



Lilly and Anna displayed in the store window in their new sexy outfits with the mystery mannequin.

Displayed for Christmas

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Amidst the festive hustle and bustle of the crowded mall just before Christmas, two teenage girls, Lily and Anna, found themselves walking hand in hand, drawn along by the twinkling lights and merry tunes that filled the mall air. Lily was the taller of the two, a beautiful young woman. Anna, on the other hand was shorter and more of the girl next door type. Their laughter echoed past the array of shops, their eyes alight with the anticipation of the holiday season, and gifts to come.

As they strolled past rows of glittering storefronts, their gazes were captured by a new clothing store display window that shimmered with elegance and sophistication. Mannequins were posed gracefully in the window, adorned in luxurious fabrics that whispered tales of glamour and charm. Lily and Anna paused, their breaths

catching at the sight of the exquisite ensembles on display.

“I wish we could wear dresses like the ones those mannequins are wearing,” mused Lily, her voice tinged with longing. Anna nodded in agreement, her eyes lingering on the intricate details of the mannequins’ attire, both of them not giving much thought to the unintentional wish they had just made. The spirit of Christmas was in the air and they were about to be granted their wish, even if it was not in the way that they had envisioned.

Suddenly, a blinding flash of light engulfed the girls, and when it faded, they found themselves standing within the confines of the clothing store display window; somehow their positions had changed, now they were looking out at the mall customers. Both were frozen in place and unable to move, or speak, as they watched in helpless silence while busy shoppers hurried past, oblivious to the two new living mannequins standing amidst the truly lifeless, and unthinking ones. Neither girl, or now mannequin, could speak to the other to express their fear, or feelings of needing help; to be released from their new unmoving forms. Both assumed that the other mannequin in the display next to them was the other girl, but neither could be sure.

Panic rose within Lily and Anna as they realized the gravity of their situation, they were mounted on display poles like the other mannequins and couldn’t remove themselves from them, just like real mannequins! Their hearts pounded with fear and confusion, not literally of course as they were now made of plastic. They immediately realized why they were looking out at the mall customers, they were now faceless mannequins like all the others; the horrifying truth was cruelly reflected back to them in the glass!

The world outside continued its frenzied dance, happily getting ready for the upcoming event; totally unaware that there were two trapped souls posed just behind the glass facade, staring out at them and wondering how they got there. And wonder they did, both were unsure how it happened; neither had yet remembered their unintended Christmas wish. And when they did remember it, they were not too happy that it had been granted; at least not the way it had been granted.

Their dread greatly deepened when the store’s window dresser approached them, swiftly undressing them with skilled hands and leaving them standing there, bare naked, and exposed to the prying eyes of the passing throngs. In their minds, the girls’ cheeks burned with humiliation. Their minds screamed in silent protest as their vulnerability was laid bare for all to see, and they were forced to simply stand there and let it happen. But worst of all to the girls was when he removed their beautiful hair, now simple wigs, leaving them as simple bald faceless mannequins.

Both worried about whether anyone would recognize them and make fun of them, but their new flawless complexion, blank faces, and sexless plastic bodies were a saving grace. Even when several of their friends walked by and looked at the two dummies, none of their friends seemed to recognize them. Time passed in agonizing stillness while all the two could do was stand there posed the way they were when they became dummies. They listened to the sounds of people shopping behind them, and watched the people in the mall go by, as some of them checked out, and occasionally snickered at the naked mannequins posed in the window.

Eventually the window dresser returned, his gaze cold and calculating, as he evaluated how he wanted to use these two mannequins. With practiced precision, he quickly dressed Lily and Anna in the store’s latest collection, a display of provocative vinyl fetish wear catsuits which stood in stark contrast to the girls’ innocence and youth. Even though they were now simply plastic display mannequins, they could still feel everything that the man did to them, his touch, movement, their orientation when he laid them down to work on them; even when he removed their limbs and heads to dress them.

Thankfully, neither had felt any pain as that was happening, only extreme mental distress knowing that they were being disassembled, dressed, and then reassembled. What was especially distressing was when their heads were pointed towards their bodies and they saw how they were being dressed, yet knew that there was nothing they could do about it. Before long the two mannequins, and another he brought in from somewhere else, were dressed, mounted on their display poles, and posed the way the man wanted them to stand. For the two, formerly fairly independent girls, being forced to pose by some man, however he wanted them, and having to hold that pose until he decided to change them, was the final insult in what was becoming a day filled with them.

Tears would have welled in their eyes, if only they still had eyes. But, now their faces were blank plastic, unmoving, and they revealed nothing of the despair the two felt inside. As the reality of their dreadful plight sank in, the two could no longer fool themselves, or deny that they were now real, faceless, plastic mannequins. But even worse was the fact that they were still somehow conscious and aware; able to see, hear, and feel everything going on around, and to them. Worse was the fact that the two were unable to interact in any way; they had no way to protest their new lives and treatment.

They were trapped in a macabre masquerade, forced to model the store's risqué wares for all to witness; no matter how much it embarrassed the two of them. Lily and Anna felt a profound sense of despair washing over them as they realized that they might remain this way forever. And, even though they could not talk to each other, or anyone else for that matter, both wondered if the third mannequin they were displayed with was once someone like them. Was this mannequin also a conscious and aware mannequin? But, of course, neither would ever get an answer to that question as all three simply stood there silently on display.

The days passed quickly into a blur of shame and indignity, as the two stood motionless in the window, watching the world pass by with complete detachment. The holiday quickly came, and went. The relentless scrutiny of the shoppers often throwing looks of disgust, weighed heavily on their spirits. Usually the women showed scorn, but more often; men, well usually men, enjoyed ogling and almost drooling over then scantily clad figures. Their once vibrant souls were now overwhelmed with the terrible resignation that they were now nothing more than sales tools, there to entice shoppers. They would spend however long they lasted simply modeling someone's wares, with no way to object and with no say in what they wore; or any other matter.

When the season had drawn to a close, Lily and Anna were eventually undressed, tagged, and relocated to the store's storage room. Their consciousness was, of course, still intact and their bodies still fully immobile. The solitude of their quiet storage space enveloped them; each passing moment of time pointlessly passing them by. The one thing that helped them to keep their sanity was that, shortly after the room was empty and the lights turned off, their consciousness seemed to go into a dreamless 'Sleep,' somehow. Minutes, hours, days, or months could then pass without the two of them having any awareness of how long they were in storage. Only when someone entered the room and turned on the lights did the two become aware again. Their only excitement was when someone would enter their storage room to retrieve, or add, something to the room.

The girls both secretly hoped that they would not be sold to some other store, or worse separated, perhaps never to see the other again as they still found solace in the idea that they were near each other even though neither could speak to the other, or even be sure that the mannequin they were facing was the other girl. In reality, and though they both hated to admit it, both girls realized that they would never be able to recognize, or speak, to the other again.

As it were, the only way that either girl had been able to recognize the other while they were displayed in the window was that, when they first awakened in their display, there were only two of them standing there; so

naturally each assumed the other girl was the other mannequin in the display. This was because they had seen their mannequin reflections in the window in front of them while they were on display, though neither girl looked anything like they remembered. But now that they had been moved into their new storage location and were standing in a room full of similar looking mannequins, neither girl could be sure that the mannequin they were now facing was the other.

Both girls were truly saddened to realize that neither would ever be able to tell which mannequin was the other; they were no longer recognizable, just simple faceless mannequins waiting to be displayed again. As if being frozen in place, basically a statue, unable to move or speak was not bad enough. Seeing themselves with an identification tag stuck to their naked bodies was even more degrading and frustrating, this only served to reinforce the fact that the two girls were no longer independent women; able to do whatever they wanted, get into whatever kind of trouble they desired to get themselves into, speak their minds, or walk away. No, they were simply property, forced to stand wherever their owners placed them, in the pose that they were placed in, and wear whatever they were forced to wear; it was quite humiliating.

Days turned into weeks, and weeks into months as the girls endured the monotony of their new, and less than exciting existence; imprisoned in unmoving plastic bodies, in a life of eternal stillness. Whenever someone entered the storage room and they were once again aware, every sound that pierced the silence, and every fleeting glimpse of someone crossing through their fixed line of sight served as a cruel reminder of their endless fate. The world continued to move on around them and they were forced to simply remain where they were left, until they were moved again. Both wanted to scream out for help; but, of course, neither could do so.



Which mannequin was which, neither girl could tell anymore.

Unless someone somehow realized that these two mannequins were not originally simple display dummies, and somehow rescued them from their plastic prisons; or at least put them to some new use in a new display, the two would remain in their storage room until someone decided otherwise. Both girls wondered, if they were only going to be displayed during the holiday season, after all, why else would they be stored here with all these other mannequins for so long. Surely the store could use some of those mannequins more often! The two mannequins were sad when they had to admit to themselves that their individuality was no longer their own, they were no longer special, a one of a kind person. Instead the two were now generic display mannequins, just like, or at least almost like, every other mannequin in the room, and that was a hard fact to accept.

Even though both mannequins were still terribly, and constantly, embarrassed when being displayed, at least it gave them a view out to the world going by around them. Seeing those blasted tags on the other mannequins, and knowing that they also had a tag attached to them caused another disturbing thought; the girls often worried whether their new owner, the store, might sell them off to someone else someday. It was hard for the girls to accept that idea that they were property now and could be sold as their owner saw fit, at any time.

Their minds wandered through the corridors of memories of their past, back in the days when they were human; seeking solace in the remembered images of their former lives. The two wished that they had appreciated what they had more, when they were human. The laughter of loved ones, the warmth of former embraces, the simple freedoms of movement and speech; all now lay beyond their reach; taunting them with ghostly reminders of what once was. As they waited endlessly in silence, both wondered when they might, at least, get another look out at the world outside their storage room, either thru the store window again, or even being displayed within the store on a dais; both sighed an exasperated, silent, sigh within.

And so, Lily and Anna remained frozen in the pose that they were last posed in, locked in the eternal stillness of mannequin-hood, their gazes fixed at whatever random place in the room they were facing, in this case, the wall of the storage room. Both of them thinking about the world outside their storage room, one which they could no longer touch or interact with. Their story was a tragedy, written in a never-ending motionless, and monotonous, silence; a haunting testament to the dangers of dreams and wishes not fully thought out, and the merciless grip of fate. But most importantly, their story comes with a moral, always be super careful what you wish for; as you never know when, or how, your wish might come true, no matter how improbable.

The End