**Francine the Human Mannequin**

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Introduction:

Francine a junior auditor becomes a Human Mannequin and company slave

Humannequins

The smart black and white checkerboard floor glistened wetly as Francine strode purposefully along the wide corridors of level two of the brand new shopping mall where she worked as an auditor for the management company.

Looking smart in her business suit, her long blonde hair pinned up, her make up minimal as she tried to look the consummate professional she kept her head down as she passed the recently opened branch of “Fetshi” the so called 'Lingerie’ store, trying to ignore the displays of leather and latex, the peep hole bras and studded leather pants, the lubricants and dildos all brazenly displayed.

But she was late this morning, the store was opening and one of their controversial Humannequins was joining the display. Girls who brazenly modelled the clothing both inside the store and in the shop window. A smartly dressed woman stepped from the shop almost walking into Francine as she gave instructions to the young woman inside the display window.

“Now sit on the step like I showed you yesterday,” the woman said kindly as the young woman in a sexy red latex dress gingerly made her way through the display units lining the window.

Francine stared as the young woman found a space on a low step among the displays and slowly sank down to sit facing the window, her knees almost touching the glass. “Spread your legs," the woman ordered.

Francine stopped and stared almost hypnotised as the young woman’s short red latex skirt rode up to reveal more and more of her shaved and waxed pubes as she slowly spread her legs apart.

“And spread your lips,” the woman added, “Part the labia, like I showed you, let the people see how wet and willing you are.”

The girl choked back a sob, “And your buttons,” the instructress ordered.

The girl obediently undid the three buttons on her red latex jacket allowing it to fall open to reveal a red leather skeleton bra which encircled the base of her breasts and to which red leather discs which surrounded her pierced nipples were chained by fine gold chains.

“And spread and smile at the customers,” the instructress ordered.

“Oh my god how could she?” Francine said out loud as the young woman looked her straight in the eye and smiled nervously.

“Its a job ain’t it?” a woman behind her said, “Got to be better than walking the streets.”

Francine shook her head and stepped away from the window, “I would rather starve,” she said firmly as she finally turned away and continued towards her office up two flights of stairs on the admin level.

“Saw you eyeing up the Humannequins,” John Jarvis her colleague joked as Francine walked in.

“The what?” Francine asked.

“Humannequins, Human Mannequins in the Lingerie store,” he explained, “Saw you on the CCTV.”

“Mannequins, they are just whores,” Francine muttered, “Displaying herself like that!”

“Well it is an adult only area,” John reminded her, “Level two aisle B is an adult only, child free zone, alcohol, tobacco, drugstores, gambling and sex, it’s all in the bye-laws.”

“Yes, I know that,” Francine agreed, but of course as junior internal auditor to the Mall management company she already knew that.

“You didn’t have to watch,” John reminded her.

“No,” she agreed, “But I had to walk past.”

“Ah, window shopping,” he chuckled, “But if it bothers you maybe you could do a spot check to check for compliance?”

“Surely you don’t expect me to spot check a whore house?” Francine exploded.

“Heaven forbid Frankie,” John said quickly, “As a gentleman I could not possibly countenance sending a impressionable young woman, but this is a Lingerie store not a brothel.”

“Pervert!” she retorted and John just smiled.

Francine checked her emails and did some work on her quarterly report and by mid day she had lunched in the rooftop cafe and was back crunching numbers.

John looked across the office at Francine as she punched numbers into her keyboard, her jacket hung over the back of her chair, her hair still pinned up, he wondered what she would look like in a peep hole bra and split crotch panties, with a red ball gag maybe and hand cuffs.

“Frankie,” John asked suddenly, “Is rubber wear clothing or medical?”

“No idea, depends on the use,” she replied, “Why?”

“This Lingerie store,” he said, “I can’t work out which category it fits in.”

“Right,” she said in as bored voice as she could manage, “Oh I don’t know,” she admitted.

“Could you check it out then please?” he asked, “Only we need to be very careful, they are pushing the limits of the law as it is.”

“You mean with their Humannequins?” she asked.

“Yes,” he agreed, “I’m not sure what they do is not technically a sex show or prostitution.”

“No,” Francine agreed, “They have some very clever lawyers.”

It was Thursday before Francine had time to do a spot check on the Lingerie store.

She walked in self consciously. A girl wearing a blue leather corset and a black leather face mask and hood was slowly masturbating with a translucent ten inch dildo in the display window as she walked in.

A woman in her thirties sat behind a sales desk, her make up understated, her hair pinned up but her smart blue jacket unbuttoned revealing a crisp white blouse and DD cup breasts

“Hi, how may I help you?” she asked as Francine approached.

“Francine DuBois, Internal Audit,” Francine explained.

“And what can I do for you, an enema kit perhaps?” the woman suggested sarcastically.

“On official business,” Francine insisted ignoring the insult.

“Sorry, I’m Monique, duty manager,” she said, “I’m having one of those days, what may I do for you?”

“We had a number of complaints about code infringements?” Francine explained.

“Ah,” Monique agreed, “Then you had better see Miss Parker, she deals with the legal side of things, I’ll have Patsy take over here and take you through.”

“Many of the complaints relate to Humanequins, the so called Human Mannequins,” Francine explained.

“Ah yes, our speciality, our unique selling point, they are our trade secret, if I tell you I have to kill you!” Monique joked, “But if you are interested I can show you their quarters and conditions and set your mind at rest.

Monique paged Patsy and when she emerged from the staff room she smiled at Francine, “I’ll take you through.”

Monique paused, “You had better sign in,” she said as an afterthought, “Your regulations say staff and visitors to back areas must sign in for fire safety regulations,” and she handed Francine a pen and invited her to sign the register.

Francine signed the page with a flourish, Monique took the pen and immediately a printer started chattering and a wristband marked Francine DuBois with Francine’s photograph slid onto the desk. “Three D printing, state of the art, would you wear it on your right wrist while we are in the back area please?” Monique requested.

Francine slipped the wristband on, “Why is it so bulky?” she asked.

“It has a transponder and some other electronic gizmos,” Monique explained, “We all have to wear them, we soon get used to it.”

Monique took Francine through a security door into the back area where pierced metal sheets backed fibreboard cosmetic panels to form a narrow corridor around the back of the unit reaching out to the end of the display windows, a row of benches lined the corridor while the walls were hung with a variety of products identical to the ones on sale.

At one end three naked girls sat on benches staring blankly at a wall, Francine stared, three young women around her own age, sitting naked, and shaved completely bald staring blankly into space.

“It is always quiet this time of day,” Monique explained, “They watch daytime TV until needed, they take it in turns to do thirty minute displays in the window.”

“But why?” Francine asked.

“I think the lifestyle,” Monique suggested, “They have no worries, we worry about everything so they have nothing to worry about, we take care of everything for them, absolutely everything.”

“But why bald?” she asked.

“They are Mannequins, they just change their wig to change hair colour or style,” Monique explained, “It is what defines a Mannequin, vis a vis a performer.”

Francine sighed, “Otherwise it would contravene article four roman nine, the clause forbidding performance art and prostitution.”

Monique sighed before quoting the official company line, “Technically the customer hires the Hummanequin to display the chosen product, should the customer require to test the product to release that is the customer’s perogative, if the Hummanequin wished to provide services over and above display that is a matter for customer and Hummanequin.”

“What!” Francine demanded.

“I am sorry, I said too much,” Monique replied, “I will take you to see Miss Parker,” and she led Francine up a staircase to the next floor.

Miss Parker was sitting behind a huge walnut desk in a large opulent office, “Ms DuBois internal Audit, she has problems with Hummanequins,” Monique explained.

“Miss DuBois,” Miss Parker exclaimed as she stood up, “And what is wrong with our girls?”

“Code violations,” Francine suggested as she stared at Miss Parker, Miss Parker was maybe fifty, though maybe she was older and had plastic surgery, her large firm breasts looked un natural, almost certainly silicon, and her unlined face looked like a Botox advert, “And extra services provided by your Mannequins?”

Miss Parker stared back, Francine was twenty three probably, five nine, C maybe D cup, blonde, curvy, almost perfect Hummanequin material in fact, she smiled.

“Article four roman nine?” Miss Parker chuckled, “The girls are human mannequins not prostitutes,” she said, “There is copious case law going right back to vaudeville shows and the prohibition era,” she said, “What the girls do in private is private, what is the problem?”

“Its demeaning, the women are entrapped right, coerced, forced?” Francine demanded, “Why else would a girl do that?”

“Let me set your mind at rest my dear, the girls love their work,” Miss Parker insisted, “Once the initial trauma, stage fright, no more, is over the stress free lifestyle has a addictive appeal.”

“I don’t believe you, and I don’t buy this what happens in private is private either and nI’m warning you that unless you come up with a far better excuse I will recommend your lease is terminated,” Francine insisted.

Monique looked at Francine, she had nicely rounded buttocks, curves in all the right places she decided.

“Shall we give Miss DuBois the guided tour to set her mind at rest?” Miss Parker suggested, “Meet the girls, have a girly chat?”

“I suppose so,” Monique agreed, “Would you like a coffee first?”

“So can I speak to the girls privately?” Fancine asked.

“Yes, access all areas, it’s not like you think, Miss DuBois,” Miss Parker insisted.

Miss Parker phoned down to the Hummanequin section, “Harry? we have a Miss DuBois for a tour, can we come down?”

She smiled at Francine, “Harry says any time, do you want to see?”

“Yes, if you guarantee I can speak to the girls privately,” Francine demanded.

“Absolutely!” Miss Parker agreed.

The Humannequin reception was on the lower level, just a square windowless space with strip lights and a few benches and chairs with Harry‘s desk at one end. “Hi I’m Harry,” Harry Blades a balding middle aged Irish- American greeted Francine and went to shake her hand, “Pleased to meet you.”

“So where are the girls?” Francine asked.

“Downstairs, but I’ll give you the tour,” Harry said, “First the girls sign in outside and get a wristband so they can get in through security, state of the art security, 3 D printing, holograms, hell before you ask I don’t have a clue how it works but I know the jargon!”

“So can I speak to the girls?” Francine asked.

“Next off I have to read them their rights,” Harry said, “Now lets say you wanted to sign up, now under state law they have thirty days to reconsider after signing up, most times they go home for thirty days but if not I have go explain and get them to sign a disclaimer, do you understand?”

“Yes, that is standard practice.” Francine agreed.

“You understand?” Monique queried.

“Yes,” Francine said impatiently.

“Well see if they agree we continue to the next stage, preparation,” Harry continued, “We keep out Humannequins nude as much as we can to avoid panty lines and such like, and of course we shave them bald so we can change wigs to please the punters.”

“You are joking?” Francine demanded.

“Oh no, the basic is five hundred dollars a week, and no living expenses,” Monique explained thats twenty six thousand minimum in the bank at end year one.”

“That’s hardly a fortune,” Francine sneered.

“So how much do you owe?” Miss Parker enquired, “Tuition loans, credit cards, car loan?”

“Ok, maybe,” Francine agreed, “But no way can you do this without coercion, like stripping and shaving?”

“No of course not, that what the wrist band is for,” Miss Parker explained, “Show her Harry.”

“See, each wrist band has its own number," Harry explained, “And if I punch the code in the phone followed by 0 to 9 the band sort of tingles, see?”

Francine’s arm exploded in a cataclysm of agony, “Aggghhhh!” she cried.

“See that’s level four, you maybe want to strip?” Harry asked.

“No! stop it!” Francine cried.

“You signed a consent form before you came in, we have the disclaimer on web cam, so just undress dear,” Miss Parker insisted.

“No, Aggghhhhhhh.” Francine cried as she tried to drag the wristband off.

“It’s worse up both arms, affects the heart,” Harry said, “That was five this is six.”

Francine wobbled on her feet, her vision blurred, agony coursed throgh her entire body and her knees buckled and she sprawled across the floor.

“Enough,” Miss Parker ordered, “Lets see the merchandise,” and she stepped forward and grasped Fancine’s blouse firmly by the lapels and tearing outwards so the buttons flew off and it came open revealing Francine’s sexy black lace bra.

“Scissors,” Miss Parker requested and when Harry handed her pair she methodically cut through Francine’s bra between the cups and severed both over arm straps.

“There that’s better isn’t it?” she queried as she gently caressed Francine’s nipples, “Better than being all squeezed into a nasty bra?”

“No!” Francine protested, “You can’t!” she pleaded as she lay trembling, but Miss Parker had barely started and with a few snips she cut Francine’s jacket from collar to hem down the left side of her back and did the same with her blouse.

Harry helped tear the ruined clothing away until she was bare above the waist but Francine was struggling now, deseparate to get away.

“Clear,” Harry ordered. Miss Parker stood back as Harry administered another shock.

Francine convulsed, “Agghh," she screamed,

“Take your skirt and panties off,” Miss Parker ordered.

“No!” Francine said hopelessly.

“Harry?” Miss Parker suggested.

He punched the number in again and Francine’s whole body convulsed, “No, no more!” she pleaded as she lay shocked and trembling.

Harry stepped forward with some large dressmaking shears, he slid a point below Francine’s waistband and began to snip, three or four snips and he had cut the skirt in half and he then pulled Francine’s pantihose to her knees before he neatly severed the sides of Francine’s panties and triumphantly pulled the skimpy fabric aside revealing Francines sex.

“On my look a heart,” Monique commented as she saw the way Francine had neatly trimmed her golden pubes to a sort of heart shape.

“Very nineteen nineties,” Miss Parker sighed, it will have to go.”

Monique pulled Francine’s shoes off while Harry hacked through the crotch of Francine’s pantihose, “English five,” Monique noted, as she helped Harry pull the remains of the pantihose off Francine’s legs.

“No!” Francine pleaded.

“Clear,” Harry ordered and Francine convulsed again, “Five again,” he said as he went to kneel beside Francine, he cupped his hand around the back of her head and she felt him tugging her medium length blonde hair and then she heard and felt the shears slicing her hair away.

“Noooo,” she screamed.

“Keep still or you could lose an ear,” Miss Parker advised as Monique collected a cordless shaver from Harry’s desk and started to shave Francine’s pubes.

Miss Parker went to the desk and collected a tube of special wax, she waited until Monique and finished before squeezing it from the tube and smearing it over Francine’s lower belly, “Special cold wax, youn should use it,” Miss Parker said conversationally, “Ninety Nine, Ninety Nine a tube.”.

They laid lint gauze over the wax and waited for it to harden, it oxidised rapidly changing colour to a rich blue when fully hard.

Meanwhile Harry had almost shaved Francine’s scalp bald, he had set aside the shears and was finishing with baby oil and a cut throat razor. Francine was sure he would cut her but Harry was an artist and an expert at shaving girls bald.

“Hows that?” Harry asked as he proudly finished by shaving Francine’s eyebrows.

“Just the number, 5-23-14-2 and the logo,” Miss Parker suggested, “Second one today.”

Monique shaved under Francine’s arms and Harry set to work with the tattoo machine and inks.

Finally only the gauze remained to be torn away.

Monique and Harry grasped the gauze, “On my mark,” Miss Parker said, “Three, two, one!”

“Agghhhhhh,” Francine cried as with a tearing noise the wax ripped away the hair from her pubes and thighs leaving her entirely hairless and naked.

“All done,” Miss Parker said kindly, and pointed to a mirror, “Voila one perfect Human Mannequin.”