Brian and the Living Mannequin

Pleased with her achievement on Stephanie, the mischievous little lust fairy Arianna had her sights set on a department store manager at the name of Brian, who was in his mid-twenties and had lost hope finding love.  Arianna had stolen a pocket pussy from a local sex toy shop and brought it to life with her magic.  She sent it out in the middle of the night to sneak into the store.

“Go my new pet.  Show Brian the time of his life.”  Arianna giggled as she flew off into the night.

The pocket pussy flew down to hide inside the department store, hoping to make a chance encounter with Brian.  Hovering along the wall at the rear of the place in the dark of night, it escaped any human attention, spotted only by false cameras placed to deter any unsavory characters. It rose into a downturned vent a good twelve feet up, navigating the ductwork. Before long, it dropped through an open vent into a huge clothing store, with compact departments ranging from outerwear to swimsuits, from business formalwear to trashy lingerie. It hovered about the store until it came across a life-size brunette mannequin modeling lingerie.

The pocket pussy transferred a little magic into the panties on the mannequin, and they responded by sliding down its plastic legs. It slowly turned itself around and backed itself between the mannequin`s legs, using more magic to mold itself to the form, replacing the mannequin`s asexual flesh-toned crotch with a realistic vagina. The panties slid themselves back up the mannequin`s legs, and the pocket pussy`s magic continued to fill the mannequin, infusing enough of its reserve to bring the form to life.

She unsteadily turned around to the mirror behind her and ran her hands across her plastic body. Her movements were jerky at first, but as she watched her skin slowly turn from hard PVC joints to the flexible simulated skin that the pocket pussy was made of, she began to stretch and shift her long tan-glo limbs, finding their motions smoother and more natural.

She began to caress her firm C-cup breasts, and sure enough, they were soft and pliant, even bouncing and heaving more like real flesh. A slight smirk shined across her face as she turned back around to her normal pose, patiently waiting for Brian to enter the store.

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Brian had just turned twenty-six, and he found himself in position as the new owner of a small chain of women`s retail stores. His aunt, who built the business from the ground up, had left it to her favorite nephew in her will. It had taken a few weeks to get all the paperwork sorted, and he had just left the local law office in a failed attempt to finish signing over the business into his name. His aunt`s attorney hadn`t shown up for work that day, and none of her paralegals had the paperwork he needed.

He was in no rush. At first, he was anxious to get the whole process over with, but after his first meeting with his aunt`s attorney Jenna Johnson, he began looking for excuses to call, asking about minutiae in the will just so he could hear her voice. He had met with her a couple of times in person, but he couldn`t find the right moment to ask her out. It was a tricky catch--he didn`t want to ask her out while he was still sorting his aunt`s affairs, but when they were said and done, he`d no longer have a professional reason to keep in touch with Jenna.

Since he had nothing else better to do, Brian decided to go look the empty store over. The large flagship store in the strip mall had been run personally by his aunt, who happily managed it six days a week. Being that the weekends were the busiest days, she made a tradition of closing on Tuesdays, the slowest sales day of the week. It was the perfect time for him to check up and see how it had been managed in the weeks since his aunt passed on--after all, it was his responsibility now.

He pulled out his master set of keys and turned over the bolt, opening the front door. Three seconds later, he was startled by the beep of a panel alarm, no doubt waiting impatiently for a code before preparing to dive into a deafening wail. He quickly moved to the panel, flipping it open and hitting the sequence of keys he`d memorized from the deed-transfer packet.

When the beeping stopped, he sighed and let out a laugh. Regaining his composure, he made his way toward the back of the store to find the light main. Unbeknownst to him as he walked toward the back, Arianna was outside the store used her magic to enchant the display drops and heavy slat blinds dividing the picture windows and the retail space.  They slowly pulled themselves down, darkening the store.

"Geez, it`s dark back here," he muttered to himself. He grabbed his cell out of his pocket and shined the screen on his carpeted path when he thought he heard the rustling sound of clothes hangers on the other side of the store. He paused.

"Hello? Is someone there?” Brian asked sternly as he started walking toward the sound. He turned on his cell`s much brighter flashbulb and shined the light in every direction, looking underneath clothes racks, and against the walls. There was no one but the clothes, mannequins, displays, and him.

"Heh. Why am I so jumpy? I could think of creepier settings," he muttered aloud, looking around at racks of jeans and shelves lined with leggings and stretch pants. He shrugged off his search and made his way to the back again.

Halfway to the panels at the back, he tripped and fell into the clothes rack in front of him, knocking over a mannequin in the process. He slowly stood up glaring at the misplaced boot in his path.

"Shouldn`t a closer know to sort things like this out before heading home?!” Brian yelled as he stood the clothes rack back up. He put any spilled hangers back on the bar and reached down to grab the mannequin.

"Holy shit!” he exclaimed at his first touch. The skin was so soft and life-like. He dragged his fingers over a pliant but solid arm, stopping as he reached the shoulder. He stepped back to admire the inanimate model, noting the exquisite detail, even on the breasts filling the black mesh bra.

He examined the mannequin from head to toe, realizing that he`d never seen another like it. She stood about five foot and seven inches tall and had the figure of a sexy athlete. He stared for a moment at the perfect teardrop breasts inside the mesh bra. He blushed a little, looking around him as if to make sure no one was watching--despite the fact that he knew he was alone. He smiled a bit and reached down to cop a feel of the mannequin`s breasts. He was intrigued by the texture and give of the plump forms, astonished at how real they felt. What kind of retailer would need a mannequin like this? It had to cost a fortune.

He went in for another grab, this time more forcefully, and with both hands. He started to feel himself tenting against his slacks as he examined her body further, sliding his fingers over a flat stomach and reaching down inside her mesh panties.

He stopped dead when his fingertips slid over an emulated mound and found a subtle rise and divide. He gasped, realizing he was touching a life-like vagina.

"Whoa, this ain’t a mannequin--it`s a sex doll," he said, dumbfounded. He looked around at the others about the store, wondering if they were all like this. As the bulge in his pants began to subside, he started to feel ridiculous--a little boy exploring a fake woman. He pulled his hands away from the mannequin and began to walk away.

"Guess I really need to get laid," he muttered under his breath. Heading toward the lights again, he stopped in his tracks when he heard a girlish giggle behind him.

"Then what stopped you?" said a seductive feminine voice behind him. "Now you know I`m equipped." Startled, he spun around and nearly fainted when he saw the mannequin step down from its pedestal like a being from myth.

"What the f--?"

"Shhhh", the mannequin breathed, shushing him as she put one finger in front of his mouth. "No need to speak. I can feel that aching deprivation in you, you poor thing." She wrapped her arms around his neck.

"I must be dreaming," he said to the figure come to life. He took a step backward to give himself space, but tripped over the boot again, which he could have sworn was in front of him. He fell backward onto a table display covered in soft, thick sweaters, and now the mannequin was atop him.

"That was convenient," she giggled. She bit her plastic lip as she began to undo his pants. Frozen, he stared at her, unsure what to do next. He was being assailed by an apparently horny mannequin come to life--a very realistic and sexy mannequin, at that. She didn`t seem to mean him any harm, and its wasn`t like he needed to take any precautions. It was ready to go, crawling all over his body and well-focused on stripping him. She pulled his pants halfway down and began to caress his now-erect cock.

The mannequin could feel the sexual energy surging through him as she played with his member. Any reluctance that Brian had from this encounter turned to curious acceptance as she expertly worked his cock.

What exactly is she? Is she really a mannequin somehow come to life? If this is just a dream, maybe I need to stop thinking and just--

Now he noticed her panties sliding down her shining legs all on their own. She lifted her knees and feet just long enough for the panties to escape her limbs. As she kept working over his member, he rubbed his eyes in disbelief, watching as the discarded panties began to float in the air. They puffed out to a curvy shape as if invisible hips were filling them.

The mannequin positioned herself over Brian`s engorged cock and teased him as she rubbed it against her entrance. Brian shuddered anxious pleasure.

"You must really want inside me, you poor little thing...just look at those begging eyes and trembling lips." She ran her soft hands up his stomach and chest, nearly sending him over the ledge as her nether lips began to kiss his tip. He moaned as he watched her magical pussy begin moving and contracting as if it was calling to his cock. She slid the tip of him inside her, allowing her soft pink lips to slowly suck him off.

Before long, the sensations were overwhelming. He arched his back against his bed of sweaters, starting to pant as his magical captor worked him faster.

"Oh no, no, no--we can`t have that. I've only started with you," she said with a sinister grin. She touched his cock with her finger, transferring a slight zap. "Now, no matter how many times you cum, you`re gonna stay horny and hard. I`m gonna make sure you`re milked dry."

With that, she lowered her pussy down the rest of the way, enveloping his love staff and sucking and working it in ways he never thought possible.

Before long, he shot his first load inside her, flooding her body with sexual energy. A chain reaction began, and her magically powered body glowed with sexual charge as it echoed his orgasm. She howled like a well-fucked porn vixen as her changing body acclimated itself to the rush of magical power generated from his life-giving fluid. As he recovered, she effortlessly floated off of him, slowly realizing just how much she`d gained.

"Mmm...that`s much, much better." She licked her lips. Now Brian noticed her body begin to glow. As it subsided, he realized that she looked even more human.

"What are you?" Brian asked.

“I’m a mannequin silly, but thanks to the magic that brought me life, the sexual energy I absorb from your cum makes me a little more human. Just-like-you." She put a finger against the tip of his nose.

"So--what happened? Did a witch bring you to life or something?" Brian was only halfway joking.

"I was merely a toy in a sex shop, if you`d believe that--when suddenly a fairy grabbed me and zapped me with a little of her magic.”

"That`s...crazy," Brian said. "So--"

"So then she gave me a will of my own and commanded me to come find you.  Thankfully she gave me enough magic to mold myself into this mannequin--which is working out quite well I think don’t you?" She smiled.

Brian was speechless. He still couldn`t decide if this was some extremely vivid dream, or if the rules of the reality he knew were just shattered. Magic, living mannequins, and fairies? Those couldn`t possibly exist--but then again, he had just fucked a living mannequin. Now he was having a conversation with her.

"So how are you becoming more human through sex? Why would a fairy bring you to life to have sex with me?"

"I can`t explain it.  All I know is that sex seems to be my source of power, and the more power I acquire, the more I can manipulate magic, and the more transforms to look more human. It took almost all my energy to merge with this mannequin, but with the power I got from one fuck with you, not only do I feel completely recharged--but I’m becoming more like you too." She hovered over to a full-length mirror and examined herself.

"Well, I`ll be, uh, more than happy to fuck you again," Brian grinned. "After all, you cast that spell on my cock, and I`m still ready to go. You got a name?"

“Why don’t you name me babe?”  The mannequin smirked.

“Okay…um, how about Molly?”

“Works for me sexy” she grinned as she climbed back over him.  Her pussy grabbed the tip of his cock and he felt a slight shock as magical energy flowed within him.

“Whoa Molly…what was that?”  Brian jumped.

“You’ll see.”  She grinned as she lowered herself down to engulf his shaft completely.  Suddenly his penis began to vibrate as Molly’s pussy began to milk him.

“HOLY FUCKING SHIT!”  He exclaimed as came inside her.  Molly’s face transformed in front of him as she became more human.  Her fake mannequin hair turned into beautiful long silky black hair.  Her eyes became these heavenly blue pools that could hypnotize any man in their gaze.  She reached down with her succulent lips and kissed him passionately as he came one last time.  The vibrations stopped.

“Oh my God Molly.  You’re…you’re…”Brian stammered.

“I’m yours.”  Molly smiled as she embraced him on the floor.