**Mannequin X**

by[AnonymousPerv](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1367666&page=submissions)©

The investors were going to be very happy. As I looked her over, I knew Mannequin X was going to be a total success. It was sure to be a hot seller in the retail clothing industry, I thought. It was so very lifelike, like nothing I'd seen before. Up til now, attempts at creating "lifelike" mannequins hadn't been successful. Some artists and manufacturers got close, but the finished products always had a creepy vibe to them, I can't explain it any other way. This didn't, though.   
  
I was staring at Mannequin X while sitting in the front chair of the conference room. I was the first to arrive for the scheduled meeting, as usual. I always show up early for appointments, just a habit. I've worked for Lovecraft Modeling & F/X for nearly two years. I love the job, as it exercises the creative side of my brain.   
  
Lovecraft specializes in making lifelike mannequins and prosthetics for Hollywood films. We are hired regularly for scenes requiring special effects with bodies, or even parts of bodies, to be used in place of actors. CGI isn't always the way to go, and we maintained a healthy flow of business.  
  
A year ago, a different kind of company hired us, an upscale clothing chain called Fortana Fabrics. They wanted us to design a mannequin so lifelike, it could fool people into thinking they used real life-models in their retail stores. The company also intended to sell this design to other stores and chains for a costly premium.   
  
By the time we were finished with the prototype, I don't think anyone at Fortana Fashions (or even us) expected the results to look so good... so perfect. The mannequin looked exactly like the model we'd hired when we began the project, right down to the very pores in her "skin" and the moving body parts. Even the jaw. We worked with some high-tech synthetics to make the flesh.   
  
Mark designed the most ingenious part. It was what separated us from the competition, and contributed to what made Mannequin X look so real. The flesh had pores essentially built into the mold. Before the body was wrapped in the frame, or the "skeleton" as we called it, Mark seal a plastic to the back of the skin. After the skeleton was "wrapped" he squeezed an epoxy into a tube that he put into the plastic.   
  
The pores of the skin allowed tiny strands of this epoxy to just barely squeeze through. When it dried, bonded through the skin, it looked and felt like little hairs. A process that once would take thousands of man hours had been reduced to about twenty. The flesh also felt very close to real, as the material was made to conduct and insulate heat, putting its temperature almost as high as a real person's.  
  
I envied the body of Mannequin X. It stood there naked, with perky B-cups (perhaps on the fuller side of that), with a slim waist and small, shapely hips. A bit narrower in the hips than me, but my tits were easily twice as large. Unlike hers, which were pert and high, my breasts resembled giant rockets. My nipples are - by the grace of God - well positioned on the fleshy mounds, but they are larger than average, with areolas at least five inches in diameter. I had features and a figure that would never be found in the pages of Playboy, or walking the latest fashions on a catwalk.  
  
It's why I wished I had the body of this mannequin. The girl who modeled for it was very pretty. If I had a body like hers, I would show it off all the time. No wonder she modeled for a living. I always fantasized about being an exhibitionist. The thought of being naked in front of strange people excited me, and I masturbated to that idea frequently.  
  
I never had the courage to do it, though. I figured my "cow-like" features would be a turn off to most men. Here I was, at the age of 23, never having been with a man, much less seen by one. Well, that wasn't exactly true. Up until a year ago, my brother lived with me and on a couple occasions he saw me naked. He teased me about my big tits, so it didn't make me feel better about them. In fact, he was the first to refer to them as 'udders' back when I was eighteen.  
  
Just then, Bill Jennings stormed into the meeting room. He was a good friend of my folks and also the reason I'd landed this job. I'd known him long before starting here. "Mary Brooks!" he yelled, staring me down. Bill always called me by my full name. It was actually his way of saying he was relieved to see me. "Did you hear about Cindy?"  
  
Cindy McCabe was the model we'd hired to make the prototype. If the investors loved her look, hundreds of naked Cindy McCabes would be scattered throughout the east and west coasts, in every Fortana Fashion's location. I always wondered what Cindy thought about that, as the finished product looked exactly like her, in every detail. There was no getting around the fact that employees, perhaps even customers, would grope the mannequin just to see what it was like. The flesh felt every bit as authentic as the real thing... so far as I could tell.   
  
"What about Cindy?" I asked.  
  
"She can't make it. Came down with the flu."  
  
"Oh, that's terrible," I said. "That blows our plans."  
  
The investors were coming by to see the finished prototype in about fifteen minutes. It's why the mannequin and I were in the meeting room, waiting on everyone. For dramatic effect, we planned to have Cindy here, standing naked next to her synthetic doppelganger. We were going to shock the audience by allowing them to guess which was the real woman and which one was the mannequin. If Cindy could keep still long enough to pull it off, it would be genuinely difficult to tell the two apart.  
  
I thought the presentation would be cute - and certainly effective and memorable - but being able to stand like a mannequin for more than a few seconds is far more difficult than most people know. It probably wouldn't take long for us to know who was the real person. The trick is controlling your breathing and "zoning out" as it were.   
  
During my childhood, my best friend and I used to play dress up where we would each pretend to be a "store doll" as the other selected a wardrobe. Shelly and I actually got very good at "freezing" in place and continued exercising the craft well into high school. 4H and Drama Club loved having us work Halloween nights, because we would play Gothic statues. When kids got close, we'd spring to life, chasing them away and scaring them to pieces.   
  
I digress...  
  
"Angie and Mark are terribly upset," Bill said.   
  
Mark Lovecraft started the company after freelancing for Winston F/X and Marson Media. Angie Perkins was his first hire and it led to a romance. They eventually married, but Angie retained the role of Office Administrator, managing the day to day duties, but not getting so much into the physical work anymore. Angie was also seven months pregnant with their first child.   
  
Bill continued, "They were really hoping to compare this mannequin to a real person. I was wondering, Mary. Would you be willing to stand in for Cindy?"  
  
I was shocked by the question. Utterly stunned. I couldn't for a minute imagine presenting myself naked to people for real, even if I did fantasize about it. I protested, "Uh, the reason Cindy needs to do it, is because she is identical looking to the mannequin. I don't look anything like her."   
  
Bill conceded the fact, holding his palms up and shrugging. "Mary, of course that would be the best case scenario - to use the same model as we used for the mannequin - but the thing is, any other body will do. The investors still have to guess which one is real, and which one isn't. They haven't seen any pictures of the work in progress, so they have no idea what the prototype looks like."  
  
"I... I don't..." My mind race for objections.  
  
"Thank you so much, Mary. It means the world to us."  
  
"But I... I don't know if I could do that, Bill!" I shouted, just before he made it out the door.  
  
He stopped. "Consider this. You may well be saving the company. We intend to land extra premiums and lock in loads of sales on this first impression. Will you please do it?"  
  
"No one is going to believe I am the mannequin." I exclaimed. "My proportions are ridiculous." I was grasping for anything.  
  
"No, I think you're wrong. I think the investors will believe you are the mannequin, because the other one looks... too good... uh... I don't mean that in a bad way, Mary. Quite the opposite. You're just... uh... how do I say this? Perhaps... you're... too much... over the top, as it were? Like, it's almost unbelievable that a girl could have your figure."  
  
I wasn't sure what he meant by all of it, but I knew I couldn't do it. It would kill me! I feared being naked in front of strangers, much less my co-workers? Besides Mark, Angie and Bill, there was also Lucas Gladstone. He was a young kid (neck-beard) right out of f/x and makeup school. He was always eyeing me. I think he has a tit fetish, because his eyes are like magnets to them. I got used to it after the first few weeks and it's bearable with clothes on, but naked? Ugh.   
  
"You trust me, don't you?" asked Bill.   
  
He stepped away from the door and walked back back towards me. At 43, Bill was attractive for his age, but he was also goofy at times, sometimes embarrassingly so. Tall and slender, with a swimmer's body, but such a klutz. He frequently tripped over his own feet. He was like an entertaining and cool uncle to me in many ways.  
  
"Of course I trust you, Bill," I sighed. I didn't think trust had anything to do with this. Courage, maybe. But of course I trusted Bill. He was a best friend to my parents as long as I can remember. He not only helped me get this job, he even helped get me into art school.   
  
Trust was not the issue here.  
  
"Take off your clothes," he barked.  
  
Okay, maybe it was.  
  
"What?" I screamed.  
  
"I mean it. Take them off, Mary. I promise, I will show you how to get comfortable being naked, very easily. You might be nervous now, but you won't be by the time everyone shows up."  
  
"You don't understand," I pleaded.   
  
He interrupted. "It doesn't matter how shy or embarrassed you are now, you're going to be fine. You just have to trust me. You'll be more confident naked, than you are with clothes on when I'm done with you."  
  
"I don't believe you." Now I was pouting. And frightened. Shaking.  
  
"You won't know unless you just do it. Now come on already."  
  
I don't know how I managed the courage, but I found myself stripping out of my shoes first, followed by my hose. When I slipped off my shirt, I saw Bill pause. Even he was shocked how my breasts looked bigger out of my shirt than in. I was good at choosing tops that minimized their appearance, so I wouldn't look so slutty.  
  
"Go on," he said.   
  
I took a breath and quickly popped off the bra. My boobs are large and heavy, and they tend to "spring" out of my bras when I take them off. They also drop a couple inches, but mostly, they just pop out, and into their natural, cone-shaped appearance. I use bras to push and shape my breasts into a rounder look, as much as I do for support.  
  
I was mortified what Bill's reaction would be to seeing these giant tits exposed, so I chose not to watch him. Instead, I closed my eyes and stripped off the last article of clothing. My panties.   
  
"There. I'm freaking out right now!" I said, arms in the air. I almost wanted to cry as I trembled in front of Bill. I wanted to cover myself badly, but instead I held my hands to my sides. It felt awkward when the natural inclination was to hide.   
  
Bill picked up my clothes from the floor and said, "OK. I'll be right back."   
  
He rushed out of the room with me screaming at him, "No! Don't take them! No! Come back here!"  
  
My pleading went unanswered and I was left alone for several minutes. I tried to cover my flesh, but to no avail. I looked silly trying to cover such huge amounts of flesh, with such thin arms and small hands. Finally, the door opened and Bill reappeared.   
  
"Sorry. Had to be done. Don't want you chickening out." My clothes were no longer in his possession.  
  
"That was mean, Bill. Where are my clothes? Go get them. I can't do this!"  
  
"Yes, you can. I told you, you can." Bill began walking to me, arms outstretched, but palms down. His way of asking me to settle down.  
  
"You lied to me," I said.  
  
"No, I didn't. I said you would be confident, and you will be."  
  
"How?"  
  
"Mary, how long have we known each other?"  
  
I slowed my breathing and tapped my fingers on my leg. "A long time, I don't know."  
  
"I went to your Confirmation, remember? Even went with you and your dad to Disney, when your Mom had to cancel on that vacation to help her mother. That was such a long time ago. You were maybe eight?"  
  
I nodded. I wasn't comfortable being naked in front of Bill, I really wasn't... but I also wasn't uncomfortable. Bill didn't have to bring up our history, we had a long and deep one. I never once was concerned that he would abuse my trust.   
  
I genuinely knew Bill was asking this of me as a favor, knowing it would make for a great presentation. I was the only girl who worked here, other than Angie who is pregnant... and she's also the boss' wife. Bill's actions are a matter of convenience, I knew that. If it were anyone else, under similar conditions, he would be asking the same of them, too. I just worried if I had the courage. Until now, I had never been naked in front of anyone.   
  
Bill continued talking, "I remember how you and that girl..." he began snapping his fingers - "Shelly Pilmer," I interjected, naming my only real friend growing up - "yeah, how you and she used to play statues or whatever."  
  
"Something like that."  
  
It dawned on me that Bill had diverted my attention enough that he had eased my panicked state. Now, instead of experiencing fear or humiliation when I caught him glancing at my bosom, I instead felt a touch of confidence. I held my ground, appearing professional and able.   
  
"I remember how good you two were at that game, so of course I had to ask you to do this, Mary. You're the natural choice. And while I know you're thinking about how embarrassing this will be, I think I have advice that will make it easy for you."  
  
"Easy? Really?" I scoffed, shaking my head. I was still deeply flushed. There was no question I was embarrassed about being nude. Still, I was bearing it and feeling better about it with each passing moment.  
  
"You may not remember this, but I once asked how you were able to stand still for so long. To stay in that frozen position. Do you remember that?"  
  
"Oh yeah, I think so. When you chaperoned at that After Prom party." Shelly and I had been egged on to do our statue pranks there. They always went over well.  
  
"You said the trick was that you could block your mind from any external distractions."  
  
This was true. It was the literal breaking point for Shelly and me, when we discovered this mental exercise. After you get the breathing down - where it is autonomous, and you can breathe without moving a muscle - you can then "zone out" and stay frozen like that for long stretches of time. You can even see most everything going on in the environment around you, without the need for moving or shifting your eyes.   
  
Shelly and I went from holding a pose for five minutes to five hours. I've heard this is a skill that many life models develop, too. By disassociating the mind from the body, time seems like it never passes, yet hours could go by, and yet still you are aware of your surroundings. It's a meditative state, achieved by yogi and others like me, around the world. What Shelly and I were doing wasn't new or groundbreaking. It was just the perfect tool for becoming a perfect, still life statue.  
  
"So I am thinking, you should go stand next to the mannequin now, and get into that mental state. Challenge yourself, like you and your friend used to do, over how frozen you can be, no matter the distractions. Do you think you can do that?"   
  
I laughed, thinking back on a memory. "Once," I said. "I beat Shelly by eleven minutes. We both had gone over nine hours in one frozen position."  
  
"Do THAT! Get your mind into that mode, and I am betting it will not bother you one bit that you are naked."  
  
I sighed. Maybe he had a point. The exercise did relax me, and though I hadn't done it in a while, by virtue of habit, I could be settled into a pose within minutes. I knew that. "Fine. You got me. I'll try."  
  
Bill smiled and pumped a fist, but I noticed his eyes were squarely on my tits,not my face. At this point, I just wanted to laugh, though. I couldn't believe I was going through with this.   
  
I moved over and positioned myself next to the mannequin, mirroring her standing pose. It was an easy one, having me looking forward. Already, my eyes were fixed, seeing everything and nothing at the same time. I began allowing my mind to exit my body, as it were. It's the way I often viewed the process.  
  
The mannequin and I stood tall, elbows out, hands on our hips. Bill gasped on about how hard it was to tell which looked more real than the other. I absorbed his comments, but held the pose, practiced.  
  
"Wow, Mary. That is something. You could be a life model. That's amazing. It's incredible how hard it is to make out which of you looks more like a real person. If I didn't already know, I think I would pick the mannequin, as your proportions simply look unbelievable. Like I said before, I mean that as a compliment. You are beautiful, Mary. But such a large... bosom... to such a thin frame. Like a Barbie doll, with bigger tits,maybe."  
  
I chuckled now, easing the pose for just a moment, before settling back into the exercise. It felt good to be admired. Here I was, standing completely naked, about to be seen by strangers, and I realized Bill was right. I was confident. In fact, I looked forward to the experience.  
  
"No matter what, don't break your pose," said Bill. "I want them guessing the whole time. We won't tell them until after they sign the contacts."  
  
I stayed stoic.  
  
"I mean it. This is going to be great. No moving!"  
  
Just then, the doors opened and in walked five people, one after another, into the meeting room. It included the rest of our team, Angie, Mark and Lucas, as well as a strange man and woman, both in their mid-forties I would guess. As I stood next to the mannequin, facing them, utterly motionless, I saw Lucas close the doors behind them. Then his eye caught me. "Oh my god, is that Mary!" he screamed.   
  
I held my pose, vowing not to break it, even though I dreaded the thought of Lucas seeing me this way. The others, I didn't mind at all, which seemed odd to me already. I began to allow my mind to drift more, to just focus on my breathing and the pose.  
  
"Hush!" shouted Bill, to his coworkers. "Do NOT give away which one is Mary. Mary is filling in for Cindy, who could not make it today. We do not want Mr. Thompson and Miss Greentree to know which of these two is a real person, so please refrain from doing or saying anything that might identify Mary. We are going to follow through with our presentation just as we intended."  
  
Lucas nodded his head and quickly rushed to a chair near me, staying quiet. He didn't keep his eyes off of me or the mannequin, taking notably longer pauses on me. I think he only looked at the mannequin to appease his bosses, and hopefully not give anything away. The rest of the group also made their way around the table, getting seated.  
  
"That really is very impressive," said the male visitor, Mr. Thompson.  
  
"It is quite something," said the woman, his co-investor. "So you're telling us that one of these two mannequins is an actual woman, and one of them is the product?"

"That is correct," said Mark. "Our coworker, Mary, who has been an incredible asset to the team in the development of this project, is posing for us today. We want you to see, up close, just how much our product looks like a real person. We are so confident, we think it will be difficult for you to select which of these two is the mannequin."  
  
The woman, Miss Greentree, began to laugh. "I'll be damned. That really is amazing. Well, come on, do tell!"  
  
"No," said Bill. "We mean it. We are going to leave you guessing. However, as we can tell you are already impressed with both of them, I suggest we move to discussing the contract, so that we can move forward on the production phase. We can be running within thirty days."  
  
Miss Greentree didn't even get a chance to voice her opinion before Mr. Thompson said, "Done. The terms you expressed in your email. If that's what you want, fine. Have your people write it up and send it to me."  
  
I could tell Bill and Mark were wanting to jump off their feet to celebrate. This contract was worth several million to start, and our client was going to let us write the terms? We were going to be locked in for a long, long time if this took off.   
  
"Hold on a minute," said Miss Greentree. "I'd like to inspect these mannequins more closely."  
  
She walked over to Cindy's likeness first and bent over, staring closely at the flesh of the mannequin's breasts. She was inches from one of the nipples.   
  
"This looks quite real," she said. "May I?" She turned to look at Bill.  
  
"Oh.. uh.. well.. uh... I guess...," he said.  
  
The woman grabbed both breasts of the mannequin, then twisted the nipples. In every way, the flesh responded as if it were genuine, at least it appeared so from my awkward point of view. The scene was occurring a bit off to my side. I think I saw Miss Greentree lick a nipple briefly.  
  
"Now this one," she said, making her way to me. "This is the one I suspect is the mannequin. Breasts look as if they were designed by a perverted kid out of college, no doubt the work of a young, virginal nerd. You certainly did a good job making them look real, though."  
  
The woman brazenly bounced my left tit as she continued speaking, "Seriously, this is just amazing for being a fake. She feels as real as the other one here. Too much!"   
  
Miss Greentree bent down and began sucking very hard on the end of my nipple. It took every ounce of concentration to not break my pose while Bill gasped at me, mouthing an apology. I could see Lucas drooling, with a bulge in his pants. Angie and Mark just stood there, stunned to see me subjected to such an act, yet unsure how to address it.  
  
"So, which do you think it is?" asked Mr. Thompson. "The first or the second one?"  
  
"I'm going to settle on this one, just like I said," said Miss Greentree, releasing her oral grip from my nipple. "This one is the mannequin." She tapped me on the shoulder, turning to the rest.  
  
I couldn't hold it in any longer. I shifted back from my position. "You're wrong," I said. "I'm Mary, the head graphic designer."  
  
"Oh, isn't that delightful!" shouted Mr. Thompson, clapping his hands together.  
  
"Oh, honey, I am so sorry. I thought you weren't real." Miss Greentree gave one of those over-dramatic, fake concerned looks. "I hope you didn't take offense to anything I said. You really are quite something."  
  
"I can't believe you sucked my nipple!" Never-mind her comments.  
  
"Well, to be fair, I sucked hers, too," she said, motioning at Mannequin X. "And I thought she was the real girl."  
  
"But you knew you would be sucking a real woman's breasts, by doing both of ours."  
  
"I suppose I did," she said.   
  
I wasn't sure how to respond. Miss Greentree was so assertive in her statement. Pragmatic. She didn't leave much room for response.  
  
"Well, how would you like it if someone sucked your nipple without permission?" I asked. Though I said these words, I realized I wasn't really embarrassed by the whole situation. In fact, I kind of enjoyed everyone focusing their attention on me as I spoke.   
  
"I am sorry if I offended you. If it's any consolation, you have a delightful body. Thank you for being so confident in your work as to express it this way. It is very impressive."   
  
Miss Greentree seemed genuinely apologetic... for a Southern woman.   
  
"Well, thank you," I said, calming down, accepting this as the best result of the altercation.   
  
Mark now clapped his hands together and interrupted, "Well, how about we take a moment to address the terms of the agreement. Mary, would you mind sitting in for this?"  
  
"Not at all," I said.  
  
Everyone took their seats, while I struggled to figure out how I was going to cover myself. Bill had taken my clothes out of the room, after all. I finally just sat down across from Lucas, in between Miss Greentree and Mr. Thompson. All three continued to stare at my tits, as they practically rested on the table.   
  
"Thank you so much," whispered Lucas, across from me. I gave him a stare, but grinned it off. I wasn't sure what to think, or how to behave.   
  
Bill went straight in to passing papers around and within ten minutes, Mark had everyone signing things. During the course of the meeting, I couldn't help but outstretch my hands and wrap them over nipples, pushing my tits in. It gave the impression of modesty - an image of trying to cover the nipples - but I knew, due to the sheer size of my breasts, it also came off very sexual. I suppose I was challenging myself for the attention.  
  
Finally, Mr. Thompson seized the moment. "Hey, do you mind if I touch the mannequin? I'd like to see how close it feels to the real thing, too."  
  
No one objected and he proceeded to fondle Cindy's likeness in all manner of inappropriate ways. Everywhere passed as human in his opinion. "This is outstanding," he said. He looked over at me. "I don't suppose you would be willing to allow me to compare? Just the flesh, next to each other?"  
  
I understood exactly what he wanted and looked to everyone in the room, who all seemed to prod me on with nods of enthusiasm. I stood up and made my way to Mr. Thompson. A moment later, he took one of my breasts, as well as the mannequin's, into each of his hands and began squeezing.  
  
"I can't tell which is more real. Incredible." He leaned down and sucked the nipple of the mannequin. Once I processed what he was doing, I almost retreated, but he moved to me too quickly and took my right nipple hard into his mouth. Everyone was watching me getting blatantly molested.   
  
I thrust my breasts out further and allowed Mr. Thompson to suck them harder. I can't explain why I liked it so much, or why the tingling feeling began. Thoughts of me masturbating in front of the room flashed in my mind, getting me hornier. Imagining everyone naked, watching me, maybe even fucking me. I was having very erotic, dirty thoughts while this man molested me. I masturbated with some frequency, but never did I engage in such thoughts of depravity... until now.  
  
"Do you mind if I compare vaginas?" Mr. Thompson asked, as he pulled away from my nipple.  
  
"Wait, what?" I asked. Before I could process his shocking question, I felt his left hand slide up the base of my pussy. His opposite hand was on Mannequin X.  
  
Instead of objecting, I just froze. I literally froze. More-so than when playing the role of statue or a mannequin. I couldn't believe a stranger was getting away with fingering me in front of my coworkers. No one came to my rescue. Instead, they looked on as if they were the ones who were the victims, shocked and helpless.  
  
"Does her mouth feel real?" asked Miss Greentree.  
  
"They really did match everything to the very last detail," said Mr. Thompson, while still fondling me. "Miss Greentree, you should maybe experience this."  
  
Again, the woman got up and walked toward me. She was smiling and seductive in her pace.   
  
"How can a mannequin possibly feel like the real thing?" she asked to Mr. Thompson. "Let me taste."  
  
"Uh, the product isn't really intended for sexual purposes," interrupted my boss.   
  
Finally, someone says something! Both the investors looked over at him.  
  
"Of course these mannequins will be used for that," said Miss Greentree, to my surprise. I expected that comment more from a man. She continued, "To make the products this perfect, and then not expect it to happen, would be naive. Hell, it will likely be the number one reason for sales. I need to ask though. Is it possible to make the mannequin look like this girl?" She pointed at me.  
  
Mr. Thompson grabbed my tit, giving it a healthy squeeze. Then he tugged on the end of the nipple. "Yes, some people may prefer this kind of figure."  
  
Finally, I managed to find my voice. "Um, sir? I uh... might not like the idea of having my likeness used for that kind of thing."  
  
"But why not? You're perfect for it!" he countered.  
  
I shook my head. "That may be, sir, but the idea of it..."  
  
"Just look at you. Your pouty lips, that soft chin, those large, beautiful green eyes. Open your mouth, I want to see." For some reason, I did. "Oh yes. See? I think that's just perfect for oral."  
  
Mr. Thompson looked back at the boys at the table. "So you even scan facial structure, right? And the mouth? To mimic the real thing exactly? That's why Mannequin X, the girl here, can have her jaw move up and down?"  
  
"That's what we did for this prototype, yes. Allowing the jaw mobility makes it more realistic, we discovered. We swear, you cannot tell the model's features from Mannequin X's. The same would be true for Mary here, if she had a mannequin fashioned after her."  
  
"Please, guys!" I yelled. "Stop thinking about using me like that." Funny I said that while having my tits sucked, my pussy manhandled and a pervert looking down my throat, wondering if I had good oral skills.  
  
"I'm guessing you're very gifted at sucking cock," Mr. Thompson said, making eye contact with me. "I can see you have the kind of structure that's well suited for deep-throating. Am I right?"  
  
"How would you know that?" I asked, trailing off with, "How would I know that?"  
  
"Some of us are experienced, my dear," he said, giving my nipple another tug. Then, he gently pushed me down at the shoulders, drawing my knees to the floor. "Would you mind demonstrating? So that we can show these gentlemen how the finished product should have oral cavities constructed identically to yours? They're much better than the other girl's."  
  
I glanced at everyone in the room. Some looked excited, others mortified. I wanted to protest, but the rude man pulled out a ten-inch bone and shoved it directly into my mouth. I had to force myself to open wide, to fit it in all the way down my throat without gagging. I knew it must have looked silly in front of my coworkers.  
  
So, here's the thing. Other than freezing, Shelly and I also learned other party tricks while growing up. One was sword swallowing, which I found to be incredibly easy. One only had to relax the throat, specifically the gag reflexes, to allow the object to slide in. Maybe it was experience from our other talent that made it easy for us, but yeah, Shelly and I could have worked a circus.  
  
"See? She makes it easy and pleasant. The base of my cock is fully to her mouth."   
  
Everyone positioned themselves to see more clearly. When a dick is that far down one's throat, I speculated that it was best not to pull it out fast, and Mr. Thompson's forceful application prevented me from releasing it gently. I remained in place, allowing my colleagues to watch on.  
  
"Cindy can't do that," whispered Lucas in disbelief.  
  
"What did you just say?" demanded Mark. Angie tugged gently at her husband's arm to calm him down. "Honey, uh... we kind of met at work, too," she whispered.  
  
"I don't care if he fucked the help, but if Cindy can't deep-throat, then using another model would be practical" Mark looked back at me. It appeared the boss wasn't concerned that Lucas had sex on company time, but rather what Cindy's physical talents were and were not limited to.  
  
I finally managed to wrangle Mr. Thompson's cock out of my throat and mouth. "Look, you guys," I said, while holding his huge shaft in my left hand. "I agreed to model here today, but I don't know about..."  
  
Bill saved me this time, breaking in, "Hey, all the paperwork's signed. We're going to move forward with this one, as planned." - He pointed at Mannequin X- "But we will continue developing new models. Why don't you all leave me and Mary here, and let me speak with her privately over this matter? I'm sure, ultimately, we will respect her wishes."  
  
Lucas was most visibly upset to be leaving, but everyone smiled and said their good-byes, leaving Bill and I alone in the meeting room once again. I was back on my feet, but still naked. I liked it, but I didn't like the idea of being an exact replica for what was essentially a sex doll. Was this ever about fashion, I wondered?  
  
I started the conversation. "Bill, I know what you're going to ask, and I don't know-"  
  
He strolled forward, getting closer. "Listen, Mary. Just relax a minute. I want you to listen to me and hear me out, without interruption. I have to confess something to you."  
  
I arched back, confused. Confess something? What?  
  
Now Bill was the one blushing, while it appeared I was over my humiliation. He stopped a few feet from me and looked me in the eye. "Mary, the reason I asked before - for you to consider how long our friendship has been - is because it's important that I know I can trust you with this information."  
  
I was a tad confused, but reassured him. "You can trust me with anything, Bill."  
  
He breathed out, heavy. "Well, sometimes, information can change friendships. I want you to know, that no matter what you do with this information, I will always treat you respectfully."  
  
I don't know what it was, but there was a look of deep shame on Bill. I had expected him to try convincing me to model for the company. Instead, he was acting strange.  
  
"Look," he sighed. "This would be easier if you allowed me to explain it to you while... uh... you know... when you're like a statue..."   
  
That caught me off guard a bit and he could see I thought the request was odd.  
  
"Mary, when you're in a pose like that, I know you are capable of staying frozen. By listening to my story this way, you won't have any instant physical reactions. That will make it easier for me to tell you this. You could just hear me out - all the way through - processing the information - and kind of listen and think on it."  
  
"Is that what you need to me to do?" I asked. "I mean, if it will get you to come out with it already."  
  
"It would help a lot, yes."  
  
I hadn't yet thought to put clothes on, but I was feeling good about being naked and brave. Besides, I kind of enjoyed the gazes I had received from everyone, including Bill's. I admit it turned me on a little, and I hadn't known that about myself.   
  
"Alright, sure. I'll give you that pose we started with at the meeting. Standing, tits jutting out," I joked.  
  
He chuckled. "Yours certainly do."  
  
I accepted the compliment and minutes later, I was in the pose and already relaxing. I let Bill speak, while I listened, stiff as stone.  
  
"The first few times I saw you doing this," Bill said. "Playing a frozen statue... I never thought much of it. Just the quirky behaviors of young kids, I thought. But do you remember that sophomore year of college? You and your friend volunteered to help the cheerleading squad with some routine. Remember that?"  
  
I was in pose, so I wasn't going to respond. I also hoped that by not responding, it would get Bill to feel comfortable about telling me exactly what was bothering him. Of course I remembered the routine Shelly and I took part in. It was loads of fun, that had us utilizing our "statue" performance talents.  
  
"After you did that one routine with them, where you stood motionless and the cheerleader ripped off your sweater - uh, I think it was a copy of the opposing team's sweater - anyway, my mind just went off from there... I started having dreams..."   
  
Bill's voice trailed off, but I stayed stoic, never flinching, allowing him to get it out. I could tell there was deep concern in his voice, like he was scared to tell me this information. By remaining frozen, I was letting him know it was okay for him to continue. As I gazed on, unfocused on anything,d yet focused on everything, I absorbed what he said.  
  
"And now, finally, here you are. I guess... I need you to know... that I have somehow developed a fetish for this. This very thing you are allowing me to witness."  
  
What was he getting at? Fetish?  
  
"After I watched you and your attractive friend doing this, I held that image in my mind a long time. I always thought it would be so amazing for a woman to do that for a man."  
  
I did this for everyone, I was thinking.  
  
"You are beautiful, Mary. Way too young, and out of my league, of course," he laughed. "But I have always dreamt of seeing you performing in this frozen state again... totally naked. There is something incredibly erotic about it. I never in my life thought I would experience this."  
  
He stepped closer. I let him. I never realized Bill crushed on me this way, or any way, for that matter. He had never been inappropriate, or shown any signs of being affectionate.  
  
"If you'll allow me to touch them, just promise to stay like this. Don't move. Just... let me touch them... but only if you permit me. It would be a literal dream come true of mine. So Mary, I am going to do this. If you are okay with this, please... stay in your pose. Your wonderful, exotic pose. Otherwise, feel free to stop me."  
  
With my tits arched out, he came behind me and slowly lifted his hands. They were warm... soft. He squeezed the bottom of the heavy mounds, then walked his fingers to the tips of my nipples. He gently rubbed this tips with his index fingers, in small circles.  
  
"Just listen to me while I touch you, Mary. You do this so well, and I want you to think about this: just as I am doing now - rubbing you, taking pleasure from you - others will do to your likeness, if you model for us. We could have models of your body around the world by Summer. Doesn't it turn you on? To think of all the men that will do things like this to your body?"  
  
He squeezed harder now, wrapping his index fingers and thumbs around my nipples, tugging. His talk was making me wet. I imagined people molesting the image of me in various ways, much like Bill was doing now.  
  
Bill was a genius. Not only was he getting off, and getting me off, he was also selling me on the idea. He was working, after all. I laughed, finally breaking pose. "You devil," I said. "You were always working, just while I was beginning to enjoy that."  
  
Bill smiled, "Good," he said. "Because if you want it to go further, all you have to do is get in any pose, and I will use you until I am satisfied."  
  
I stopped giggling, looking at him directly. I almost said something, but then hesitated. The floor was carpeted and frequently cleaned. I'd seen it so many times in video clips, I had to do it. I got in the doggy style position. I said nothing, putting my head forward, opening my mouth wide.  
  
My breasts hung low to the floor and that's where he started, massaging them, groping them. He reached one hand to my soaking pussy and inserted a finger, maybe two. I'd broken my hymen years ago, but this was the first time anything had been inserted in there that didn't go in by my own hand.  
  
Bill dropped his pants, displaying a cock that was fatter than Mr. Thompson's, though a couple inches shorter. I was happy with the length. It was more comfortable than Mr. Thomson's.  
  
I didn't move one fucking muscle, but my jaw was manipulated as he shoved that meat in my face. Soon, he was pumping rhythmically, as if this were a practiced art. Damn, it felt amazing having Bill's cock in my mouth, especially like this. It was permissive, yet it played on the fringes. It was an agreement. I would take whatever he would give.

Finally, he pulled out and walked around me. Gripping my ass, he found his spot and pushed in. The first time the inner walls of my pussy had ever felt a cock. A real cock. I came instantly. If it weren't for my years of experience and hours of training, I certainly would have succumbed to moving externally. While the inside of my pussy throbbed and reacted violently, on the outside I was a statue.  
  
Bill's thrusting of that perfect hard cock sent me into orgasm after orgasm. Surely, he felt it on his dick, I thought. Why wouldn't he cum already? The walls of my vagina were fighting to push him out, as he marched on.  
  
"Think about this, Mary. Guys around the world will be fucking your ass, your face, your pussy, just like I am now. Stiff as a board, the perfect mannequin."  
  
I listened as he pumped, abusing my pussy, and possibly his privileges.  
  
"Since you're not a real mannequin, I think it would be better to cum in your mouth, rather than your pussy. I guess this is your last chance to back out, Mary. And like I said, now that you know this about me, I just don't want you to think I will ever disrespect you. If you never allowed this again, that would be okay."  
  
I stayed frozen. I didn't want to think about the situation much deeper right now. I just wanted to cum again. Just as he made me (it was an explosive one that came very close to breaking my pose),- Bill pulled out and quickly shifted around to my face. He thrust his cock into my wide open mouth, just as a stream of cum erupted from his cock. It splashed the back of my throat. I allowed his juices to fill the cavern of my mouth, while taking small unnoticeable swallows so as not to break the frozen position, and hopefully allow more cum inside. Finally, Bill pulled away, leaving a rope of semen dangling off the bottom of my lip.  
  
"Mary, before you respond and tell me your thoughts on this, please know, I will never press you to do this. But if you ever do it again... you know, freeze in place for me... I might not be able to restrain myself."  
  
Finally, I breathed out and smiled, breaking the pose. "This is a lot to think about," I said, getting up to my feet. "I appreciate you telling me all this, Bill, I really do. It doesn't change our relationship at all."  
  
"Okay," he responded, nervously.  
  
"Well, it might change one thing," I said.  
  
"What's that?"  
  
"I meditate in my bedroom for about forty-five minutes every night at nine o'clock. You should come by then."  
  
This wasn't at all true... but now it was, so long as Bill showed up. By the look on his face, I knew he would.