

# Christmas Cosplay

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## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

It was December 18<sup>th</sup>, which meant Christmas was fast approaching! The streets were covered with thick layers of pure, white snow. Christmas Carols could be heard through street speakers, lifting any pedestrian's spirits. The city was full of life, light and joy. It was very hard to feel grumpy during this time of year, unless maybe if your name was Ebenezer Scrooge.

On the more practical side of things, this was also a great time to run a Christmas-themed novelty shop. Which was just what Brandon's business was! Located on a street corner, downtown, the store was booming with life this time of year. Every household needed a little something to evoke the holiday spirit, whether that was more Christmas lights for the back yard to dazzle the neighbors, a Santa decorative pillow to "holiday-up" the living room, mistletoes, gift stockings or any other jolly little thing. In rush hour, none of the store's aisles were empty of browsing customers.

The shop always did well, but this year, business was blossoming! One of the main reasons was a new feature that Brandon had implemented this Christmas season. A window-shop attraction, in the form of three animatronic dolls, embodying three beautiful women, all dressed in scantily clothing. Each doll appeared to be a work of a real craftsman, looking incredibly realistic and lifelike, despite their "incriminating" glossy and silicone texture and their lifeless, blank stares. They all greeted customers with a smile, though, and usually moved in some simple, repeating pattern.

There was a pretty Santa-girl, dressed in a short, red dress that barely covered her ass. She was propped in a very pin-up style, cheeky pose, with her waist bent so that the girl leaned ever so slightly forward, causing her round bum to stick out. She was licking her favorite lollipop, while her other hand was coyly nesting between her thighs. Her body was sideways for the customers to get a view of both "humps" but her neck was turned to face straight outside.

The obligatory red Santa hat covered the top of her head, with the little white puff on the end dangling from the side. Gorgeous, long, curly and fire-red hairlocks fell on either sides of her cleavage, amplified

by the white, puffy cotton on the top of her dress. Her dress' sleeves ended on the girl's elbows with white, puffy, furry endings, same as the calf-high, black boots that decorated the doll's bare legs. Her red, luscious lips also matched her outfit perfectly. They stayed agape, as her luscious tongue was frozen in contact with a red-and-white, stripped candy cane, a big smile on the doll's face. Despite the doll not being real, every male customer wished they were that candy cane.

Next to her was a busty, blonde elf, her pointy ears mostly covered by her long, wavy hair, which had a cute, black ribbon on one side. Even though dolls don't have an age, per se, the sexy elf had real MILF quality to her, appearing older than the Santa-girl, but just as boner-inducing. She had a big, toothy smile, which although pretty, did not draw the eyes from the real attraction, her sexuality-awakening, motorboat-fantasy that was her grand-canyon of a cleavage.

It was accentuated by her green dress' design, the cleavage running down the doll's belly button, her DDDs kept from bursting out of her dress by a criss-crossing black lace. The dress' neck and sleeve-ends featured more giant, white, puffy fur. The doll's arguably short dress ended in that Robin Hood style, triangle pattern, just inches below the elf's wide, black waist belt. She was wearing some striped, green-and-white socks, and some cute, green heels on her feet.

The elf had a more determined, confident pose, one hand very effeminately on her hips, while holding a gift-wrapped box on the other, to encourage customers to go inside the store and buy some.

Next to the two Caucasian-looking animatronics was a nice, chocolate one, with long, straight dark hair. The black girl was dressed in a brown one-piece, dressed as a sexy Rudolf reindeer, complete with some cute antlers clipped on her head and a flashing little red nose, matching the girl's permanent flashing smile. A bright red ribbon was tied around her slender neck. The outfit might as well be a slutty bathing suit, as it gave plenty of exposure to the girl's juuuuicy backside, with more than half of her asscheeks visible. It also perfectly hugged the outlines of her slender form, from her waist to her breasts. She finally wore some knee-high, brown boots to match, both her bodysuit and her skin-tone.

She was posed in a way that her full behind was more pronounced than her front-side, her neck also turned to look towards the pedestrians with a happy smile. One hand laid on her slim waist, while the other was "booping" her own red nose with a loose index finger.

Some people found the marketing trick offensive, but most flocked like sheep upon stopping by Brandon's window display. Sex sells, even during the wholesome season of giving. These three curvy dolls were certainly generous with the amount of skin they showed...

Brandon was a young, shy guy, 23 years old with short brown hair and medium stature. A kid of divorced parents, he had grown up with his father, his stepmother, Amelia, 44, and her daughter and his 2-years-older stepsister, Luna, both blessed with generous amounts of beauty. Brandon had met the two newest additions to his family when he was 12.

The relationship between both his stepmom and stepsister was...awkward. A late bloomer, Brandon spent all his adolescence having a deeply seeded lust over both women, only amplified by their “forbidden fruit” nature. Amelia was a real milf, with a bust you had to tear your eyes off to not stare, pretty light-blonde hair and green eyes, while the full-lipped Luna, with curly, fiery hair and an even more fiery attitude, was bringing boyfriends home ever since she was 15.

Brandon was always jealous, whenever he’d spot his stepsister lead her latest “conquest” by the hand towards her room, for a prolonged make-out session, and who knows what more. If mom and dad weren’t home, he’d sometimes peep through Luna’s keyhole, with a throbbing erection in his pants. At some point, the girl realized something was off and started leaving the key on the door.

As for his stepmother, things were pretty oedipal. The boy had met Amelia when she was 33, and very much a fertile, attractive woman. It didn’t help that the busty blonde had discovered her panties inside young Brandon’s drawers in numerous occasions. Talking to Brandon about this behavior yielded few results, since reminding him that these two women were part of his family and therefore “off-limits” made them crave them more. His father had resorted to trying to hide his son’s creepy behavior, than fix it.

But Brandon was gifted in other areas. With a knack for biology and computers, he got in one of the best universities in the county to study Nano-technology. He was a real prodigy, getting his first paper published at age 20, called “The Effects of Nano-Bot cells on the human DNA”. It was a big academic success.

It was shortly after his publication, that the young man had caught the eye of a cute classmate of his at the university. A sexy black girl called Tamika. She had gorgeous, straight black hair and a booty that drove every man insane, especially paired with her slim physique. With his reputation in the university circles on the rise, Brandon was getting some female attention for the first time in his life and he did not miss the opportunity. He and Tamika became a couple shortly after.

But, like all good things, their relationship came to an end, shortly after last’s years Christmas. It was Tamika who had broken up with him and Brandon was devastated. These would be his first Christmas Holidays alone, ever since.

In the past 8 months, Brandon was getting back on his feet. What helped him most was the platonic company of a cute little redhead, name Kelsea. She was a year younger than him and in contrast to Brandon's ex, had less curves on her petite frame. She was cuter than Tamika, who was a real bombshell. Kelsea had straight, shoulder-length, ginger-red hair and kind, blue-gray eyes. She was a real book-nerd, her rectangular, horn-rimmed glasses re-enforcing the stereotype. Fittingly, she had met Brandon at a Comic-book store, and they had hit it off pretty well.

Though Brandon was soon crushing on her, his initial flirting attempts were too subtle and insignificant, and the small, geeky girl had soon placed him in what a lot of people would call the "friend-zone". Still, Brandon kept hanging out with her, enjoying the times they spend together, despite his frustration at things not going sexual, rising.

They had even driven together to visit Brandon's family for the summer. It was a rare occasion for Brandon, who rarely saw his stepmother and stepsister nowadays. It was a nice weekend for Brandon, mostly because Kelsea was with him. As for seeing Amelia and Luna again, he wasn't that thrilled, despite one particular body part being very excited to see them. He and his step-family had grown rather distant ever since he graduated, the two women still living with Brandon's father.

As far as the world was concerned, Brandon hadn't seen his stepsister and stepmother ever since that summer weekend.



“Thank you very much! Have a good night” Brandon saw off the last customer, who bid him farewell. The night was cold, but the breeze it brought was pleasant, the kind that makes you want to cuddle up under your blanket and cozy up in front of a heater. Brandon flipped the “closed” sign hanging from the front door, so that that the word pointed outside. He then closed the register. Another profitable day for his Christmas shop. These know-it-all economists always bubbled on about depression and market crisis, but the holiday spirit was appearing very much alive.

The young man closed the main store lights, then the blinds on his store’s front door, before approaching the window display. It appeared off-putting, but the man had also equipped his store’s window display with blinds that fully covered the window, hiding it from public eyes. These blinds had a very specific function.

“Good work ladies” he uttered whilst rolling them down, apparently speaking to no one. Only the three “lightly dressed” animatronics were in his company, currently surrounding him. “You’ve brought a lot of customers in, today” he addressed the lifeless dolls again. None of them reacted, of course, looking outside the window, with the same frozen expression, the pupils’ of their eyes unmoving, their bodies stiff as a plank.

“I think Amelia and Luna deserve my reward for their efforts” the man said and at once picked the two posing, lifeless mannequins in his arms, one under each arm, like logs. With their rigid bodies now being parallel to the floor, Brandon carried them out of the display, leaving Tamika’s petrified form behind. Two desperate screams and one relieved sigh were never heard, though they were very much present in the room.

Brandon placed each doll carefully –as to not tip them over- back on their feet. The redheaded Santa-girl was in front of him, looking past him with the candy cane touching her tongue, while the sexy elf-lady stood behind him, with the same big, vacant smile.

The young man then took a remote from his pocket. It didn’t look commercial, but rather, handmade. He pressed a button on it and suddenly, as if enchanted, the two dolls sprang to life, “ditching” their poses and standing in full attention! “You, cherry-lips, turn around and grab your ankles”, he said to his petrified stepsister, whilst undoing his belt. Without missing a beat, a seemingly brainwashed Luna obeyed, turning around and fully bending at her waist, keeping her legs straight, grabbed one ankle with each hand, presenting her bare ass to him in the process. The girl moved very mechanically, like the joints on her arms, legs, neck and pelvis were her only movable parts. Just like an animatronic.

“As for dear mommy, she’ll have the pleasure of eating my ass”, he turned his head to address the blonde milf elf, who at once, brought her closed legs to a kneeling position, so that her face was inches from Brandon’s butt. As soon as he dropped his pants and underwear down his ankles, Amelia, acting rather uncharacteristically, stuck her face between her step-son’s hairless asscheeks, diving onto his

anal-ring with her tongue, gently spreading his cheeks for better access like a trained whore. You could never tell by her enthusiasm that in reality, Amelia was actually feeling sick and degraded from what she was doing.

“My cock is waiting for you, sis”, Brandon didn’t make half a step towards his exposed, dollified step-sibling, while her mother was still slurping his brown-side. With that same childlike, innocent smile in her face and her hands still holding her ankles, the bent girl started shuffling her Santa-boots backwards to meet Brandon’s erection.

A dozen inches later, Luna’s pussy had found her plug in Brandon’s throbbing penis, the robotized girl impaling herself with it. “Come on, fuck yourself!” Brandon exclaimed and the redhead begun trying to move her hips back and forth to give the man the friction he demanded.

In a ridiculous sight, she didn’t let go of her ankles while shaking her hips, completely disregarding her balance, since that first command had not been “recalled” by her master. Brandon had to physically grab her before the seemingly brainless slave fell face first on the floor from this impossible task.

“Leave your ankles, dummy” he said annoyed and only then did Luna let go and propped herself with her back parallel, squatting onto her stepbrother’s cock. Meanwhile, on the “back-end” of things, Amelia did not stop rimming her step-son, even when her own daughter’s pussy-pounding was being transferred onto her face.

None of the red and green dolls made any sound of pleasure, or dismay, simply pleasuring the young man. Both mother and daughter were real slut troopers, getting down and dirty for their one and only cause.

The atmosphere in the closed Christmas store was almost romantic, as the place was dimly illuminated by the warm Christmas lights flashing in various patterns throughout the room. The faint street lights, passing through the blinds were also a nice touch.

In this “homey”, wholesome environment, a family coming together seemed appropriate. Though the way Brandon was getting “close” with his step-family was largely skewed at the moment.

With his milf stepmom’s moist tongue running wild on the edge of his anal cavity and his stepsister’s cunt squeezing and sliding on his cock, the man soon ejaculated hard, filling Luna’s tight pussy with semen.

“Enough!” he let out in a breath, otherwise the two sex robots would keep mindlessly stimulating him. Upon this word, they both stopped what they were doing, Amelia remaining kneeling and Luna bent over with jizz dripping from her cunt down the shop’s floor, awaiting further instructions, with the same, dumb look of kind servitude on their faces. The man pressed another button on the mysterious remote, always at his grasp, and the two women froze in place, turned into completely inanimate objects, as lifeless as they were before, propped on the store’s window.

The young man then pressed a button with the picture of an eye, next to the one he had just pressed. Everything seemed the same, unless you looked at the two inanimate dolls’ eyes. Their vacant, wide-eyed stare had vanished and its place had taken two pairs of desperate, suffering eyes. It was as if the man had opened the blinds to the only window into these women’s souls. And they spoke volumes of their agonizing, humiliating state.

Brandon wiped the jizz-coated head of his cock on “Santa-girl’s” asscheek. Luna’s blue eyes looked back at her defiled body with pure shame. Behind Brandon, a kneeling Amelia had furrowed her brows in an expression of helpless fear. She and her daughter were at this man’s complete mercy.

Without as much as a word of farewell, the young man buckled his trousers and headed over to the exit, where he grabbed the store keys from the nail next to the door, leaving his sex-toys “scattered around”. He would tidy up tomorrow, before he opened shop.



"You got a lovely place, Brandon. It's really cozy" Kelsea said as her eyes wondered around her friend's single-room apartment. Her hands were half-nervously fidgeting with her favorite chain-necklace, which never left her neck. The girl's pretty blue-grey eyes first fell on the big desk that also doubled as a work-bench on her left and then moving right was the kitchen, followed by the bed and the bathroom door at the other end. Brandon was a man of simple tastes, at least when it came to space.

"Here, let me show you something" Brandon said, his gaze involuntarily falling on Kelsea's sweet ass as she walked in front of him. Those blue-jeans she was wearing outlined her cheeks perfectly. "It's...a toy frog?..." Kelsea tried sounding excited, though she only came off as confused. What Brandon was pointing at looked like a simple, shiny, rubber frog, about 2 inches big, seating on his desk. "Not just a toy frog..." the guy smirked and grabbed a small remote controller from the desk. "Tell him to jump" he said with a smug look. "Haha, uhmmm ok..." Kelsea humored him. "Frog, jump!" Before she could even finish her words, the little toy frog leaped in the air, like it was attached to a loaded spring all along. "Haha, that was great!" Kelsea clapped her hands. "Did you implant a voice activation gadget in the toy or something?" she asked.

"Here... press this" Brandon pointed to a red, round button. It had the word "NORMAL" written on it. Kelsea seemed hesitant, but went along with her friend's plan. She pressed the button and to before her eyes the rubbery toy frog let out a small croak, then started walking of its own accord across the desk. His chin was inflating and deflating. Despite the weird external appearance, this was a real, living creature, no doubt.

"Oh my god!" Kelsea was shocked. "What was that?" she asked wide-eyed, as Brandon grabbed the frog in his palms. "It's one of my latest experiments with Nano-bots" Brandon begun explaining. "They can fuse with the subject's brain cells and reprogram them in any way the bots' coding dictates. Then the bots are controlled by the remote!" Brandon said. "That's so cool!" Kelsea was genuinely interested, even though she was never the brightest student.

The attention was shifted from the impressive toad, to more general chatter, the two seating on Brandon's tidy bed. "Who's that?" Kelsea pointed to a framed photo on the guy's tiny night-stand. "Oh, it's nothing, just a girl I used to date" Brandon grabbed the frame, though Kelsea had already managed to make out a pretty, black girl with straight dark hair, that had her arm around the man's shoulders. "Should've stored it some time ago anyway" Brandon tossed the photo hastily inside a drawer, clearly embarrassed.

"I didn't know you were off a break-up. How long has it been?" Kelsea asked with concern for her friend. "About a year" Brandon did not really lie. "Well, I'm sure you'll find someone Brandon. You're a cool guy" she patted him on the back.



Just then, Kelsea's phone beeped with text messages. Brandon spotted a man's name and profile pic on the girl's screen. "Sorry, give me a sec" Kelsea excused herself, looking down her screen and typing back. Brandon could see the sudden spark in her eyes as soon as she saw these new messages.

"Who are you talking to?" he tried to ask as casually as possible. "Oh, i started seeing this guy a few weeks ago. His name is Nathan" she responded, obviously to Brandon's feelings. "Hey, you should meet him sometime!" she said genuinely. "Yeah, sure" Brandon strained for a smile. He was devastated, hurt, betrayed.

"Hey, you've never stopped by my Christmas shop" he changed the subject, as Kelsea's face was still over her phone, typing away. "You're right... hey I can stop by tomorrow afternoon! It's on the way to my music lesson" Kelsea offered.

"Yeah... afternoon is good" Brandon nodded, his idea calming his fuming nerves.



Afternoon of December 23<sup>rd</sup>. The snow the recent storm had mostly melted, under the bright moon which lit a darkened sky, with the sun long set. Kelsea paced happily along the sidewalk, her clarinet case in hand. She liked the evening hours at the music school. The place was less crowded then and therefore quieter for her to study. The petite redhead was not one for overly feminine clothes. She was wearing a pair of dark leggings and thin sneakers on her shapely legs, and a long blouse and top underneath her big, warm coat-jacket. A cute beanie and warm gloves covered her ginger-head and hands.

On the corner, she spotted the jolly Christmas shop, belonging to her good friend, Brandon. As she passed by the display, her look momentarily stuck on the three animatronics, which were the main focus of the store's front.

Each doll was repeating a simple, endless motion pattern. The red Santa-girl was giving a childlike waive to any passerby with an open wide palm, whilst seated on the store front's stage with effeminately crossed legs, still licking her candy cane. The elf cougar next to her was standing upright, repeatedly blowing a kiss with her permanently pursed lips. Both motions of the robotic store criers done by a rotation of the elbow. Lastly, the sexy Rudolf girl was laying in another classic pin-up pose, laying on her back with her neck tilted backwards, "gazing" at the sidewalk upside down. Her bare, shapely, chocolaty legs were lifted up and eternally crossed each other over and over, in that way that presented them in all their sexual glory.

Kelsea chuckled at the doll's overtly sexualized nature, but didn't pay any further attention towards them.

The bell on the top of the door rang, as the girl swung the door open, announcing another customer had entered the premises. Kelsea furrowed a brow, seeing no one else inside the store. A cheerful Christmas tune could be faintly heard from a speaker in the store.

"Hello?" The girl asked. "Brandon? Are you there?" she called out. "Oh. There you are!" Brandon appeared from the store's storage closet. "How come there's no one here?" the girl asked, taking off her coat and, after folding it neatly, placing it on the counter. "Well, the shop's closed Saturday afternoon. I was just doing some tidying up" Brandon replied. "Oh, well, I hope you didn't stick around just for me" Kelsea tilted her head in small surprise, flattered.

"Don't be silly" Brandon batted his hand reassuringly. "Hot cocoa?" he pointed to the machine behind the register. "Yes, thank you!" Kelsea said eagerly. She made a small tour-walk through the store's aisles, while the man made the cocoas. "Your store is awesome, i love Christmas-y things" Kelsea praised Brandon's shop. "Your shop has all sorts of fun, zany stuff! During the holidays, it seems like I'm spending all my free time running around the mall. Shoulda spent it here instead" she paid her friend an endearing compliment.

“Thank you, it means a lot that you like it” the young man said, approaching the girl with a cup of hot cocoa, keeping another mug for himself. He took a sip and Kelsea followed, enjoying the hot chocolate. “Couldn’t help but notice your mannequins outside” the girl said, pointing with her chin towards the direction of the three dolls, which were only half-visible from her spot.

“They look very life-like...” she commented with her top lip covered in cocoa. An awkward beat followed. “Are they going to –ahem- jingle your bells?” Kelsea broke the awkward pause by teasing her friend with a fake, exaggerated cough, before taking yet another sip of Brandon’s delicious cocoa. “Haha, yes, sort of” he played along. “Here, look closer” Brandon grabbed Kelsea by the hand and gently led her towards the side of the display.

Nothing had changed about the dolls. The three animatronics kept on gesturing the same way, as Kelsea had seen before entering. Their plastic exterior matched their plastic smiles.

Upon closer inspection, Kelsea could have sworn there was something familiar about the dolls. As if they reminded her of real people. She couldn’t quite put her finger on who that was, though. “They look amazing, but maybe kind of... risqué for the public, don’t you think?” Kelsea could not help but address the doll’s obvious sexualized appearance. “Not at all! Their job is to catch the crowd’s attention” Brandon sounded confident in his marketing decision. “Well, with these melons, I think she’ll bring you lots of attention...” Kelsea gestured towards the busty elf doll.

Kelsea’s eyes fell again on the seductively splayed black girl on the store-front. “That doll looks kind of familiar...like that girl you were dating a while ago” Kelsea noticed. “Ahhh i don’t know about that, she’s just a default black girl doll I bought!” Brandon dismissed the notion. “You sure you’re over her?” Kelsea teased the man some more, smiling to show she was only kidding.

“Do you wanna see the outfit I’ve made for the 4<sup>th</sup> animatronic?” Brandon quickly changed the subject. “Yeah!” Kelsea lit up, following Brandon towards the storage closet, sipping more of the hot cocoa. Her cup was almost emptied.

The guy opened the closet to reveal a stunning toy-soldier, female outfit, heavily reminiscent of the Nutcracker, hanging in unison from a coat hanger. The two-piece was comprised of a yellow, strapless top with a visible cleavage area and red stripes forming an X across it. The bottom was a blue, glittery pair of shorts that shined with the light bouncing off it. They covered nothing from the wearer’s legs and thighs, and only half-covered the “backside”. Red armbands and shoulder fringe with golden frills. A blue soldier cap and some white, knee-high, heeled boots were seated near the hanger, completing the undoubtedly dazzling costume.

“Wow, that’s... extravagant” Kelsea could not deny the outfit’s beauty. “I suppose this new mannequin dolly of yours will be just as cold as the rest, huh?” she couldn’t help but roll her eyes on how revealing

the outfit looked. Any woman would feel pretty exposed wearing this. It was a good thing only an object would be putting this on.

“Well, your shop is great, Brandon, I’ll try to drop by again sometime” Kelsea turned to Brandon. She was looking up at him, since the man was 6 inches taller than her. She then slowly made her way towards the exit-door, her clarinet case in hand. A few steps away from the door, the cute redhead gave one last look towards the display. It was as if the clouds on her mind had been blown away, but now she could tell why the other two animatronics looked familiar to her. They looked just like Brandon’s stepmother and sister, the one’s she had spent a weekend with last summer. The girl froze in place for a moment, perplexed. “He couldn’t really... No, that’s crazy... too many horror movies...”

“There’s a reason they look so real” Kelsea heard Brandon’s voice behind her. She turned to look back at him standing where she’d left him, outside the storage, with an arrogant air in him.

“These dolls...they...they look like your family, but they’re plastic...it...it can’t be...” Kelsea’s mind was now racing back to the man’s face. How lifeless it looked and how real it had proven to be.

“Well, since you’re not going anywhere...” Brandon said with a twisted, victorious smile. “These are my dear stepmother and my lovely stepsister and that last one is my ex-girlfriend, Tamika” Brandon paused to see Kelsea’s reaction. “No...that’s impossible!” Kelsea was getting more terrified by the second. “You’re...you’re just trying to freak me out”.

“Aren’t you feeling a little...stiff, Kelsea?” Brandon started slowly walking towards her. “Wh...what?” Kelsea was taken aback by that question, but it was this that made her aware of how indeed inflexible and rigid her whole body was feeling.

“I visited Amelia and Luna a couple of months ago. I put my Nano-bots on their drinks, after that it was easy” Brandon explained. Kelsea’s eyes widened with sheer terror. The man did not even seem to worry about her escaping, standing calmly still. “As for Tamika, I had to stalk her for a few days, but once I gotten a hold of her and injected the Nano-bots into her neck, it worked like a charm!” Brandon’s eyes were sparkling more than his dolls’ skin.

A, gloomy, silent moment filled the otherwise empty store. No Christmas music was playing on the speakers. The air was grim, contrasting the jolly holiday decorations all around. The scarce pedestrians, walking outside the shop, seemed not just far away from Brandon and Kelsea, but from a different dimension.

Kelsea searched blindly for the door handle behind her, as she was slowly backing away from the man that a minute ago, seemed like her good friend, but now appeared terrifying, standing about 10 feet away from her. Kelsea was too scared to attempt to make a run for it.

Then, almost like a western shootout, Brandon pulled out a remote controller and “fired” it towards the young woman. Immediately, Kelsea froze solid, with her hands instinctively raised up, as if to “block” the controller’s rays, the word “NO” that her scream had started to form stopped in its tracks, her mouth petrified agape. An expression of fear carved on her pretty face. Her clarinet case laid on the floor.

But the most shocking realization was that Kelsea was wide awake and fully conscious. She wasn’t dead or comatose. But her whole body, from her fingertips to her toes was fully paralyzed, as if a wave of harmless lava or liquid nitrogen had washed over her, turning her into a living statue. She was also not numb, further proven by the tingling sensation she was feeling all across her skin.

Brandon walked triumphantly towards the girl’s direction, but not towards her. With a smirk, he moved past her and reached his shop’s display. Only part of Kelsea with some agency was her eyes, which followed the man that had just immobilized her, full of fear.

“The same Nano-bots I mixed with your hot beverage” Brandon continued the exposition of his master-plan, as if remotely incapacitating his redheaded guest was an afterthought. “One group travels though the bloodstream and alters the makeup of your muscle and skin cells. The other attacks the brain, their programming instills complete obedience in their host, essentially taking over for the host’s brain cells. Like a parasite”.

He stood next to Luna, who on the outside, appeared to be blissfully ignorant of anything happening around her, with her permanent smile and never-ending waiving. He fixed the Santa hat on her red hair, prettying it up. “Just like you, they can hear and feel everything” Brandon referred to his three paralyzed hostages. “I just think they are easier on the eyes, than the ears, you know?” Kelsea could only communicate via her eyes, which only told Brandon how vulnerable and scared she was. She couldn’t even blink.

The male pedestrian walking outside the shop did not notice anything particularly going on inside, even though he was only a few feet away from rescuing this poor girl. Brandon then closed the window’s blinds and the ones on his entrance. He and Kelsea would need some privacy.

“Oh, that’s right! You can’t talk until I let you” the man said, waving his remote in the air, this time walking up to the friend-zoning slut. Kelsea’s field of vision only allowed her view of her raised arms, but

she could see they had started to change; her skin now had a glossy, silicone-y texture to it. From the moment the Nano-bots infiltrated her genes, they had started the process of “objectifying” her, in the most literal sense. She couldn’t see herself fully, but her entire body’s appearance had slightly transformed. She still could not move a pinky, no matter how much she strained herself.

Brandon stood close to Kelsea. He caressed the cute girl’s glistening face, before fully groping her ass-cheek over her tight leggings. He then gave her ass a good, hard spank. While Kelsea felt the stinging pain, the consistency of her...body...her meat... was a strange. Almost as if she was made of rubber or silicone. Soft but more unyielding and smoother than regular skin. Her eyes’ looked up at him with a fearful submission. Begging him.

Brandon could not care less, pulling the girl’s leggings down to her knees, along with her pink-colored panties. The young woman helplessly remained in the same pose, her small, vulnerable body rocking gently as the man undressed her. “Oh, nooo...” Kelsea silently cringed, by what this implicated. The young man left the girl waiting, essentially “pantsed”, as he walked to a drawer and returned holding a thick, rubber dildo.

Brandon pointed the remote at Kelsea and pressed another button, turning her from the “*Inanimate*” function into the “*Animated*” function. This granted the subject the ability to move, though not without its user’s consent. In an instant, the petite girl’s frozen posture shifted into a robotic, stiff attention, with arms straight and stuck on her sides and legs fused together. Ironically enough, like a toy soldier. Kelsea did not want to take this new position; her body seemed to be moving independently of her will. Similarly, her face was contorted on its free will (or rather, Brandon’s) taking a big smiling, closed-mouth expression.

“Shove this in your pussy” Brandon ordered her, placing the rubber cock on her stiff hand. “What does he take me for, some kind of...” but Kelsea didn’t even get a chance to finish her offended thought, as she saw her own body betray her again! Grasping the dildo with a vice-like grip, Kelsea inserted it inside herself, with little romance or care. Basically as far as it could go.

“OH MY GOD! WHAT AM I DOING? WHY CAN’T I STOP THIS?!?” Kelsea’s internal monologue cried out. She had practically assaulted herself, shoving this large phallus almost up her cervix. And she had no control over any of it! She could only feel the stretching of the large, cool rod she had violently inserted inside herself. “What’s going to happen to me?” the girl worried with increasing panic. Her right hand was keeping pressure on the dildo, capping her sex-hole. Like everything else, she could not move it away.

“On your knees” Brandon commanded his new toy. “No, NOOO, I DON’T WANT TO DO THAT!” Kelsea screamed as she got to her knees, robotically, keeping her back straight and bending at the knees until her face was located inches from the man’s crotch. No words exited her glued lips.

Brandon pulled his pants down and his sex member popped out, hard and ready. The swollen head of his cock was softly oscillating only an inch away from the girl’s jolly/horrified face. Kelsea can only stare blankly at it. The guy held his erection from the middle of the shaft and mockingly tapped the cockhead on the girl’s cute, delicate nose. Kelsea did not flinch nor back away in the slightest, even though she very much wanted to. She just remained kneeling, clothed from the top up and with her leggings half-removed and a rubber cock Brandon took it a step further by slapping the girl’s face with his cock.

He dick-slapped her again, then immediately pressed the third button on his remote, with the word “*normal*” underneath it. Upon pressing it, Kelsea regained control of her body, falling backwards on the floor by the sudden autonomy. Though her external, plastic appearance did not (and would not) change back. The dildo slushed out of her body, upon hitting the floor.

Kelsea looked down at her altered body. “What have you done to me you freak?! I look like a plastic doll!” Kelsea grabbed her arms. Her skin didn’t feel real anymore!

“Do you believe me now?” Brandon looked down at the floored woman, not bothering to pull his pants back up. “YES, YES! Now can you please change me back?” Kelsea asked with tremendous urgency. “I’ll do whatever you want. Just DON’T leave me like this!”

“OK, blow me then” Brandon said, holding all the cards in this deal. “Nooo, please I don’t want to” she replied. “I thought we were friends Brandon” she tried to reach out. The man tilted his head. “I think i like you better this way...” he let his sentence sink in.

“OK, OK! I’ll blow you. Do you just...promise to change me back?” Kelsea looked desperate. “Of course! What kind of friend would I be if I lied?” Brandon chuckled. The cute clarinet player reluctantly got up to a kneeling position yet again. She squeezed her eyes, as she braced herself to take the man’s cock in her mouth.

“Hm, I don’t think that will cut it” Brandon shook his head and before Kelsea could react to his words, he quickly “zapped” her with his remote. Immediately, Kelsea’s blue-gray eyes snapped wide open and so did her mouth, her pink lips forming a perfect circle. “Suck” Brandon gave the “input” and the dollified woman begun sucking the man’s cock with rhythmic, full-shafted strokes. She worked mechanically, at the same steady pace, applying the same intense suction with her glory hole-simulating mouth.

“Also while you’re at it, fuck your face with that dildo” Brandon said with a satisfied smirk. He had dreamed of what these lips would feel like ever since he’d met that nerdy chick. With her head mindlessly bobbing up and down his cock and without even taking her eyes off their blank, straight

ahead direction, Kelsea grabbed the plastic cock from the floor and shoved it back again in her petite cunt, now thrusting it in and out of her.

Inside, the girl was crying out in fear, disgust and anger at how helpless and degraded she was. Her plastic lips were wrapped like a vacuum around the cock of a man she very much wanted dead right now. To an outsider, she looked like an expressionless, very realistic sex doll, making some use of herself.

After thoroughly enjoying Kelsea's face-hole for 2-3 minutes, Brandon clicked his remote again, freezing the girl's blowjob just at the moment where his dick was fully buried down the girl's throat and her nose was touching his lower abdomen, along with her hipster-y glasses. Kelsea froze with a "throatful" of cock, being put in "*inanimate*" mode by this sadistic prick.

"How does my cock taste?" Brandon pressed the button with the eye icon, "freeing" his sex-toy's eyes, but nothing else. Kelsea's pupils awoken from their catatonic state, rising up from Brandon's pubic mount to meet his smug face. Kelsea's eyes shot daggers of hate up at him, even though the rest of her body did nothing to prevent her rape. She had plenty of curses in her head, but she would not vocalize them, as long as Brandon held onto that remote.

Brandon let his dick "sheathed" in the redhead's throat for a few seconds, his balls almost touching her chin. The girl desperately wanted to retch, her gag reflex furiously triggered by the man's dickhead. But just like with any other cell in her body, if the Nano-bots weren't triggering them to action by the man's order, they would stay idle. And so did her throat muscles.

Finally, the man retrieved his erection with a loud popping sound, caused by the air-tight seal the girl's lips had on his shaft. "Boy, you really did NOT want to let go" Brandon leaned closer to Kelsea. "Not like I had a choice, you bastard!" she narrowed her eyes at him, the slightest sign of defiance she could offer. The dildo was still crammed in her poor cunt, a product of her own, mindless hand. Despite Kelsea trying with all her strength to move or jerk her body awake, only thing that changed was her labored, strained breathing.

"Don't lie to me, I know you liked it" Brandon infuriated the helpless girl even more, by giving her cheek a small pat and a fake-reassuring pinch. All Kelsea could think was how she'd get that pervert locked up for good.

Brandon pressed the "*Animated*" button and the girl's O-face turned into a big, toothy smile, as fake as her skin-tone. Her wrists stuck on her sides once more, though she remained kneeling, her posture



straight as a twig. The dildo was half-buried in her pussy, poking from between her thighs. Brandon removed it. His toy's cunt had gotten a fair amount of warm-up.

"On all fours, you friend-zoning whore" Brandon barked. Like a stop-animation character, the girl lifted her taut arms and let her body rotate forward from her knees. She stuck her ass up as far as possible, though her half-removed leggings were an obstacle, digging into her soft, glittery skin.

Brandon took a pair of scissors and removed that obstacle, snipping the bark-blue leggings and the girl's underwear in half, leaving each shredded, separate legging to hug the girl's calves, knees and lower thighs. Only the "essential" (and most private) body parts of the robotized girl were left completely exposed. Immediately upon being "relieved" from her "restricting" clothing, Kelsea's legs spread wider, giving her rapist ample room to sodomize her.

Internally, Kelsea was screaming for help, despite her face being a mask of stupid happiness.

Brandon marveled at his "friend's" shiny, plastic pussy-lips, presented for him. In his mind, they were quivering for his touch. He knelt behind Kelsea. He pressed his throbbing cock between her fold and with little regard, pushed forward into her.

Without even her eyes available, only able to see straight in front of her, Kelsea never saw the man penetrate her, but she surely felt it. She uttered a silent yelp that never actually formed in her voice. Following her programming, she pressed her hips back onto the man's pounding, aiding her own rape.

"God, it feels so hot and tight!" Brandon was having the time of his life. As he was fucking her from behind, he roughly grabbed Kelsea's pretty, straight red hair for added leverage and thrust harder, violating the poor, petrified girl. Kelsea's autopilot remained on course, the plastic sex doll enjoying her "fill-up" and slamming her small, but perky and full ass-cheeks onto the man's cock.

"Let's get some... insight" Brandon thought, and pressed the "*human*" mode while still riding the unfortunate geek. The woman's body loosened immediately, her joints again fluid and her muscles pliable. "Don't call for help, or it's back to storage for your mind" he warned her. He wasn't wrong. The girl had become a prisoner of her own body.

"Let me -oh- go - you - oh - son of a - oh- bitch!" she took the opportunity to voice her objection, turning her gaze back at him, her message undercut by the pounding she was receiving. "I'm gonna make sure they - oh - throw your cell's key - oh - in the deepest ocean -oh -" Kelsea relented to cursing the man out, too afraid to go against his warning.

With increased vigor, and the wonderful feeling of her plastic pussy milking his cock, the man felt the orgasm on its way from his balls. Before it reached the base of his cock, he pressed the “*inanimate*” trigger, petrifying the unsuspecting Kelsea in her “doggy”-position the moment his load coated her insides.

Brandon gave the statuesque woman another hard ass-slap, before dismounting. She did not respond in any way, despite the visible, red hand mark on shiny ass-cheek. Brandon buckled his belt around his pants. He needed to prepare things for tomorrow.

Kelsea remained on all fours, her wide-eyed smile and tense body frozen in time and space. In her peripheral vision, through her cute glasses, the girl spotted Amelia, Luna and Tamika, performing their rigid dancing routine, never batting an eye at her misery. “Are you inside there?... Please, fight this, we need to break free!” Kelsea tried (purely telepathically) to communicate with the three dolls.

But the three animatronic women on the window-display could do nothing to help her.

Christmas Eve! The happiest day of the year! Brandon’s tiny apartment might not have been particularly lavish, but that didn’t mean that the atmosphere was anything less than festive! Christmas garlands hang from the inside of the front door and from the only window.

He had closed up early, since every family would want to get home to prepare the Christmas festivities and dinner. Despite the decorations, it would be depressing if the man was to spend this night alone. And to an outsider’s eyes, he seemed to be alone. Only he knew that he wasn’t.



Mariah Carrey's "All I want for Christmas is you" was playing on an old CD-stereo. Seated on his comfy, black-leather desk chair, Brandon was feeling like a king! He really didn't need anything else for a perfect Christmas Eve.

Luna, in her red Christmas-y dress as always, was standing behind him, giving him a great shoulder-rub, with identical movements from both her kneading hands. She had a big, content smile on her red lips. Her mother, Amelia, was currently occupied in a more hands-on task, or more accurately, "tits-on". The woman was kneeling in front of Brandon. She had the top of her green elf-dress pulled down, so that her shoulders and most importantly, her DDD chest was fully out. She was using her big jugs to give her step-son an amazing tit-job, grabbing each side-boob with both hands and squeezing her mammaries against the young man's erection, while bobbing her whole torso up and down.

Brandon was thoroughly enjoying his stepmom's "Spanish" as he took another sip of the champagne he had treated himself to. He was completely naked, except for a Christmas hat on his head, similar to Luna's, his nearby heater keeping him warm and cozy.

"More" he turned, giving the empty glass to a new, female animatronic doll, with straight, red hair and blue-gray eyes that were missing the horn-rimmed glasses that usually accompanied them. The cute doll was dressed in an adorable and sexy Nutcracker outfit and standing at attention to his right. Her upper arms were pressed against her ribs, then bent at the elbow at a right angle, so that her arms could hold a tray with some alcoholic beverages and refreshments. The cute redhead doll immediately refilled the man's drink with a rotation of her arm, then handed the full glass back, with a cold, uncanny grin, like a robot waitress.

On the other side, Tamika, in her "favorite" brown one-piece suit, was holding a second tray, full of tasty treats, awaiting orders with the same smile as her other "co-workers".

"Do you remember dumping me around this time, last year?" Brandon turned to his frozen ex-girlfriend, as he heard the first chorus of Wham's "Last Christmas" from the speakers. "YES" the pretty black girl replied with a robotic, uncanny tone, maintaining her wide, fake smile. No sarcasm or any type of inflection had been coded into her programming. In reality, Tamika had much more to say that "yes", but Brandon did not care to hear it. He rarely ever addressed his dolls, anyways.

The young man chuckled at his robot's monotone response. "This is shaping up to be the best Christmas ever..." he said, taking another champagne sip and pondering his busy day at the shop:

Throughout the day the store was full of people looking for these festive, ribbon-tied boxes to package their gifts with and that last minute décor that was missing from their household. The young guy stood behind the counter, watching people come empty-handed and leave with renewed Christmas spirits, albeit with a little less cash.

Amongst the cheerful crowd displayed prominently next to one of the shop's racks was a new attraction, a small red-haired animatronic in a cute, toy-soldier attire, with not that much "armor" to cover her body. Her formal, military posture heavily contrasted her cute face and skimpy outfit. A wide, toothy smile was glued on her lips. Her unblinking eyes looked blankly ahead, without any horn-rimmed glasses this time.

The doll followed a strict, unwavering pattern of movement. Her motions were jagged, binary. Made sense, since they were governed by zeros and ones. A quick jerk of her whole body to the left, facing the exit-door, followed by a snap to her right, towards the storage closet, then another at the middle, "looking" at the store's register, before finally giving a salute with a stiff right hand, fingers fused together wrist in line with the arm. This greeting circle repeated ad nauseam.

A couple of aisles next to her, another "hand-made" animatronic doll was set-up, a luscious African girl, dressed as Rudolf the red-nosed slut. Though her juicy curves showed otherwise, her smile was nothing but wholesome. With her flashing, red nose over the chocolate-colored, human one and her cute plush antlers clipped on her dark hair, the black girl made a small servile bow, perfectly bending at her waist then raising back up, every couple of seconds, presumably until its batteries run out.

On the background of Brandon's vision, behind all the shoppers that walked past the two dolls, his two other shop-criers were also doing their "thing". A red-haired Santa's little helper, which by the looks of it could double as Santa's little cum dumpster, next to the blonde milf Elf with her bosoms ready to burst from her thin-laced cleavage. Real or not, both were flaunting their hot stuff.

No customer paid any particular attention to the animatronic dolls of the store. I mean, sure, they looked very realistic and they were undeniably sexy and alluring, but "that's capitalism for you". No one batted a second eye at the shop's raunchy promotional props. At the end of the day, they were marketing tools, objects to draw the attention. And besides, people were mostly busy searching for their shopping.

The four women felt so powerless, inflicted by layers of humiliation. Brandon could have taken them home for his own sick amusement, but he preferred keeping them here, their womanhood paraded in front of everyone, their femininity fetishized and commercialized. Their bodily autonomy stripped away, as Amelia, Luna, Tamika and the last to join them, Kelsea were prisoners of their own bodies, locked away, with the only keys in one twisted man's hand.

It only hurt more that the women's screams never reached anyone, and not for a lack of trying. Some would even brush by them, in the shop's rush hours. Hell, one kid almost knocked the Rudolf doll down!

Customers were completely unaware that 4 damsels, in serious need of rescue, were standing in plain sight, right beside them. Despite how much they begged at their muscles to disobey their programming, the Nano-bots were not much for sentimentality. Behind all the science, they were just a bunch of transistors and switches, transferring electricity to their brain's neurons, which in turn commanded their muscles to follow the algorithm. Always. Without a choice.

The only way to damage this programming would be to damage their own brains. Though head-slamming into a wall was also out of the realm of possibility.

Brandon's recollection of his work-day seized, as he was snapped back inside his small apartment by a silence that wasn't there before. The song had finished, but a new one begun playing right away, "That's enough for now, mom" Brandon uttered nonchalantly to his stepmother, who had never stopped rubbing the whole length of his shaft with her juicy milk-duds. Though she'd never imagined touching her step-son's privates, there weren't many spots left on her body that Amelia hadn't rubbed Brandon's dick on.

Upon hearing his words, the Nano-bots recognizing the voice command and automatically the kneeling woman seized stimulating Brandon's penis with her cleavage. The man then waived her away and the elf-milf simply stood up in a pinch and remained "inactive", her body posture and smile stiff as a brick, the moisture from the man's pre-cum still glistening on her boobs.

"Tamika, Kelsea" was all he needed to say and the two robofied girls moved mechanically to stand in front of him. "Put these away and kneel" he ordered and the two obliged. Brandon took a piece of mistletoe and placed it on his trimmed pubic hair. "Come on girls, it's tradition" he said, amusing himself. The language recognition of the Nano-bots did not quite catch that, so the women remained kneeling, looking at their master with the same, dumb smile. "Ts, ts..." he sighed. "Can't even pull off a joke with these dumb bitches..." Brandon insulted them. Ironically, the "real" Kelsea and Tamika had no problem understanding his awful joke, only their newly wired, Nano-bot brains that were now in-charge. "Suck my cock, both of you" he gave a plain order the algorithm understood, moving a bit further forward on his desk-chair, so that his erection was now almost horizontal to the floor, rather than sticking upwards.

At once, both the black and the white girl folded their legs and knelt side-by-side on the man's floor, in front of his jolly erection. They leaned their heads to the man's veiny member and both their smiles shifted in unison into a half-agape duck-face, their lips pushed outwards, their eyes remaining wide and glossy. In perfect synch, Kelsea and Tamika stuck their lips on the base of Brandon's dick, each pair of lips fully surrounding a side of the cylindrical piece of musty flesh.

Then, just as synchronized, they began sliding their faces (and their moist lips) across Brandon's 6 inches, reaching the head then back towards the base. Throughout this, Kelsea's top lip was in constant contact with Tamika's top lip, their bottom lips also touching correspondingly. You could say the two women were looking at each other, but in reality they were only facing each other, their blank stares looking past one another.

"Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer" was now playing in the stereo. Though Tamika's red nose what been tossed on account of being "in the way". Brandon had simply colored the girl's french nose red with a marker. Tamika's red nose was almost touching Kelsea's milky-white one, as they both kept slurping on half a dick each.

"Oh, yes... I knew you two would come around eventually" a content Brandon took his revenge at the two young women who, at one point or another, had rejected him. Neither responded to his bile, their lips forming a soft, wet, rubbery vice around his shaft. The sensation was extremely pleasurable.

The two women could only sympathize with each other in silence, maybe not through their dull expressions, maybe not telepathically, but certainly well-aware of the other's terrible predicament.

Brandon was having a great ol' time. But this party had room for more. "Mom, bring your tits over here" he ordered. He wanted to spray his seed there. Amelia obliged him, kneeling again with her breasts ready for "him". With mechanical movements, Tamika and Kelsea were "downgraded" to the man's testicles, which were currently hanging from the edge of his desk chair. It was certainly uncomfortable, but that didn't mean the two brainless bimbos did not acquire their new positions, folding their bodies under Brandon's "undercarriage". With a slutty, vacant O-face, each girl "latched" on to her side's testicle with a vacuum-like seal, slurping and sucking at it like the tastiest lollipop in the world.

Brandon wanted Luna to be part of his fun. An important one. "Jerk me off, sis!" Brandon ordered and the robotic Santa-girl abandoned her massaging duties to rush at his side. Standing to his right, she bent strictly at her waist, her body at a right angle, until she was leaning right over his penis, which was already resting on her mom's meaty pillows, her DDD cup breasts. Smiley Luna grabbed his dick with her right hand in an inverted grasp, her thumb pointing inwards, like a professional cock-jerker, with his cock-tip pointed at Amelia's cleavage.

The man did not even speak, simply pushing his stepsister's red, curly hair down, so that her face touched the base of his stimulated member. Immediately, the Santa-girl robot began repeatedly kissing and licking his cock's base, not stopping or slowing down her hand-job.

Only emperors could dream off so many beauties on their dick at the same time! It felt amazing! A pair of warm, moist pockets was slurping at his balls, while a third was “loving” his hand-stimulated dick. And all while in front of him, his blonde, elf-dressed stepmom was waiting for him, with a big smile and her hands perking her big, bare boobs, using them as a soft, arousing pedestal for his “royal” dick. She would wait for him however long it took.

Virtually, forever.

The naked, Christmas-hat-wearing, young man grabbed his controller from his desk. Even though the thing was within his captives’ physical grasp, none of them could take a hold of it. Brandon pressed the “eye-icon” button, keeping his thumb on it so that it triggered any Nano-bot device in the room.

Simultaneously, Amelia, Luna, Tamika and Kelsea’s eyes were “unlocked” from the confines of their brainwashing. Their pupils, previously stuck at the center of their eyeballs, were now free to roam and their eyebrow-muscles also gained mobility, enabling them to express emotions.

The emotion on all four of them was one of deep humiliation and misery. Amelia’s eery smile had not changed, though her eyes were now very contrasting, darting hopelessly left and right, clearly showing her suffering.

Brandon brushed Luna’s fiery locks away. With her face stuck on his sex organ, Luna’s eyes could only strain sideways to look at him. Even though Brandon had only view of her left eye, it was speaking for both of them. “Please, stop this, I beg you, let us go, this is so demeaning” was the general sentiment it expressed. Something like that. Her hand was still working his dick at a fast, rigorous pace, like a motor, precise to the BPM.

Kelsea and Tamika were somewhat buried beneath the man’s ball-sack for Brandon to “peek” at their emotional state. He was too bored to lean over them. He was sure they didn’t like what they were doing, anyway. Tamika and Kelsea could only exchange looks of clear distress, with their lips permanently wrapped around their captor’s balls.

Finally, with a magnificent orgasm, Brandon shot a big, milky load onto Amelia’s exposed breasts. “You three, lap them clean” he signaled towards the still petrified elf’s tits. Satisfied, slumped naked on his leather-chair, as the soldier-girl, Rudolf-girl and Santa-girl got off him with rigid, automated movements to approach Amelia, lean over her and all-together begun lapping at her semen-dripping tits, like thirsty, robot Labradors.

In the small apartment, Bing Crosby's "White Christmas" was playing from the stereo. "Merry Christmas" the man wished himself, recovering from the great climax, while Kelsea, Tamika and Luna were cleaning his white, thick, dripping jizz, with big, "tongueful" strokes at his stepmother's huge, glistening, plastic tits.

