

WINDOW UNDRESSING
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Inspired by [This Image](#) from DougS

Cheryl did not expect to find herself stock-still in the alley behind the salon she had to work in during her lunch break, just staring into the window of the shop opposite, but, here she is. She bites her lip, running a hand through her waves of dirty blonde hair, finally free of the tie she wears to look more respectable. The cause for her uncharacteristic behaviour sits on a plinth in the window. A woman in lingerie. Not that Cheryl's attracted to women, even raven-haired beauties like this, but there is something about her. Or specifically the lack of something. She's limbless, no arms or legs, just smooth shoulders under a lacy blue bra and bare hips wrapped in equally lacy panties.

The woman breathes softly on her display plinth, her chest rising and falling in its lacy cage, showing her to be real and not an artful mannequin. Her lips are slightly parted, her gaze distant, but Cheryl feels that gaze looking deep in her soul.

Cheryl shivers, not from any sort of chill through the thin white blouse as she watches the woman be positioned. A hand drifts down her sensible black skirt as she watches the model's clothes be changed by the store staff. The bra unclasped, freeing the pert breasts that show not a trace of nipple on either. She's placed on her back with care for a delicate device but not as if she was a real person. The panties slide easily off her, revealing hips as smooth as any plastic mannequin. Her distant gaze never wavers as a red and black basque and panties combination is slipped over her helpless figure. Cheryl feels a moan building in her throat, distracting her from the scene playing out. She jerks her gaze away and walks unsteadily towards the main street, shoes clicking around the puddles.

Her thoughts are scattered as she makes her way to the coffee shop she goes to to escape her job. The coffee goes down hot, black and strong, sitting in her stomach, almost as warm as the feelings between her legs. She remembers being like that woman, limbless, helpless. She remembers the spiel, the promise of the future, the feel of the device, the stretching and pulling as her limbs vanished one by one, the machine the size of an MRI scanner humming around her, her skin prickling with the fields of energy as it devoured her. She remembers the feel of Nick carrying her, cradled in his arms like a child. She remembers the humiliating thrill of being locked into the special casing on the bulkhead wall behind his seat, more luggage than passenger and with an air-fare reduced to match. Most of all, she remembers the week on holiday, the warmth of the sun on her limbless body, the stares of the holidaymakers, Nick dressing her in bikinis that left almost nothing to anyone's imagination, the sensual feeling as he applied suntan lotion to every inch of her, his hands rubbing over her so sensitive stumps, feeding her, bathing her, doing everything for her. And, of course, she remembers him taking her again and again, her inability to do anything but be used by him driving them both wild.

She blinks away the thoughts, deliberately pulling her hand from under the table, her face as hot as the coffee she lets burn its way down her throat in an attempt to distract her. It fails against her implacable need.

She stops at the doorway. The woman is now in the main window, her presence drawing people into the lingerie shop. She has time. It would just be for a minute. Just looking for some clothes.

Nothing else. Another woman pushes past her, muttering about her stopping like that. She steps through before the door shuts.

Like the others she's drawn to the woman, but unlike them, she's not questioning how its possible, or if it's a trick. Her breath catches as she sees the red logo branded onto the pedestal, WMP, Winston Magic-Pioneers, the same company responsible for her limbless holiday. She looks round the shop. There, at the back, a man and woman in smart suits, a discrete red logo on the lapels, the woman's dark brown hair cut around her ears, the man's off-blonde short and spiky. Out of place in this store. She leaves the limbless model and heads their way, weaving through the crowds trying to get closer to the model. "Ma'am?" the man asks as she approaches, "Can we, ah, help you?"

"I think, maybe, I, that woman, in the window..."

They both stiffen, "All quite above board, I assure..."

"No, no, you don't, I was, I was part of the test run for, the holiday package..." her words tumble over each other trying to get out what she means.

"Oh, yes," the woman responds, "a tragedy that that couldn't go forward, but the airlines didn't think the optics outweighed the benefits. The possibilities..."

"But we did learn a significant amount from that, making us able to miniaturise the process significantly, so your participation is much appreciated."

Cheryl looks back at the model, "Her...do you need another? Another model?" she finally gets out what she's wanted to ask.

"Another?" they look at each other.

"She has already passed the psychological checks."

"But we're not..."

"We do have the spare equipment."

"Yes, but..."

"It would enable better baseline readings if we have two subjects in the same location."

"I suppose, but..."

"There was that recruitment bonus."

"There was." he turns back to her, "The pay is...adequate."

"It's just above minimum wage, is what he means."

"Great sales pitch."

"Ma'am, do we need to give you the spiel?"

Cheryl licks her dry lips, shaking her head, "I...I...I should call Nick."

"Of course."

She takes a step back, eyes drawn back to the woman in the window. She fumbles her phone out of her purse and presses the call with trembling fingers. It rings. And rings. "Come on, come..."

"Hey, babes."

"Nick, uhm, there's, I..."

"What's wrong?"

"Winston's is, they're hosting a model at the store next to me. She's..." she bites her lip, "she's like I was...for that holiday."

"So she's..."

She nods, "Yes, yes, she's beautiful, and I asked if they needed another..."

"Another...?"

"Another girl, model, displayed..."

"Another girl without any..."

"Uh-huh. And it pays just over minimum wage, so not much worse than what I'm doing now and..."

"You want to take it, don't you?"

"Mmm. I want...I need..."

"Go for it, babes. I've got that promotion coming so we'll be fine."

"Really? You'll be fine looking after me, even after work?"

"Babe, Of course I will."

"Oh, thank you, thank you."

"Don't forget to call in sick at work."

"Sick? I'm not calling in sick. I'm fucking quitting that piece of shit job. No more waiting hand and foot on those smug rich..."

"Tomorrow, babes. Call that in tomorrow."

She breathes out. "Ok, baby, ok, I'll be responsible and tell them tomorrow, but..." she look across the store again.

"Call in sick for the afternoon. What are they going to do? Fire you?"

"Love you."

"Love you, too."

She ends the call, walking back to the WMP reps.

“Everything ok, ma'am?”

“Everything's fine. If I...when I..when do you want me to start?”

“No time like the present, right?”

She looks through the window, not at the woman this time but her place of work. “I, I kind of work nearby and...”

“That won't be a problem, ma'am. We adjust the face as part of the process so that no one recognises you. We recognise that our products still carry a little social stigma. For now.”

“Oh...adjust?”

“Holographic overlay. It will look like you're your cousin or something. Just little nips and tucks.”

“Oh. I can start right now?”

“This very instant.”

“Let me, let me make a phone call.” she dials work, coughing into the phone, “Hi, 'cough' Diane. I'm not feeling too 'cough' good. Can I...right. Don't want 'cough' them to get nervous.. Thanks.” she turns back to them. “Where do you?”

They pull a curtain back and she steps through into the crowded storeroom. She wipes her palms on the skirt. “Ma'am, you'll need to undress. Would you like me to leave you alone with Stella?”

She comes out of her thoughts, and nods, trembling fingers unbuckling her blouse as he leaves.

A few moments later, she's standing naked, her skin covering in goosebumps only partly from the air conditioning. “What do I need to...”

“I think we should start with the modesty shields. That way, Malcolm can come and help with the others.”

“Modesty shields?”

“Public obscenity laws still apply.” she pulls out a pair of slightly convex metal discs, each just under palm-sized. “Do you want to apply them or should I? They're self-adhesive so it won't be difficult.”

“Ah...you can, I guess.” she then feels Stella's hand on her breast, gasping. It's not a caress, just a grasp to balance her but still, it feels, it feels so good. The cold metal disc presses around her terribly hard nipple. Stella gives it a slight twist and she feels it gripping, pinching her skin. She breathes faster as Stella calmly, professionally repeats on the other breast.

“Would you like me to activate those now or proceed to the other guard?”

“The...the other guard, I....I think.”

Stella nods, pulling out a U of plastic with concave metal diamonds at each end. She kneels. Cheryl spreads her legs as Stella adjusts the device, the rhombuses covering her sex at one end and her puckered arsehole at the other.

“Ok, ma'am...”

“Ch-Cheryl. I'm...my name is Cheryl.”

“Ok, Cheryl, I'm going to activate the shields. It may feel a little strange.”

Cheryl nods. “I remember.” There's a hum through the shields, buzzing against so many sensitive places. The metal glows, warming, warming until there's a sharp metallic bite. She gives a little yelp and Stella detaches the shields, revealing smooth skin beneath them. She slides the U into itself, forming a short plastic rod with the rhombuses at each end, placing it and the discs carefully into the small case they came from. Cheryl's hand brushes over her nipple-less breasts, feeling between her legs, but it's just skin, all her sensitivity contained in the devices. Just that thought though sends her arousal climbing.

“Can I get Malcolm in to help, Ma...Cheryl?”

She nods, still feeling over her smooth skin.

Malcolm and Stella pull out two pairs of rings. Malcolm adjusts them around Cheryl's shoulders, while Stella runs them up her legs, tightening them around her thighs.

“They're...the machine was so big last time.”

“Yes, ma...Cheryl. We learned a lot from the holiday trial.” the rings lock, tight, digging into her skin just a little.

“And these will...”

“Yes. Shall I?”

Cheryl bites her lip, nodding eagerly. She feels the rings humming, warming up, the biting feeling nibbling at the edges of her shoulders and hips. She turns her head, watching her arm shorten, inch by delicious inch. She didn't understand the process the last time, talk of quantum field states, extra dimensions, exotic matter, didn't matter then, doesn't matter now, just the feeling of watching her limbs slowly vanish inside the loop of metal. She shivers, watching the shelves around her get higher as her legs nibble away. She closes her eyes, feeling her arousal increase with her helplessness until she's resting arse-first on the floor. Stella and Malcolm twist at the rings, removing rings, now filled in with the same burnished metal as their composition. They carefully place them in the case.

“There. You're almost all set. Stella, can you get the overlay set up? I'll hypnotise her.”

“Hypnotise?”

“A light trance to make sure you don't go stir crazy with nothing to do for hours at a time.”

“I'm in a minimum wage service industry job. I'm used to having dealing with boredom.”

“It's just a precaution. Some people don't take boredom and immobility well.”

She sighs, “Ok.”

“Good. Just stare into the spiral and let it guide your thoughts into a relaxing, happy place where you'll stay until your shift ends.” he places a slowly spinning black and white spiral disc in front of her and Cheryl falls into the infinite depths at its heart, a slight wistful smile on her face. Malcolm taps her shoulder to no response. “She's under. Let's get her out and dressed.”

“Give me a minute. They don't usually fall under that fast.” she finishes programming the metal plate. “Ok. Ready.” she tucks the plate under her arm, Malcolm doing the same, hoisting Cheryl's waist under his arm.

They walk out into the crowd, the excitement jabbering around them as they set up the plate and place Cheryl on it, the low hum making her pleasant dreams even more pleasant. They fiddle and adjust and confer until they're satisfied, allowing the store staff to dress their new display in full view of everyone.

She stares outwards, unseeing as the world passes, and often stops to stare at her and her co-model. She knows she's being watched but it doesn't seem to matter. If anything, being shown off like this, limbless, helpless, barely covered in the laciest, most revealing underwear she's seen, stuff that's so far out of her price range it isn't funny, it's making her missing pussy ache. She can feel the serenity of her companion, but for her, the hypnotic trance doesn't so much prevent her from drifting off as prevents her from giving voice to the heights of arousal she peaks through and then climbs higher. Knowing she's admired, observed, desired, her serene smile hides the wanton emotion roiling through her.

After an hour of sitting there, the hum of the pedestal filling her thoughts, her companion is changed. The basque replaced by a lacy bra and panties that matches hers only in red rather than dark blue. Cheryl feels a flash of jealousy as the other model gets new clothes, drawing attention as she's stripped down, but as soon as the show of changing is over, she feels the gazes back on her, feeling them drinking her in.

Another hour passes and she feels herself lifted off the pedestal. Hands unclasp her bra, exposing her breasts to the world. The hands are professional, not straying, but, God, how she wants them to, to touch her, to play with her, to use her, her entranced mind imagining how the touches would feel. The panties slip off and she quivers, wishing she had something there to be touched. She feels herself being moved, straining to touch the gripping fingers, to rub against them. A basque is slipped on and tightened, gripping her slender belly tight, showing off her diminished figure, simple black satin panties around her hips and she's back on the pedestal, back on display, back to being a thing to display the clothes. She loves the feeling of that so much.

She and her new co-worker are changed once more each after a two hour stint, an hour apart so that the crowd can always watch their helpless figures disrobed and redressed in the sexiest lingerie. Cheryl only reacts during the changes, those times coinciding with increased wriggling as she's

touched, pressing her skin against whoever's dealing with her.

Nick arrives around closing time, clearly having rushed to make sure he's there in time. "How's she doing?"

"Who, sir?"

"My wife. Cheryl. Your new model."

"She seems to have adapted incredibly well. We'll be restoring her soon, if you'd like to wait."

"About that...can I persuade you not to restore her?"

"I'm sorry?"

"Look, when she was on your company's limbless holiday, she was, it was incredible."

"Well, I don't know. We are supposed to restore..."

"On the other hand, this could give us a chance to collect more usage data."

"There is that, but she'd need constant care and..."

"He said he was on the holiday programme. Didn't you, sir?"

Nick nods.

"So he's had all the training and a good amount of practice."

"This really isn't what the technology..."

"Oh, please, Malcolm, it's almost exactly what it was designed for. This right here is just trying to find an excuse to manufacture it at scale."

"We'll have to ask her."

"Of course. But if she says yes, we'll find out how she adapts, how the batteries handle, and a whole lot more."

"She'll say 'yes'."

"We'll see, sir." the crowds are dispersed as they talk, the models undressed and brought back to the storeroom. Nick watches his wife carried like a store prop, fighting to stay calm.

Cheryl blinks as the trance wears off. She looks up, "Oh, Nick, baby, you didn't have to come and get me. I'd be..."

"Cheryl, Nick has asked that we don't restore you tonight. Do you..."

"Don't? You mean...keep me like this? Let him take me home...like this?"

"Exactly. Do you?"

"Hell no!"

"Babes?"

"You have to restore my pussy at least!"

Stella smiles as Malcolm looks confused. "So if we don't restore your limbs but do the rest?"

"Oh, yes, yes please! That would be..." she trails off, smiling dreamily.

"We'd normally need a signature but in this case..." she holds out her phone, "Ma'am, do you agree to halt the restoration procedure so that your husband can take you home in a limbless state?"

"Yes!"

"Good. That's legal satisfied." she opens the case, bringing out the discs, placing them on Cheryl's chest, placing the other cups into place. "Now, Cheryl, ma'am, restoring in three...two...one..."

The devices hum her sensitive spots back into existence and Cheryl cries out, her body shaking as all the pent up feeling from the blissful day finds sudden release. Stella replaces the items in the case. "Now, sir, Nick, wasn't it? Be very careful with these. There's a charging pad in the case. Do not let them fall below 20% charge. Plug the pad in as soon as you get home, and I mean as soon as, certainly before you get distracted by far more fun activities the two of you would prefer to be doing. If you need to restore your wife, before you bring her back here tomorrow, align the arrows so that one is facing forwards, and the other away from her body. Otherwise, her limbs will come out backwards, which is amusing at the time, but is a proper bugger to restore from properly. Obviously be careful. WMP accepts no liability for any loss or damage incurred as a result of breakage caused by your actions. Make sure you're back here at 8 so Cheryl can be checked out and prepared. Otherwise, we might have to consider this a case of corporate theft as well as kidnapping."

“Understood.” he takes the case with his wife's limbs reverently.

“How are you planning on taking her home? She is rather conspicuous like this.”

“Don't worry, I thought ahead for that.” He pulls a rolled up duffel bag from his backpack.

“Are you sure that's...” Malcolm starts but Stella shushes him, looking into Cheryl's shining green eyes as she stares at the bag.

“That should be fine, don't you think, Cheryl?”

Cheryl licks her lips before nodding.

“Then I think we're done here. See you both tomorrow.”

They go to restore the other model. Nick looks down at his abbreviated wife. “Shall we?”

“Whatever you say, big boy.” she smiles as he lifts her up, settling her into the bag, soft towels arranged around her.

“See you back at the apartment.” he zips the bag slowly closed, drinking in her helpless figure before picking everything up and heading out, the duffel bag slung under his arm.

He calls an Uber, placing Cheryl carefully into the trunk, feeling her wriggle in the bag at being treated like luggage, making the trip in the dark, the vibration of the engine her only company.

At the apartment, he places the bag onto the bed and plugs in the charging pad before opening it.

Cheryl pouts. “What took you so long?”

“I had to make sure you were charged.”

“Oh, I'm charged alright. Get me out of this and let me show you.”

So he did, and she certainly did.