Daisy's Boutique

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The Chariot, Book 10; Vulpes Parvaes, Book 36

Chapter 1

Bailey stood in the back room of *Daisy's*, carefully unwrapping the last of the new summer bikinis from their tissue paper. The shop was small but elegant — white walls, warm wood floors, and delicate gold fixtures that made everything feel expensive. At eighteen, this was her first real job, and she was determined to do everything right.

Daisy Walker, the owner, was in her early thirties and moved through the space like she owned it — which, of course, she did. She had sharp cheekbones, dark hair cut into a sleek bob, and the kind of calm confidence that made Bailey both nervous and eager to impress.

"These are going to fly off the racks," Daisy said, holding up a pale pink bikini with delicate gold rings at the hips. "The whole line is designed to look expensive but still feel like summer. We'll put the full set in the front window today."

They worked together to dress the mannequins. Bailey was just adjusting the top on the last one when the mannequin's arm slipped. It hit the floor with a loud crack, the torso splitting cleanly at the waist.

"Shit," Bailey whispered, staring at the broken pieces.

Daisy didn't look particularly bothered. She simply tilted her head, studying the ruined mannequin for a moment before glancing at Bailey.

"Well," she said lightly, "we can't have an incomplete display. Not with the new line launching today." She turned to Bailey, eyes calm and assessing. "Take off your clothes."

Bailey blinked. "What?"

Daisy smiled, small and amused. "The mannequin was going to wear this bikini. Now you will. We need the full look in the window. You're about the right size, and you've got a nice figure. It'll look better on you anyway."

Bailey's face went hot. "You want me to… stand in the window? In that?"

"Only for a few hours," Daisy said, already walking toward the front with the pink bikini in hand. "Just until we see how it sells. Come on. The morning rush will start soon."

Bailey hesitated for only a second before following. Something about the way Daisy said it — so matter-of-fact, like it was the most reasonable solution in the world — made it hard to argue. She stepped behind the tall display shelf near the window and quickly changed out of her simple black dress and into the bikini.

The fabric was soft and expensive-feeling. The top tied behind her neck and back, and the bottoms sat low on her hips with those delicate gold rings. When she stepped out, Daisy gave her an approving once-over.

“Perfect. Come here.”

Daisy positioned her carefully in the window between the two remaining mannequins. She adjusted Bailey’s arms so one rested lightly on her hip and the other hung loosely at her side, then tilted her chin up slightly.

“Hold this pose,” Daisy said. “Shoulders back, weight on one leg. Look relaxed. Like you’re just standing there enjoying the sun.”

Bailey tried to settle into the position. Her heart was beating faster than it should have been. The window was large and bright, and even though the glass had a slight tint, anyone walking by on the sidewalk could see her clearly.

Daisy stepped back and studied her. “Good. Don’t move unless I tell you to. I’ll come check on you between customers.”

She walked away, leaving Bailey standing in the window.

At first, Bailey felt painfully self-conscious. Every time someone passed by outside, she had to fight the urge to cover herself. But after a few minutes, something strange started to happen. The longer she stood there — still, displayed, treated like part of the store’s aesthetic — the more aware she became of her body. The way the bikini barely covered her. The way people glanced at her as they walked past. Some of them slowed down.

A warm, unfamiliar feeling began to curl low in her stomach.

They’re looking at me.

She wasn’t sure if it was embarrassment or something else entirely.

The morning rush hit around ten-thirty. The little bell above the door rang constantly as women came in to browse the new collection. Bailey could hear Daisy’s smooth, confident voice moving between customers.

“This style is very popular this season,” Daisy said at one point, her tone pleasant. “We only have a few left in this color.”

By eleven, Bailey overheard two women talking near the front.

“I love the one in the window,” one of them said. “Do you still have it in a small?”

There was a brief pause. Then Daisy’s voice, calm and professional.

“We’ve actually sold out of that exact style already. But if you don’t mind the one from the display, you can take that home with you.”

Bailey’s stomach dropped.

A moment later, Daisy appeared at the edge of the window display. She stepped up beside Bailey without ceremony and reached for the tie at the back of her neck.

“Don’t you dare move a muscle,” Daisy whispered, her voice low and close to Bailey’s ear.

Bailey froze.

Daisy’s fingers were quick and efficient. She untied the bikini top and slid it off Bailey’s body, leaving her breasts bare in the bright window. Then she crouched slightly and hooked her fingers into the sides of the bottoms, tugging them down Bailey’s legs in one smooth motion.

Bailey stood completely still, heart hammering, as Daisy stripped the bikini off her right there in the window. A woman browsing near the front glanced over and did a double take, but Daisy didn’t acknowledge it.

When the bikini was completely removed, Daisy gathered it in one hand and gave Bailey’s bare hip a light, almost affectionate pat.

“Stay exactly like that,” she murmured. “Good girl.”

Then she turned and walked away, carrying the bikini toward the customer as if nothing unusual had happened.

Bailey remained frozen in her pose — arms positioned exactly as Daisy had placed them, weight on one leg, chin slightly lifted. Completely naked in the front window of the boutique.

Her skin felt electric. Every time someone walked past outside, she felt their eyes on her. Some people slowed down. One man actually stopped and stared for a few seconds before continuing on. Bailey’s nipples tightened in the cool air of the shop, and a deep, aching throb had settled between her legs.

She had never felt anything like this before.

The rest of the day passed in a strange, hazy blur. Customers came and went. Daisy moved through the store with her usual grace, occasionally glancing over at Bailey with a small, satisfied smile. She never told her to move. She never brought her clothes.

Bailey stayed exactly where she was — posed, displayed, and completely bare — until the sun began to lower outside and the shop grew quiet.

At closing time, Daisy politely ushered the last customer out the door with a warm smile and a “Thank you for coming in.” The lock clicked. The sign flipped to “Closed.”

Only then did Daisy turn and look at Bailey still standing motionless in the window.

She walked over slowly, her heels soft against the wood floor, and stopped just in front of her.

For a long moment, she simply looked at Bailey’s naked body — at the way she was still holding the exact pose she’d been given hours earlier.

Then Daisy smiled, small and knowing.

“You can move now.”

Chapter 2

Bailey stayed frozen in her pose for several long seconds after Daisy spoke, her body still humming with a strange, electric tension. When she finally allowed herself to move, her legs felt unsteady. She stepped down carefully from the raised display platform, and Daisy was there immediately, one hand steadying her at the waist.

“You’re a real lifesaver, you know that?” Daisy said, her voice warm with approval. She kept her hand on Bailey’s bare hip for a moment longer than necessary before letting go. “Most girls your age would’ve freaked out or refused. You just… held still. All day.”

Bailey’s face burned. She was acutely aware that she was still completely naked in the middle of the closed shop. Her nipples were tight, and she could feel how wet she still was between her legs. The entire day of being displayed and then stripped in the window had left her in a constant state of low, aching arousal she didn’t fully understand.

Daisy walked over to the rack of new arrivals and began flipping through the hangers with a thoughtful expression.

“Choose anything in the store you like,” she said casually. “Anything at all. But there’s a catch.”

Bailey looked at her, waiting.

“You have to wear it to work tomorrow morning,” Daisy continued, glancing back at her with a small smile. “No exceptions. I want to see what you pick.”

Bailey swallowed. Her mind felt fuzzy, still half-lost in the strange, exposed high of the day. She moved slowly through the racks, her bare feet quiet against the wood floor. Most of the clothes felt too normal now. Too safe.

Her fingers eventually stopped on a delicate, semi-sheer white sundress. It was short — very short — with thin straps and a low neckline. The fabric was light enough that it would cling and shift with every movement, and in certain lighting it was almost see-through. It looked innocent at first glance, but Bailey knew exactly how revealing it would be once she put it on.

She pulled it off the hanger.

Daisy’s smile widened slightly when she saw the choice. “Interesting. Good girl. Bring it with you tomorrow. Now go home and get some rest.”

The next morning, Bailey arrived at the boutique an hour before opening, carrying two coffees in a cardboard tray. She was wearing the white sundress. It felt even shorter and more revealing in daylight than it had the night before. The hem barely reached mid-thigh, and every time she moved, the thin fabric brushed against her bare skin underneath. She hadn’t worn anything beneath it.

Daisy was already inside, unlocking the register. She looked up when Bailey entered and gave her a slow, appreciative once-over.

“You wore it,” she said, sounding pleased. She took one of the coffees with a quiet “thank you” and leaned back against the counter. “There’s a reason I wanted you to wear something from the shop.”

Bailey felt her stomach tighten with nervous anticipation.

“You’re going to model again today,” Daisy continued matter-of-factly. “In the window. Same pose as yesterday. I want customers to see how the dress moves on an actual body.”

Bailey’s cheeks flushed hot. She took a sip of her coffee to hide it, but Daisy noticed anyway.

“Don’t look so surprised,” Daisy said, her tone light but firm. “You did beautifully yesterday. Now hurry up and finish your coffee. I want you up there before we open.”

Bailey drank faster than she normally would, her heart already beating quicker at the thought of standing in the window again — this time in something that would barely cover her.

By mid-morning the store was busy, but it slowed down around eleven. Bailey was standing in her usual spot in the window, holding the same relaxed pose Daisy had positioned her in, when she overheard Daisy speaking with a delivery driver near the back.

“The negligee shipment came in early,” Daisy was saying. “The new lace sets are even prettier than the samples. Very sheer. Very delicate.”

Bailey’s pulse jumped at the word *negligee*.

A few minutes later, she felt Daisy approach from behind. A warm hand settled lightly on her lower back.

“Hold still,” Daisy said quietly, her voice close to Bailey’s ear.

Bailey froze in her pose.

Daisy’s hands moved with calm efficiency. She reached up and slipped the thin straps of the sundress off Bailey’s shoulders, then slowly peeled the dress down her body. Bailey stayed perfectly still as the fabric slid over her breasts and hips, leaving her bare in the window once again. Daisy didn’t rush. She took her time, smoothing her hands over Bailey’s skin as she worked the dress down her legs and off completely.

A customer entered the store and began browsing near the front. Daisy didn’t stop. She simply stepped away for a moment, returned with a delicate black negligee from the new shipment, and began dressing Bailey in it right there in the window.

The negligee was made of fine black lace and sheer panels. It had thin straps and barely reached the tops of Bailey’s thighs. Daisy adjusted the fit carefully, tugging the lace into place over Bailey’s breasts and smoothing it down over her hips. When she was satisfied, she stepped back and looked Bailey over.

“Much better,” she murmured.

The rest of the afternoon passed in that same strange, charged rhythm. Bailey stood in the window wearing the sheer black negligee while customers came and went inside the shop. Every so often Daisy would check on her, sometimes offering quiet praise, sometimes simply touching her arm or adjusting her posture.

Near closing time, a well-dressed woman approached the counter holding one of the new black negligees.

“I’d like this one,” the woman said. “Do you have it in a small?”

Daisy glanced toward the window where Bailey stood posed in the exact same style.

“We’re actually out of inventory in that size,” Daisy said smoothly. “Except for the one on the floor model.”

The woman followed Daisy’s gaze to the window and raised her eyebrows slightly.

Daisy walked over to Bailey without hesitation. She leaned in close and whispered, “Don’t move.”

Then, right there in the window, she reached up and began stripping the negligee off Bailey’s body. Her movements were calm and unhurried. She slid the straps down Bailey’s arms, peeled the lace down over her breasts and hips, and finally tugged it off completely, leaving Bailey naked once again.

Daisy carried the negligee back to the counter, folded it neatly, and handed it to the customer with a polite smile.

“Thank you for your purchase.”

After the last customer finally left, Daisy locked the door and flipped the sign to Closed. She walked slowly over to where Bailey was still standing in the window, completely bare.

For a long moment she simply looked at her.

Then she spoke.

“I’m too tired to deal with you tonight,” Daisy said, her tone matter-of-fact. She reached behind the counter and picked up a small bottle of what looked like a protein shake. “Drink this. Then stay in the window display overnight.”

She held the bottle out.

Bailey took it with slightly trembling hands. As she drank, Daisy’s eyes drifted down her naked body, lingering on the obvious signs of arousal — the stiff peaks of her nipples, the way her thighs pressed together.

Daisy’s mouth curved into a small, knowing smile.

“You don’t mind, do you?”

Bailey swallowed the last of the protein drink, her face burning, but she didn’t look away.

She shook her head.

Daisy’s smile deepened.

“Good girl. Then hold your pose until morning.”

Chapter 3

Daisy arrived at the boutique just after six in the morning. She unlocked the front door and stepped inside, the shop still quiet and dim. Bailey was already there, standing in the window exactly where she had been left the night before — completely naked.

Daisy paused for a moment, looking at her, then walked over.

“Wake up,” she said quietly, touching Bailey’s arm.

Bailey stirred, blinking as she came back to herself. Her body felt stiff from having slept upright in the display. Daisy didn’t comment on it. She simply guided her down from the window platform and led her into the small back storeroom.

On the worktable was a simple breakfast — Greek yogurt with fresh berries, a boiled egg, and toast.

“Eat,” Daisy said, pulling out the chair. “You’ll need your strength.”

Bailey sat down, still naked, and began to eat while Daisy leaned against the edge of the table.

“I’ve been thinking about the window display,” Daisy said. “Yesterday worked, but I don’t want to exhaust you by making you stand in one position all day. So today we’re changing things.”

Bailey looked up at her.

“I had a velvet reclining couch brought in this morning,” Daisy continued. “You’re going to model on it in the window. Just you, a parasol, and nothing else. You can lie back and relax. Nap if you want to. I don’t want you worn out by midday.”

After Bailey finished eating, Daisy led her back out to the sales floor. The velvet couch was already positioned in the window. Daisy had her recline on it, adjusting her body until she looked effortlessly relaxed — one arm draped above her head, the other resting lightly on her stomach. She opened a delicate white lace parasol and angled it so it cast soft shadows across Bailey’s face and upper body.

“Stay like this,” Daisy said. “Let people look. I’ll check on you throughout the day.”

Bailey closed her eyes. The velvet felt soft against her bare skin. Despite the nerves in her stomach, the position was strangely comfortable. Within minutes, exhaustion pulled her under, and she fell asleep.

When Bailey woke, sunlight was pouring through the window. It took her a moment to remember where she was. Then she heard voices outside.

A small crowd had gathered on the sidewalk.

People were stopping to look at her — a naked girl stretched out on a velvet couch in the boutique window, a parasol shading her face. Some tried to be subtle. Others stared openly. Bailey felt her skin flush, but she stayed exactly in the pose Daisy had placed her in.

A few minutes later, Daisy appeared at the edge of the display. She stepped up beside the couch and looked down at Bailey with clear satisfaction.

“You’re really good for business,” she said. Then she placed something beside her on the velvet. “But put these on.”

It was a pair of black work boots and a pair of dark sunglasses.

Daisy helped Bailey slip the heavy boots onto her feet, then handed her the sunglasses. Once they were on, she adjusted Bailey’s pose slightly — keeping her

reclined and relaxed, but now with the boots and sunglasses in place.

“There,” Daisy murmured. “Much better.”

She gave Bailey’s bare thigh a light pat before stepping out of the window and returning to the sales floor.

The rest of the day passed in that same surreal rhythm. Bailey dozed on and off, always aware of the eyes on her. The boots and sunglasses somehow made her nudity feel even more deliberate. Customers came and went inside the shop, and more than a few lingered near the window to watch her.

By the time the store finally closed, Bailey’s body felt heavy and warm.

Daisy locked the front door and flipped the sign. The shop grew quiet. She walked slowly over to the window and looked at Bailey for a long moment.

Then she spoke.

“You’re a good sport,” Daisy said. “Let me take you to dinner.”

Chapter 4

Daisy locked the boutique door behind them and flipped the lights back on. The shop felt strangely intimate with just the two of them inside after closing.

“Take the boots off,” Daisy said, nodding toward Bailey’s feet. “You won’t need them tonight.”

Bailey removed the heavy black work boots. Daisy walked over to one of the racks and began pulling items without asking for input. She handed Bailey a delicate black lace bralette, matching high-cut panties, and a short, semi-sheer white slip dress.

“Put these on,” Daisy said.

Bailey changed while Daisy watched. Once she was dressed, Daisy adjusted the straps of the dress.

“Much better,” she murmured. “You look lovely.”

She didn’t give Bailey any shoes. She simply picked up her bag and headed for the door.

“Come on. We’re walking.”

They walked two blocks to a small corner café. Daisy chose a quiet table near the back. After they ordered, she leaned back in her chair and studied Bailey for a long moment.

“You’ve been a good sport these past few days,” she said. “I appreciate it. But I’ve also been paying attention to how you’ve been reacting to everything we’ve been doing. The window. The stripping. Being on display. I’ve noticed how

strongly it affects you.”

Bailey’s face warmed, but she didn’t say anything.

Daisy continued, her voice calm and direct.

“I wish someone had been honest with me about sex and kinks when I was your age. It would have made things easier. So I’m going to be honest with you now.”

She leaned forward slightly.

“Bailey, you have a fetish for exhibitionism and for being objectified. That’s why what we’ve already been doing has hit you so hard. It wasn’t just that you were helping out. It was the being seen. The being displayed. The being stripped and left naked in the window while people watched. That turned you on.”

Bailey’s face burned. She opened her mouth, then closed it again. She wanted to deny it, but her body was already reacting — her nipples tightening against the lace bralette, a warm pulse settling between her legs.

Daisy noticed. She always noticed.

“Let me prove it to you,” she said softly. “I’m going to describe some situations. I want you to pay attention to how your body responds.”

Bailey swallowed.

Daisy’s voice remained steady and conversational.

“Imagine being taken to a private party where you’re the only one not allowed to wear clothes. You have to serve drinks and food while everyone else stays dressed. They can look at you, comment on your body, and touch you however they want while you work.”

Bailey’s breath caught. She could feel herself growing wet.

“Imagine being told to stand completely naked on a small platform in the middle of a busy store all day while people shop around you. You’re not allowed to move or speak. You’re just there to be looked at.”

Bailey shifted in her seat. Her thighs pressed together under the table.

“Imagine being put in a glass display case in a high-end boutique, wearing only heels and jewelry, while wealthy customers walk around you and discuss whether or not they want to buy you for the night.”

Bailey’s face was on fire now. She could feel how soaked the lace panties had become.

Daisy continued, her voice never rising above a calm, intimate tone.

“Imagine being told to model in a private showroom for a group of women. Every time one of them likes what you’re wearing, you have to take it off in front of

them and try on the next piece. Slowly."

Bailey's hands were trembling slightly on the table. Her nipples were painfully hard against the thin dress.

Daisy watched her reactions with quiet satisfaction.

"Imagine being blindfolded and led into a room full of strangers. You're told to stand still while they look at you, touch you, and decide what they want to do with you. You don't get to see any of them."

Bailey let out a shaky breath. She was so turned on it was almost embarrassing. Her clit throbbed with every word.

Daisy reached across the table and gently brushed her fingers over the back of Bailey's hand. "I can't make every single one of these fantasies come true for you," she said. "But I want to try most of them. I want to stop being careful about this and actually give you what you clearly want."

She leaned back in her chair, her eyes never leaving Bailey's.

"So I'm going to give you a choice."

Daisy smiled, small and knowing.

"Out of everything I just described… which one turns you on the most?"

Chapter 5

Bailey's face was flushed deep red. She stared down at the table for a moment, trying to gather her thoughts while her body continued to betray her. Her nipples were tight against the thin fabric of the slip dress, and she could feel how wet she had become. The lace panties clung to her skin.

When she finally spoke, her voice was quiet but clear.

"…The private showroom one," she said. "Where I have to model for a group of women… and take things off every time one of them likes what I'm wearing."

Daisy's smile was slow and pleased. She didn't look surprised.

"I thought that one might be it," she said. She took a sip of her water, then leaned in slightly. "Tell me why that one."

Bailey hesitated, her face still burning.

"I don't know," she admitted softly. "The idea of being told what to do… having to strip in front of them while they watch and decide what they want next. It feels… humiliating. But in a way that turns me on."

Daisy nodded, clearly satisfied with the answer.

"That's good," she said. "That's honest."

She was quiet for a moment, thinking, before she spoke again.

“I could make that happen for you,” Daisy said. “Not right away, but soon. I know a few women who would enjoy something like that. I could have them come to the shop after closing. We’d set up the back room like a small private showroom. You’d stand in the middle, and they’d sit around you. I’d tell you what to try on, and every time one of them wanted to see more, you’d have to take something off.”

Bailey’s breath had gone shallow. She could feel how wet she was getting just from hearing Daisy describe it.

Daisy continued, watching her reactions closely.

“I wouldn’t let it be quick, either. I’d make you change slowly. Turn for them. Let them look. Maybe even have you stand still while one of them adjusts something on your body… or takes something off herself.”

Bailey shifted in her seat. Her face was still flushed, and she was struggling to stay still. Daisy smiled faintly.

“You like that idea,” she said. It wasn’t a question.

Bailey nodded once, unable to speak.

Their dessert arrived — a shared slice of lemon tart. Daisy picked up her fork and cut off a small piece, but she didn’t eat it yet.

“I could push it further than that, if you wanted,” she said. “Instead of just modeling, I could have you serve them. Bring them drinks while you’re in different stages of undress. Or I could have you kneel at some point, so they’re all looking down at you.”

She finally took a bite of the tart, then continued.

“Or we could make it even more one-sided. I could blindfold you. Let them decide what you try on and what comes off without you being able to see who’s touching you or watching you. You’d only hear them talking about you.”

Bailey’s hand tightened around her fork. She was so turned on it was becoming difficult to focus on anything else.

Daisy took another small bite of dessert before speaking again.

“I could also film it,” she said casually. “Not to share. Just for us. So you could watch yourself later and see how you look when you’re like that.”

Bailey’s eyes flicked up to meet Daisy’s. She looked both nervous and undeniably aroused.

Daisy held her gaze.

“Would you like that?” she asked quietly.

Bailey hesitated for only a second before nodding.

Daisy’s smile deepened.

“Good,” she said. “Then we’ll start working toward it.”

She reached across the table and gently took Bailey’s hand, her thumb brushing lightly over her knuckles.

“But we don’t have to rush,” she added. “We can take our time. I want you to really want it before we do it.”

She gave Bailey’s hand a light squeeze, then let go and picked up her fork again.

“Finish your dessert,” Daisy said, her voice softer now. “We can talk more about it on the way home.”

Chapter 6

They walked back toward the shop in silence at first, the night air cool against Bailey’s flushed skin. After a few minutes, Daisy reached over and took her hand, lacing their fingers together.

“You okay?” Daisy asked quietly. Her thumb brushed slowly over the back of Bailey’s hand.

Bailey nodded, though her body was still buzzing from everything they’d talked about at dinner. “Yeah. I’m okay.”

Daisy gave her hand a gentle squeeze, but her voice stayed low and intimate as they continued walking.

“Good. Because I’ve been thinking about that private event,” she said. “About hauling you out and putting you on display like a mannequin for those women. Making you stand perfectly still while they look at you… touch you… decide what they want to do with you.”

Bailey’s breath hitched. She felt a fresh pulse of heat between her legs.

Daisy kept going, her tone casual but deliberate.

“There’s this adhesive cosmetic I know about. It goes on like a mask and dries into a perfectly smooth, neutral expression. Once it’s on, you wouldn’t be able to change your face at all. You’d just have to stand there with that blank, composed look while they dress you and undress you however they want.”

Bailey stumbled slightly. Her face burned and her clit throbbed hard against the thin lace panties. She was so wet she could feel it.

Daisy glanced at her, clearly noticing.

“You still don’t understand how deep this goes for you, do you?” she asked softly. “How much these things turn you on.”

Bailey swallowed, her voice unsteady. “I… I think I do now.”

Daisy stopped walking and turned to face her under a streetlight.

“Then tell me,” she said. “In your own words. What are your kinks, Bailey?”

Bailey’s face went even redder. She looked down at the sidewalk for a second before forcing herself to answer.

“I like… being looked at,” she said quietly. “Being on display. Being stripped while people watch. I like feeling like I’m not in control of what happens to my body. Like I’m just… there for other people to use. Or look at. Or play with.”

Daisy studied her for a long moment, then nodded slowly.

“That’s honest,” she said. “Good girl.”

She started walking again, still holding Bailey’s hand.

“I think we should continue this at the shop,” Daisy said after a few steps. “Maybe in the window.”

Bailey’s heart jumped.

They reached the boutique a minute later. Daisy unlocked the door and pulled Bailey inside. The second the door shut behind them, something in the air shifted. Daisy turned, backed Bailey against the wall, and kissed her hard. Bailey kissed her back just as desperately, her hands gripping Daisy’s jacket.

They stumbled together through the dark shop, kissing and grabbing at each other until they reached the front window. Daisy broke the kiss and looked at Bailey with dark, focused eyes.

“Get in the window,” she ordered.

Bailey didn’t hesitate. She stepped up onto the display platform. Daisy followed her and immediately started tearing at her clothes. The slip dress was yanked up and off, the lace bralette unclasped and thrown aside. Daisy hooked her fingers into the panties and dragged them down Bailey’s legs roughly.

“I think the public needs to see you,” Daisy said, voice low and rough. “You need to be my new mannequin.”

She pushed Bailey back against the glass and dropped her hand between her legs. Bailey was soaked. Daisy pressed two fingers firmly against her swollen clit and started rubbing in slow, deliberate circles.

Bailey’s knees nearly buckled.

“Daisy—” she gasped.

“Stay still,” Daisy ordered. “Let them see you.”

She kept rubbing, steady and unrelenting, while Bailey trembled against the window. It didn’t take long. Bailey came hard, her mouth falling open as her body jerked. Daisy didn’t stop. She kept circling her clit through the orgasm, then pushed her straight into another one. Bailey cried out, her legs shaking so badly she had to grab onto Daisy’s shoulders to stay upright.

Daisy gave her a third orgasm before finally easing off, her fingers still resting possessively against Bailey’s soaked pussy.

When Bailey could finally breathe again, Daisy looked her in the eye.

“Where do you want to stay tonight?” she asked, smirking.

Bailey was still shaking. Her voice came out small and desperate.

“In the window,” she whispered.

Daisy raised an eyebrow.

“Louder.”

“In the window,” Bailey begged. “Please. I want to stay in the window.”

Daisy’s smirk widened. She leaned in close, her lips brushing Bailey’s ear.

“You’re staying on display like this, overnight, Bailey,” she said. “I’m going home to start planning a very special private event for you.”

She gave Bailey’s clit one last, slow stroke, then stepped back.

“Pose,” Daisy ordered. “Just like we talked about. And don’t move until morning.”

Bailey slowly arranged herself in the window — reclined slightly against the glass, one arm above her head, legs parted just enough to be obscene. Completely naked. Still trembling from the orgasms.

Daisy watched her for a moment, then turned and walked toward the back of the shop to grab her things. Before she left, she looked back at Bailey one last time.

“Be good,” she said. “I’ll see you in the morning.”

Then she turned off the lights and walked out, locking the door behind her.

Bailey stayed exactly where she was — naked, displayed, and still aching — in the dark shop window.

Chapter 7

Daisy arrived just after seven in the morning. She unlocked the front door and stepped inside, flipping on the lights. Bailey was still in the window exactly where she’d left her the night before — naked, posed, and visibly stiff from having stood there for hours.

Daisy walked over and studied her for a moment before speaking.

“Morning,” she said calmly. “Arms down.”

Bailey slowly lowered her arms, her muscles aching. Daisy stepped up onto the platform with a small shopping bag and pulled out a delicate, pale yellow sundress. It was short, with thin straps and a low neckline.

“You can wear this until someone buys it,” Daisy said, holding it out.

Bailey stepped into the dress without a word. Daisy pulled it up over her body and adjusted the straps, smoothing the fabric over her hips and breasts.

“Thank you,” Bailey said quietly.

Daisy gave her a small, satisfied nod, then stepped back down from the platform.

“Stay there for now,” she said. “I’ll tell you when you can move.”

The day started out relatively normal. Customers came and went. Bailey modeled in the window for a few hours before Daisy eventually told her to come inside and help with smaller tasks around the shop. But throughout the morning and into the early afternoon, Bailey kept overhearing Daisy on the phone in the back office.

She caught pieces of conversations.

“…yes, next Friday evening… private, of course… no more than eight guests… I’ll be presenting a very special piece…”

Another call.

“…she’s quite striking once she settles… yes, the mannequin concept is staying… I think it will be very effective…”

And another.

“…I’ll send the details later today. Just make sure everyone understands it’s a viewing, not a touching event. Not yet, anyway.”

Each time Daisy’s voice was calm, professional, and slightly amused.

Around three o’clock, Daisy came out of the back and walked over to where Bailey was folding scarves near the front counter.

“It’s all set,” she said. “Everyone’s confirmed. They’re very eager to see the special merchandise.”

Bailey’s hands stilled on the fabric. She could feel her face growing warm.

Daisy tilted her head, watching her.

“I’m still not entirely sure how I want to display it yet,” she continued, her tone thoughtful. “But I suppose we’ll figure that out during the practice run.”

Bailey swallowed, her cheeks burning. She knew exactly what Daisy meant by “special merchandise.”

Daisy smiled faintly at her reaction.

“Come with me,” she said. “I want to practice.”

She led Bailey into the private showroom at the back of the shop — a small, well-lit room with a raised platform, a few chairs arranged in a semi-circle, and a large three-way mirror against one wall. In the corner sat a vanity table with various cosmetics and tools.

Daisy closed the door behind them.

“The ladies will be here to see the fashion,” she said. “Not a tearful, trembling little girl. So let me show you what I expect.”

She guided Bailey over to the vanity and had her sit down. Daisy picked up a small jar and unscrewed the lid. Inside was a thick, flesh-toned cream.

“This is the adhesive I mentioned,” she said. “It dries into a smooth, flexible layer. Once it sets, you won’t be able to move the muscles in your face. Your expression will stay exactly how I set it.”

She dipped two fingers into the cream and began applying it carefully to Bailey’s face, spreading it evenly from her forehead down to her jaw. The product felt cool and slightly heavy as it went on. Daisy worked methodically, making sure it covered every inch of skin.

When she was finished, she stepped back and studied her work.

“Relax your face,” she instructed. “Completely neutral. No expression at all.”

Bailey tried to obey. She felt the cream beginning to tighten and set. After a minute or two, Daisy reached out and gently touched the corner of Bailey’s mouth, then her cheek.

“Good,” she said. “It’s set. Now look in the mirror.”

Bailey turned toward the three-way mirror. Her face looked eerily smooth and blank. She tried to smile, but nothing happened. Her expression remained completely neutral, almost doll-like.

Daisy stepped behind her and began untying the straps of the yellow sundress.

“And now,” she said quietly, “I’m going to demonstrate.”

She pulled the dress down and off, leaving Bailey naked again. Then she reached around and slid her hand between Bailey’s legs. Bailey was already wet. Daisy’s fingers found her clit immediately and began stroking it in slow, deliberate circles.

Bailey’s mouth opened slightly, but her face didn’t change. In the mirror, she could see her own blank, composed expression staring back at her while Daisy’s fingers moved faster between her legs.

Daisy’s touch grew more focused — firmer, faster, swirling tightly over her clit. Bailey’s breathing turned ragged, but her face remained eerily still. Her body trembled and her thighs shook, but her expression stayed perfectly neutral.

When she came, it hit her hard. Her whole body jerked and her legs nearly gave out, but her face in the mirror didn’t so much as twitch. Daisy didn’t stop. She kept rubbing through the orgasm, drawing it out until Bailey came again, even harder than the first time. Her hips bucked helplessly, but her face stayed frozen in that same blank, mannequin-like expression.

Only when Bailey was shaking and gasping did Daisy finally slow down and remove her hand.

She looked at Bailey’s reflection in the mirror and smiled.

“Perfect,” she said. “You’re ready for the show.”

Chapter 8

The boutique had been closed for hours. The front lights were off, but the back showroom glowed with warm, focused lighting. Eight women sat in a loose semicircle around the raised platform. A few sipped wine. Others spoke quietly among themselves. At the center of the room stood three mannequins.

Bailey was the middle one.

She wore nothing but a pair of sheer black thigh-high stockings and the cosmetic adhesive that had sealed her face into a smooth, neutral expression. Her eyes were open, but blank. Her mouth was slightly parted in a soft, unchanging line. She didn’t blink often. She didn’t move at all unless Daisy positioned her.

Daisy stood beside the platform in a sleek black dress, addressing the small group like a curator presenting a new collection.

“Tonight isn’t about clothing in the traditional sense,” she said. “It’s about form. Presence. The body as object. I wanted to explore what happens when a living woman is treated with the same detachment we give to a mannequin.”

She gestured toward Bailey.

“This one has been particularly responsive to the concept. She’s been training for it.”

A few of the women leaned forward with interest. One of them — a woman in her late teens with dark hair — stared at Bailey a beat too long. Bailey recognized her immediately. It was Lena, a girl she had gone to high school with. They

hadn’t been close, but they had known each other. Lena’s eyes moved slowly over Bailey’s naked body, but there was no flicker of recognition in her expression. Or if there was, she hid it well.

On the other side of the semicircle sat an older woman in a cream blouse. Bailey’s stomach tightened when she realized it was her aunt, Caroline. Her mother’s younger sister. She was sipping a glass of red wine and studying Bailey with mild curiosity, the way one might examine a piece of art.

Daisy continued speaking as if she were giving a lecture.

“Some of you may be wondering how far the objectification can go. The answer is: as far as the subject will allow. And this one allows quite a lot.”

She stepped onto the platform and adjusted Bailey’s arms, lifting them slightly so they rested at her sides in a more mannequin-like position. Then she ran her hand slowly down Bailey’s stomach and between her legs, spreading her folds with two fingers so the guests could see how wet she already was.

“She’s been like this since we opened,” Daisy said calmly. “She doesn’t get to hide it. That’s part of the display.”

A quiet murmur moved through the small group.

Later, three mannequins were brought out for the sportswear segment.

Bailey stood in the center, now dressed in a tiny white sports bra and microscopic running shorts that barely covered anything. On either side of her were two professional models — real mannequins for the night — also dressed in athletic wear. Daisy had them pose together in various active positions while she spoke about the line.

At one point, she had all three of them bend forward at the waist, hands on their knees, asses presented toward the guests.

“Notice how the fabric stretches,” Daisy said, running her hand over Bailey’s ass and giving it a light squeeze. “The way it clings when the body is positioned like this. It turns the wearer into something to be looked at rather than something functional.”

She left them like that for several minutes while she answered questions. Bailey could feel eyes on her. She could hear Lena’s voice at one point, asking Daisy a question about the fabric. Her aunt remained quiet, but Bailey could feel her gaze like a physical weight.

During a brief break between segments, there was a small moment of confusion.

One of the other mannequins — a tall, willowy woman with short blonde hair — was left standing on a side table while Daisy and an assistant rearranged the main platform. Someone had draped several delicate gold necklaces and layered

chains over her bare chest and shoulders. She stood perfectly still, now serving as living jewelry display while the guests mingled and sipped their drinks.

Bailey, meanwhile, was guided off the platform and led to a large storage closet at the back of the room. Daisy opened the door and pointed inside.

“In you go,” she said quietly.

Bailey stepped into the dark closet. Daisy followed her in, closed the door most of the way, and pressed Bailey against the wall. She reached between her legs and pushed two fingers inside her without warning, fucking her slowly while the party continued outside.

“You’re doing very well,” Daisy murmured against her ear. “They’re all talking about you. Some of them don’t even realize you used to be a person to them.”

She curled her fingers and pressed her thumb against Bailey’s clit until Bailey came silently against her hand, her face never changing expression.

When it was over, Daisy pulled her fingers out, wiped them on Bailey’s thigh, and opened the closet door again.

“Back to your spot.”

The night stretched on.

Daisy displayed her in different ways. Sometimes fully dressed in elegant pieces. Sometimes nearly naked. At one point she had Bailey kneel on the platform while a guest slowly fastened a thin gold body chain around her waist and between her legs. Another time, Daisy had her lie back on a low velvet bench while two of the women took turns running their hands over her body, commenting on her skin, her nipples, the way she responded even when her face gave nothing away.

Through it all, Bailey remained silent. Expressionless. A living object.

By the time the last guest finally left, Bailey’s legs were shaking and her thighs were slick. Daisy locked the door behind the final woman and turned off most of the lights, leaving only a few lamps glowing.

She walked over to where Bailey still stood on the platform and gently took her face in both hands.

“Time to come back,” she said softly.

She led Bailey to the vanity and began carefully removing the cosmetic adhesive with a warm cloth and a special solvent. It took several minutes. As the layer came off, Bailey felt the muscles in her face slowly come back to life. When it was finally gone, she blinked several times and worked her jaw, the sensation strange after hours of being frozen.

Daisy watched her in the mirror.

“How do you feel?” she asked.

Bailey’s voice was hoarse when she finally spoke.

“…Floaty,” she admitted. “Like I wasn’t really here. But I was. The whole time.”

Daisy nodded, understanding.

She stepped closer and wrapped her arms around Bailey from behind, resting her chin on her shoulder.

“Did you enjoy it?” she asked quietly.

Bailey met her eyes in the mirror. She didn’t hesitate.

“Yes.”

Daisy’s mouth curved into a small smile.

“Enough to come home with me tonight?”

Bailey turned in her arms so they were facing each other. She looked exhausted, used, and strangely peaceful.

“Yes,” she said. “I want to go home with you.”

Daisy studied her for a moment longer, then leaned in and kissed her — slow and deep, nothing like the detached way she had handled her all night.

When she pulled back, her voice was softer than usual.

“Good,” she said. “Because I’m not finished with you yet.”

Chapter 9

The drive to Daisy’s apartment was quiet.

Bailey sat in the passenger seat still wearing the pale yellow sundress Daisy had put on her that morning. Her face felt strange without the cosmetic adhesive — raw and sensitive. She kept catching glimpses of herself in the side mirror, almost surprised to see expression there again.

Daisy drove with one hand on the wheel, the other resting on Bailey’s thigh. She didn’t speak much until they were a few blocks from her building.

“We never talked about my kinks,” she said suddenly, her voice low and even.

Bailey turned to look at her.

Daisy kept her eyes on the road.

“I could describe them to you,” she continued. “But I’d rather just show you.”

She gave Bailey’s thigh a light squeeze, then didn’t say anything else for the rest of the drive.

Daisy lived in a converted loft on the top floor of an old industrial building. The space was large, open, and minimalist — exposed brick, high ceilings, and big windows that looked out over the city. The lighting was soft when they stepped inside.

Daisy locked the door behind them and turned to face Bailey.

“Take the dress off,” she said quietly.

Bailey obeyed without hesitation, pulling the sundress over her head and letting it fall to the floor. She stood naked in the middle of Daisy’s living room, waiting.

Daisy walked a slow circle around her, looking at her the way she had looked at her in the showroom earlier — like she was studying something she owned.

“I like control,” Daisy said finally. “Not just during sex. I like owning the moment. I like deciding how someone is seen… and how they’re allowed to feel while it’s happening.”

She stopped in front of Bailey and reached out, running her fingertips lightly over Bailey’s collarbone.

“I like turning people into objects,” she continued. “Beautiful, obedient objects. I like the way it makes them quiet. The way it makes them *present*. I liked watching you tonight. I liked knowing that no matter what anyone said or did to you, your face stayed exactly how I made it.”

Bailey’s breathing had gone shallow.

Daisy stepped closer, until their bodies were almost touching.

“But I also like taking care of my things,” she said, softer now. “I like rewarding them when they’re good. I like seeing how far they’ll go for me… and then making sure they know they’re safe when it’s over.”

She reached up and gently tucked a strand of hair behind Bailey’s ear.

“Tonight, I’m going to treat you like my favorite possession,” Daisy murmured. “Not because I want to humiliate you. Because I want to see how completely you’ll let go for me.”

She took Bailey’s hand and led her toward the bedroom.

The bedroom was large, with a low platform bed and a long mirror mounted on the wall opposite it. Daisy had Bailey stand in front of the mirror while she undressed herself. Once she was naked, she stepped behind Bailey and wrapped her arms around her waist, resting her chin on her shoulder so they were both looking at their reflection.

“Look at yourself,” Daisy said quietly. “You’ve been on display all night. Now you’re just for me.”

She slid one hand down between Bailey’s legs and found her already wet. She didn’t tease. She simply pushed two fingers inside her while her other hand came up to gently hold Bailey’s throat — not squeezing, just holding.

“Stay still,” Daisy whispered against her ear. “I want you to watch what I do to you.”

She fucked Bailey slowly with her fingers while they both watched in the mirror. Every time Bailey’s knees started to buckle or her expression shifted too much, Daisy would slow down or stop completely until Bailey steadied herself again.

“You’re so good at this,” Daisy murmured. “So good at being used. At being looked at. At letting me decide what you are.”

She pulled her fingers out and turned Bailey around to face her. Then she guided her backward until the backs of her knees hit the edge of the bed. Daisy pushed her down onto her back and climbed over her, straddling her hips.

“I’m going to keep you like this for a while,” Daisy said, brushing her thumb over Bailey’s lower lip. “Open. Needy. Completely mine. I’m going to use your mouth. Your hands. Your cunt. And you’re going to let me, because that’s what you want.”

She leaned down and kissed Bailey deeply, then shifted forward until she was hovering over Bailey’s face.

“Show me how grateful you are for tonight,” Daisy said softly.

Bailey didn’t hesitate. She lifted her head and dragged her tongue slowly through Daisy’s folds, tasting how wet she already was. Daisy let out a low, satisfied sound and settled more firmly over her mouth.

For the next hour, Daisy used her.

She rode Bailey’s face until she came, then turned around and had Bailey eat her from behind while she reached back to play with Bailey’s clit. Every time Bailey got close, Daisy would stop touching her and make her focus only on giving pleasure. When she finally let Bailey come, it was with her fingers buried deep inside her while she whispered filthy, possessive things against her ear.

Later, Daisy bound Bailey’s wrists to the headboard with soft leather cuffs — not tight enough to hurt, but secure enough that Bailey couldn’t move her arms. She spent a long time simply touching her, exploring her body like she was memorizing it, occasionally stopping to make Bailey hold a specific pose or expression.

At one point, she had Bailey lie on her stomach with her ass raised and her face pressed into the pillow.

“Don’t move,” Daisy said. “I want to look at you like this.”

She ran her hands over Bailey’s back and ass, occasionally slipping her fingers between her legs, but mostly just looking. Admiring. Possessing.

When she finally fucked her again, it was slow and deep, with Daisy lying over her back, one hand tangled in her hair, the other rubbing her clit in time with her thrusts.

“Come for me,” Daisy whispered against her ear. “Let me feel how much you needed this.”

Bailey came hard, her whole body shaking beneath Daisy’s. Daisy didn’t stop moving until she’d wrung every last tremor out of her.

Afterward, Daisy uncuffed her wrists and pulled her into her arms. She held her for a long time, stroking her hair and back while Bailey’s breathing slowly evened out.

Eventually, Daisy spoke again, her voice quieter than before.

“I’ve wanted you like this for a while,” she admitted. “Not just on display for other people. Just… mine.”

She kissed the top of Bailey’s head.

“Stay with me tonight,” she said. “Not because I’m telling you to. Because you want to.”

Bailey was quiet for a few seconds, then nodded against Daisy’s chest.

“I want to,” she whispered.

Daisy held her a little tighter.

“Good,” she said. “Because I’m not ready to let you go yet.”

Chapter 10

The boutique opened at ten, like it always did in the summer.

Sunlight poured through the large front windows, catching on the racks of light dresses and flowing fabrics. Outside, the street was already warm, the kind of late August heat that made the city feel slower and softer. Inside, Daisy moved with her usual sharp, restless energy — checking inventory on her tablet, adjusting a display near the front, and making notes on her phone between tasks.

Bailey followed a few steps behind her, quietly efficient.

She had arrived early, as she always did now. She wore a simple white sundress that Daisy had chosen for her that morning — short, delicate, and just sheer enough in the right light to hint at what was underneath. No one who walked into the shop would have thought anything unusual about it. To any customer, they simply looked like a stylish, successful businesswoman and her young, attentive

assistant.

But the air between them was different.

“Bring the new summer candles out from the back,” Daisy said without looking up from her tablet. “The ones with the sandalwood and sea salt. I want them near the front today.”

“Yes, Miss Walker,” Bailey answered softly.

She didn’t have to call her that. Daisy had never asked her to. But sometimes, when the shop was quiet and it was just the two of them, the title slipped out naturally. Daisy never corrected her.

Bailey carried the box of candles to the front and began arranging them on the small display table near the window. As she worked, she could feel Daisy’s eyes on her from across the room.

“Lower,” Daisy said after a moment. “The ones in the back row. I want them visible from the sidewalk.”

Bailey adjusted the candles without complaint. When she straightened up, Daisy was already walking toward her.

Daisy stopped beside her and reached out, lightly fixing the strap of Bailey’s dress where it had slipped off her shoulder. Her fingers lingered for a second longer than necessary.

“Better,” she murmured.

A customer came in shortly after, and the two of them slipped back into their professional roles without missing a beat. Daisy handled the sale with her usual charm while Bailey quietly restocked a rack nearby. But even then, the current between them never fully disappeared.

Later that morning, a delivery arrived.

Two large boxes were wheeled in by the courier. Daisy signed for them and had Bailey help carry them into the back room. When they opened them, they found the new swimwear shipment — bright, colorful bikinis and one-pieces in soft pastels and bold prints.

Daisy pulled out a pale blue bikini and held it up, examining the cut and fabric between her fingers.

“These are nicer than the last ones,” she said. “Better quality. They’ll hold up well in the window.”

She was quiet for a moment, turning the bikini in her hands. Then she looked up at Bailey.

Bailey was standing a few feet away, waiting.

Daisy studied her for a long second, her expression thoughtful. There was something heavier behind her eyes now — something that had nothing to do with retail.

“How best to display this,” she mused, almost to herself.

She took a step closer to Bailey, still holding the bikini. Her voice dropped just slightly, low enough that only Bailey could hear her clearly.

“I could put it on one of the regular mannequins,” she said. “But that feels… impersonal.”

Another step.

“Or I could have you wear it.”

Bailey’s breath caught, but she didn’t look away.

Daisy reached out and brushed her knuckles lightly along Bailey’s jaw, her touch hidden from the front of the shop by the racks.

“I could dress you in it every morning before we open,” she continued softly. “Have you stand in the window for a few hours. Let people see how it looks on a real body. On *my* body.”

Her thumb traced Bailey’s lower lip for a brief second before she dropped her hand.

“Or I could be crueler about it,” Daisy said, her voice even quieter now. “I could have you model the pieces throughout the day. And every time someone buys one you’re wearing… I take it off you. Right there in the window. Just like before.”

Bailey’s face was warm, but she stayed perfectly still.

Daisy smiled faintly, almost fondly.

“I haven’t decided yet,” she said. “But I like the idea of you being part of the display again. You always were my favorite mannequin.”

She held Bailey’s gaze for another moment, then stepped back and returned to her usual tone, as if they had only been discussing inventory.

“Put the rest of these away for now,” she said. “I’ll figure out the window later.”

“Yes, Miss Walker,” Bailey answered.

As Bailey turned to carry the box toward the storage room, Daisy spoke once more, her voice casual but unmistakably warm.

“And Bailey?”

Bailey paused and looked back.

Daisy met her eyes across the shop floor.

“Leave the door to the back room open while you’re in there,” she said. “I want to be able to see you.”

Bailey nodded once, her voice soft.

“Yes, Miss Walker.”

She disappeared into the back with the box, leaving the door open behind her, just as she had been told.