**Cherry**

by Vanessa Evans

**Part 08 – I start work**

Ben had agreed with Allison that I’d help at her shop each Thursday and Friday for a couple of weeks to see how things went; so on the first Thursday that Ben was back at work he drove me into town on his way to work. It was too early for Allison’s lingerie shop to be open so Ben gave me some money and told me to go to McDonalds for a drink while I waited.

There weren’t many people there and I easily managed to get a seat facing the window and had a bit of fun flashing the people passing by. Sadly, just about all of them were still half asleep and I think only one man actually saw my pussy.

I was outside Allison’s shop when she arrived.

“You’re nice and bright and early Cherry. Are you ready to be my mannequin?”

“Yes, it will be fun standing in the window with no clothes on.”

“You won’t be doing that all day, I’ll use you to re-stock the racks some of the time. I got a delivery of some new stock yesterday and I’ve decided that you’ll be wearing it while you’re here, modelling it if anyone says anything. I’ll tell everyone that it’s a new rule that all my staff have to model what we sell. I don’t think that you’ll be disappointed Cherry.”

Well I was disappointed; I was hoping to be naked in the shop window all day, but I didn’t say anything.

“I didn’t know that you had any other staff Allison.” I said.

“I haven’t, but we won’t tell anyone that.”

“Does that mean that you will be wearing some of this lingerie Allison?”

“I don’t know yet, I’m not as brave as you are Cherry. Let’s have a look at that new stock and get it on display.”

My disappointment soon disappeared when I saw what the new stock was. It’s a range called **‘Strings Only’**; and that’s just what it is; underwear and bikinis with no material, just strings; in lots of different shapes, sizes, colours and materials. They even had bras for tiny tits like mine.

When I sorted them all out there were 2 ranges, both with the same products. The only difference is that the lingerie strings are lacy and flimsy whereas the bikini strings are more durable and plain.

Allison let me try on one of everything, right there in the store. Unfortunately it was still early and no one came in.

“Take one of everything that you like and put them in the office. When you’re not being my live mannequin I want you to change in to a different pair of knickers every hour. There’s probably only one bra that you’ll like, there’s not a lot that can be done with tits so small as those.”

I was amazed that the ‘Strings Only’ people could design so many different knickers. The one that I like the most is a pair of boy shorts. Being strings only, the shorts consist of a one inch band of elastic that goes round your hips, or waist; and 2 smaller half inch bands that go round the tops of your legs; that’s it. I felt great wearing those products, they hide nothing and they frame your goodies, drawing people’s attention to what they can actually see – if they bother to look.

At one point I even wondered if being dressed like that is better than being naked.

“You look great Cherry;” Allison said when I came out of the office wearing just the shorts and the bra. “I wish that I had your confidence; and only 13. What the hell are you going to be like when you’re a fully grown woman?”

“Happy – I hope.” I replied.

“Can you sort that rack in to size and colour please?” Allison said, pointing to a rack of bras.

It was fun wandering around the store dressed like that. Whenever I could I’d go close to the windows, hoping that a passer-by would see me.

When people came in I got some strange and great looks; and a few comments, mostly nice. Whenever anyone said anything I just said,

“Store policy, all the staff have to wear the store’s products.”

Fortunately, Allison’s lingerie shop caters for the younger woman so most of the customers weren’t shocked when they saw me. The male customers seemed to like what they saw too.

Most people responded nicely, only once during my first day was I called a slut and the woman left. When I told Allison that I’d driven a customer away she said,

“Stupid woman, what does she expect in a lingerie shop? If she wanted granny pants she should have gone to Marks & Spencer.”

At one point Allison got me to put the silly wig on and be a mannequin inside the shop. At first I thought it was crazy but when a young couple came in and the man stopped right in front of me and stared at me for ages while his girl looked around, I changed my mind. It was nice to have a man looking at me so closely. I wondered if he could see my juices running down the insides of my thighs.

His girlfriend didn’t even give me a second glance.

Three times Allison got me to stand in the window wearing the ugly wig; she’d already cleared a space between 2 other mannequins especially for me. The first 2 times I had to stand with my feet shoulder width apart and hold my arms out in a girly way. Allison hung a couple of items over my arm as if they were waiting to be put on me.

The third time was a bit better; Allison put an old wooden box upside down on the floor and told me to put one foot up on it. That opened my pussy and I could feel a slight, nice draught each time the door was opened.

Each time that I was a mannequin I really did try not to move, except for my eyes. They were following everyone who passed by to see if the saw me and wondered what was different about this mannequin. Only twice that day did someone come over to the window and stare at me wondering if I was actually a living mannequin.

By the end of that first day, and the others since, I was really thirsty. I guess that a lot of my body’s liquid had run down the insides of my thighs.

Ben arrived at the shop just as Allison was locking up.

“How did she do Allison, do you want her back again tomorrow or is she sacked?”

“Hell no, she was great, I think that I’m going to be getting more male customers soon.”

“Great, back in the morning then. Come on Cherry, we need to get home, I’m hungry and I’ve got a problem that needs taking care of.” Ben said. “Then we need to get to the leisure centre for your swimming lesson.”

As we drove both ways I told Ben all about my first day working for Allison and all about the ‘Stings Only’ range of products.

I had my swimming lesson that evening, totally naked.

The next day at work was just as much fun; in fact it was more fun. Lewis came in to see Allison, and me. He came in at lunchtime, when the shop gets more customers. As Allison manages on her own normally, she told me to put the wig on and stand just inside the door.

I’d been stood there for about 10 minutes when 2 teenage couples came in. They split up, the girls going to have a look around but the boys stood just past me, obviously not wanting to look at all the clothes.

Lewis saw all this and obviously decided to spice things up a bit for me. I was stood there, staring straight ahead with my feet about a foot apart and one arm bent the fingers open as if I was holding a football; and I had that silly wig on.

Anyway, Lewis came over and stood in front of me and stared at me. After about a minute he said,

“Hey guys, have you seen this? These mannequins are so life-like these days. It’s like they want them to be mistaken for real live girls.”

The 2 youths turned round and looked at me.

“Look at the detail, it’s unbelievable.”

Allison obviously knows Lewis well and decided to join in.

“Yes, it’s a new way of making them so that they look more realistic. I’ve read the manual and it tells you how they make them. I think that all the blurb is to try to justify the crazy price. Apparently the first thing that they do is to get a real live girl and laser, x-ray and scan her so that they can get every minute little detail and colour in to a computer.

The computer then replaces the human organs with heating elements a water tank and pipes then adds an electric socket and a pipe connection so that you can fill the water tank. They hide those in the head under that silly wig, a bit like that Mr Data in Star Trek. Apparently they still can’t 3D print human hair so we end up with having to use the old wigs.

Then they load up a big 3D printer with some amazing inks and set it going. It takes about 36 hours to print the whole body but look at this. I wonder if the girl who modelled for this has seen the end product. I bet that she’d think that she was looking in a mirror.

Touch it, it even feels like human skin, and watch the chest, it even expands and shrinks like the thing is breathing. They even manage to pump the water round some 3D printed arteries so that the thing has a pulse.

Touch it and see. They didn’t give it a brain or a bad temper so it isn’t going to bite you.”

One of the youths reached out and touched my arm.

“Blood hell, it’s warm and you can see where you press.”

“That’s the heating; its battery driven, I have to plug it in each night to charge it up.” Allison said.

Lewis put his right index finger and thumb either side of my left tit and pressed a few times and said,

“I guess that they print silicone here. You try it guys, compare it to your girlfriends tits.”

They did and I couldn’t suppress a moan.

“Did you hear that?” One of the youths said. “You squeeze a tit Harry.”

Harry did, and I moaned again.

“Oh yes, they’ve built a speaker into it. I think that it’s in its ear. I guess that they’ve programmed a few responses to things that they expect people to do to it. The joints work as well.” Allison said as she bent my straight arm at my elbow.

“I wonder what they’ve done with its pussy? Can I spread its legs a bit more please?” Lewis asked.

“Yes sure, but be careful, they haven’t built any balancing in to it; I’ve accidentally knocked it over a couple of times.”

Lewis squat in front of me and pushed my ankles a bit further apart.

“Bloody hell, look at that. They’ve even got it leaking fluid.” Lewis said, “I wonder …… “

I felt Lewis push a finger inside me. I moaned again. Then he pulled it out of me.

“Kinell; look at that?” Lewis said as he stood up and held his finger up.

I heard the bell on the counter ring and Allison turned and walked away saying,

“Be careful not to knock it over guys.”

“You finger it mate.” Lewis said to one of the youths.

He did; I moaned again then the youth held his finger up; then tasted it.

“Must add something to the water; it tastes like pussy as well. Hey Jen, come and look at this.”

A girl came and stood in my line of vision.

“This is what 3D printing can do; it’s amazing.” The youth said.

“That’s a real girl; you little slut.” The girl said as she pressed on my right tit and I moaned again.

“Told you.”

“No, it isn’t; it’s technology. I guess that technology is trying to make women redundant.” The youth said. “I bet that this thing doesn’t argue and say that it’s got a headache.”

“Yeah, and vibrators are making men redundant as well.” The girl replied. “Come on, you don’t need to look at tits that are a lot smaller than mine.”

The girl grabbed the hand of the youth and they both disappeared, flowed by the other youth and his girlfriend.

Allison came back over and Lewis said,

“Are you sure that you didn’t buy the sex doll version, not the shop window version.”

“Yeah, maybe I did.” Allison replied; “She’s certainly a cute little sex doll. And there’s my boyfriend fingering a 13 year old girl in my shop. Maybe I should look for a male version.”

“In a lingerie shop?” Lewis replied, “I think that I’m safe there.”

“Oh I don’t know, I think that a lot of my customer would like a nice big cock to fondle while they’re in here. What do you think Cherry? Oh, you can relax now honey, and it’s time to go and put a different pair of knickers on.”

I spent quite a bit of time for the rest of the day, thinking about there being a naked male living mannequin in the shop. I imagined me going up to it every few minutes and giving it a few seconds wank, or going down on my knees in front of it and giving it enough of a blowjob to get it hard, then going away.

At the end of the day, I was surprised, and even disappointed, at how many customers didn’t take much notice, even ignored, the virtually naked little girl that was sorting out the racks and wandering around.

Ben arrived just before we closed and asked Allison how I’d done. She told him that I’d been good again, and that Lewis had said that I had employed a cute little sex doll.

Ben laughed and said that I was certainly one of those.

“So does this mean that you want me back next Thursday Allison? I asked as Allison locked the door.