



Kelsea pretending at the convention, the place where Kelsea's troubles all began.

Convention Mannequin

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Troy was a small, slender, and Kelsea thought, annoying man; he stood a few inches shorter than Kelsea. He wore a sharp gray suit that matched his distinguished gray hair. Kelsea sat in his office, playing with her fingers, while hunched over like a school kid in trouble with the principal. She had been at the trade show all week, pretending to be a display dummy at a booth to avoid having to pay the admission cost.

Kelsea was a beautiful model, and was no stranger to displaying the 'goods,' for others to admire. In the course of her work she had also trained herself to stand perfectly still for long periods of time, she even worked for a

short while as a living mannequin at the mall, a job she quickly decided was far too boring for her. Originally, Kelsea was supposed to be at the show in the first place. She was there to help her friend promote her wares at her sales booth. But how Kelsea accomplished that goal was just not done in the way that Kelsea was originally planning to do it, she was there to help her friend sell her sexy custom leather goods; seemed simple enough.

But when Kelsea lost her admission ticket, the two women concocted a crazy plan to allow her to still attend the show and help out, without purchasing another ticket. Kelsea would go to the show dressed like a display mannequin and stand outside her friend's booth to advertise her goods. Her 'owner' even painted joint lines on Kelsea to help her pass as a real mannequin. Her 'owner' also placed an old fashioned mannequin stand, she had purchased from a local fashion boutique, under Kelsea's skirt to make her appearance as a mannequin as convincing as the two could manage, of course the pole didn't actually go anywhere. But with Kelsea standing on her 'stand,' and holding still; the look was quite convincing, or at least that was what the two thought.

Unfortunately for Kelsea, her 'owner' forgot that on the first day of setup she had filled her car to capacity with the booth and items to be displayed and sold within. Her 'owner' brought Kelsea to the show separately, on her second trip to the center. Kelsea was already dressed in costume and when they arrived at the loading dock, Kelsea stiffened up as much as possible. Parking was quite distant from the dock, so Kelsea's friend told her that she would have to leave her on the loading dock for a few minutes while she parked the car.

Kelsea was OK with the plan and the two checked to ensure that no one was looking. Then her 'owner' got out of the car and removed a shipping dolly from the back, walked around, and Kelsea quickly got out and took a position on the dolly. Kelsea tried to stand as motionless as possible while holding a dummy pose as best she could while her 'owner' carefully rolled her 'mannequin' up the ramp, onto, and to the side of the loading dock. A man saw Kelsea's 'owner' rolling her 'mannequin' onto the dock and called its 'owner' over to say something to her and have her sign some sort of paperwork. Later, Kelsea's friend told her it was just a simple legal agreement regarding any property left at the show after it closed and it was nothing to worry about!

When she returned from parking the car, Kelsea's friend claimed her 'mannequin' on its dolly from the loading dock, then wheeled Kelsea into the show. Once inside, her 'owner' "set Kelsea up," in front of her booth and 'posed' her appropriately to display her wares, that had been five days ago. But today, when the show was over, Kelsea's friend realized that she didn't have enough room to take her 'mannequin' home on the first trip. So she told Kelsea to just stand there in the great hall and try her best to stand still and look like a real mannequin, stay as still as she possibly could, and she would return for Kelsey soon. Kelsea's 'owner' had asked the people in the booth next to her if they minded if she leave her dummy there for a while, and they told her "no, they were just going to be doing tear down anyway." One car wreck later, which Kelsea never learned of, and her 'owner' never showed back up to claim Kelsea. That was when Kelsea's troubles really began.

A man named Troy had been walking around the hall, checking out the aftermath of the latest show, when he spotted the beautiful abandoned mannequin just left standing there. As he walked up and took a closer look at Kelsea, he realized that unlike most of the mannequins he had ever seen, this one was breathing. Troy quickly confronted the 'Mannequin' and told her that the jig was up and that she would have to come with him. Kelsea was embarrassed to be discovered, especially looking like this, and pretending to be stuck on a display pole, but she reluctantly picked up the stand, and followed him to his office knowing that she was in big trouble.

Kelsea's costume from the show, was long leather boots, a short leather skirt, a leather corset, and even a leather riding crop for effect. It made her feel so sexy and empowered while at the show, but now that she had been caught, and a strange man was eying her; the outfit made Kelsea feel ridiculous, and self conscious. Kelsea pushed her long hair out of her face and said in a small, timid voice, "So, um. You caught me sir, so...?" She didn't look directly at Troy, who sat in his chair holding his fingers in a steeple position while he intently looked at the woman, his silence was deafening. Kelsea couldn't take it and said in a somewhat huffy tone saying, "OK mister, you've had your fun, can I go now? I have places to be, and a life of my own. Besides, my friend should be back to take me home any time now!" Unfortunately, she still didn't know about the accident, and the fact that she would never see her friend again.

Troy's words were calm and measured but they caused Kelsea's head to snap up at attention when he said, "No, of course not! You are now property of the MacMillian Convention Center and you can't leave the premises without your owner's, that's me; express permission!" Kelsea cried out in protest saying, "What? Are you crazy mister, who do you think you are? I'm not someone's property; I'm a human woman, and I have rights and freedoms!"

Troy pulled out a sheet of paper, which Kelsea vaguely remembered seeing; it was the paper that her friend had signed at the loading dock when she dropped Kelsea off so she could go park her car. At that time, Kelsea was already pretending to be a simple display dummy when her 'owner' told the show security guy that she would be right back and take her mannequin to her booth. Troy exclaimed, "This paper states clearly, right here, "any booth decorations left behind after a show. . . . (That's you young lady!) Become property of the convention center, unless released, by express permission of the convention center and its management, (that's me!) back to its original owner!"

Kelsea said excitedly, "But I'm a human, woman, not a simple stage prop! After all, I'm not really a mannequin! You can't just keep me here! I have rights, you know!" Troy looked unimpressed and replied, "I have a signed form here stating that you were signed in as a booth decoration for the show. You pretended to be a booth decoration for days in my convention center, and now the show is over! You were left in the convention center by your former owner, so that legally makes you my property now!"

Kelsea yelled back, "I only did that because I was trying to save money! I lost my entry ticket to the show. OK... I admit it, you caught me, fine! I'll just leave now!" Troy replied firmly, "Oh no you won't, you definitely will not; you are now the property of this convention center and will remain in the center! You were far too good at your job, young lady! You were far too good at being a simple, beautiful, object, and decoration; and I now find myself disinclined to release you from my ownership."

Kelsea stammered, "But you can't just own someone, you sicko! I'm a person; I have rights, and I'll be leaving now, Good Bye! You can't stop me, and if you try I'll scream!" Her heart was pounding from excitement and anger as she stood up. She began to turn to leave his small office, when Troy pushed a button on his office intercom and said, "Bruno, would you introduce my new mannequin to her new mannequin stand! It seems that she has been pretending to be mounted on one for a week now!" Kelsea thought, "Bruno. Bruno? Who would name their kid 'Bruno'?" But as she saw the man enter the room she changed her mind, "Oh my God, he's a gorilla!" Kelsea backed up as she saw the gigantic man, who had over a foot, and a hundred pounds, on her.

Kelsea looked over and saw the stand Troy was referring to, it resembled a weird single post bar stool, but with holes in the seat for her legs to go thru. The stand would force her to, well, stand there while supporting her

weight and keeping her in place. Bruno reached out with a pair of giant hands and began wrapping them around her mid section, lifting her up as though she were a feather, she kicked and screamed, "Put me down," but Bruno didn't seem to react to her demand nor be fazed in any way by her meager attempts at resisting.

Troy told Bruno, "Place her carefully on the stand Bruno, after all, we don't want to break her, she would be worth so much less if she were broken. And my new mannequin has a world of shows to attend in her future!" Kelsea was a bit frightened by that last statement and said, "Break me? What the hell are you talking about, put me down, now! A world of shows in my future, what do you mean by that? Man, I am so suing you for this! Let me go, this instant!" But she couldn't stop Bruno as he guided her legs thru the holes and, before long, she was forced to stand there with only the balls of her feet and the tips of her toes barely touching the ground. Kelsea was now somewhat trapped by the custom mannequin stand and no matter how much she squirmed around, she could not easily get out of the contraption. While futilely attempting to escape, Kelsea had a horrible thought, "if this man has this stand in his office already; he must have done this before! So I'm not the first person he has done this to, I wonder how many other people he has abducted?"

Then Troy laughed in response to her threat and he said, "I'm sorry miss but you said you were a mannequin. Mannequins are objects, property, they don't have any rights, and they certainly can't sue their owners; even if they wanted to. Now, Bruno, do you see that chip over there on the table? I want you to very carefully install that into the back of her neck so she will be a bit more cooperative!" Kelsea didn't know what Troy meant by that, but she knew that she was not supposed to have anything 'installed' into her neck, she was not a machine for heaven's sake. Still stuck in the stand, Kelsea tried in vain to stop the large man as he lowered the chip toward her neck. But she couldn't stop him, and as Bruno pushed the flesh colored chip against the back of her neck, Kelsea heard a sudden click and felt a bit of a shock as the device made contact with the back of her neck.

Troy gleefully said, "Good work Bruno! Now she'll be a bit more obedient and respectful to her owner. She'll also be easier to control and will follow her orders, even if she wants, or tries, to resist!" Kelsea's eyes went large as a strange feeling swept thru her body, she hated Troy for doing whatever he was doing to her. And then she began to feel somewhat disconnected from her own body. Soon, try as she might, Kelsea found that she could barely move anything other than her eyes, and even looking around was becoming more difficult. Troy gloated a bit as he told her, "You see, my little mannequin, you won't lose your ability to think or feel what is going on to and around you; but your body is now forced to obey any commands that I give to you, whether you like them or not! As I told you before, you're my property and will do as your owner wishes!"

Her eyes were already wide with fear and trepidation, yet the soon to be mannequin's eyes managed to open even wider with panic as they scanned back and forth looking for a way to escape. The woman inside the rapidly changing body was clearly panicked; her skin was already turning a pale tan color like that of many modern mannequins. Kelsea was not really able to move anything anymore, other than her eyes. Her mouth now barely moved at all, and therefore she was unable to speak, yell out, or scream in fear, or for help. But Kelsea realized that, if she really concentrated, she could still move slightly and speak a little, and she slowly said, "What.. are.. you.. doing.. to... me,... Owner? What ... have.... you.... done.... to.... me?" Kelsea managed to ask the question but her words came out more slowly each time she tried to say one. But what dismayed Kelsea the most was hearing herself refer to this man, whom she totally hated, as her owner.

Troy said, "Keep an eye on her, Bruno! Until her conversion is complete, she may still try to escape and we need to give the chip time to do its work! I have had these kinds of problems before with other women, which is why I always keep a few of these chips handy!" Then he turned to the frightened mannequin to be and

gloated, "Still feeling so cocky Kelsea? You insisted that you are a human woman with rights and privileges who threatened her new owner, but now, thanks to that chip, I have now arranged it so that this is no longer the case! You previously pretended to be a mannequin at my show and now, before long, you will truly be a mannequin! You are no longer human but just simple property, an object, something to be used as your owner sees fit! Before long you will attend more shows than you could possibly imagine, whether you want to or not, and you will never again have to pay admission since you will now be a part of the show."

Kelsea summoned up her remaining strength and, again, vainly tried to remove herself from that infernal stand; only to be stopped once again by the large bodyguard who easily pushed her right back onto it. Still able to speak a little bit, Kelsea said to Troy, "You... can't..... do..... this..... to..... me..... Owner!" As she spoke she realized that her mouth was starting to ignore her commands and that, at this rate, she wouldn't be speaking for much longer. Also she could feel that her hands felt stiff and were now simply hanging limply on her arms she no longer had any control of them whatsoever. But even more distressing was that there was a strange burning feeling around her neck, wrists, shoulders, and at the top of her right leg just below her hip, she hadn't realized that her mannequin body was separating like any real mannequin so she could be disassembled.

Troy watched Kelsea's transformation, fascinated, entertained, and asked amused, "Why not, mannequin? Why can I not do anything I wish with my own property? If you give me a very good answer mannequin, I may just allow you to have some limited freedom and dignity, while you still earn me lots of money!" Kelsea was furious and tried to yell back, "I'm..... not..... youuu..... prop..... er..... mmph!" But her tirade was cut short as her mouth closed and stopped moving entirely now. Kelsea wanted to slap Bruno away as he once again stopped her very feeble attempt at getting off of her stand; but her arms simply remained at her sides and failed to respond to her wishes. Then her entire body felt completely disconnected from her control and soon she could only sit there on her stand and listen as her owner mocked her.

Troy laughed and said, "Oh, now that's too bad, my pretty little mannequin! I would have given you your own personal display space in my office where you would have been a kind of trophy. But now, I think I'll just have Bruno take you to one of the many storage rooms and place you there. In case you are wondering, those are the rooms where I keep all of the banners, chairs, tables, and other bits of decoration. Why there, you may be wondering? Why because that's what you are now sweetie, a perfectly still and beautiful decoration for my convention center. You will simply be stored there until we have the next show and I need you; or I decide to rent or sell you to someone else."

The immobile mannequin's body was now quickly beginning to change, it was rapidly transforming into a supple yet soft, nearly indestructible, plastic. Kelsea realized that her body was no longer under her control in any way, and try as she might, she remained motionless on her stand. Only her frightened eyes were still darting around, still trying to find some way to escape her situation. Troy was clearly enjoying the show and said, "Bruno, watch this! Mannequin, place your left hand on your hip like this." The mannequin's eyes darted to the left to see what was happening as she felt her hand move on its own, placing itself onto her hip as ordered before freezing in place. Now, try as she might, Kelsea couldn't get her hand to move or respond in any way, and she was stuck posing the way her owner had ordered her.

Then Troy had a thought and said, "Hmmm! That could be a problem. Your eyes moving around like that might attract a little too much unwanted attention." Then he gave his new toy another command, "mannequin, tilt your head slightly to the left so you can see the door, and then look ahead and stop moving entirely." Since he was presently standing in front of her, and she was currently looking at him, the new mannequin had enough

time to see an evil grin form on Troy's face. Her eyes had been pleading with him to let her go, but her efforts were to no avail. Then suddenly she felt it as her head involuntarily turned to look at the door and froze in place, her vision now fixed in place, her eyes no longer moving. Now Kelsea was as still as any mannequin in any store display; no one who wasn't aware of her almost unique situation would ever guess that there was a human woman's consciousness trapped inside this mannequin. But what really bothered the mannequin at the moment was that it realized that it was no longer breathing and yet it was still somehow conscious, aware, and 'alive?'

Troy then walked back into her line of vision and, clearly amused at his power over his new toy said, "You know mannequin, you should be happy. You will never age again, and the material you are made of will last virtually forever. You will never again feel any pain, hunger, or discomfort, not even when someone dismantles you to dress, or undress, you! However you will still be able to feel any touch, movement, your orientation, etc., and you will still be able to see and hear whatever is going on around you. You will be able to observe the goings on at any show in which you are displayed. Why, now that I think of it, you're now a perfect observer of the world, even though you can never share what you have seen with anyone else; and, you will continue to do so until the end of time!" Kelsea thought about his statements and was greatly dismayed, it was bad enough to be stuck as a mannequin, able to be disassembled, but to be that way forever was too disturbing to comprehend!

Then her owner said, "So tell me my little mannequin, what are your thoughts? How do you feel about being nothing more than a simple decoration for my exhibit halls? How does it feel to be a simple object, property, destined to be used by, and at the mercy of, whomever rents or buys you outright? Why just think of all the lovely outfits you'll soon be wearing; I can hardly wait to see you in, or out, of them! I'll bet you don't feel so cocky anymore, now do you my little mannequin? Where are all those rights, and privileges now? How will you sue me, or ever escape, if you can't move or speak, huh?"

Since her owner had, sort of, asked her direct questions, Kelsea suddenly found that her mouth was back under her own control, and she cried out, "Please owner, don't do this to me! I don't want to be a real mannequin; I'm supposed to be a human woman, not a mannequin stuck on a pole! I'm very sorry owner, and I'll never tell anyone about this. Please let me go!" Even though it still killed her to refer to Troy as her owner, Kelsea realized that she could no longer refer to the man in any other way and that fact truly disgusted her. Troy laughed at her statements, especially that she would not tell anyone, and replied, "You are right, you will never tell anyone anything, about anything."

Amused by her obvious dismay, and the fact that he fully controlled her fate; Troy leaned back in his chair, his hand rubbing his chin and said, "Well answer me this my little mannequin! What were you thinking during those long days when you pretended to be a simple booth decoration in my hall? How did you feel, did the experience excite or arouse you? And, know this, my little mannequin; you can never again lie to me, even if you want, or try to." Kelsea hated it, but could sense within her that her owner was telling the truth even though she dreaded the thought of honestly answering him. Then Troy said, "Bruno, I believe the process is far enough along now that we can reintroduce my little mannequin to the display pole she is so familiar with, the one she pretended to be mounted on during the show!"

Perhaps it was because she could now feel that her body was actually segmented like any other real display mannequin. Or maybe it was the way that Bruno deftly lifted her off her new owner's stand, which was more like a weird seat. But when Bruno placed her onto the display pole that her original 'owner' had used as a non-functioning prop at the show, simply for effect, the hopelessness of Kelsea's situation became very evident.

When Kelsea was pretending, the real display pole was only slid up under Kelsea's dress enough to not be obvious that it didn't go anywhere. But now, Bruno had extended it up and Kelsea felt it as it slid up into her torso, thru a previously non-existent receiving hole made just for that purpose, until it stopped with an audible click and a rather odd sensation. And no matter how much she wanted to get off her stand, Kelsea knew that she was now permanently stuck there unless someone removed her from it!

Troy began to walk around his new display dummy admiring her unmoving form; Kelsea was now completely immobile, she couldn't even turn her head to look at her new owner as he spoke to her. Kelsea didn't want to answer her new owner, especially truthfully, and tried desperately to stop her mouth from moving but it began to do so on its own as she heard herself say, "Pretending to be a mannequin on display was somehow arousing, owner. I enjoyed having the show attendees and vendors look at me in my beautiful costume. It gave me a bit of a thrill knowing that they all thought I was just a plastic mannequin on display!" Even in her completely frozen state, Kelsea thought she felt her face turning bright red with embarrassment at what she just admitted, but before long even that would be impossible as her face was now an even light tan color.

Troy was greatly amused by his mannequin's inability to lie to him and replied, "Of course you did, Kelsea! A mannequin's purpose in life is to attract the customer's attention! And now, I'm simply making that your sole purpose for . . . well, let's just say, for a very long time!" Troy, once again, turned to Bruno who was standing beside him, and said, "Bruno, would you mind stepping outside, and asking Jessica to come in?" The giant man nodded affirmatively. Kelsea's eyes would have blinked for relief, but instead she simply kept staring at the same place in front of her, her pose fixed, completely motionless!

Kelsea was completely embarrassed to be seen like this by someone; but as she was stuck there, immobile on her stand, she simply remained posed there as the woman walked in. Troy did the introduction as Jessica entered and stood beside Troy, directly in front of Kelsea where she could see them both. Jessica was used to her boss' idiosyncrasies, he seemed to talk to several of his display dummies. And he said, "Jessica this is my newest mannequin, I call it Kelsea, it is an automated smart mannequin. Kelsea, this is Jessica she is my director of sales! She sets the prices for booths, rental items such as you, and so on."

Jessica was aware that her boss was a bit weird and simply assumed he was making a joke to get a rise out of her, but she didn't bite. Meanwhile, the mannequin's eyes couldn't even react with shock when she heard her owner say rentals. Kelsea thought, no, more accurately mentally screamed, "I can now be rented!?!". As though he were aware of her inner monologue, Troy added, "I may even sell Kelsea later should I choose, and you will need to let me know how much to ask for, Jessica!"

Troy looked at Kelsea and said, "You're going to be our newest product Kelsea, how does that make you feel?" Jessica nearly jumped out of her shoes when the mannequin replied, while mentally slapping herself for saying it, "Terrified, and yet slightly aroused at the same time owner!" Troy said, "Well my little mannequin, that is both awful and wonderful! Jessica, Kelsea is one of the first of a new model of mannequin, she has voice recognition and artificial intelligence so she can hold a basic conversation with her owner, or others, should her owner allow that. I think we should add this mannequin to our rental services at once, how much do you think we could get for its services?"

Jessica was amazed at the new 'high-tech' mannequin and appraised the now fully plastic object, looking it over, and never realizing that the mannequin in front of her used to be human. Jessica replied, "Oh, for a mannequin of this quality, and with these features? I'd say Fifty a day, easily! Where did you get it, Troy?"

Kelsea was disgusted and thought, "Fifty? Fifty bucks a day? I am so worth more than that! And come on Jessica, you really can't tell that I am human? You really think I am just a simple mannequin? When did you ever see a mannequin with so much detail?" Kelsea mentally screamed in frustration, futilely willing her mouth to move and a sound to come out, but instead, the mannequin just stood there on its stand silently.

Troy said, with a small smirk on his face, "Can you believe a convention vendor just left it standing there in the convention hall for me to take?" Kelsea was disgusted and thought, "My god, does this guy just lie through his teeth all day long?" The mannequin really wished she could comment on the load of crap she was hearing and protest its treatment, but instead it just remained there on its stand, motionless and silent.

Jessica looked back at Troy and said, "I'll add it to our information sheets. The quality of the design really is superb. We will want to take some pictures of it to place in our advertising materials and on our web site!" Kelsea felt nice knowing that this woman thought Kelsea was one of the nicest looking mannequins she had ever seen and thought, "Oh, she thinks I look good, well I guess that is a plus then. But I really don't want to be featured in an advertisement or on a website!" Kelsea had still not completely resigned herself to the fact that she would never again move voluntarily on her own. So, the mannequin tried once again, in vain, to get her body to move, but now even the tiniest twitch was far beyond her ability.

Still standing in front of her, Kelsea saw Troy smile even more, she didn't know it but he was enjoying thinking about the embarrassment he knew that his mannequin currently felt, being displayed for Jessica. Moreover, he was totally proud of the way he had made the formerly obstinate woman his property and he bragged to Jessica, "You see, Jessica, it's made of a smart plastic, and it has a complex voice recognition system that allows the user to pose it easily. Watch! Mannequin, turn your head and look at Jessica"

Jessica was amazed as the mannequin's head turned to look at her, Kelsea's face was still devoid of any signs of emotion or thought, despite the terrified woman trapped inside. Then Troy said, "mannequin, smile for Jessica! You look too dour for such a beautiful decoration!" Kelsea's mouth was forced to pull up into a lovely smile, her plastic teeth showing from between her parted plastic lips. Jessica looked the mannequin over and said, "She's ... it's a very pretty mannequin Troy! Perhaps I was wrong in my initial assessment." Jessica was awed by the beautiful leather clad mannequin and changed her mind, "Actually, I think we can increase her rental price to \$100 per day, especially for access to its vocal recognition software."

Troy replied, "That's a splendid idea, Jessica!" Still with a fighting spirit, Kelsea thought, "Look owner, I'm not software, or an AI, and I'm not a damned robot, you can't make me do or say anything you want!" The mannequin thought, with some indignation, "but at least \$100 sounds more reasonable if I am forced to stand around all day and look pretty." Troy happily said, "Great Jessica, add it to our rental sheet for the next convention. But I think, in the meanwhile, I will simply put Kelsea into storage; and then, maybe this weekend coming up I'll put my new mannequin on display, to drum up advertising interest." Kelsea was again worried as she thought, "Advertising... for what? What are you going to do with me, owner?"

Jessica nodded to Troy as she took another glance at the mannequin, and said, "Yes Troy, it really is amazing! Well, goodbye Kelsea, bye boss," of course Kelsea said nothing in response, and then Jessica left the office, walking out of Kelsea's view. Kelsea thought, "Please come back Jessica, you seemed nice. Please realize that I am not a mannequin!" Troy said to Kelsea, "Well Kelsea, I guess that theory of yours about being human was wrong! Even Jessica thinks you're just a high-tech mannequin, and she knows that we can rent you out to be displayed whenever, or however, we like. It didn't even cross her mind that you might have ever been human

or had any kind of rights. What do you think about that, my little mannequin?"

Kelsea again wanted to beg her owner to let her go, or at least not to say anything at all, but instead she replied, "I feel frightened, embarrassed, and mortified, yet oddly aroused by the fact I am worth 100 dollars per day rental fee." Troy said, "Well my little mannequin, your price can always go up even higher. An owner never knows when they have a brand new piece of property how much it will be worth!" The mannequin's voice lacked a human quality, always sounding somewhat flat and emotionless as it asked, "What do you mean, owner?" Troy replied, "I'm not in the mannequin rental business,. I don't know the prices that a mannequin of your quality and features should go for. Hmm, there's an idea, we could rent you out to a retail store for a while; to model their new fashions, or a toy store to decorate their windows. Why you could be high couture or a smiling court jester! What do you think of that?"

Kelsea tried with all her might but was unable to stop herself from replying, "I find the idea incredibly humiliating and degrading, and yet at the same time very erotic." Troy then asked, "So, would you say, that in the end, you think you will enjoy being my property?" The mannequin growled mentally as her mouth automatically responded on its own. "No, owner! I am not your property to be displayed as you wish!" Troy smiled and continued, "Oh really mannequin? You don't want to be put on display and looked at?" Again Kelsea replied, "No, owner, I am not someones toy to be played with!" Troy was enjoying Kelsea's humiliation and continued, "Not even being dressed up however someone else chooses?" Kelsea could not stop herself and said, "No owner, but that is all a mannequin can do, it doesn't get to pick its own clothing!" Now he was simply having fun humiliating the formerly brazen girl as he asked, "But, that's all you are now, correct? A mannequin! Don't you agree?"

With each passing answer, Kelsea felt like she was losing a little more of herself when she replied, "Yes owner, I am now simply a mannequin!" Kelsea was horrified as the realization set in and she thought, "God I really am nothing more than a simple mannequin now, aren't I? And I will continue to be one for the rest of my life, stuck on a stand, forced to smile and pose there for whomever rents, or buys, me." She was ready to cry as she thought, "I'm never going to be a real human woman again!" But as much as she wanted to, Kelsea would never cry again.

Troy just couldn't help himself, it was such fun making this formerly cocky girl admit to her lowly new position in life, "So, what will you feel when I tell Bruno to put you away in the storage closet where I keep all the other decorations for my convention center; just like any other piece of property?" Again Kelsea didn't want to answer the question, certainly not truthfully, yet said, "I will be terrified owner, I don't like being alone, and I really don't like the dark. But since that is where property should be stored, and I am simply your property now, owner, I will have to remain there until I am moved." The mannequin's voice kept its detached cadence, as it spoke, "your mannequin will also be unhappy while in storage, as no one will be able to see it while it is in the closet, and mannequins are meant to be seen and admired!"

Kelsea continued to argue with herself mentally, "No, stop saying that Kelsea! I'm not really a damn piece of plastic... except... that.... Well... actually I am... I guess. But I'm not supposed to be!" Troy asked, "Now don't you feel a bit silly for insisting that you weren't my property earlier mannequin?" Kelsea was very aggravated with her owner and said, "No owner, as I was not property before I met you! ... I was not a mannequin before... but... I guess... I am now... I am a mannequin now, owner, and I am your property!"

Troy agreed, "Yes Kelsea, you were Kelsea a very annoying woman, but now you are a simply a mannequin,

my mannequin, and I have no intention of ever letting you be human again.” Troy waved his hand in a grandiose fashion and said, “Oh, one day I suppose, you’ll be sold outright; instead of rented to another convention vendor, center, or store. And from then on, no one who ever sees you will ever know that you were once anything but a mere mannequin.” The mannequin mentally stammered, not quite able to accept what her owner had just said, the realization of the severity of her situation was like being hit with a ton of bricks. Then Troy asked, “Or did you think I would actually turn you back some day?” Kelsea replied, “Yes owner, after I had ‘learned my lesson’ or something, I was hoping that you would make me human again.”

Troy was amused and asked, “What lesson were you going to learn mannequin, not to pretend to be someone’s property or an object?” Kelsea replied, “To not try to cheat my owner out of his money. This mannequin assumed that it would pay off its debt for the ticket and then be released.” Troy chuckled as he stood up and came closer to his mannequin’s face, then he whispered to it, “My dear little mannequin, a ticket costs me nothing, and you will now bring in so much money to this convention center that, if I were ever to even up the balance sheet, I would soon owe you a ton of money. But, obviously, I will not be paying you back, ever; and you will still make me a ton of money, whether you like it or not!”

Then Troy said, “So my little mannequin, do you accept this, do you accept the truth? Do you accept that you are now just a simple decoration, and will forever remain so?” Kelsea tried desperately to force her mouth not to move, not to reveal the truth, but she couldn’t resist answering her owner’s question and replied, “Yes, owner, I am just a simple mannequin now, and will forever be!” Try as she might to resist accepting it, that admission was heartbreaking for Kelsea who, up to that time, had kept a glimmer of hope that Troy would not keep her a mannequin forever.

Troy loved it, he had won the battle, broken her spirits, and he said to his new mannequin, “Now, knowing the truth, that you secretly enjoyed the thrill of pretending to be an object. And now, knowing that you will really be a real object for a very long time, I want you to imagine one-hundred years into the future. You have been missing for all of that time, and your disappearance has been deemed a cold case, and you are assumed long dead.” Troy kept his predatory steady walk around his mannequin, in and out of her line of sight, as he continued, “Knowing that you will have been a mannequin for one-hundred years. Do you think that after all that time you will still want to be human? Or by that point, will you prefer to remain my property, forever?”

Kelsea wanted to scream out, “YES! Absolutely I will want to be human again! To be able to go where I want, when I want, dress however I want, and do whatever I want.” But Kelsea, deep down, wasn’t entirely sure and actually heard herself reply, “No owner, I would want to remain a mannequin, since everything, and everyone I knew would be long gone. Then I will only want to be dressed up, and have people admire me, forever!”

Troy was completely amused by her response and said, “Then I have just one last question mannequin. Before I have Bruno come back in and take you to the storage closet, your new home. If someone such as a convention attendee, or someone who rented you, were to ask you if you had ever been human; what would you tell them?” Kelsea’s voice was simple and matter-of-fact when she replied, “I would tell them yes, owner!”

Troy replied, “Remember, you are only obliged to tell me the truth mannequin, why would you say that rather than save yourself the embarrassment of having them laugh at your response. You know that they would never believe you and simply think that it was a cleverly programmed AI response!” The mannequin truthfully replied, “I would tell them yes, in the hope that they might believe me, find help and save me from my new existence!” Intrigued, Troy asked, “What do you mean? Save you from what, mannequin; from being an

object? Don't you enjoy being a decoration?" The mannequin replied, "Even though I don't want to admit it owner, at times I believe that I will. But as long as the possibility for escape still exists I can still hope to be released someday." Panic shot through the mannequin's plastic mind as it thought, "No, no, no, idiot! Shut up you plastic dummy, shut up! Your owner may remove even that hope if he knows about it!" Kelsea was hoping that Troy would miss her slip up and it would go unnoticed, But he didn't.

Troy replied, "Oh, really mannequin, is that so? How do you imagine that a mannequin might escape being what it is?" Kelsea wanted to kick her self for answering truthfully, but had no choice, "If they warned the authorities about what you have done to me, they might be able to remove my chip and return me to being a human woman." Troy looked amused and said, "Oh, I see! Well, I think I know the solution to your dilemma mannequin, after all, I never want my dummy to try to escape. Why, I intend for you to be my property until I deem otherwise!" Then Kelsea watched as Troy walked forward, reached behind her, and pulled the flesh colored chip from the back of her neck which released with a snap. He then said, "What do you think will happen now mannequin?"

Kelsea truthfully, and willingly, replied for the first time in what seemed like hours; with a sense of hope in her voice, "I will now return to my human form, owner!" The mannequin waited for what seemed to be an eternity, for the changes to reverse and for Kelsea to once again become the woman she had once been; but nothing seemed to be happening. Troy laughed evilly as he said, "Oh mannequin, did you really think I would remove that chip if I knew it would return you to being a human being? After all, Kelsea, I like you so much better as my property and plaything, you are so very much more cooperative?"

Within, Kelsea wanted to cry, even though to try her voice sounded the same, monotone and somewhat robotic, within her disappointed voice continued, saying, "But... but... I thought..." before trailing off. Then Troy said to her, "Sorry Kelsea, this chip is a simple converter, a one time use device, once and that is that! It changed you into the mannequin that you are now are, that which you will forever be; a real, plastic, mannequin, destined to serve your owner however they see fit!" Troy grinned a shark-like grin and said, "Sorry Kelsea, but you are permanently trapped in your plastic body, forever property to be displayed and admired. My property, at least until I decide to sell you to someone else." The idea of being someone's property, to be sold, or rented was simply too degrading for Kelsea's mind to accept and she would always continue to try and fight it.

Kelsea cried out, "No please, owner, there has to be some way to turn me back!" Troy replied, "I'm sorry Kelsea; you see, the thing is, it's much easier to go from flesh to plastic, than the other way around. You know, from a complex form to a simple one, and all that!" Kelsea wanted to cry and said, "Wait owner, so you are telling me that there is NO way back, ever?" Troy answered, unfortunately for Kelsea, truthfully; "No Kelsea, there is no way for you to ever be human again; you are now, and will always be, a real plastic mannequin."

For a moment, the mannequin's mind overloaded, unable to comprehend the gravity of what its owner had just told it, it was in a kind of shock and it only responded when Troy asked his next question, "I ask you again Kelsea; if you were ever asked about having been human, what would you say?" Kelsea didn't want to hear her own response but replied, "I would say No, owner! I am no longer a human, I am a simple mannequin, and apparently I will remain that way!" She was speaking with her mouth moving automatically and without her conscious input as the words came from a place of acceptance within her mind.

Then Troy asked Kelsea again, "Do you enjoy being my property, Kelsea?" Kelsea certainly didn't enjoy it, not

really, and was still in a bit of a daze trying to deal with all the hard facts she was now presented with. But she replied, "I am simply a mannequin and I belong to you, owner, whatever I think is irrelevant!" Troy's voice sounded meaner as he glared at his beautiful piece of property and said, "That wasn't my question mannequin!"

The mannequin, her spirit now totally broken, said without conviction, "Yes, owner, this mannequin thinks that it enjoys being your property." Totally enjoying his victory, Troy said, "Say it again, louder, mannequin!" Kelsea replied with slightly more conviction, "Yes, owner, I enjoy being your property." Kelsea knew that she was quickly losing the battle, but it was not over yet. Then Troy asked one more question, and Kelsea thought it was a strange one, "Who are you?" Kelsea replied, "I am Kelsea, your mannequin, owner." Troy knew that that response could cause him trouble later and decided he had better think of a way to deal with it. Then Troy said, "That will be all for now, my little mannequin, I think it's time for you to be stored away in your storage closet Kelsea; that is, unless you have a question, or concern, for me? Did you have anything else you wish to say Kelsea, while you can still speak?"

Kelsea replied, "No, owner, I am too sad to speak right now!" Troy nodded in understanding, and said, "Fine! Until I give you permission to speak, or move; you will remain silent, posed on your stand; frozen in your assigned pose while waiting for me to give you a new command. Is that clearly understood mannequin?" Kelsea was forced to say the words that she dreaded to hear, "Yes, owner, I understand!" Troy continued, "One more thing, from now on Kelsea, you will only respond to me or Bruno, do you understand?" Again the sad dummy's reply was an unenthusiastic, "Yes, owner, I understand."

Then Troy decided to add insult to injury, and protect himself at the same time, and added, "One last thing Kelsea, from this time onward the name Kelsea will no longer have any meaning for you; you're new name is simply 'Mannequin' and you will not remember your old name. Also if you are ever asked by anyone other than me if you were ever anything other than a mannequin, you will reply; no, mannequin has always been a mannequin, is that clearly understood Mannequin?" Mannequin hated its response even more when it replied, "Yes, owner, Mannequin understands." Then Mannequin could only watch as Troy turned and walked back to his desk, pushing a button on his intercom and saying, "Bruno, would you come take my new mannequin to the east storage closet and place it there in storage until it is once again needed?"

While it wanted to run away and escape, Mannequin simply stood there on its stand, unmoving, blankly staring in the direction in which it was facing. Troy was soon on the phone with someone, chatting away. Mannequin's owner's words, the things being said, and the things going on around it were no longer important to Mannequin, unless they were addressing her directly Mannequin was simply there, nothing more. Mannequin knew that it was now stuck that way, forever; but it was still attempting to keep a bit of its own identity, it kept trying to remember what its former human name was. Unfortunately, the only name that Mannequin could think of was now Mannequin, which frustrated it, and depressed it all the more. Now, even if Mannequin had been able to freely talk to someone, it could not remember its human name anymore to tell them who it was, or let them know that it was ever a human woman.

Bruno walked up to Mannequin, when it had been a human woman the girl would have been terrified. But unlike before, now the mannequin barely gave that any thought. Then Bruno wrapped his burly hands around Mannequin's waist and easily lifted the, now completely rigid dummy off of its stand. Mannequin heard an audible click, and felt a strange sensation, as the support pole unlocked from her mounting hole. Then Bruno tipped Mannequin sideways, placing her under his arm, and began to carry her out of Troy's office just as he

would any other mannequin. The mannequin remained totally stiff as it was lifted up, even its arms and legs remained in their fixed pose.

But Mannequin realized that it did feel strange seeing the world go by, shifting thru its view from top to bottom rather than side to side, and then it realized that this was because Mannequin was currently rotated 90° from its normal, standing, position. As Bruno began carrying the dummy to its new home, Mannequin, was lost in its own thoughts and barely took notice of the hallway scenery as it was being carried to wherever it was going. Nor did the dummy pay note to the path they were taking on the way to her her new home; after all, what difference did it make anyway, Mannequin could never escape since it could not move on its own.

Suddenly Mannequin heard her owner's voice yell out again saying, "Oh, Bruno, wait just a moment, set my mannequin down, facing me." The big man complied, making sure the mannequin faced its owner as he supported it from falling over. Then Troy said to her, "I have one more question for my mannequin." Suddenly Mannequin could speak again and replied, "Yes, owner?" Troy asked, "If you could go back to a time before you were signed in to my convention center as a 'mannequin,' before you became a real mannequin, my property; would you decide not to pretend to be a mannequin, or would you still go through with it knowing now what would happen to you?" Troy's shark smile appeared again on his face as he continued, "If you had the chance to change things, would you do it the same way again anyway?"

Mannequin replied, "No, owner," and she thought to herself, "No! I absolutely would not!" Troy's shark smile grew two sizes when he heard Mannequin's answer as his darker side was enjoying the obvious fact that, within her plastic form, Mannequin was not too happy about being an actual mannequin. Then he shouted, "Remember Mannequin, you may not move or speak again until I, or Bruno, allow it!" Mannequin felt herself freeze solid and then her owner said, "OK, you can take it away Bruno and leave it to its thoughts! My little mannequin should have plenty of time to think about how it came to be here with us, and about what it now is and will forever be!" Mannequin could tell that its transformation was now fully complete and permanent, it had felt the separations in its body moving around slightly when Bruno had carried Mannequin down the hallway and felt them slightly move again when Bruno picked the dummy up again.

Bruno once again picked the mannequin up and resumed following his orders. Meanwhile Mannequin thought about what it had just told its owner. As Bruno carried it away to the closet where it would begin its new, permanent, life as a mannequin, it silently begged for someone to help it, Bruno set the mannequin down when they arrived at the room where Mannequin would remain until someone came and moved it again. It wobbled slightly as it was not quite balanced; a bit of a discomfiting feeling for an immobile object that couldn't do anything to keep its balance or prevent itself from falling over. But an even more troubling situation was soon to come. First, Bruno removed all of Mannequin's clothing leaving her embarrassed, naked, humiliated, and scared.

But that was still not the worst of what was about to happen to Mannequin, it felt Bruno pick the dummy up then lay the dummy face down on a table, now it couldn't see anything but the table top. He then proceeded to drill a hole in the back of Mannequin's right calf; thankfully Mannequin felt no pain, actually it couldn't have described the odd sensation if it had tried. But, before long, Mannequin had been fitted with a brand new ankle rod reception point. Now the dummy could be supported by one of the more modern, ankle rod type, base plate stands; rather than the old fashioned pole stand that all early mannequins had been mounted on but which required putting holes in their clothing. Bruno then disappeared for a while, and when he returned he had the

old fashioned, pole type mannequin stand that Kelsea's friend had brought to the show; Bruno placed it in an unused corner just in case they ever needed it again.

Mannequin remembered how she had pretended to be mounted on that old rod stand for a full week during the show, pretending to be a display mannequin; it was fun at the time, and partly what got her into this mess. Then Mannequin thought how strange it was that she could now be affixed to a stand for real, stuck there, and unable to move, or free herself from it no matter how much she wanted to and tried.

From that point on, Mannequin would simply be at the mercy of her 'display dresser;' who would decide what she wore, how she was posed, and where she was to be displayed, forever! Mannequin contemplated this for a few moments before another strange thing happened to her. Bruno, almost mockingly, showed Mannequin something that she would soon feel quite attached to from then on. You might even say, 'she would have an unnatural connection to it,' and would remain connected to it for a very long time; this was her new ankle rod display stand, without which she could not stand on her own.

Bruno lifted Mannequin up and mounted her on her new stand, except this time she wasn't pretending, she was attached for real, and she would not be leaving that stand without someone else's help. He then adjusted her position and pose; both physically, by turning her jointed parts into the basic positions he wanted, and then verbally by commanding her to make additional slight changes to that pose. That way, anyone who looked into the storage closet and saw Mannequin would simply think this was just another normal, unconscious plastic mannequin. Feeling herself being manipulated in the way that she had seen sales girls do in her favorite clothing store while posing a display dummy; was both a disturbing and discomfoting experience, but Mannequin was glad that Bruno, at least, posed her in a traditional pose and not something too weird or embarrassing as, no matter how much she didn't want to feel that way, she was still embarrassed to be seen like that.

Now Mannequin's owner, or display dresser; could dress her up in anything they wanted, at any time they wished, touch her anywhere they pleased, pose her any way they desired, and place her anywhere they felt she looked good. All Mannequin could do was stand there and look pretty until they decided to change her pose or outfit; the hard reality of her situation was now really setting in. Mannequin would never again go out with her friends, never eat at a restaurant, never even have to go to the bathroom again. Mannequin's 'life' was going to be very monotonous, to be sure, and she wasn't looking forward to an eternity of that. Mannequin couldn't look around her to check out her surroundings, but when Bruno carried her into the storage room she noticed that there were shelves of boxes, tables, chairs, and other objects stored all around the room. And now Mannequin would be stored there as well, just another object awaiting its use!

Mannequin could hear Bruno doing something elsewhere in the room, but since he was out of her line of sight she had no idea what that was. As Mannequin stood there it began to think, "I wonder what Mannequin will be doing first? How will my owner put his mannequin to use? Whatever it is he does with me, I hope Mannequin is dressed sexily! If Mannequin is forced to be put on display forever, Mannequin certainly wants people to look at it; I am now a real mannequin, after all, and that is what mannequins are made to do!"

Then the mannequin noticed a banner hanging nearby, within its field of view. It was printed, waiting, and ready for the center's next convention; a science fiction/fantasy convention for fans of TV, movies, and books. Mannequin thought, "Ooh, I recognize a few of the shows on that banner. I hope Mannequin is rented for that show, dressed in a neat sci-fi costume, and looks good for all the attendees to see. If I have to be a mannequin I

might as well be dressed in a neat costume, and the center of attention to the fans who attend the show.” Mannequin knew that there was no way to escape its new life, it would remain mounted on its pole until Bruno, or someone else, came in and removed it.

But then another disturbing realization hit hard as Mannequin had to accept something that she really didn't want to, “Oh my god! This is my new home; a storage closet! Mannequin can't yell out for help, or run away, and no one can even see me in here. Then again, for that matter, I guess even if they did, they would most likely simply think I was nothing more than an ordinary plastic display mannequin and ignore me. I wonder what ever happened to my friend, why didn't she come back and take Mannequin home with her after the show. I wonder why Mannequin was abandoned here and never taken home by its former owner, and I wonder if anyone, other than my current owner and Bruno will ever know that Mannequin was ever anything other than a plastic display dummy?”



Kelsea in storage; no longer PRETENDING to be a real mannequin.

The longer Mannequin stood there and kept thinking about it, the more it gave in to thinking like an ordinary mannequin, if they had been able to think at all; an ever inward spiral pulling Mannequin down, farther and farther, until the mannequin could barely think of anything else but being displayed, dressed, posed, and looked at. Perhaps at one time this mannequin was once Kelsea, but now it was truly just a mannequin, plain and simple and its thoughts were becoming more appropriate for a mannequin. As time passed, who knows, eventually Mannequin might stop resisting its fate entirely, and truly accept its now, very simple life.

But Mannequin did not have to wait too long, or spend too much time lamenting its fate, before it heard Bruno walking away somewhere; the door closed, the lights turned off, and Mannequin was now safely stored away in a dark, musty, closet; and for how long, well only its owners could know that. Mounted there on her stand, alone in the darkness there was no one there to hear Mannequin's thoughts, or silent pleas; and even if someone could have heard its thoughts, no one would have believed what they were hearing and would have just chalked it up to being a combination of nerves, and a dark spooky room with a creepy mannequin standing there in the darkness.

Luckily for Mannequin, she was about to discover the one tiny plus to her situation, to go with the countless negatives; such as being trapped in a dark room when one is afraid of the dark. Whenever the lights were turned off, within a few minutes, Mannequin's perception of the world, and all consciousness stopped. Mannequin only became aware again when someone turned on the lights or entered the room. When that happened, Mannequin had no way of knowing how much time had passed, it could have been, minutes, months, or years! This was a great help for Mannequin's sanity as, it turned out, she was only conscious when the lights were on. That gave Mannequin something to see from her fixed standpoint which kept her mind slightly more entertained and cut down on the boredom and frustration of not being able to move.

But Mannequin would have to miss the upcoming fantasy convention, as its owner very quickly rented her to a retail store, to be used to display their merchandise in the store's front window. Ironically, the store that Mannequin was sent to was the very store that Mannequin used to love to shop at; back when Mannequin was human. It was, in fact, the very store that gave Mannequin's former owner the display pole that Mannequin had been pretending to be mounted on at the fateful show where Mannequin was caught by her current owner. But now, thanks to her ankle mount, Mannequin was mounted on a modern ankle mount stand, dressed, posed, and displayed for all to see in the store's front display window. Mannequin still felt weird, and a bit embarrassed being on display there and couldn't deny the truth; spending eternity as a simple plastic mannequin and watching the world go by was going to be a very long, boring, time indeed!

(See photo of Mannequin's new display area, next page.)



The end; well not for mannequin, but for this story anyway.



Mannequin; rented and on display at her, once favorite, clothing store.

A note from the **ORIGINAL** author:

So, this story started as an RP between my and [\[link\]](#) but it's based on a very fun little story called "Don't Anime Me" by [\[link\]](#) You can find the original story that this was based off of here: [\[link\]](#) Mature Subject - © 2013 – 2022

Please visit thank both PoseMe and Kelsea. Without them, this little story would never have been written.

And from [JaneDoe-2010](#), I just couldn't help myself. This was already a great story but I kept thinking of things that I wanted to add to it, and I also wanted an image or two to help the reader get a visual image of what Kelsey was going thru. Since I don't own any of the base images used to make the composites used here, I will

happily remove them should their owner request it. Otherwise, a big thank you to those people who made the images that were used here for inspiration.