaning, as it had only fallen on the floor and wasn’t used. Still, she was thorough, wiping off excess spray on the sock.

She thought about what she looked like. Nearly nude, save for a blouse that couldn’t stay shut thanks to her breasts. The cold floor robbed her bare feet of natural warmth, sending a chill up her undressed body. There were no panties creating a sense of security with a firm fit. On top of that, she was cleaning sex toys, but it looked like she was handling them, fondling them. Like she was cleaning them.

Once she finished, she put them back in place on top of the shelf. Stacy let out a long sigh, thankful to finish the task. She started to peel off the socks from her hand when she heard a ripping noise. “Hmm?” Stacy looked at the socks and saw a massive tear, all the way along the white footwear. It was so wide, it fell from Stacy’s hand. “What the…?”

Stacy looked at the can, wondering if it was the root of the problem. It wasn’t long before she spotted a red warning label, stating that it could damage fabrics. She groaned in frustration as she rolled her eyes. “Great… just great. It can ruin my clothes, but I’ll bet these toys are just fine.” With a hand on her head, Stacy leaned against a shelf and tried to think of what to do. Then her eyes shot open.

“My panties!”

Stacy made a quick run, or at least she tried too. Her shirt yanked her backward, the source of the newfound tension was her sleeve. The blouse slipped clean off of her shoulder but remained hooked at her elbow. “Ah!” She looked back to pull her shirt free, but the hook pinched the fabric. A red color ignited on her face when she realized what almost happened. She pulled, tugged, and jerked at her shirt, but it wouldn’t come free.

“Come on…” She grunted. “Come… on! Let go!” Despite her efforts, the shirt wouldn’t leave without a fight. Stacy looked around her and shook her head before slipping her arms out of the shirt. She gripped the free sleeve, and pulled, leaning back and straining her muscles. It was her last piece of clothing, and she couldn’t afford to lose it.

More aggressive, violent yanks tried to pull the shirt. It wouldn’t even tear. Stacy growled, refusing to surrender the last of her clothing. The sound of straining fabric told Stacy her efforts were yielding something. She gritted her teeth. Her stance was lower. Her strength was at its limits. If she pulled a little longer, she was sure she’d have it.

Then, there was a door ding.

“Hello there!” Came Alexa’s voice.

“Oh no…” Stacy whispered to herself. A new customer entered the store, and there wasn’t a single thread of fabric on Stacy’s body. She looked down and saw unrestrained breasts, bare shoulders, and her uncovered womanhood. Everything was gone, and she stood naked inside a sex shop. One arm moved to try and conceal her breasts, while another flew to her moistening womanhood. Even though she covered her naughtiest bits, it was clear that she wasn’t wearing clothes.

Stacy’s knees bent as she gave one more helpless look at her shirt. She shook her head, cursed under her breath. That stupid hook had left her nude, and there was no time to do anything about it. There was no other choice but to hide.

Stacy tiptoed over to the end of the aisle, feeling her racing pulse in her chest. She squeezed her intimates tight as if that made them a proper substitute for clothing. They didn’t, and the fact that her womanhood felt warm only made things worse when she applied pressure to it. Arousal was building at a steady pace, which only made her blush harder. Was this exciting her?

She leaned her head around the end of the aisle, and saw Alexa greeting a new customer. When her boss lead a customer into a different aisle, Stacy held her breath. Somehow, she’d have to get help from her boss, but without getting attention from that customer. Stacy gulped, and stepped out from the aisle and moved to the next closest one.

“Okay, so are you a first-time buyer?” came Alexa’s voice.

Stacy slowed her pace. One Aisle separated her from her boss and a total stranger. She had to plan her next moves carefully. If she didn’t, a customer would see her. Her heart was almost in her throat as she slowly moved her naked form down the aisle. She was further from the door, but closer to Alexa. They were in the next aisle over.

The naked blonde stopped her approach and held her breath. She had to listen carefully to what they might be doing.

“These are waterproof, so they’re safe to use in the bath, shower, swimming pool, whatever,” Alexa continued.

Stacy tried to keep calm, standing up straight and leaning against the shelf. People were on the other side, and she needed help from one of them. Her mind was blank on what she would say. She could only wait for a chance to find Alexa alone.

“C-can I have a minute to look things over?”

“Of course, take your time. If you’re interested, we have a demo room, it’s cleaned after every use,” Alexa said.

Stacy took a breath. This was her chance. She peeked around the corner, only to have her face bounce into something soft.

“Whoa!” Alexa reeled back in surprise. “Sorry Stacy, I didn’t… WHOA!”

“Shh! Shh!” Stacy put a finger over her lip. Her chest was left uncovered as a result, and her breasts bounced to freedom. She wrapped her hands around herself and crouched, trying to hide her intimates from view. Eyes were on her naked body now.

“Stacy!” Alexa put her hands on her hips and looked back to the customer. She frowned and lowered her voice to a whisper. “I didn’t mind you showing off, but this could get the police in here!”

“I know, I know! B-but… I lost all my clothes, I-I need something!” Stacy pleaded.

“You ’lost’ all of your clothes?” Alexa crossed her arms and narrowed her eyebrows. “I don’t believe that. Stacy, this place celebrates sexual freedom, but I still have to answer to the law. Nobody can be naked outside of the demo room.”

“W-what? I didn’t do this on purpose!” Stacy shivered as she thought about how bad things had become. Were they getting too loud? Were they going to draw attention from the customer? Alexa was being vindictive, not helpful!

“Stacy, don’t lie to me, I saw your panties by the register. They don’t just fall off,” Alexa said, shaking her head. “You’re risking this shop getting shut down, Stacy. I can’t allow that. Now get dressed, there’s a customer in here.”

“B-but, I don’t have anything to change into!” Stacy said, squeezing herself tighter yet.

Alexa blinked twice, and leaned in, examining the naked blonde in front of her. “Are you getting off on this? Stacy, I know you’ve had a rough start, and I’m overlooking the fact you’re a rookie because you’ve made good sales. We’ve got to think out etiquette. If you really don’t have anything else to wear, go home.”

“W-what? But I can’t go home like this!” Stacy said. Did Alexa expect her to drive home? Like that? Without so much as a sock on her naked body?

“U-um, excuse me, I think I would like to… OH!” The customer yelped from behind Alexa, blushed and looked away. “S-sorry! Um… maybe I should go…”

Alexa turned around, “Oh no no no! Don’t go! Hang on for just a moment, I’ll have this dealt with in a moment.” She turned around and faced Stacy.

Now Stacy was nude in front of two people, albeit one was polite enough to look away. Still, this only made Stacy squirm, and grip herself tighter. She had been seen. Not only that, but her boss knew of her arousal! “A-Alexa, please, I can’t just…”

“You’re making a customer uncomfortable, I will not have that,” Alexa shook her head and knelt down to Stacy’s level. “I’d like to think I’m a pretty calm woman, but I can’t allow things like this to happen, understand?”

“I know, I know, but I can’t go home like this!” Stacy begged.

“I-I’m sorry, maybe I’ll come back another time,” the customer said.

“What? No! Come back!” Alexa stood up but was too late. The customer was already bolting out the door, leaving a waterproof vibrator on the shelf. She stomped her foot and looked back at Stacy. “Great, we’ve scared off a customer. Now she probably feels ashamed to have even been here. Stacy, I’m sorry, I’ll admit you have some potential, but this isn’t working out.”

“W-wait… are you firing me!?” Stacy gasped. It was unthinkable. She was starting to appreciate something about this job. As lewd as it was, it made people smile in ways they normally wouldn’t. It unveiled a new level of freedom to them. The store opened the world to those customers, and Stacy helped them feel that way. She didn’t want to lose that!

“I don’t want to, but yeah, this isn’t working. I’m sorry Stacy, you’re fired.”

Those words put a heavy weight on Stacy’s mind. Another day, another job lost. But it wasn’t just another job, it was one she was starting to have pride in what she did. It was something she could have been good at. She tried to put together a response in her head, something to convince Alexa to keep her.

But before Stacy could answer, there was a sudden snap. A ping noise, as if a bolt had failed. Both girls turned their heads towards the source of the sound and saw a shelf leaning down. A large box of dildos sat, teetering on the edge. The shelf collapsed, and the cardboard box slid off, like a train going over an unfinished bridge.

Other dildos on the shelf followed suit. With a loud crash, brightly colored rubber and silicone sex toys hit the floor. They bounced and rolled as they littered the aisle, and landing at their feet.

Stacy looked at the spill on the floor. Thoughts of smiling customers were soon replaced with thoughts of cleaning those things. Having to handle, spray, and wipe them down. She then looked back up at Alexa.

“Thank you for the opportunity.”

Alexa gave a long sigh, knelt down, and turned the fallen box upright. She began collecting the scattered toys. Unlike Stacy, Alexa had no issue gathering everything.

Stacy sat there, wondering if her former boss would say anything else. She thought about those smiles again. “U-um… Alexa? I know you’re upset, and you probably should be, but… is there anyway I could keep this job?”

Alexa smiled at the nude blonde. “Stacy, I could tell that you were uncomfortable as soon as you figured out exactly what this store was. That’s part of of the reason I’m letting you go. I want everyone to feel comfortable here, that includes my workers.”

Stacy blinked twice. “Well I mean… I still don’t like working around… those. But when I saw those customers smile because of something I did, I kinda…” She bit her lip. “You know, liked seeing how much happier they were.”

“Ha ha, yeah, especially that first one, huh?” Alexa stood up, having collected all the toys. “I know that feeling, and I like creating it too. But I think maybe you should find another way to do it. Do you really wanna clean all these for minimum wage?” She presented the box of dildos.

Stacy leaned back, blushing as she stared at the contents of the box.

“Didn’t think so,” Alexa giggled. She began moving down the aisle, but stopped. “Hmm… so you really don’t have anything to change into?”

The nude girl nodded, and gripped her privates. She didn’t have a single thread on her form. “Y-you’re not going to kick me out like this, are you?”

Alexa turned back towards the blonde. “Stacy, I can’t say I’m thrilled with how today has gone, but I’m not cruel. I don’t want to see someone get arrested just because they don’t have clothes on.” She put a hand to her chin.

“Then um… d-do you have anything I can borrow?” Stacy gave a nervous laugh.

“Mmm… I don’t have any extra clothes with me… and I don’t have any lingerie you can wear…” Her eyes scanned the shelves when she paused. “Ah ha! This might work!” Alexa plucked a small package from the shelf and tossed it towards Stacy.

Stacy caught it, allowing her breasts to spill into view. She cast an odd glance at Alexa, and looked closer at the item. Pink hearts sat within the packaging. A longer one sat behind the smaller hearts. “Stickers?”

“Pasties, technically. The long one is for what’s below the belt!” She winked and kept walking.

A fierce blush surged through Stacy’s face. “H-hey, wait a second!” She rose to her feet. “This… this isn’t enough!”

“Actually, as long as your naughty bits are covered, you are legally decent!” Alexa said, setting the box on top of the register.

“But… but…” Stacy starred at the pink pasties. She looked to Alexa, and saw the woman picking up a spray can. A frown formed on her face when she looked back at the package. This was the only cover offered to her. With a sigh, Stacy began tearing into the package.

Stacy had two pink hearts and a matching strip. Her head shook as took one of the pasties and peeled the back off. The nude girl hesitated and blushed, as she applied the adhesive side on top of her nipples. She covered her areola, but it was still obvious that she was unclothed. All Stacy could do was remind herself that it was better than nothing.

Stacy thought about what she looked like as she prepared the second sticker. Did those things really help? Being naked drew the wrong kind of attention to her, but pasties drew a different kind. She wasn’t dressed, and her cover was miniscule. A naughty underwear substitute made her appearance look intentional. Like she was inviting someone to look at her body. Her blush grew hotter at the thought as she pressed the second pastie down.

With the limited cover in place, Stacy reached for the final piece. A long strip of cloth, pink like the other two, remained. Stacy looked at it, and glanced down the aisle. She had to make sure she was alone. No customers were in the shop, so she moved down the aisle so Alexa couldn’t see her.

Once Stacy hid behind the shelf, she prepared her last piece of clothing and uncovered the adhesive side. She checked her surroundings again to ensure she was alone, and spread her legs. Her eyes shut, and applied the top of the sticky side to her waistline. When she tugged it through her thighs, she had to press hard against her soaking lips. It wasn’t sticking, and knowing the reason made Stacy’s heart hammer. Finally, she pulled it between the cheeks of her backside. The result felt snug, and it was moistening fast, but the cover held in place..

Stacy gave a long sigh, and stepped away from her hiding place. She wrapped her arms over her body, still feeling exposed and naked. “U-um, Alexa, I’ve got them on, let me just grab my purse, and I’ll be out of here.”

Alexa nodded as she rubbed down another toy. “You got it on all by yourself? I gotta admit, that usually pretty hard. Especially if the juice is flowing,” she giggled. “Sometimes that adhesive doesn’t work so great when that’s happening.”

“O-oh? I um, I didn’t notice. That um…” Stacy’s eyes shifted left and right as she reached over the register counter in search of her purse. It took several tries, but she found the leather strap. “That… wasn’t happening!” She forced herself to laugh.

“You sure? Being hot might weaken the adhesive. You might wanna get it out of you system first,” Alexa pointed her thumb towards the demo room.

Stacy’s face turned into a brighter shade of red. Was Alexa really suggesting that she go into that room and… “N-no! Um, that won’t be necessary. I just want to get to my car and get out of here!”

Alexa scratched her head. “Well, if you’re sure… feel free to wait for the safest chance to get to your car.” She picked up a rag and resumed cleaning the dildos. “If it gets risky, you can come back.”

Stacy took a deep breath, and nodded. She crept towards the door and looked outside, her heart racing at the thought of leaving dressed like she was. Nearly nude save for some stickers. “Th-thank you,” she said as she waited for her chance.

“Best of luck to wherever you go!” Alexa said.

The blonde clenched her hands into fists as she gathered her courage. She nudged the door open, and peeked her head out. Shivers ran up her back, as she swallowed the lump in her throat, and stepped outside.

Alexa remained at the register, cleaning the sex toys. “Nice girl, but keeping her here didn’t feel right,” she said to herself. She heard the door shut as she reached for the spray can. Her eyes focused on the task at hand, until something on the ground caught her attention. “Hmm?” she set the can down and looked.

A pink strip of cloth sat on the ground near the door.