**The Anne in Mannequin**

by[Dee69Me](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1260208&page=submissions)©

I was waiting to meet a friend in town and killing time in a department store. Looking to get some possible ideas for Christmas presents. The store was close to closing and was quiet empty. The lady behind the jewelery counter smiled as I looked at some necklaces'.   
  
"Would you like to try one on" she suggested.  
  
"OK"  
  
My eyes had already seen a simple attractive string of pearls and I pointed to them.  
  
The assistant unlocked the cabinet and opened the clasp. I leant forward and she gently put them around my.  
  
"Beautiful aren't they"  
  
"Yes I said" touching them and admiring my neck in a small mirror.   
  
"I loved to have them. Perhaps my husband might win the lottery I joked."  
  
The assistant smiled again, just then my phone rang. I reached down in my bag and answered it. It was Joe my friend and immediately we started talking. The assistant was professional and discrete and attended to some small tasks while I spoke to Joe, We joked for a few minutes and another customer came along that the assistant responded to.   
  
"Oh god – I have just realized. My parking ticket expired 10 minutes ago"   
  
I said to Joe that I would meet her soon in the wine bar and hung up. Picking up my bags I rushed for the exit. I didn't want another ticket again!.   
  
It was dark outside as I hurried along the department store windows, my mind anxious about the time.  
  
"Excuse me madam!"  
  
A gruff sounding man had suddenly grabbed my arm roughly.  
  
"Would you please come with me?"  
  
Surprised, I looked around to see a security guard.   
  
Oh shit!   
  
I suddenly realised I was still wearing the necklace.   
  
"I'm really sorry I forgot I had this on! I said apologetically.   
  
"I have heard that one before madam" came the reply.  
  
"Sorry but I'll have to ask you to come back in the store with me"  
  
I nodded, feeling acutely embarrassed by my own stupidity.   
  
We walked back in and the tall overweight security guard led me through the store to an office. He knocked.   
  
"Yes" came the reply.  
  
"Sorry sir, I have just caught this lady trying to run off with some jewellery." He turned and pointed at me.   
  
'I blushed', aware that the incriminating evidence was still around my neck.   
  
The security guard gestured me in to the office and explained the events.  
  
As he finished I apologised profusely and removed the string of pearls. The man behind the desk listened impassionedly, before talking.  
  
"What is your name"?  
  
"Anne" I said.  
  
"Well Anne; have you done this sort of thing before"?  
  
The man was about forty and smartly dressed in dark suit with a simple black light jersey.  
  
"No – never" I said, slightly irritated by the suggestion.  
  
"OK Dave, I'll deal with this" said the manager to the guard.  
  
The guard looked at me with a cynical expression and then left.  
  
"Oh and Dave if you can just lock up you can get off and thanks"  
  
The manager turned his attention to me.   
  
"OK Anne, sit down and tell me your side" He gestured to a chair in front of his desk.  
  
I explained how it was an innocent mistake and that now I have probably got a parking ticket to boot.   
  
The man looked at me firmly.   
  
"We get this type of story a lot Anne" I think it might be best if I called the police and allowed them to deal with you.   
  
"Oh no!," "Please don't, it really was a genuine error" I pleaded.  
  
The manager looked at me for what seemed like ages.  
  
He made a big sigh, which suggested he had mad a decision on my fate.  
  
"I'll tell you what I'll do Anne", He said decisively. "I need a favour and you may be able to help me". "If you could promise to help me out with a business problem tonight, I could look to forgetting about this event".  
  
This sounded such a relief! The prospect of having a shoplifting charge against me was not something I relished. Even if innocent, the inquiry would be humiliating.  
  
"Anything!" I said a little too eagerly.  
  
"Stand up Anne" I need to see you figure.  
  
A little puzzled, I did what was asked.  
  
"You have a good figure and body", ideal for something I have been thinking of for a while; but as yet not able to execute on".  
  
"I need someone to model something for me". Would that be OK to you?  
  
"Yes I said". Relived and slightly touched by the compliment.  
  
"Aren't I a little too mature as a model? I suggested",Not really believing the offer.  
  
"You look ideal". Believe me".  
  
The manager got up.   
  
"Please follow me".  
  
I turned to follow him; still a little unsure of what to expect.  
  
"I'm Paul by the way" he said turning around as we walked and offering his hand.  
  
"I'm the owner of this store"  
  
"Hi Paul". I replied as the anxiety in me started to relax a little.   
  
The store was now empty and quiet with some of the lights off. Paul led me to the clothing department. We passed rows of dresses until we arrived at the lingerie section.  
  
"He we are" said Paul; as he lifted something from behind a cabinet.   
  
"First I need you to change into some underwear". "It can be your choice but must include this".  
  
Paul pulled out what looked like a large skirt, brightly coloured, in bold, vertical, vivid pink and black strips.   
  
"What is it"? I asked.  
  
"It's an open bottomed girdle" replied Paul. We have over ordered hundreds of the bloody things and they are not shifting". "They are top quality and expensive". We mistakenly thought that with the trend for 'burlesque' that they would sell".  
  
I picked it up. It was heavy and well made with a firm elastic feel to it and six suspenders.  
  
  
"It looks quiet nice" I said, holding it up.  
  
"Good, put it on and choose something to go with it." "Stockings are over there"  
  
"I just have to go and finish locking up then I will be back" with that Paul walked off.  
  
"Back in 5 minutes."  
  
Well this felt strange, alone in a large store. I looked around. Oh well! Let's have a look.  
  
I went around several ranges of bras and panties; holding up the girdle to see if it matched. I figured that black was probably a safe bet as the pink was too loud to mix the regular pastel shades with.  
  
I noticed some very attractive lingerie brands, Lise Charmel and Lejaby. The expensive French brands had some wonderful designs. I liked a pair of culottes, with embroidered flowers; but decided against them as they where fully sheer. I wanted to keep some modesty as I was unsure of what I may have to do. I then saw a bright pink thong and bra set. Perfect! I thought. Same colour as the strips. I looked for my size and then looked for the changing room.   
  
Inside the small room, I removed my clothes and underwear and put on the new bra and panties. I then stepped into the girdle and pulled it up. It was very tight and firm. Instantly it seemed to enhance my figure and I felt more feminine. I had never worn one before as I considered them old fashioned but this model was quite sexy.   
  
"Anne"!  
  
I heard Paul's voice call out.   
  
"I'm in here" I shouted. "I have the girdle on but no stockings"  
  
"OK" Paul said. "One minute".  
  
A few seconds passed and then Paul suddenly burst through the curtains with a new pack of stockings in his hand.  
  
"Let's look at you" He pulled me out of the changing room.   
  
I felt slightly shocked but stood back for him to look at me.   
  
"Not bad" "Very nice figure and the girdle fits you very well. Paul put both hands on my girdle and admired the new shape it made me, his touch sending a small shock of electricity in me.   
  
"Good" "let's put these stocking on you"   
  
Paul opened the packet and handed me the first one and I started to put it on.  
  
I unrolled it all the way up and started to fasten the first clasp. The stockings were expensive and good quality, obviously chosen by Paul to match the girdle.   
  
Paul bent down and started to fasten a suspender behind me. His familiarity was both   
  
Surprising and exciting. Paul moved to the next suspender – closer to my bottom. I felt the top of his hand brush inside of my thigh which mad me lose focus on the suspender I was trying to do.   
  
Eventually both stockings where on and smoothed over. Paul nodded with quiet satisfaction.   
  
"Right" – "lets get you some shoes".  
  
Paul led me by the hand to the shoe department and suggested a selection of black high heels.   
  
"What size"?   
  
"Three"  
  
"OK, hear we go"   
  
I chose a shinny pair of three inch heels, instantly shaping my legs as I stood up.   
  
"Walk over there".  
  
"I did what was asked, and also wiggled a little in my step as I warmed to the idea of showing off".  
  
"Good now for the little something extra"  
  
Paul led me away and I was wondering what dress or skirt he was going to ask me to put on when he stopped at an area with hats. In the corner were some elaborate masks; the sort worn at Venetian costume balls.   
  
"Pick one"  
  
Slightly bemused, I looked at the array of finely decorated masks and chose one that was fully faced and had an elaborate material around it.   
  
  
  
  
  
"Good choice" "Now let me show you where I want you to pose."  
  
Paul firmly put his hand in the arch of my back and guided me to a curtain.   
  
"Right – put the mask on go through the curtain and strike a pose".  
  
I put on the mask and made my way through the curtain. Because of the mask it took me a few seconds to see where I was.   
  
I was shocked!   
  
I was in the window display. Quickly I backed out and turned to Paul.   
  
"I can't go out there!"  
  
"Why not"  
  
"Somebody might see me"   
  
"Look you have a mask to hide your face and if you stand dead still people will think you are a mannequin."  
  
Suddenly I was not so sure about this.  
  
"I don't want to do this"  
  
"OK Anne – here's the deal. You do as asked and I won't hand over the CCTV images of you leaving the store with a £3,000 pearl necklace unpaid for." "Your choice"  
  
I looked at Paul for what seemed ages thinking it through.   
  
"OK - one night only and then I want it in witting that you will not attempt to prosecute me".  
  
"Deal, now get in the window, and I will go around the front to see what you look like"  
  
I stepped through the curtains and immediately felt the warmth of the bright lights. I stood in the window and a few seconds later saw Paul look at me through the glass. He suggested a pose to me. I adopted it but I could see on Paul's face that he still was not sure.   
  
Paul called me back from behind the curtain.   
  
"It's not quite working Anne, We need to be a little more obvious"  
  
"How do you mean"? I asked.  
  
Paul explained – "I want to create a buzz in the display" "get customers really looking"  
  
"My idea is that if people walk by and think the mannequin might be real they will be intrigued and it will stick in their minds more".  
  
"Alright, what do you want me to do"?  
  
"Take your pants and bra off!"  
  
"What!" "Why"?  
  
"Because it will give a slightly human look that will get people to do a double take"  
  
"I don't think I can" I replied shyly.  
  
"Look Anne – I don't want to phone the police and you have a fantastic body why not treat it like the work of art it is for one night? "   
  
Paul looked at me.   
  
"OK, OK" I heard myself saying. "Let's do it"   
  
"Good girl Anne"  
  
At least the mask will keep my anonymity, I thought to myself as I removed the stockings and then the bra. Paul nodded his approval. I then removed my pink panties and put the stocking's back on; conscious of Paul watching me. Although, nervous I felt the experience slightly arousing but tried to keep my modesty.   
  
"Anne, you are fantastic, but I think we need some small improvements"  
  
"Like what"?  
  
"Well - first we need some foundation makeup to disguise the difference in skin colour where you bikini has been". Secondly, you have some stubble that needs shaving".  
  
"Wait here"  
  
On hearing this I felt slightly embarrassed. Paul came back with some things in his hand.  
  
"Sit down and open your legs"   
  
I sat on a stool and felt peculiarly excited as I spread myself before him. Paul then switched on a electric razor and started to tidy up my bikini line.   
  
"This is a top of the range battery razor and I will be gentle" he said reassuring me.  
  
The vibrations felt good and the craziness of the situation I found myself getting uncontrollably moist and my vagina started to have an empty feeling of desire. Paul continued to prepare me, working closer down over my mound.   
  
"Open wider"  
  
I did what was asked willingly.   
  
Paul continued to be firm but careful as he shaved around my lips. Slowly the sensations built up and I felt more turned on. I was torn. I didn't want to cum but if this continued it would be difficult to stop. I moved my hips slightly as he shaved me, hoping it was not obvious.   
  
The intensity of the moment kept building until I felt as if I had to release – when suddenly Paul stopped and looked satisfied with the work. I was disappointed but relieved in equal measure that I had not let myself fully go.   
  
"Stand up"   
  
I stood up, slightly flustered, and Paul tried matching some makeup to make the skin tone more even. Paul found a good match and set about covering my breasts. The feeling was sensual as he brushed my nipples. Already very hard, they stood out quite obviously.   
  
"Sorry about the nipples I said" – "I'm a little cold" I lied.  
  
"That's alright" let's put some blusher on to reduce the redness."  
  
Paul applied the blusher with a fine makeup brush. Sending the nerves in my breast into intense excitement and erecting my nipples further. I found myself breathing heavily.  
  
Paul then retuned to covering my bikini line with foundation. He applied this all over my bottom. He then turned me around and applied it on my freshly shaven mound, working the makeup down towards my lips and around the sides. At this point I put my leg on a stool so that he could access me better, hoping that he would touch me on my now burning clitoris.   
  
Paul stopped.   
  
"That's it I think"   
  
Paul then turned me around to look in a full length mirror. I gasped. The figure in the girdle, stocking and mask did not look like me bit instead I saw a sex goddess looking back and I could see how the makeup had given me an aura of perfection.   
  
"Are you ready"?  
  
I nodded.   
  
I tentatively peaked through the curtain to make sure no one was passing and then stepped into the brightly lit display area again. Immediately I stood still as a couple passed me,  
  
I could hear their muffled voices through the window.   
  
"That's a little risqué said the women" The man nodded and stopped.   
  
"Yes your right but very nice"  
  
They both moved on.  
  
My heart was now racing as I thought I would be quickly found out but relived I had passed this first test.   
  
Reassured I struck a more relaxed pose and watched as a several people passed by. Some would not look and I felt slightly disappointed but excited when someone did.   
  
"How's it going" shouted Paul from behind the curtain.  
  
"Fine, I said behind the mask while trying to keep still as a man passed by.   
  
"Are people stopping"? Paul asked.  
  
"Some are" I responded.   
  
"OK Anne, I want you to be more provocative. Strike a different pose".  
  
Why not I thought? and did not need much prompting as I found myself becoming more in need of the thrill.   
  
I waited for a lull and then lay down with what I hoped would be a small glimpse of my cunt lips if viewed from a close angle.   
  
The stunt worked. More and more people slowed down to look some craning the heads to look between my legs. Every time this occurred I felt more excited and struggled to contain my breathing so that it would not be noticed.   
  
Another couple stopped. I could hear them talk.   
  
"That looks really real" said I man peering intently.  
  
"Don't be silly"  
  
"I think it is – look the vagina looks quite real"  
  
"Where"? "We it does!" said the women.  
  
The couple looked on for what seemed ages. The wife then pulled her husband away Smiling at him she grabbed his cock.!Oow! Who's a big boy then – turned on by a dummy." They smiled and walked off.   
  
Wow I thought! – It's working well. This gave me greater confidence to show myself more.   
  
All the views were now starting to drive me wild and each stare was like a drug that I wanted more of. My nipples ached as did my clitoris and I longed to touch both. The warmth of the lights was like sunshine and I could feel some vaginal moisture run down between the clef of my bottom. I now positioned myself so I could be easily seen by all and every person passing seemed to stop and look closer.   
  
At one point several young lads going to the pub suddenly stopped in their tracks as one shouted, "Fuck me! a mannequin with a cunt" At this all the eyes turned on me. The boys cheered and looked on closely. Banging on the window I thought this was it! I am going to get caught out. I held my breath but thankfully they moved on after a minute.   
  
This level of interest continued for another half an hour. Each time someone came I felt more excited and sometimes I was deeply disappointed if someone walked by. I really wanted to play with myself and relive the intense pent up tension but had to keep still.   
  
Paul would shout to me every ten minutes to check on me and each time I gasped yes as I felt quite breathless.   
  
As the evening wore on, I suddenly saw two women come along – hugging each other. One slightly butch looking but with obvious breasts. One of them pointed to me. Look at this Sue. Both of them stood and looked.   
  
"That's real"  
  
"I think so too"  
  
"Look at the breasts – she's breathing!"  
  
"Fuck!" I was outed.   
  
Both women were now tapping the window. What could I do?  
  
I decided to come clean with them and lifted my mask slightly and blew them a kiss.  
  
"Wow"!  
  
Both women clapped and cheered.   
  
"Your beautiful" one shouted.  
  
"Thank you for making our evening" said the other.   
  
I waved. Smiling broadly under the mask.  
  
Both girls moved off – blowing kisses as they went.   
  
Phew! I thought and regained my pose. Only to realise a young teenager had seen me move. He came over and starred open mouthed. The young man moved down to peer at my lips. I watched keeping perfectly still.   
  
The lad reached down to his crutch and looking around to see if anyone was coming he opened his fly and pulled out an erect penis. Looking intently he quickly started to masturbate.   
  
Oh my god! I thought. What am I doing to that poor lad.   
  
A few seconds later I saw his eyes close as suddenly a jet of sperm hit the window, followed by another.   
  
The lad then noticed someone was coming and furtively tucked his penis away and walked off.   
  
At this point I felt a deep burning inside to be fucked hard.   
  
"Paul" – I Shouted. Can I come out now?.   
  
"OK"  
  
I quickly got up and move behind the curtain.   
  
"Well did you stop many? "  
  
"Yes"  
  
"Good girl Anne" the debt is now paid. Here is the signed letter you wanted."  
  
"Thank you" I said.   
  
"There is one more thing I want"   
  
"Oh what's that" enquired Paul.  
  
"Fuck me" The words came out before I could stop them.  
  
Paul looked at me and I could see the erection in his trousers.   
  
"OK"  
  
I undid Paul's belt and zip as Paul laid down.   
  
Pulling out his erect pennies I quickly squatted down and took it all in one smooth stride.  
  
"Ahhhh!" "I need that so much"  
  
Immediately the tension in Anne from the last couple of hours flooded trough her and an immense orgasm that Paul immediately felt. Anne's uncontrollably strong vaginal orgasm clenched his cock in several quick successions. The suddenness made Paul cum hard and Anne joined him in another strong orgasm.   
  
The following week Anne received a message on her phone to come to the store.  
  
Anne inquired with the information desk what was wanted. The assistant handed Anne a small box with a small hand written note from Paul.   
  
"Thank you for helping my business Please accept this small token of thanks for your kindness. "  
  
Anne opened the box and the string of pearls and smiled instantly.

On her way out Anne inquired if they had any of the pink and black girdles in her size.  
  
"Sorry madam we have sold right out"  
  
Anne smiled again – I guess I have earned these.   
  
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