



A Foreword from the Author:

The following is a massive collaborative effort between InvisibleHandTFs and DangoMango102 aka Shimmering-Fox. This project has been months in the making, featuring 70+ illustrated panels and a novella-length narrative, coming together to form an immersive TF experience for readers.

Given the scale of this project, it is recommended that readers save/favorite this project so that it can be read over multiple sessions, or simply so that it is available for later viewing when one has time to sit down and enjoy the full story.

This has certainly been a labor of love to bring this story to life, and we hope readers will enjoy this tale as much as we did writing and illustrating it. -IH

"Aurora, come on, this is gonna be great! I used to come here every year as a kid!"



In an almost overwhelming flurry of stimuli, the sights, sounds, and the bustling energy of the carnival raged all around them on all sides. Excited screams echo'ed from the rides, sideshow barkers and vendors lined the sides of the alleys, and in the middle of all the chaos, a couple slowly made their way through the ever shifting crowd of the sprawling fairgrounds.

Isaac took his girlfriend by the hand and led the way, a grin on his face as they made their way deeper into the carnival. Just behind him was Aurora, a vixen wearing a crop top and shorts, following suit, but with a less than amused expression on her face as she was tugged along through the crowd.

"When you said you had '*something fun*' planned for us today, I thought you meant an afternoon in bed. Not, well..." she paused to look at the rows of carnival games on either side of them, two kids almost bumping into her as they darted past.

"*This.*" She finished her thought motioning to her surroundings, maintaining her aloof expression.

The carnival itself was a traveling troupe, moving from town to town in the peak weeks of summer as they had for as long as anyone cared to remember. With it came a certain timeless quality; even as the years passed, the carnival always felt the same. Sure, it might have been because of the same old rides that looked as if they hadn't received an update since the 80's, or same assortment of oddball carnies that never seemed to change from year to year, but there was a nostalgic charm to the campiness of it all.

Isaac loved it, but Aurora had mixed feelings about it all to say the least.



Diverting off to the side of the flowing crowd, Isaac rested his hands on his girlfriend's waist, pulling her close to him before giving her a kiss on the forehead. At that, Aurora's serious

demeanor slipped a little bit, her fox ears perking up through her hair and her tail raising at the affection, smirking for a second before looking up to her boyfriend.

Seeing that bright look in his eyes, she couldn't help but let her guard down and melt a little in his arms. Aurora always had a bit of a stern personality, if only because as a frankly adorable vixen, she had to be sharp if she wanted people to take her seriously. Isaac could always see past that though, and since the two had started dating over a year ago, he had become an expert at cracking his girlfriend's tough shell and helping her feel comfortable enough to show her soft side.

"Trust me babe, today will be great. Just try to be open to new things and I promise you'll leave here with the biggest grin on your face." Reluctantly, Aurora raised an eyebrow at the comment. After a second, she hugged her boyfriend back going as far to give him a peck on the cheek before responding. "Fiiine, I'll give it a try. But next time I choose our date destination. Some place less... sticky."

With a smirk, Isaac took Aurora by the hand once more, the two venturing back into the crowd. "Sooo, you mean an afternoon in bed?" He said in a joking tone, Aurora rolling her eyes.

"Don't get ahead of yourself, lover-boy."

For a while, the two explored the carnival, stopping at the occasional sideshow, joking about how the rides were massive metal lawsuits waiting to happen, even grabbing some less than healthy carnival food to fuel their endeavour. Aurora had to admit, she wasn't having an awful time; it was mainly just nice seeing Isaac enjoying himself so much, but all the same she maintained her aloof expression.

"I swear, as a kid, I'd win one of those massive stuffed animals from the games here every year! You should have seen my room growing up!" Isaac joked as they continued onwards.

"Yeah right, everyone knows those games are rigged. No one ever actually wins those big show prizes, let alone every year." Aurora responded, some playful skepticism in her voice.

Quite proud of himself, Isaac shot back. "Well I guess I'll just have to win you something later! That reminds me actually, what do you feel like doing now?"

Aurora resisted the urge to reply '*go home*,' but before she even really had the chance to think about it, Isaac stopped the two of them for a second. Looking directly ahead, there was a large, elaborately decorated performance tent at the end of the lane. All around it were large vintage looking posters for one **"Gideon Stich: Master of Magic, Marionettes, and More!"** As well as plenty of fanfare about him being the 'greatest working magician today.'

There, a bushy mustached carnival barker was calling out to the crowd, some making their way

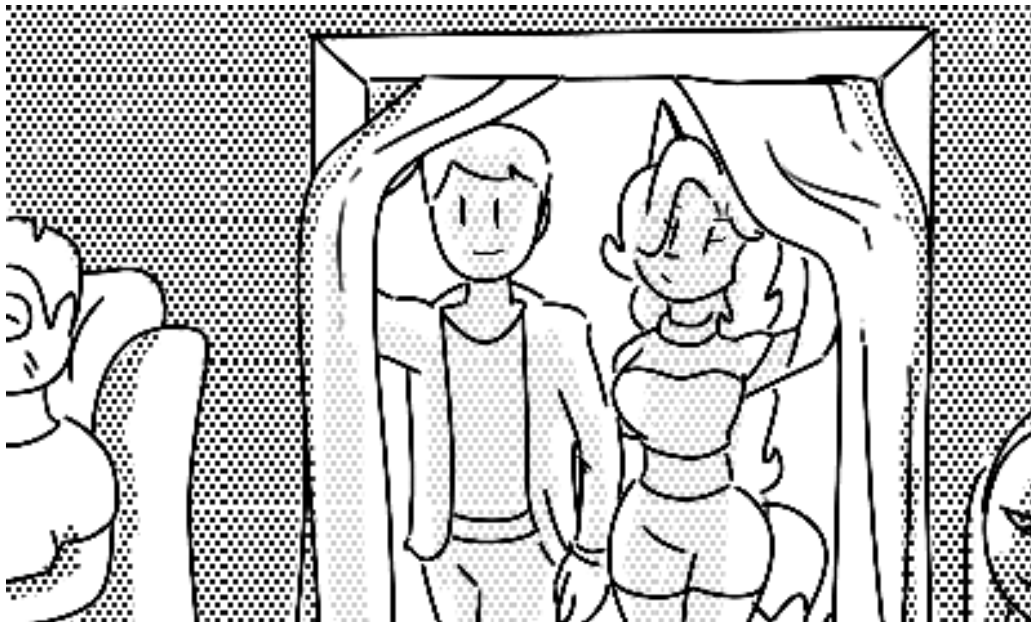
into the tent.

"Come one, come all, and be quick! The main act is about to begin, and I assure you ladies and gentlemen, this is not a show to be missed!"

With a coy smirk coming over his face, Isaac started making his way towards the tent, Aurora looking confused before following closely behind. "Well, I'm sold. How could we pass up on seeing 'the greatest working magician today?'" Isaac said in a joking tone, Aurora's expression dropping once more.

"Really? Do we really want to waste our time watching some cheesy fake magic show?" Aurora replied. All of a sudden the death-trap carnival rides didn't seem like that bad of an option.

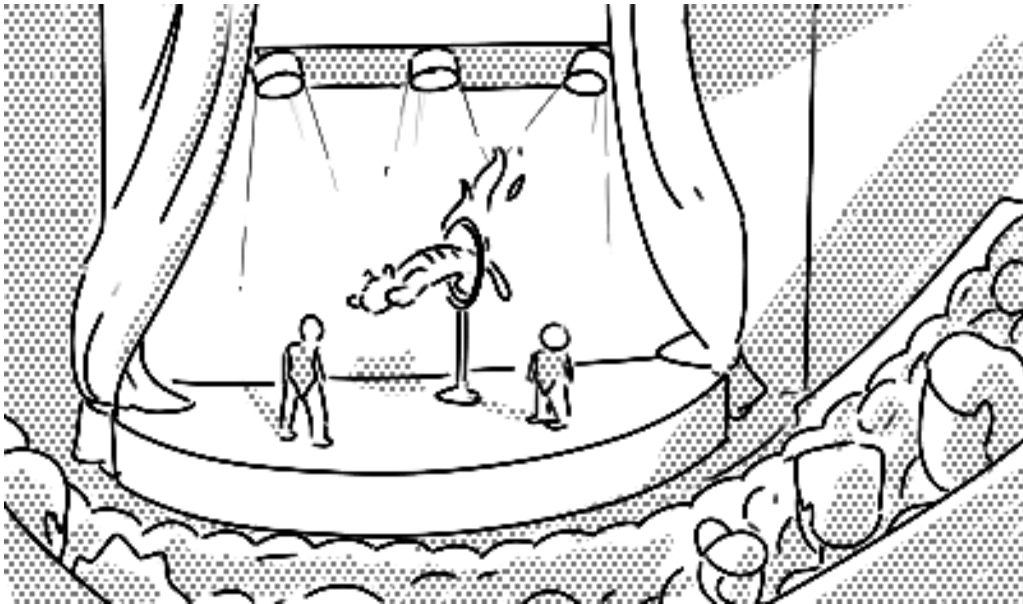
"Babe, come on, it'll be fun. What did we say about being open to trying new things?" Isaac reassured, giving his girlfriend's hand a squeeze as they approached the tent. Paying the entrance fee, the two approached the entrance to the tent.



"Right, trying new things... last time I agree to that," she rolled her eyes, not sure what to expect as the couple dipped inside the end.

Taking a second to adjust her eyes, Aurora blinked twice, caught off guard by the sharp contrast of the world outside and the tent they just entered. It was... bigger than she expected, seemingly much more spacious on the inside than the tent seemed to be when they approached. The interior was styled after an almost Victorian era theatre, complete with lights, curtains, a full

sized wooden stage, and packed seating.



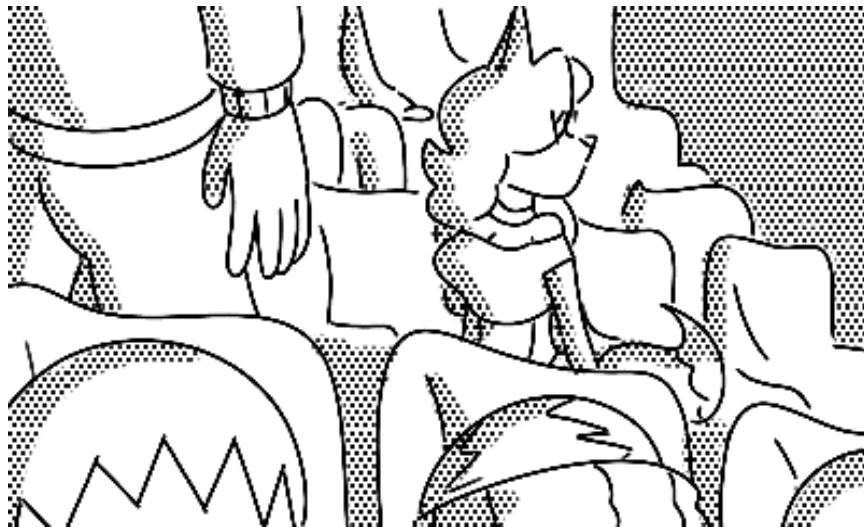
"...the fuck?" She whispered under her breath. She half expected some kiddie theater and some schmuck on stage pulling a rabbit out of a hat. Instead, the stage was alive with the opening act, two trainers directing what looked to be a real tiger of all things to do tricks, going as far to have it jump through a flaming hoop in the middle of the stage.



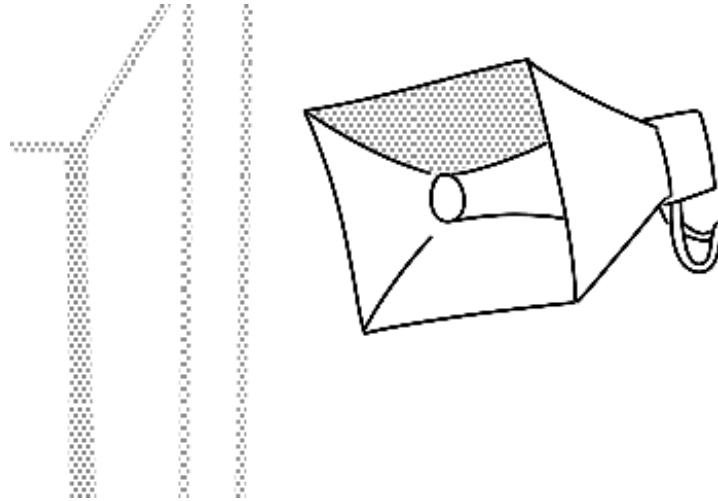
After each trick the trainers would praise and even pet the beast, and to Aurora's surprise, the tiger seemed not just obedient, but happy to play the part and perform its temperament more akin to a housecat than a predator. Instantly, the whole situation felt surreal, the two pausing for a few moments just to watch the act unfold.



"So, this look like a waste of time to you?" Isaac teased, giving his girlfriend a sarcastic nudge before starting to make their way to their seats. Aurora had to admit, she was impressed, but she'd be damned if she was about to give Isaac the win. Playfully, she nudged him back, responding with a flirty "Shut up."

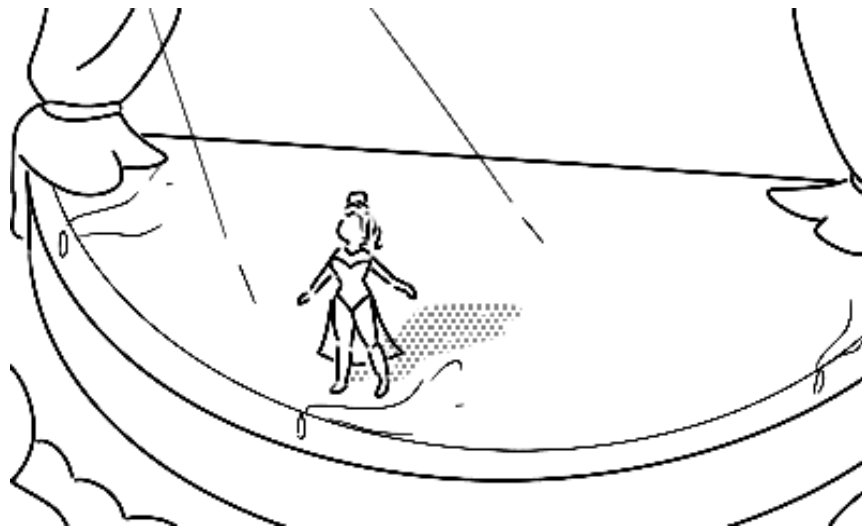


Chuckling a bit, Isaac found them a pair of open seats, taking them with seemingly perfect timing. As they sat down, the audience erupted in applause, the trainers (and even the tiger) on stage taking a bow before exiting stage left. For a moment, the lights dimmed, the low murmur discussion picking up throughout the audience in anticipation.



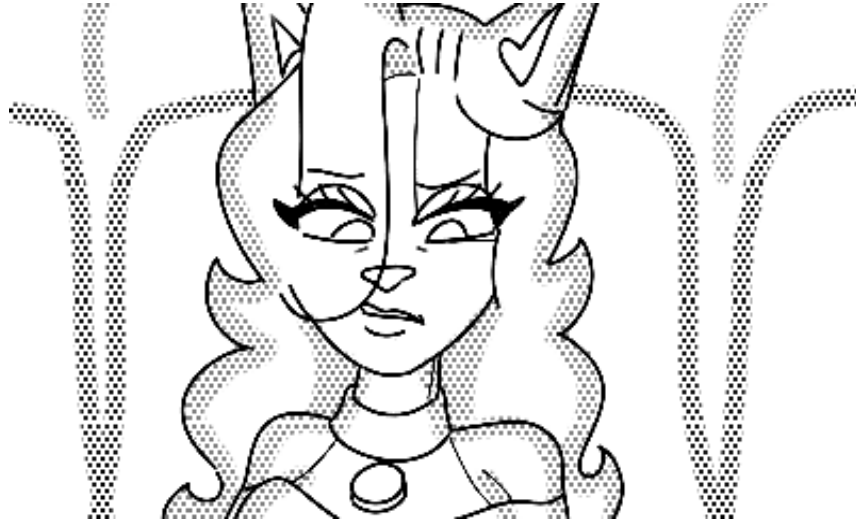
Cutting through the noise though, a clear female voice rang out from the stage. "Ladies and Gentlemen, take your seats, the main act is about to begin!" After a few moments of suspense, Issac looking to Aurora in anticipation, a spotlight flipped on with a '*thunk*,' the vixen squinting as her eyes adjusted to the light once more.

There, alone on stage, a single woman stood proud, arms out as if to greet the crowd before doing an exaggerated bow. She was dressed as something between a magician's assistant and a burlesque performer, with fishnet stockings leading up her legs to a black one piece outfit that was plenty revealing of her shoulders down to her chest. She had long gloves going up her arms, a bright smile, and a small hat perched on the top of her head.



In a confident, if not slightly sultry tone, the performer continued. "Now, you already know you're about to see the greatest magician in the world, the renowned Gideon Stich! Well, that is as long as you're in the right tent, the circus clowns are two tents down!" The remark elicited some half-hearted chuckles, but all Aurora could focus on was the woman herself. She couldn't

pin it, but something seemed... off about how the girl moved; it was almost as if the words she was saying didn't quite line up with the motion of her lips.



"What you might not know is that all the magic you're about to see on this stage is very real!" She continued, taking a few steps towards the audience. Again, her movements seemed very slightly off, as if her weight wasn't actually carried by her steps, her body shifting slightly as if something unseen was holding her up. Looking over to Isaac, Aurora wasn't sure if he had noticed it too, or maybe if he was too distracted by her revealing outfit, but before she could ask him the girl's voice rang out again.

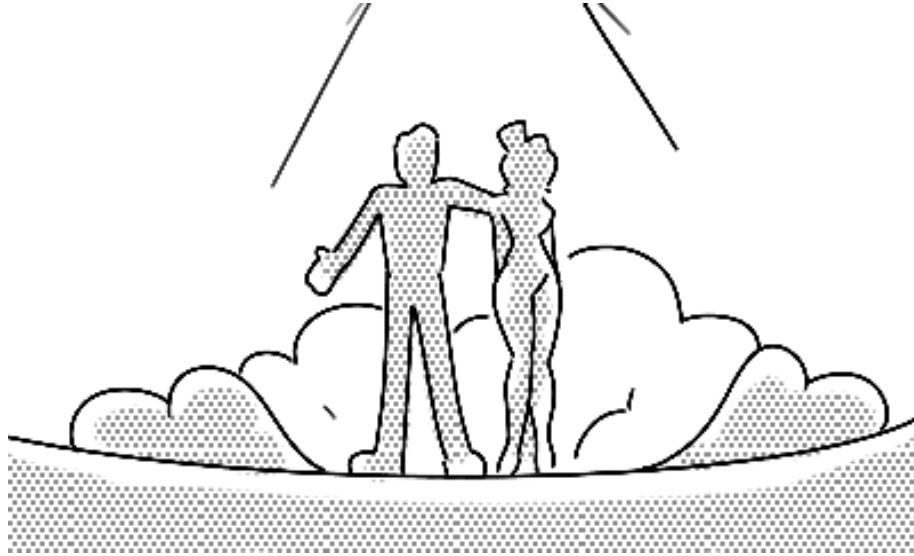


"Just remember, pay close attention: things aren't always as they seem. Whether they're seen or unseen, there's always someone pulling the strings. Now, who's ready for the show to begin?"

The audience replied with some shouts and applause. Beckoning them on, the girl asked again,

only increasing the applause. **"Well then. It's show time!"**

Then, with a poof, the stage was covered with an explosion of smoke. As the smoke filled the stage, the other theater lights 'thunk'ed on, and through it all, two silhouettes appeared.



The woman was no longer alone on stage; just behind her there was a tall, sharply dressed man in vintage attire with a devilish grin.

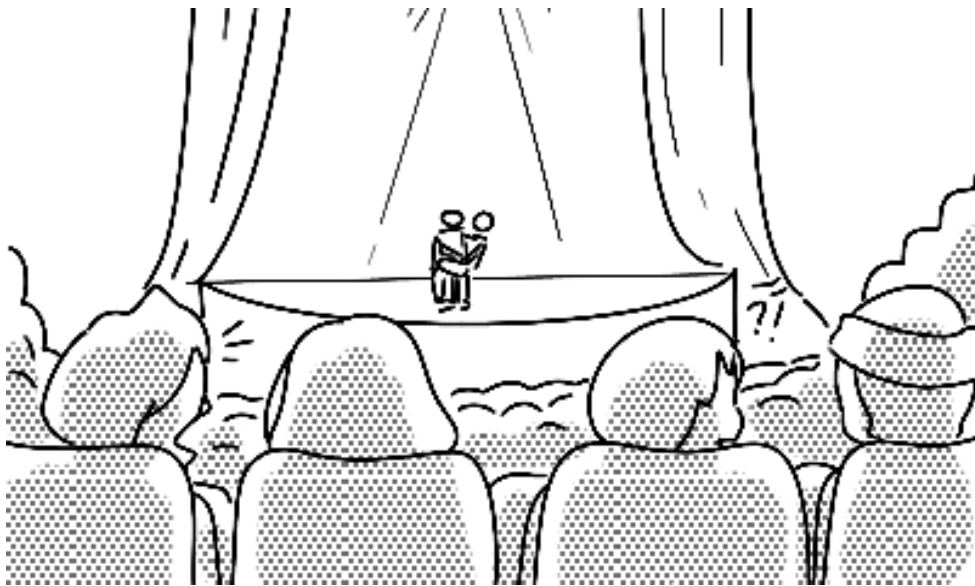
Some of the audience members gasped, some emoted in awe, but not because of the man who appeared out of thin air.

No, it was instead that seemingly instantaneously, the woman who had just announced the show had disappeared. In her place was a realistic, life sized ventriloquist doll.



The doll perfectly resembled the girl who had been on stage just a moment before: same height, same outfit, even the toy's face was an uncanny reflection of the girl who came before her. The only difference was now the girl was clearly nothing but an inanimate toy, albeit a very realistic one. The toy had soft cloth skin, seams down her arms and legs, and a vacant smile on her face. She was still standing, but only with the support of the man that appeared behind her, who now had one hand seemingly on the small of her back.

"Uh... huh." Aurora found herself thinking. Her aloof expression slipped if only just a bit as she examined the doll. She genuinely didn't how the trick was pulled off so quickly, but one thing was for sure: Aurora was definitely paying close attention now.



"Thank you, thank you! You really are too kind." The lean man on stage spoke up, letting the doll fall limp and dangle in his grasp for a moment as he addressed the audience for the first time. His voice came through with a bold tone of confidence and a slight Mid-Atlantic accent, only further accentuating his vintage aesthetic.

"As my lovely assistant informed you all, I am Gideon Stitch. World famous showman, master of puppets, the greatest working stage magician today, and-"

All of a sudden Gideon was cut off as the puppet in his hand sprang to life.

"And he's humble, too!" She spoke out in the same voice as her flesh and blood doppelganger before going inanimate once more, getting a few surprised chuckles out of the audience. Coily raising an eyebrow at the puppet, Gideon turned back to the crowd and showcased the doll in his hand.



"Ah yes, and how could I forget. This is Veronica!" Upon hearing her name, the doll sprang to life, a bright smile appearing on her face and a spark of life behind her eyes. As she curtsied, she moved as if she was real again.

Aurora was stumped, but before she could question much, Gideon continued.

"Veronica here has been part of the show here for years now, and she's gotten quite convincing! She might have had a few of you fooled at the start of the act, but the honest truth is she's really just a puppet!"

With an expressive pout on her face and raising her eyebrow at the remark, Veronica crossed her arms and postured herself before replying.

"Just a puppet? Rude! I'll have you know I was classically trained at-"

All of a sudden, Gideon removed his hand from the small of Veronica's back. As he did, the light left the doll's eyes as she went completely limp, flopping over Gideon's forearm and dangling there as he presented the once more inanimate toy to the audience.

"See? Just a puppet." Carrying the life sized rag doll with ease as he fetched a stool from a pile of props on one end of the stage, Gideon placed the seat down and took a seat front and center before sitting Veronica on his lap. Slumped, the doll's head lolled to one side, her mouth hanging ajar as she waited for her puppeteer to bring her to life once more.

"Now to most, Veronica here really is just a puppet." Gideon paused to lift the doll's arm and have her clumsily wave at the audience before letting her fall limp once more. "Why, she wouldn't look too out of place hanging from one of the prize racks in the carnival games outside. But, in the hands of a master..."



At that, Gideon wiggled his fingers and slid his hand back into an opening in the puppets back. Almost instantaneously, Veronica sprang to life once more, doing an big stretch and cracking her neck before sitting upright with a bright expression on her face before speaking up.

"In the hands of a master, I'm the real star of the show!" Veronica said coyly, giving Gideon a nudge before jokingly 'whispering' to the audience. "He's just here to give me a hand once in a while."

The audience broke out in laughs and applause once more, confounded at how quickly Veronica seemed to jump back and forth from being an inanimate toy to seemingly a real girl. Even Isaac was impressed, but looking over to his girlfriend, Aurora was acting as stoic as ever (even if internally she was still trying to figure out the trick herself.)

"Now, before we get on with the show, let me tell you a little about myself!" Gideon started, Veronica doing an exaggerated yawn and shooting the audience a wink that the puppeteer pretended not to notice.

"When I was a boy, I always had a fascination with toys. Even then I loved to put on performances with my crudely made marionettes being the stars of a show where I was the only audience. As I grew older, I discovered something remarkable though: Magic. Not just slight of hand and palor tricks, mind you, real magic. Magic that could bring my puppets to life, and even magic that could make new puppets. Now, after years of honing my craft, I'm-"

Before Gideon could finish his story, Veronica cut him off once again.

"You're a grown man who still plays with dolls?" As the audience laughed, Gideon playfully rolled his eyes at the tease before continuing.

"I was going to say 'Doing what I love for a living,' but yes that too. By the way, Veronica. Do you know what the best part of working with puppets is?"

Crossing her legs and pondering for a moment, Veronica, answered rapidly.

"Is it that you don't have to pay us?"

"No"

"Is it that you can have your hand up your coworker's back all afternoon and I can't report you to HR?"

"Well, no."

"Then is it that you're so controlling that your ego can't stand to share the stage with anyone that isn't directly an extension of your will?"

Feigning being hurt by the comment, Gideon looked to the audience with a surprised look on his face before back up to Veronica on his lap.

"...Ouch! Sheesh, I was just going to say you're easy to work with but let's just go with the not paying you bit!" Gideon answered, adding a quippy tone to his voice as he continued.

"And by the way, if we're being critical with each other, your delivery on that last line was a little bit stiff."

Not skipping a beat, the puppet shot back with a cocky grin on her face.

"I'm the one who's had to sit on your lap all act! Trust me, *you're the one who's a little stiff.*"



As the audience laughed, even Aurora snorted a bit at that last line, though the fox was quick to stifle her chuckle as Isaac looked over to her. Between the scantily dressed puppets and inuendos, she had to admit, she wasn't expecting the show to be raunchy, let alone actually be funny, but now she wanted to see where this whole act was going.

Getting up from his stool in mock frustration, Veronica giggled along with the crowd at Gideon's exasperation as her owner stood her up with him.

"You see, dear audience, this leads us to the next part of the act. I'm not sure if you've noticed, but Veronica is a... well..."

Not missing a beat, the puppet chimed in.

"Charming? Quick-witted? A stunning piece of art that you're lucky to own?"

Looking at Veronica to a moment as if to emphasize his point, Gideon answered:

"...Surprisingly difficult to work with. Which is remarkable given that you're essentially a ventriloquist dummy."

As Veronica started to shoot back with a '*Who are you calling dummy, Dummy!*' quip, Gideon removed his hand from the slit in the puppet's back and once more. The first words barely passed her cloth lips before her expression went vacant and she returned to being just another puppet. From her standing position, she started to crumple to the floor, but Gideon caught her at the last moment, taking the limp doll over to the pile of props and setting her down, her legs sprawled outwards on the stage. In juxtaposition to the energetic girl she was a moment ago, now she just looked like a life sized version of a rag doll who had been dropped on the floor by her kid.

"As I was saying, as great of an assistant our Veronica is, the troupe here has been looking for a new member for some time! Someone with pizzazz, that natural gift of showmanship! And, well," Gideon paused and leaned into the audience and nodding in Veronica's direction. "Someone who isn't going to give me too much grief. But talent is so hard to find these days!"

Approaching center stage, Gideon crossed one arm and began twisting at his mustache in

thought, murmuring "What to do, what to do..." as he jokingly pondered the situation he was in before he jumped up with an idea.

"Aha! I know! You generous folk look like a talented bunch! I'm sure one of you could be a fantastic assistant. But which one of you has what it takes to join the magical world of the theater?"

At that, two spotlights from the rafters above the stage flipped on and began combing the audience. There were a few cheers from the crowd as several people raised their hands. Isaac jokingly tried to raise Aurora's hand for her, but she snatched it back before giving him a playful punch in the shoulder.

Examining the crowd thoroughly, Gideon thought aloud as the suspense built. "Maybe you? No, no, well how about you? No that wouldn't work. Wait, there! There is the new assistant I've been waiting for!"

All of a sudden, the spotlights converged, landing on a girl in the opposite end of the seats to Aurora and Isaac. She was she was about their age, a taller blonde girl in a short summer dress, and as the spotlights locked onto her, she looked like a deer in headlights.

Before she had a chance to refuse, Gideon called out to the crowd.

"Let's give her a hand everyone! Come on up to the stage, Miss!"



With a wave of cheering and a healthy amount of peer pressure from those around her, the girl eventually got up, sheilding her eyes from the spotlights as they followed her up to the stage.

There, she gingerly approached Gideon, who beckoned her to join him center stage.

"Ah, yes! Welcome to the theater, that spotlight suits you well, miss! Now then, what can we call you?"

Timidly, the girl responded. "Uh, Millie. My name is Millie."

Not missing a beat, Gideon turned to the crowd as if to show off the girl. "Millie! Let's give my new assistant another round of applause for being such a good sport!"

Before Millie could protest already being called Gideon's new assistant, the audience broke out into applause once more. As they did, Gideon began twisting at his moustache once more as he looked Millie over.

"Now then, Millie, I could sense from you right away that you were made for the theater! You're clearly a star, are you not? Tell me, do you have any experience acting?"

"Uh... no?" Millie responded a bit awkwardly, Gideon continuing his line of questioning.

"Well then can you sing?"

Again, Millie shook her head 'no,' Gideon putting on a look of mock perplexion.

"Then you can dance surely!"

"... No, I can't do any of that..." Millie answered definitively.

Gideon seemed taken aback, going as far as to recoil a bit back towards the prop pile and the still slumped Veronica doll.

"My, this is quite a shock! I was certain that you were the perfect candidate to be my new assistant, but what are we to do if you can't perform?"

Millie crossed her arms before looking between Gideon and the audience as if to say 'I don't know what to tell you, man.'

Pondering the conundrum, Gideon paced back and forth for a moment before jumping up in an 'aha!' moment. Immediately, he ran over to the prop section, digging his way through a box and letting all kinds of magic show doo-dads fall to the floor as he searched. Even the Veronica doll fell to her side, landing on the stage with a soft thump as Gideon searched, all before eventually Gideon jumped up once more as he found what he was searching for.



"There we go!" He started, returning to center stage where Mille had been waiting awkwardly. As he got closer, he unveiled that in his hands were two simple wooden marionette control, each in the shape of an 'X'

"Now Millie," he continued. "I know your life long dream has always been to be part of the theater, but alas, your dream has always been just out of reach! All because of the pesky details of not being able to sing, dance, or act."

At that, the audience chuckled at the tongue and cheek remark as Millie tried to protest that she didn't want or care about any of those things; the girl was becoming slowly more annoyed with time.

"But fret not! For I have an ingenious way to make you a star!"

As Gideon addressed Millie, something started to happen that only the audience could see: There, from the rafters above the stage, **a distinct white ribbon began to lower itself down towards the stage, seemingly right above Millie.** As the crowd began to take notice, there were murmurs throughout the onlookers which only grew as more strings began to descend from the darkness above the stage.

All the while, Gideon was keeping Millie distracted, playing up his own 'brilliant plan' until the strings were practically right above her. Finally, Millie's frustration reached a boiling point, the girl snapping at the magician.

"What? What is this plan of yours then?"

With a devilish grin, Gideon shot back.

"Anyone can be a star with the right person pulling your strings."



At that, someone from the audience called out "Above you!!!" Millie looked in confusion for a moment before glancing up, only just now seeing the strings above her. As a mist began to appear around the stage, Millie was a second away from darting out of there, but it was too late. As she did, the first string dropped onto the girl's head and with a distinct 'click,' it attached itself and went taut.

As it did, Millie stood up straight. Gone was the annoyed look the girl had had on throughout the act. Instead she now had a dreamy smile and a distant look in her eye, seemingly not a care in the world. At that, Gideon's smirk only grew. Lifting up the marionette controls in his hands, Gideon spoke up in a coy tone.



"Now then, my new star. Forgive my manners, but I seem to have forgotten your name! Can you please remind myself and the audience?"

Blinking a few times as she tried to shake off her dreamy stare, Millie answered in a light, innocent tone, notably different than her standoffish state a moment before.

"I'm T... my name is Toy! Wait, no, I meant to say, my name is Toy!" No matter how hard she tried, the girl couldn't seem to say her real name, a bit that got a few more chuckles out of the audience and even Gideon, who seemed to be enjoying things greatly.

"Wait, that's right! Your name is Toy. You're applying to be my new assistant, wait no.. you were applying to be my new marrionette, weren't you?"

Through her confused state, those words seemed to click, and Toy seemed to latch on to this new narrative she had been given.

"Wait... yes, yes! That's it! Toy is here to be your new puppet!" She answered with a self-assured nod, but as she did, she looked down to her arms and legs. "But, huh, I don't look like a marrionette..."

Gideon's devilish expression only grew as he knew his plan had worked all to well. Turning to the audience, he addressed them in the same confident tone from before.

"She's right! Well then, dear audience, should we help Toy look the part then?"

The audience cheered in response, and that sealed it. In one fluid motion, Gideon tossed his marrionette control up above his head and snapped his fingers. At that, the remaining strings

rapidly attached themselves to Toy's joints, all before Gideon caught the control out of the air.

As he did, a puff of smoke covered the stage once more, completely shrouding Gideon and his supposed new puppet in shadow. As it began to clear though, the audience gasped and applauded once more.



There, on stage, Millie was gone. Now there was only a beautifully made wooden marionette, dressed from head to toe in burlesque styles after a 1920's cabaret show. The puppet was striking a pose, relaxing her arms behind her head not just to show off her alluring figure accented by her new outfit, but also the distinct lines at her joints. Looking closely, one could see that at her neck, shoulders, and most notably her arms and legs, her polished wood body was separated into different segments, connected by visible ball joints. Proud of his work, Gideon approached the puppet slowly, raising the control rods in his hands.

"Now isn't that better? Tell me Toy, how do you feel?"

Even though the girl on stage was just a wooden puppet now, Millie's voice answered the question in a much more confident, deeply sensual tone than before.

"I feel amazing... I feel sexy... I feel more myself than I ever have. And more than anything?" She started. The puppet's strings slowly guiding her to the front of the stage to give the audience a better look at her. With a wink, Toy finished her sentence.

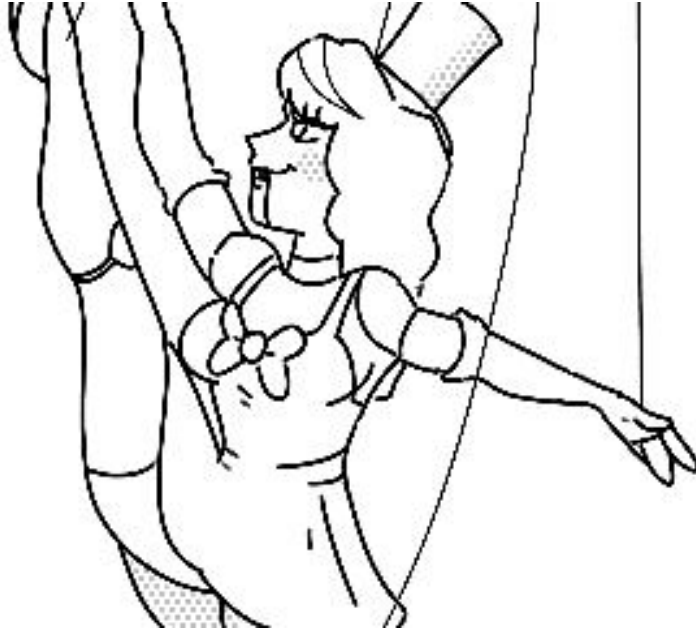
"I feel like I want someone to take me by my strings and play with me. Now, who wants to see a

real puppet show?"

At that, there were a few whistles from the audience cheered. All at once, the lights dropped once more and the spotlights locked onto the puppet on stage. Striking a seductive pose, the theater went quiet for a moment before, cutting through the silence, Toy began to sing in an breathy, sensual tone.

♪ Am I a good toy? Am I a bad toy? Am I just a toy to you?♪

♪ If I was your toy, just your lil dolly, what would you do? Would you play with me tooo~♪



All at once the stage lit up with red and yellow light, the theater exploding with a slow, jazzy instrumental to back up the puppet's performance. As it did, Toy broke out into her very own burlesque performance, her strings guiding her along as she performed dance moves that would be impossible for a real girl: She would twirl parts of her body all the way around, kick up unnaturally high to show the puppet joints on her legs (and let some audience members sneak a peak at what was under her skirt,) and even would float in the air for seconds at a time as she was lifted up by her strings.

All the while, Isaac and Aurora's jaws were on the floor. Neither one of them had any idea that this was the kind of performance they had bought tickets for, and but as Aurora scanned the crowd, she only just realized that there were only adults in the audience. Internally, she was racking her brain about how they made the magic look so real, but soon her attention snapped back to the stage as Toy neared the end of her song with a full split on the stage, leaning forward onto her elbows to not so subtly show off her wooden cleavage as she sang the last line of her number.

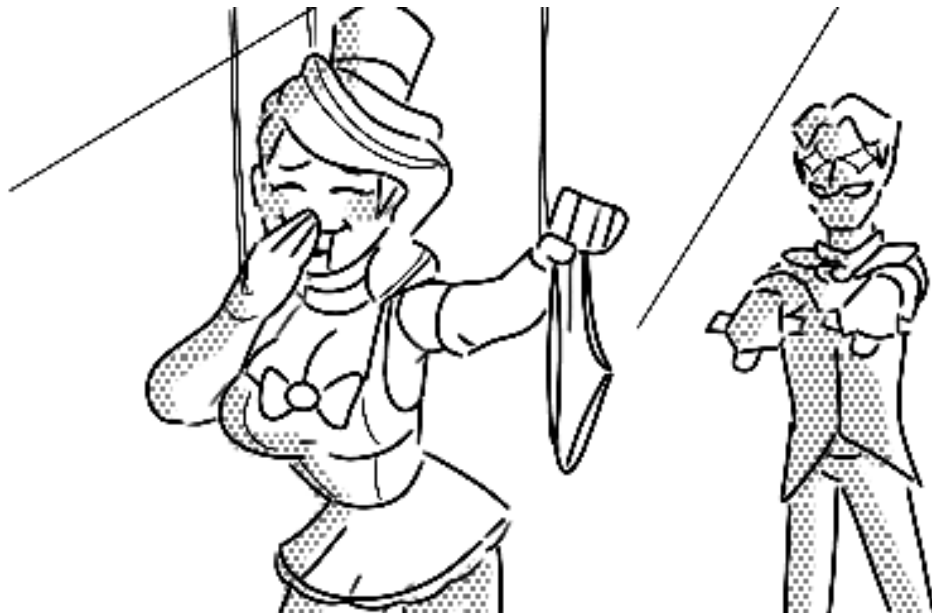
♪ So maybe, if I was your toy, what would you do~? Because baby, if I was yours, I'd want you tooo~♪

The crowd exploded once more with whistles and cheers. Even Aurora murmured a "...Fuck..." under her breath, not wanting to admit that the whole performance left her a bit flushed. Seeing the giddy smile on Isaac's face, she went to cover her boyfriend's eyes, joking to him as the crowd settled down.

"Little hot and bothered? You aren't turned on by some slut puppet, are you?" Aurora teased, Isaac going a bit flushed in his face before looking to the vixen. "What? Me? Nah, I'm more into fox girls," he teased back, Aurora rolling her eyes at the flirt before looking back to the stage.

There, the stagelights flipped on once more, Gideon standing behind the puppet as he lifted the marionette controls, seemingly pulling Toy to her feet. "What a performance! Let's here it one more time for Millie Marrionette!" Puppeting her to do one more bow, Gideon seemed to spot something on the floor. Coyly, he spoke up.

"Oh Toy, you might have lost something during the act!"



Toy looked down with a playful look of surprise on her face. Leaning down to pick it up, she lifted a pair of panties in one hand and showed it to the audience before speaking up in a bubbly tone.

"Whoops! Must have lost these while I was in the air. Good thing I'm just a puppet and don't have anything to hide down there... or do I?" With another giggle and a wink, she tossed the panties into the audience, prompting another round of whistles before the puppet took another bow, this time, Gideon not so subtly taking a peak up her skirt.

"Now then!" Gideon continued, letting his arms drop with the marionette controls still in hand. As he did, Toy went from being bubbly and alive to her strings letting her fall limp, her legs bowing inwards as her ass plopped down to the stage. Her face was still bright and cheery, only now her jaw hung slack and her head lolled to the side, just a puppet waiting for someone to pull her strings once more.

Tussling the kneeling puppet's hair playfully as he walked by, smirking at her vacantly happy expression as he walked past her to the side of the stage once more, collecting Veronica from her pile on the floor and the stool before returning to center, sitting Veronica on his lap and still holding a marionette control in the other.

Looking between the two inanimate toys, Gideon slid one hand into Veronica's back and lifted Millie's marionette control with the other, bringing the puppet to her feet as Veronica sprang to life as well.

"So Veronica, what did you think of Toy's act?" Gideon started. As he puppeted Veronica, Millie seemed to go slack, drooping just a bit and her mouth hanging ajar as her puppeteer focused on the dummy instead of her.

"Hmmm... not bad I guess. I never did like marionettes too much, too high strung if you ask me." Veronica quipped before going a bit slack herself, Gideon lifting Millie upright before addressing her instead.

"And you, Millie? How do you think you did?"

Putting her arms behind her back sticking her chest out a bit as she thought, the marionette answered innocently.

"Oh I'm just a puppet, Mr. Stitch. I don't know if I was any good, but boy what is fun having you puppet me around for all these nice folk!" Taking on a bit of a coy expression, Millie amended her thought. "Although I think if Veronica didn't like it, maybe it was because she's jealous that another toy was in the spotlight and not her."

Springing back to life, Veronica shot back. "Jealous? Of some beginner burlesque bimbo?"



At that, the two puppets began to bicker back and forth loudly, with Gideon rolling his eyes, seemingly stuck in the middle of a catfight to the audience's amusement. Letting the bit go on for a second, he eventually stood up, bringing his puppets with him.

"Enough! So help me I will turn this show around if you two keep fighting; these people want to be amazed by the magic of the theater, not petty squables! Now, kiss and make up so we can get on with the show already!"

The girls went silent for a moment, reluctantly giving half hearted apologies to one another before agreeing to play nice. Both looked to Gideon as if to say "there, are you happy?" but the puppeteer stood firm.

"Ahem. I believe I said *kiss and make up*." Gideon stated, a few audible "ooo's" from the audience ringing out.

Both girls seemed surprised, eyes going wide as they looked from Gideon to each other. They would both have blushed if they could, feeling as Gideon puppeted them to inch towards each other, much to the audience's anticipation, until they were face to face. Millie was taller than Veronica, looking down at the fabric puppet who for the first time lost her self-assured attitude. Millie had no such loss of confidence though.



Taking charge, the marionette wrapped one arm around Veronica's waist, the other wooden hand running up her neck and through her dark hair. As Millie leaned in, Veronica seemingly melted, waiting until her nose was practically touching Millie's before pulling her puppet sister close before speaking in the same alluring tone from before.

"Nothing to be embarrassed about, doll. We can't control ourselves... literally. And be honest, *you want to.*"

At that, Veronica broke, leaning in to kiss Millie deeply. The audience cheered and laughed as the two embraced; the pair of puppets seemed to be getting hot and heavy from the affection, Veronica going as far to slide one hand up Millie's wooden leg, but before it could reach its destination, the two puppets crashed to the floor.



Gideon had carelessly dropped the puppets, letting both go limp mid-embrace with the same, dollish smiles on their face as they collapsed onto one another. At the feet of their puppeteer, the toys leaned on each other for support, Gideon taking the inanimate girls around the waist and lifting them up.

"Sorry folks, this show is plenty risqué as is, but we'll have to wait for the girls to '*get to know each other*' after the show. Like I said, we have a show to get back to! And more than that, we're coming up on the grand finale!!"

With a mix of laughs and playful groans from the tease on stage, the audience clapped as Gideon gave a tug on Millie's strings. As he did, the strings began to lift back up into the rafters that they had dropped from in the first place, now taking the inanimate Millie with them until she disappeared above the stage.

"So, Aurora, having fun yet? Pretty amazing, right? After the first two acts, I have no idea how the finale is going to top that." Issac teased from their seats. Normally, Aurora would have had a sarcastic comment locked and loaded, but instead she was just genuinely enthralled with the act.



"Yeah... amazing is a word for it. I don't know, I'm still just trying to figure out the trick here. Maybe that Millie girl was in on the act? And her and the assistant are providing voices for the puppets back stage? But I still don't get how they move and act so... real."

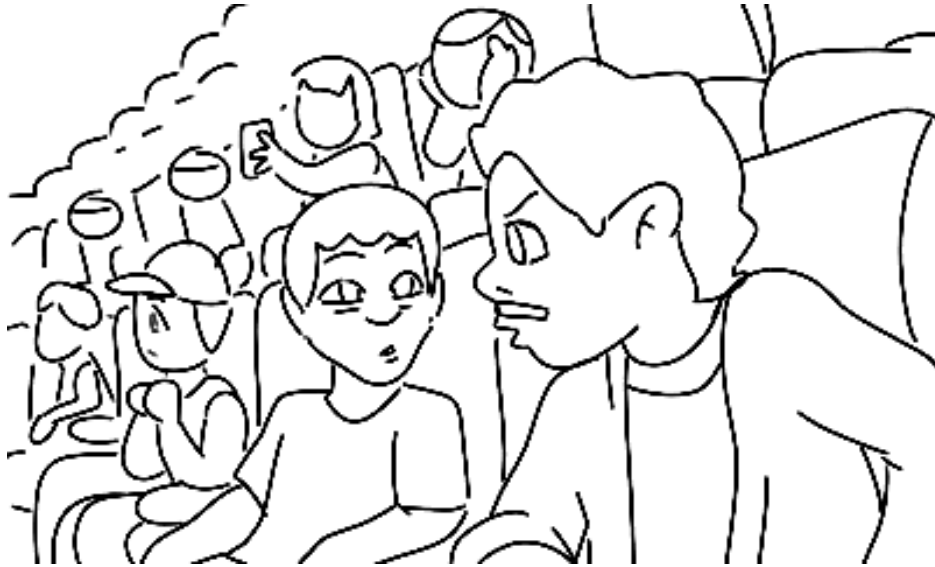
Smirking at his girlfriend and putting his arm around her, Isaac spoke candidly. "Well maybe it's just real magic, ever think of that?"

Rolling her eyes a bit before getting cozy with him, Aurora went back to watching the show closely. "We'll see."

With Gideon and Veronica alone on stage once more, the magician toyed with the inanimate doll in his arms, letting her flop around a bit as he addressed the audience.

"Now folks, I suspect you may have noticed a bit of a common theme between the acts here." He started, lifting Veronica up by her forearms and making the puppet do a clumsy wave before drapping her over his forearm once again.

"So, I'll drop the showmanship just a little bit and be honest with you all: for our final act of the evening, we'll need another volunteer from the audience, buuut not someone to play the role of my new assistant, nor a new star of the show. **No, for our grand finale, I'm looking for... a puppet!"**



At hearing those final words, there were some murmurs from the audience as some people looked around to one another. Unlike before, people weren't eagerly raising their hands to volunteer to be part of the show, nor did the spotlights flicker on to roam the crowd.

Hearing the chatter, Gideon continued. "Come on now, I know for a fact we have at least one puppet in the crowd! Certainly a doll at very least, even if they don't know it yet! So, dear members of the audience, who amongst you is brave enough?"

The murmurs continued and still, out of the sizable theater, no one raised their hands. As the tension built, Isaac looked around as well, wondering who would be the one to step up, but something different was going on in Aurora's mind: The whole show she had been intent on figuring out how the hell Gideon had pulled off those tricks, wanting to see past the apparent magic he was toting on stage, and a thought popped into her mind: that one thing was for sure, there was no way he'd have a look-alike doll of herself back there. This actually might be her perfect chance for her to get up close and personal and really see how that grifter on stage was pulling off his 'magic' tricks.

'You know what? Fuck it,'

She wasn't sure what had come over her, but as that feeling of conviction built and no one else dared to volunteer, Aurora found herself standing up, crossing her arms and firmly announcing herself.

"You need a volunteer? Fine, you found one!"

A hush fell over the audience.



At that, the stagelights flicked on, locking onto Aurora in the crowd who stood confident. Gideon's same devilish smile crept over his face upon seeing the vixen in the crowd. '*Bingo*,' he whispered under his breath, waving his arm out in a sweeping motion as he bombastically called out to the audience and Aurora alike.

"Ladies and gentlemen, It looks like we've found our puppet! Come on down to the stage, miss, and let's get this grand finale going!"

The audience erupted into applause, Aurora unphased by the hundreds of eyes now on her. She was only focused on Gideon. Making her way to the aisle, she stopped in front of Isaac, who was admittedly pretty dumbfounded by his girlfriends out of character behaviour.

"Relax, I'm just going to get a closer look at this dude's so called 'magic.' Just come find me after the show and I'll tell you how the trick is done." She said to her boyfriend with a wink, giving Isaac's hand a squeeze before making her way to the stage.

Stepping up, Aurora walked straight to Gideon at center stage, her confidence not waning even as she looked out to the crowd below her, catching Isaac's nervous glance among the sea of faces. Greeting the vixen as she approached, Gideon looked over his new volunteer and didn't mask that he was quite happy with her.

"Thank you so much for volunteering, Miss Fox. Not often we see vixens like yourself in the theater! Now, tell me, when did you first realize you were a puppet? Just now perhaps?" Gideon

spoke up, Aurora scoffing at the remark as she rolled her eyes and crossed her arms once more.

"It's Aurora. And trust me, bud, I'm no one's puppet. I'm just here because it was getting a bit awkward for everyone watching you just standing up here alone."

Chuckling himself at the jab, Gideon was quick to shoot back. "Ooh, a fiesty one, I like it! What do you think, Veronica?"

At that, Gideon slipped his hand into the doll's back and once more she came back to life. Up close, the puppetry was just as convincing, if not more: Aurora saw as Veronica stood up right moved with the finesse of a real girl. Watching the doll closely for any signs of strings or tells as she sauntered up to her, Aurora kept her composure even as Veronica was practically nose to nose with her, looking her over with smirk before turning back to Gideon and the audience.



"Well I think she's perfect, but what do you all think?" She said, motioning to the crowd.

The audience replied with another round of applause, but as they did, Veronica put on a playful, inquisitive expression as she spoke back up.

"But, one thing doesn't make sense to me: you said you weren't a puppet... but that's not right! Of course you are, I mean just look at you! *You look like the perfect doll!*" Rolling her eyes, Aurora looked to Gideon, not Veronica, and retorted.

"Oh really now, and what gives you that idea?" Hearing the question directed at him, Gideon pretended not to notice, puppeting Veronica to step inbetween them as she responded to the question.

"Aww, that's so sweet! You're a puppet and you don't even know it yet! Don't worry doll, I was just like you before I met Gideon but trust me, I know a fellow toy when I see one." Shooting Aurora a wink, the fox grimaced. She knew what she had signed up for the moment she stepped on stage, but the teases and cutesy talk was already starting to get old.

"So, I thought you had a 'grand finale' planned. Can we get on with that?" Aurora stated firmly, crossing her arms again. Gideon seemed tickled by the comment, delighted to have such a sharp personality to work with on stage, moving Veronica to the side before speaking up.

"Straight to the point! All business! I like that in a gal, but this is the theater; we doing things with a little more flair around here!" Gideon started, turning to the audience. "So, without a further adeu, our final act of the evening will be," he paused, a drum roll sounding from off stage to build suspense before the magician announced proudly: "A disappearing act!"

"...wait, really?" Aurora scoffed, a bit disappointed even. "After all that fuss, and how elaborate that bit with the marionette was, you're just going to end things by disappearing?" Hearing that, the same devilish grin came over Gideon's face.

"Oh I'm not the one disappearing, doll. You are! Now can you hold this for me for just a second? Thanks!"

Before Aurora could even refute being called a doll again, her eyes went wide as Gideon casually tossed Veronica to her, the puppet flying through the air for a moment before Aurora instinctually caught the toy before she'd crumple to the floor.



Closer than ever to the puppet, even feeling her cloth skin and the soft give of stuffing

underneath, Aurora was surprised that for the life of her she still couldn't see the trick: it certainly wasn't a costume; the doll in her hands was just that, a doll. There weren't any invisible strings, or animatronic controls, just a realistic puppet with a blank expression on her face.

As Aurora examined the doll, Gideon was back over in his pile of stage supplies, even more props flying every which-way until he found what he was looking for. Pulling it from the crate, it was a large yet simple red sheet, not too unlike the curtains that lined the stage.

"Now look closely dear audience!" Gideon started, returning to center stage. "And you too, Ms. Fox, seeing that you have such a keen interest in learning my tricks." he said, shooting a knowing smirk to Aurora, which for the first time shook the vixen's confidence if only a little bit. How did he know that about her? She didn't get an answer as he continued to present each side of the sheet to the crowd.

"This may look like a normal piece of linen, a table cloth even, but this is actually one of the most magically charged items in my collection! It has the power to make anything disappear and reappear on command! Now observe:"

Fanning out the sheet and letting it drop, the spread out cloth began to drift down slowly, but before it could reach the stage, it seemed to catch itself on an unseen object. Drapping itself over what looked to be a cylinder, Gideon then grabbed the sheet and plucked it back into the air.

There, where once was an empty spot on the stage, was a wooden stool that appeared out of nowhere. There were some hushed 'ooohs' and 'wows' from the audience, but Gideon seemed confused, scratching his chin as he looked between the stool and the rafters above the stage.

"Huh, that was supposed to make Millie Marionette reappear on stage... but no matter! We needed a stool anyway!" With one swift kick, the stool skirted across the stage before coming to a rest beside Aurora, who was still trying to figure out where the hell the stool had appeared from despite having been behind the magician during the trick. Before she could speak up, Gideon approached her, motioning for her to take a seat. Obliging, if only to see where this was going, Aurora sat on the stool, going as far to bring the Veronica doll with her and prop the puppet up on her lap. Smirking at the sight, Gideon addressed the audience once more.

"Thank you, Ms. Fox! Look at these two, don't they make a cute pair of dolls?" He started. At that, Aurora's temper was starting to boil over after being called 'doll' and 'Ms. Fox' one too many times. Before she could get up, Gideon turned back to her though and did something that surprised her: he whispered to Aurora, if only for a second, completely dropping his Trans-Atlantic accent as he did.

"Relax, will you? It's all part of the act; the people eat this stuff up. Play along and before the end of the night you'll see exactly how I do my tricks, and more than that, *you'll see a side of*

yourself you never even knew was there."

Unsure of what he meant by that last bit, Gideon went right back to the act, posing Veronica quickly on Aurora's lap before taking the vixen's hand without a word, slipping it into the puppet's back. The slit in Veronica's back went all the way up to her mouth, where she could be operated like a hand puppet. It was a bit off an odd sensation, having her hand *inside* of Veronica, but before she could process it too much, she heard as Gideon began to loudly address her and the audience, returning to his put-on stage accent.

"You look like a natural, do you have much experience as a puppeteer?" He asked. Remembering what the magician words to her, Aurora reluctantly decided to play nice and go along with the act.

"No," she said curtly, to which Gideon followed up with a coy: "Well then, do you have any experience being a puppet then?" Dropping her gaze and raising an eyebrow at him as if to say 'Don't push it,' Gideon just grinned before continuing.

"No matter! After all, this trick is simple as can be! All I have to do is wave this magic sheet over you two and poof! You'll both disappear! Now are you all ready?"

Pulling the sheet up in each hand to separate Aurora and Veronica from the line of sight of the audience, there was a brief moment of silence, almost as if the fox and the puppet were entirely alone. Turning Veronica to face her for a moment, Aurora did have to admit, the puppet was kind of cute. Giving the toy a gentle smile, the pair heard as Gideon began to count down from the other side of the sheet.

"3... 2... 1... aaaaand Presto!!!"



With a sharp pull of the sheet, another huge bloom of smoke appeared, covering Aurora and

Veronica with Gideon just in front of the smoke cloud. Surrounded on all sides, Aurora couldn't even see the floor of the stage underneath her, and as the smoke reached her lungs, a strange lightheadedness came over her, instinctually coughing loudly. As the smoke slowly began to clear, Aurora spoke up through her coughs, still unable to see clearly.

"Why is it always smoke with you? Are you trying to make us disappear or suffocate me??"

With the last of the smoke dissipating, Aurora was half surprised to see that she was still on stage. After all, it was a disappearing act after all, yet the only thing that seemed different from her point of view was that the Veronica puppet that was just on her hand was gone, the fox looking up to see Gideon standing in front of her with the audience past him. What really surprised her was that, despite her still being on stage, the crowd cheered loudly and applauded as if the trick was a huge success.

Confused, Aurora looked to Gideon, who calmed the audience's cheering with an extended hand and a chuckle.

"Now now, I must apologize. It looks like our trick didn't work as originally intended! Our puppets here were suppose to vanish, but magic is rarely a thing of precision you see, and you can't always control the outcome! I think we can make this work though. Now then, Ms. Fox, how do you feel?"

Confused as ever, Aurora tried to compose herself, lifting her hand to her head as she slouched slightly before answering the question.

"Ugh... a little lightheaded I guess. The hell was in that smoke?" She replied, but again to her confusion, she sat up as she heard members of the audience giggle at her answer.

"What? What's so funny?" She continued, a response that only illicit even more laughter from the audience. Even Gideon stifled a chuckle before continuing.

"No worries, doll. They must be laughing at me and my failures as a magician," he said with a mock tone of lamenting. "After all, I couldn't pull off such a simple trick! But- oh, actually Ms. Fox, the more I look at you the more I can't help but ask... is there something different about you?"

As the audience laughed again at Gideon's remark, Aurora's frustration slowly began to build once more. It was one thing to play along with the act, it was another thing to be left in the dark about it, watching as Gideon continued with a jokingly inquisitive line of questions.

"Did you do something with your hair? No... a new pair of boots maybe? No that's not it either... Oh! Oh Ms. Fox I see now! You've finally embraced that you're a puppet after all!"

That was it. If Aurora didn't want to smack that cocky grin of Gideon's face before, she sure as hell did now. Screw figuring out the trick behind the act, and screw playing along with the show.

Getting up from her seat, Aurora pushed past the strange light feeling that seemed to envelop not just her head but her whole body. In one swift motion, she winded up to slap Gideon, but as she did the vixen was met with one more surprise.

As her hand approached Gideon's face, the man didn't even flinch, his grin only widening as everything seemed to slow down. Instead of a sharp 'clap' as her hand made contact with his cheek, there was only a comical 'Squeek!' As if someone had stepped on a dog toy.



The audience laughed again at the display, and through the noise of it all, Aurora retracted her hand, her gaze frantically jumping from Gideon, to the audience, all before looking down over herself. She seemed normal at first glance, examining her hands before twisting her waist to look down over her tail and legs: It was her same figure, same orange fur, same everything. The only difference was, as she looked closely at her arms and sides, there were lines of fine stitching, as if she really was...

"A Fucking Doll??"

The reality of it all became all too apparent to Aurora all at once: though her coat was the same for the most part, as she touched her own arm, it was now a soft faux fur instead. Underneath, there was only the soft give of cotton as if she was a stuffed animal. As a matter of fact, her whole body felt light not from the smoke but because she only weighed a couple dozen pounds now, with everything from her legs to her head having been replaced by fabric and stuffing.

Even if she couldn't see the full extent of the changes, she could feel them. Her fox ears were now cloth, her hair had a slight artificial sheen, even her face was now the artfully stitched on features of a doll, giving her a more cutesy, soft look.

It was overwhelming, to the point where she refused to believe it. Looking back to Gideon,

Aurora snapped at the magician, pointing a plush finger and speaking to him sharply, which in of itself was surprising seeing that there was only fluff where her vocal chords once were.

"I don't know what the hell you did, and I don't care if this is part of your act; you need to fix this right now!" She barked, to which Gideon didn't waver, still grinning as he responded.

"Fix what, Ms. Fox? There's nothing to fix! You were always a doll, even if you didn't know it. All I did was help you embrace that truth!"

Aurora was still fuming. She was about to protest, to at very least curse the conman out in front of everyone on stage, but all she could manage to say was:

"For the last time, I. Am. Not. A. Do-"

Before that last word could leave her lips, Aurora felt the strangest sensation. One that managed to top everything that came prior.

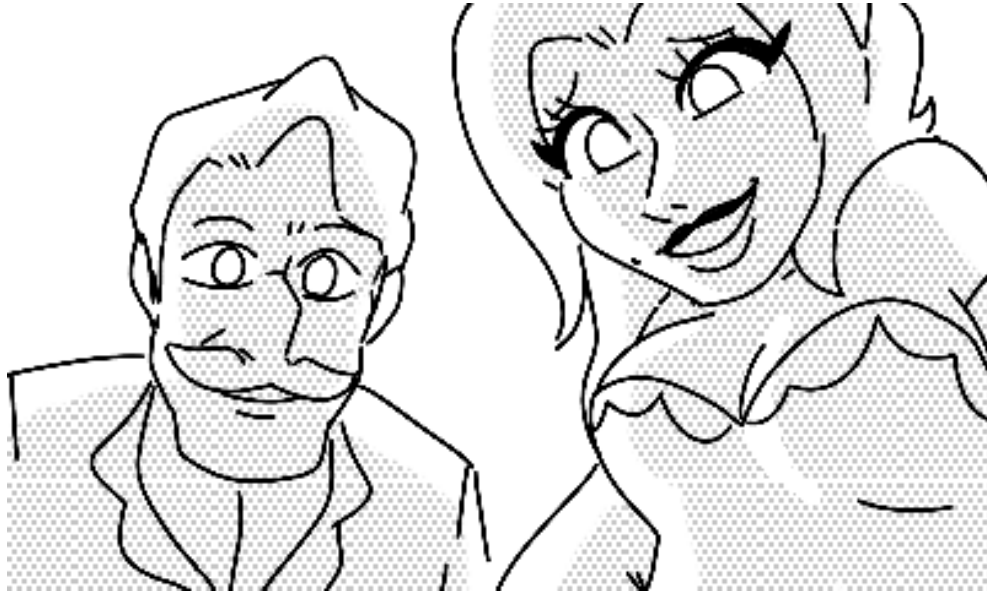


All at once, it was as if she melted. Her gaze softened from a look of anger, her mouth fell ajar as her eyes went wide; her shoulders slumped and even her tail, that was poised in an upwards curve, began to fall slack. Her strength left her, her knees going weak as they buckled, her legs bowing outwards as her butt fell to the stage with a soft 'thump' as if someone had dropped a pillow. In that moment, her arms fell to her lap, even her gaze lolled to the side, unable to even muster the strength to keep her head upright.

Even if she couldn't see herself, the realization of what she looked like would have sent a chill down her spine if she still had one: to everyone else, Aurora looked as if she was a life sized version of a plush doll that had been carelessly dropped to the floor by her owner. She wasn't a

person, *she was a prop*. As the reality of it all began to sink in, she heard a familiar voice call out from behind her.

"Whoops! Butter fingers! Sorry Dolly!"



It was Veronica, only instead of the puppet she had been for most all of the act, she was right back to being a real human girl. It all started to make sense.

It was never a disappearing act: instead, *Aurora and Veronica had swapped places*, with Aurora becoming the puppet on *her* lap as the curtain dropped and the crowd cleared. It was why everyone had applauded at the 'failed' trick, why every line out of Aurora's unassuming mouth warranted a laugh from the crowd, and now, it made sense while the vixen had crumpled to the stage like a rag toy: *her puppeteer wasn't holding her up any longer*, another thought that filled Aurora with dread.

Scooping up the fox doll from the floor, Aurora stayed completely inanimate, only able to watch through her big open eyes with an innocent smile on her face as Veronica took her from under her armpits and lifted her with ease. Bouncing her around from side to side in the air, letting Aurora flop around like a rag doll to emphasize how silly the vixen looked now, Veronica spoke up in an alluring voice.



"Oooh~ Aurora! You make such a cute little toy!! See? I told you, you were made to be a doll!"

Aurora tried to protest but she couldn't move a muscle, let alone speak on her own. She was helpless in the girl's arms, feeling as Veronica turned her to face the audience, took her by the chin in one hand, and playfully flapped her mouth to open and close while doing an exaggerated impression of Aurora's voice for her, making her sound ditzy caricature of herself.

"You were sooo right, Veronica! I'm suuuch a good dolly! I reeeally wish someone could play with me right now!"

Internally, Aurora felt a mix of embarrassment and anger. She had spent her life maintaining cool composure and being in control of most any situation she found herself in. Feeling herself reduced to simple toy though, a silly puppet completely at the mercy of who's hands were guiding her every move, was so alien to her she didn't know what to do, not that there was literally anything she could do. Still, she grimaced at the thought.

Watching Veronica play with the newly made doll, Gideon decided to finally chime in, looking between the pair and the audience.

"Well then folks, it sounds like our new doll is just dying to be played with! What do you say, should we oblige?" The crowd cheered, a few individuals already starting to whistle in anticipation of what was to come next.

"Sounds like a yes to me! It's show time!!" At that, the theater went pitch black once more. There was still a rumbling in the audience, but for a moment, there was a relative silence.



In the darkened void that was the stage, Aurora was pertified. Her blank expression masked a flurry of emotions going on in her head: disbelief, frustration, humiliation, and anxiety. It was almost too much, but as her panic built during the brief reprise in the dar, she felt something she didn't expect:

The hands holding her up in the dark, Veronica's hands, pulled the doll into a tight hug, resting Aurora's chin on her shoulder and holding the doll close as she whispered into the vixen's ear.

"Shhhh, it's ok. Relax, doll, just relax, I've got you. You're safe, and trust me, you really will be ok."



Despite her instincts to fight back, Aurora found herself listening to the gentle words, relaxing slowly as the negative emotions seemed to just flow out of her as she dangled in the girl's grasp. Veronica continued.

"You want to know how I know? Because I was exactly where you were not too long ago. I was horrified, embarrassed. I didn't believe it. But even if he comes off as sleezy, and cocky, and just kind of a jerk, Gideon does know what he's doing. Getting you to come up stage was all part of his plan, not because he wanted to trick you or punish you, but because from the moment you walked into this tent, he knew deep down you were made to be a doll."

Aurora still felt the need to protest that last bit, but feeling as Veronica hugged her closer, she melted once more. For a moment, they weren't on stage; Feeling the deep comfort of just being a toy in this girl's arms was something Aurora had never come close to experiencing before. Part of maintaining her aloof, composed personality meant she had her guard up around people all the time. For once though, she had no choice but to trust the girl's words, hearing her whisper one last thing before loosening her hug.

"You have an owner, don't you? That cute boy you walked in with? Let me guess, you've always had trouble fully opening up around him, right?" Veronica playfully puppeted Aurora to nod yes. "Thought so, I was the same way too... Well here's your chance. Just be honest with yourself about what you feel: Let go of all that pride and ego and just, for now, *be Aurora Doll*."

Those last words struck a chord with the vixen. Aurora was stubborn, there was no doubt about that, but deep down she had always wished she wasn't so closed off about her feelings, especially around Isaac. Well, if there ever was a time to let her guard down and be honest, this was it.

Feeling relaxed, her mind left all the frustration and embarrassment behind and just focused on how Isaac made her feel.

Aurora wasn't sure if it was the magic effecting her thoughts, or if this really was just her. Either way, she was as ready as she'd ever be for what came next, feeling as Veronica turned her around, bent her over slightly, and glided one hand up to a slit in the fox puppet's back. Aurora winced at the idea of anyone's hand sliding into her like that, but as Veronica gently and smoothly slid her fingers through the slit, it felt... good. Really good even.

It was a deeply complex sensation: as Veronica's hand entered her, moving from the slit in her back up to her head where Aurora's mouth could be operated like a hand puppet, the vixen doll felt as if life itself was being breathed into her. There was a warmth that coursed through her, a sensuality to it, and more than anything, there was a connection that filled her with comfort but also a deep closeness to her puppeteer.



Feeling Veronica's hand adjust inside of her, Aurora slowly began to regain her ability to move, starting by blinking a few times before taking a deep breath, despite having no real reason to breathe anymore.

What intrigued the puppet though was while she could move, the line was blurred between what actions were her own and what Veronica was puppeting to do. The more she got used to the feeling, the more she realized these two things were one in the same, with her will being an extension of her puppeteer while still holding onto what made Aurora herself. Oddly enough, this feeling was... liberating, finding an ironic freedom in letting someone else partially take control of her body, all while still being able to guide their decisions.

In that moment, despite it all, the other worldly transformation she had just experienced and the overwhelming nature of it all, Aurora was ready, her puppeteer giving her another quick hug from behind before a voice cut through the darkness. Hearing Gideon call out through the dark to the audience, she knew it was time.

"Presenting, the Ventrilloquist Vixen. The Faux Fox! The Plush Paradigm of the Theater! Give it up for the Alluring Aurora!"

At that, a stage light came on at once with a 'thunk,' now casting the stage in a blend of deep blue and red light.

Stepping out of the dark to center stage, one more white spotlight illuminated an incredible sight. At first, you could only see the swish of a fox tail coast through the light, but a moment later, one leg extended out from the dark. It was Aurora's, with a red and white striped

kneehigh stocking hugging the form of her legs, starting at the exposed fur of her thighs and leading down to a black mary jane at her foot. Slowly stepping into the light, it was revealed that Aurora had a bit of a costume change under the veil of darkness.



Now in full view in the spotlight, Aurora was dressed in a costume resembling a classic rag doll, only much more 'adult' in appearance. Cutting off just below her waist with her tail poking out, the vixen wore a short blue dress with red polka dots, not too unlike a Raggedy Ann doll. There was a small white apron which sinched around her waist, emphasizing the vixen's curves, leading up to the doll's chest where her ample cleavage was showcased. At her hands were two comically large white mittens, with patterns resembling fox paws on the palm each.

At her face, the doll seemed to have the slight accents of painted on freckles and blush on her cheeks, some slight eye shadow, and finally, completing the look, her hair had been pulled into two braids that rested on either side of her shoulders. Just behind the doll, half in the shadows, was Veronica, still with one hand up the newly made puppet's back and looking to the vixen with a little bit of pride. For a second, there was a hush over the audience, broken only as Gideon appeared with his own spotlight and his same bombastic voice.



"Now THAT is what I call a doll!"

Without another moment of hesitation, the crowd erupted in applause, all with the occasional whistle and cheer at the puppet. One member of the crowd had a special response to the show unfolding on stage though.

Ever since the initial 'disappearing act,' Issac's jaw had been on the floor. He couldn't believe what he had seen at first: right before his eyes, his girlfriend had transformed into a life sized plush puppet of herself, one that didn't just look like her, but moved and sounded like her too. Isaac had joked before about the magic in the show being real, but seeing Aurora turned into a doll in front of his eyes made him convinced that the performance was no trick after all. That puppet really was Aurora.

His first instinct was to rush the stage and save his girlfriend, but between the shock of it all and still reeling in disbelief, watching as Aurora seemed to have been going through the same feelings up there, it all happened too quickly, and before he knew it, the lights were out.

Now, as Aurora reappeared on stage in a costume that only emphasized the doll she had become, Issac felt something new: The disbelief gave way to awe.

He didn't expect to feel this way, but seeing her like this left him completely enamored with this girlfriend. He was still concerned for her well-being, but he could not deny it: Seeing Aurora as a doll left him flushed, sparking some wild ideas in his mind. He couldn't keep his eyes off of her, watching closely as the act continued.

"So, Ms. Fox," Gideon continued, "You certainly look more yourself now! How are you feeling?"

Rolling her eyes, sauntering slowly in Gideon's direction, the vixen responded in her same confident tone, only now with a more playful and even sensual hint to it.

"I'm feeling like I could still smack that grin of yours off your face. Buuut, well Veronica helped me with the whole '*sorry that jerk just turned you into a puppet*' bit, so that'll have to wait. We have more important things to do for now."

Her comments got a raised some interest from the audience, Gideon raising an eyebrow before responding in a coy tone, resting his gloved hand on his chest.

"Oh really? What's more important than me?"

Stopping, she turned to look at the audience with a swish of her tail, purposefully making sure the flick hit Gideon in the face. At that, Aurora spoke calmly.

"Well we have a show to put on for these nice people, don't we?"

Hearing that, the crowd let out a round of claps and cheers, and through it all, Aurora made one more clear statment that carried itself over the noise.

"But I'm not doing this for you, ya sleeze bag. This is for me... and him."

With those last words, Aurora's eyes locked onto Isaac, who watched at the edge of his seat in the audience. Shooting him a wink and a smile as if to reassure him 'it's ok, just enjoy the show,' Aurora returned to center stage, Gideon moving to the side to give his new star room. As the vixen did, she fanned herself with one of her oversized mittens as she panted, going as far to letting her cloth tongue droop from her mouth for a second.

"Wow! I meant it when I said I want to put on a good show for you guys, but damn! Those spotlights are way too hot! I think I might..." She paused, slowly slipping off her mitten and letting it fall to the stage before continuing. "have to take some of these stuffy clothes off"

Taking off her other mitten as well, Aurora began to strut along the edge of the stage, Veronica following suit as she mirrored her toy's movements and puppeted Aurora along. As the vixen took each slow step, she spoke to the audience, and to her surprise she did so honestly.

"You know, if somebody called me 'doll' on the street last week, I probably would have knocked him on his ass." She started, slipping out of her shoes with one smooth motion over the next few steps, leaning over the edge of the stage before continuing.

"But Veronica was right. *Damn*, as good as I must look to you right now, trust me, *I feel even better.*"

With quick turn lifting her skirt for a second before another flick of her tail, Aurora reached up and undid the ties in her braids, shaking out her hair as it cascaded smoothly over her shoulders. Making her rounds to each side of the stage, she returned to the middle, where the stool from

before still sat. Veronica, perfectly in sync with her puppet, sat down on the stool, lifting Aurora up effortlessly to sit her on her lap.

"Thank you, love," Aurora said smoothly, thanking her puppeteer before caressing her chin and giving her a peck on the cheek, Veronica smirking at the affection. The puppet slowly lifted one leg from her seat on Veronica's lap, elevating her foot to the air and giving a peak under her skirt as she slipped off her knee sock. She smiled at the audience.

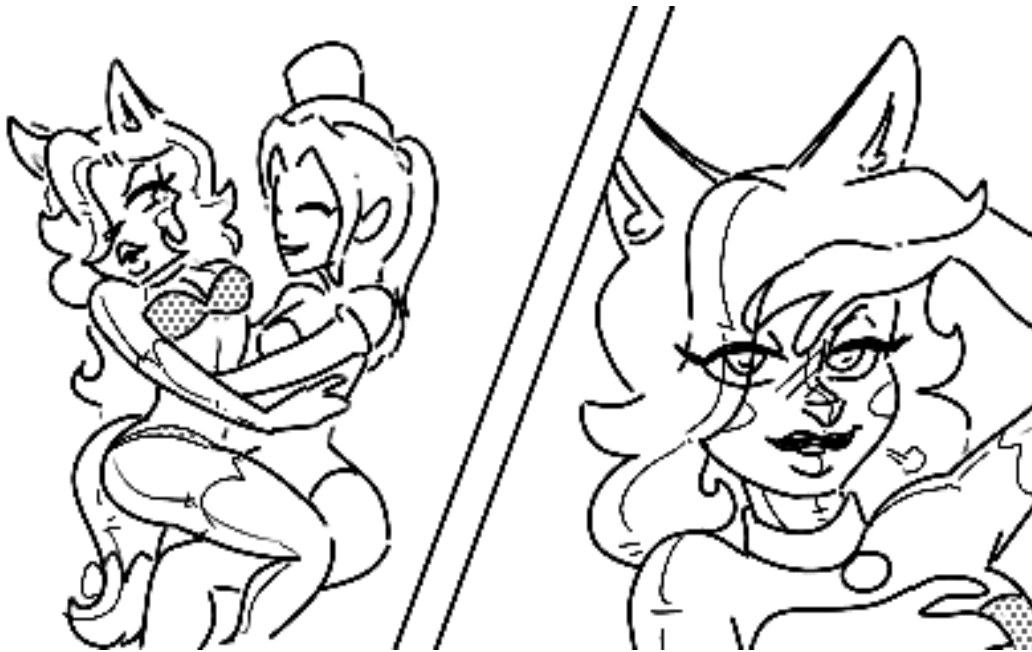
"I know what some of you are thinking, that deep down you wish you volunteered for this. And I know what a *lot* of you are thinking: '*Damn, I wish I owned a doll like that.*' "

Several guys and even a few girls cheered at that last remark, confirming the puppet's words. Now, wearing little more than just her dress, Aurora responded to those cheers.

"Of course you would. Imagine coming home to me on your bed, waiting patiently all day for you to pick me up, bring me to life. For you to make me do *Anything. You. Want.* All with a smile on my face because you know your little puppet loves to make you happy."

The audience had only become more hot and bothered with each new tease. One thing for sure, Aurora new how to keep the crowd at her finger tips. Getting Veronica to lift her back up to stand, she looked back, batting her eyelashes at her puppeteer, asking coyly: "Be a doll and get that for me, will you?" With a smirk, Veronica was happy to oblige.

With a quick 'Ziiip,' Veronca undid the back of Aurora's costume, the dress falling down to her ankles, leaving the audience so struck by the sight that no one even whistled or hollered.



There, stepping out of her dress on the floor, Aurora was only wearing a two piece lingerie set

that could not have gotten more revealing, with a razor thin lace draping from bands that only covering the bare essentials around her chest and groin. The rest of her plush curves were on full display, her already full figure emphasized by what seemed to be some extra stuffing where it counted most. Addressing the audience with a deeply sensual confidence, she finished her thought.

"I know you're thinking about it, how you'd play with me, how you'd make me your toy... Well, dream all you like, this doll already has an owner." Again, her eyes locked with Isaac's through the crowd before she continued.

"But, for now, I guess he'll have to share his toy with all of you, at least for the finale."

The audience exploded. Minutes before, Isaac thought he could have gotten more flushed, but Aurora had just proved him wrong. In that moment, he knew that every word that left Aurora's lips was directed at him, as if they were the only two people in the theater. Aurora was never the type to flirt so explicitly, but then again there was a lot new about her.

Through it all though, one thing resonated with him: not just that Aurora was referring to herself as a doll, but as *his* doll. Hearing those words, Isaac couldn't help but imagine actually having Aurora as his doll, on his lap, wanting to be his and begging for him to play with her. It was as if some desire had awoken not just in Aurora, but in himself as well, and it was all almost too much. He still wanted to 'save' his girlfriend, but the prospect of owning her as his personal doll? It was a fantasy that made his heart race.

For a moment, Aurora's gaze lingered on him, shooting him a wink. Seeing that, at least Isaac knew that Aurora was ok, despite the wild series of events and her new plush form. He was flustered, but he trusted his girlfriend. So, with bated breath, he watched her perform.

Back on stage, Aurora felt like a natural, though of course it didn't hurt that she had an experienced puppeteer guiding her movements. With the strip tease performed perfectly and the audience hooked, Aurora was surprised once again, this time at how much she was enjoying herself. As a girl, she never would have even dreamed of doing something this bold, but as a puppet, she was as natural as could be, and she was in bliss.

It was more than just performing, or putting on a show, or even having the hearts of the audience in her hands. No, at its core, she was just being played with, and that feeling was like nothing else.

The theater could have been empty, it could have been just Veronica and herself alone, and even then the feeling of being played with would have been intoxicating. As much as she hated to admit it, Gideon was right: Aurora might have been made to be a doll after all, and even if she was still coming to terms with that truth, it excited her like nothing else.

Sensing this excitement, Veronica smirked, taking her puppet along to continue their act, letting

the vixen take the spotlight and really enjoy herself. Even Gideon, ever the show-off, stayed in the shadows, only now with a much more gentle smirk as he watched the act unfold.

They sauntering along the edge of the stage, cracking more than a few lewd jokes as they did, each getting a mix of laughs and playful jeers from the crowd as they went back and forth.

"So, Aurora, what's your favorite part about being a doll?" Veronica started, the putting a finger to her chin as she thought before responding in a sensual tone.

"Hmm, I do really enjoy being stuffed," Aurora quipped with a wink, letting out a little surprise "Ooh!" as Veronica casually gave the vixen's butt a firm squeeze.

"Well you are stuffed pretty well, very soft too!" Veronica continued, her puppet not missing a beat before replying.

"I meant I like to be stuffed by more than just cotton." She said, waving her tail and plush rear at the audience before finishing her thought. "What can I say, I'm a doll, I love to be played with."

Rolling her eyes with a playful smirk, Veronica played coy as she responded to Aurora's double entendre, the two replying back and forth rapid fire.

"Oh really now? Well then, Aurora, what's your favorite way to be played with then? Dress up?"

"Hmm, *I like it more when you undress me.*"

"Well doll, is being cuddled with your favorite? You are pretty snuggly now you know."

"Close, I do love when my owner hold me close, but sometimes I wish he'd hold his doll even closer, maybe even have him slide into me."

For a moment, Veronica blushed, looking between Aurora Doll and the audience in mock surprise.

"Oh... Oh my! Do you mean... like..." Before she could finish, Aurora cut her off.

"Yeah! I mean when he slides his hand up my back to puppet me! Why, what did you think I meant?"

At that, the crowd howled at the tease, the pair giving each other a knowing look and even giggling a bit. Aurora had to admit, it was also really nice to be that in sync with someone else, though her mind couldn't help but wander and think about how perfect it would feel to be puppeted by a certain someone else...

The duo did bits like that for some time, joking with each other like old friends, and teased the audience every chance they could get with more lewd jokes, Veronica putting Aurora in suggestive poses, even flirting with each other playfully on stage.

More than a few times, Veronica even took her hand out of Aurora's back to let the doll fall inanimate, sometimes letting the vixen fall slack on her lap for a moment as she joked to the audience using the doll as more of a prop, other times taking it a step further and letting Aurora fall to the stage with a soft thump as the toy sprawled out where she was dropped. All this was in service of reminding the audience that despite her lifelike demeanor and realistic movements, Aurora was just a doll now.

They also made a point to interact with audience members throughout the show, going as far to invite one girl on stage briefly to confirm for everyone that Aurora really was just a stuffed puppet. The girl gave the temporarily inanimate doll a generous squeeze on her chest to 'see if it really was stuffing in here,' and as she did, Veronica pinched Aurora's paw to let out another loud 'Squeek!' sound to the audience's amusement.

After a while, the audience was enthralled, but the act couldn't go on forever, Veronica eventually whispering in Aurora's ear before addressing the audience herself.

"Well folks! It's looking like we're running short on time, but I think we have time for one last trick before we end the show!" There were a few playful groans from the audience; after all that teasing, most didn't want it to end, but Veronica was steadfast. "So, does anyone have any ideas on how to end the show?"

Out of the shadows, Gideon stepped back onto the stage with a short jump. "How about another shot at that disappearing act?" He announced, presenting the same large red cloth he had used the first time around draped over his one arm.

"Works for us!" Veronica announced, looking to Aurora one last time.

"So then, Aurora Doll, is there anything you want to say to our wonderful audience before the end of the show?"

The plush vixen paused, half expecting Veronica to puppet her to say something, but instead the doll was in control for the moment. So, looking out to the audience, she spoke with a lighthearted but genuine tone.

"Can't believe I'm saying this, but that was a lot of fun. Thanks for being such a good audience, and just remember: next time someone asks you to 'try new things,' you might end up turned into a puppet in a burlesque show, so take that as you will! Now if you excuse me... I've got an owner to get back to."



With one last wink, the two did a bow, and for some added flair, a number of roses seemed to magically fall onto the stage. As they did Gideon tossed the sheet over them, and as it drapped down over the pair, they disappeared, the cloth falling to the stage as if nothing was there. At that, the crowd let out one more round of cheers and applause. With a smirk, Gideon did a bow himself, giving the audience a quick wave before speaking up.

"Knew that girl was a big softy after all. That's our show, folks! Come back next summer for more magic, more marionettes, and more, well, more! I'm Gideon Stitch, and now you know as well as I do, I'm the greatest working magician today. Have a good evening and get home safe!"

At that, the curtain closed on the stage, the tents main lights flicking on. All at once, people began to get up from their seats, excited chatter coming from the crowd as people discussed the show. One person didn't move though, waiting for a few minutes as the audience made their way to the exit. Isaac instead stayed in his seat, just trying to process everything he just saw unfold.

It felt like a dream, wilder than a dream even; Aurora turning into a doll, putting a performance like that, it was surreal. And yet, here he was, the reality of it all sinking in, and despite it all his girlfriends words still rung in his ears: *'Come find me after the show and I'll tell you how the trick is done.'*

In the back of his mind, he was still hoping there was a trick to it, that Aurora would come back onto the stage at any moment, back to normal like nothing ever happened. It was just wishful thinking though and he knew it.

Getting up from his seat, he didn't head towards the exit. Instead, he slowly made his way towards the stage, climbing up with a leap, and giving one last glance over his shoulder before parting the curtains, making his way through.



"Well, here goes nothing."

Stepping in the shadows behind the curtains of the stage and towards the back, Isaac had a steady stream of mixed emotions bouncing around in his head, not the least of them being he was still notably flustered from the performance his girlfriend had just put on.

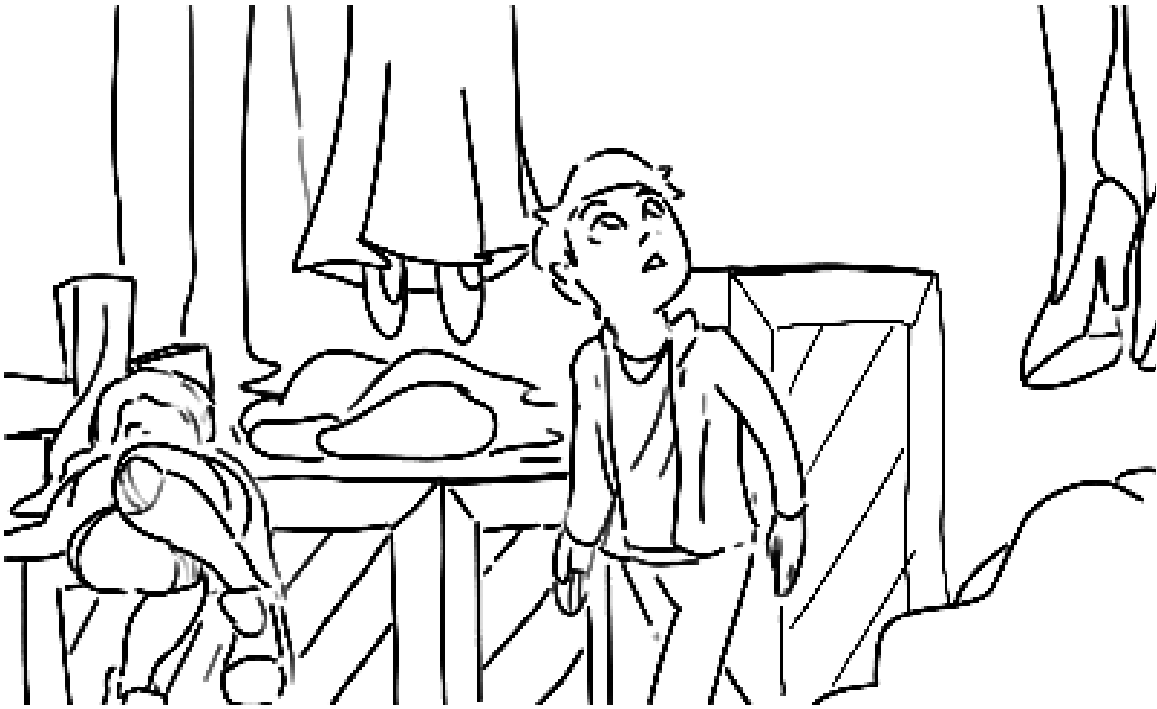
With the image of Aurora turned into a doll still fresh in his mind, his first thought was still disbelief, followed closely by that same sensation of awe. He had always found Aurora to be beautiful and deeply attractive, but seeing her like that? Something about the idea of her being a doll for him to play with, her wanting to be his doll, kept his heart racing from more than just the anticipation.

Still, he had to focus. After all, he still wasn't sure what he'd find as he made his way further back stage, the floorboards creaking slightly with each new step. For all he knew, he might find Aurora back to normal, laughing off the whole thing with Gideon and Veronica.

Or... or maybe Gideon intended to keep her as part of his traveling show as a puppet. Shaking off the mental image of Aurora spending the rest of her days as a prop, Isaac mumbled aloud to himself.

"Come on, don't be ridiculous. There's no way he'd just... keep..."

Isaac stopped himself short.



Stepping through the threshold of the true back stage of the theater, Isaac found himself looking up. There was a sizable open space, filled with all kinds of props you'd see in a range of magic acts, but that's not what caught his eye. Instead, along the walls and even hanging from some of the rafters, were a number of life sized puppets.

They ranged in appearance: some were wooden marionettes, others were fabric puppets. One was a tan girl dressed as a flamenco dancer, another a russian ballerina in a pink leotard and her hair pulled in a bun; there was even a pair of twin puppets sitting on a chest side by side that perfectly resembled the lion tamers from the opening act, complete with a small stuffed lion at their feet. They were all unique, but three things were consistent between all of them: They were all women, uncannily well made, and more than anything they were distinctly beautiful in their own ways.

"Seems like Gideon has a type..." Isaac said to himself. All of a sudden, the prospect of the magician wanting to keep the newly made Aurora Doll for himself didn't seem so crazy. With a new sense of urgency, he picked up the pace. "Ok, gotta find Aurora... sooner than later too."

Making his way deeper into the space, Isaac inched his way through the shadowy store room. Most of the back stage was barely lit, and the looming silhouettes of marionettes certainly didn't help calm his nerves. Finally, after what felt like forever, Isaac rounded a corner to see a light cutting through the dark.

There, under the glow of a stage light, was a relatively small box labeled "PROPS," and half hanging out of it was a familiar face: it was Aurora.



Even from a distance, it was clear she was still a doll; the vixen looked as if she had been tossed into the box carelessly after the show had ended, her arms and legs hanging over the edge of the container with her head lolled to the side. Still, she looked happy as can be, the same bright, warm expression still on her face as if she had always been a doll.

She wasn't alone either. Tucked neatly next to her was Millie, the wooden marionette in a similar less-than-graceful pose and distant look on her smiling face. Millie was still dressed from head to toe in her cabaret outfit, but at very least, Aurora had been returned to her street clothes she had on before she had been turned into a puppet.

Seeing this, Isaac's eyes went wide. Dropping any sense of subtlety, he practically sprinted up to his girlfriend, and in one clean motion lifted her from the box with ease, practically tossing the doll into the air before hugging her tightly. He also inadvertently send Millie tumbling onto the floor, but that was hardly his concern at this point; he was just happy to have found his girlfriend.

Spinning her around in his arms, Aurora's plush limbs swinging loosely in his grasp until he came to a stop, Isaac took a moment and just held her close, half burying his face in her stuffed chest before speaking up. "You scared the shit out of me for a second there, Aurora. I'm so glad I found you."

After another moment, Isaac fully extended his arms out to look over the Aurora doll in his hands, holding her up by her armpits and watching for a second as her smiling expression drooped forward slightly, her arms and legs swaying slightly as she was help up in Isaac's hands.

"Wow... wow so you really are a doll." He started, just looking over Aurora with that same mix of disbelief and awe, examining the doll as he did. Giving her a little squeeze, as if to make sure it really was stuffing in there, Isaac fluffed her life a pillow, causing the doll's gaze to roll off to one

side, her inanimate gaze meeting his. Seeing and feeling this, Isaac felt a bit flushed.



"And... ok wow you're soft now too. *Really soft actually.*"

Feeling the doll in his hands, the smooth texture of her faux fur, the plush feel of her stuffing, and her emphasized curves, Isaac couldn't deny that his girlfriend-turned-puppet was adorable and incredibly attractive like this; an almost unbelievable combination of alluring comfort and sexual appeal. The image of him cuddled up to her in bed, exploring her new body, couldn't help but pop into his head, but he shook it off. Focusing on the gentle smile at the doll's open mouth and Aurora's big dollish eyes, he reaffirmed his mission.

"Come Aurora, I'm not sure how we're going to fix you, but for now we have to get you out of here."

Before Isaac could tuck the life sized plush under his arm and make his way back to the exit, a sharp click cut through the relative silence of the back stage. There, from the shadows, the sound of a wooden cane rapping against the floor boards echo'ed through the room, followed by the rhythmic click of footsteps. Finally, a familiar voice spoke up dryly.

"Why is it always a matter of 'fixing' things, or turning them back to 'normal,' all when things are exactly as they should be?"

At that, a second stage light flickered on. There, Gideon emerged from the shadows, holding a cane in one hand toying with a marionette control rod in the other. Isaac's first instinct was to make a break for it, but as he turned to the magician, he looked... different.

Instead of the exaggerated showman who had been on stage only a few minutes prior, the Gideon in front of him now seemed notably more approachable: The toothy grin had been replaced by a gentle smirk, his composure softened a bit with his shoulders relaxed and vest unbuttoned. His whole manner of speaking sounded different too, losing the bombastic tone and even dropping the vintage accent he put on for the show. It may have been Gideon, but this wasn't the man Isaac had seen on stage, and he certainly didn't come off as a threat.



"Sorry for all the theatrics; could have just invited you back here, but old habits die hard I guess."

Gideon took another step towards them, Isaac instinctually tightening his grip on Aurora, the doll now held up by one arm while the other was ready for a fight if need be. Seeing this, Gideon continued.

"Hey now, relax. No tricks... for once. I'm just here to chat. About her, Aurora."

He motioned towards the vixen doll, Isaac looking to her for a moment before back to the magician. He was hesitant, but didn't see many other options than to hear him out. After all, after everything that had happened on stage, he couldn't help but think he could end up as a puppet himself if he played this wrong. Isaac responded, but didn't let his guard down.

"Alright, I'm listening. So, what, is this the part where you turn Aurora back to normal? Or are you trying to keep her as part of your show?"

Smirking if just a bit, Gideon leaned on his cane as he answered.

"Hmm, I was thinking... neither?"

Isaac wasn't sure what he meant by that, half tempted to throw a punch and knock that smirk off his face, but before he could, Gideon continued.

"Listen, Isaac. I get this is a lot to take in. Trust me, it was for her too, but I do mean it when I say I didn't do this *to* Aurora, I did this *for* Aurora."

Isaac paused again before replying, a perplexed look in his face.

"What do you mean by- wait, how did you now my name?"

With a slight chuckle, Gideon lifted hands, doing a slight flourish as he answered.

"Magic... nah; that fox doll you got there told Veronica all about you. You're a lucky guy, from the sounds of it."

Each new answer, Isaac seemed to have more questions. Looking to the inanimate doll in his arms once more, he half lifted her up.

"She told you about me? How exactly? She's not exactly very talkative right now."

With a smirk and a sigh, Gideon sured up the cane in his hand and turned around, motioning for Isaac to follow.

"We're getting ahead of ourselves here. Come on, you have a lot of questions and I have time, so let's do this in my office, ok? And do bring Aurora, I'm sure she'll want to hear this too."

At that, he walked back into the shadows from the direction he came, only now as he did more stage lights flickered on, lighting the way. Isaac still was anxious about things, but he had a lot of questions. Taking his Aurora Doll in both arms, as if he'd leave her now, Isaac followed the magician along the dotted row of stage lights. As he did, he whispered to the plush in his arms.

"Don't worry, I'm not letting you go... and, while we have a moment... your performance was amazing by the way."

Aurora said nothing of course, the doll smiling as bright as ever as she bobbed up and down with each step as her boyfriend carried her along.



Gideon's office, as it turned out, was little more than a dressing room, filled with a series of vintage suits, costumes, and accessories fit for a stage magician. Still, it was well lit and actually had some stools, better than the shadowy corridors of the back stage, so it would have to do.

Both of them took a seat, Isaac sitting Aurora on his lap and holding her close, and at that Gideon began his speil, Isaac listening as the showman answered every question he asked.

He explained what had happened behind the scenes of the show, how it genuinely was magic used throughout (as if the vixen doll on Isaac's lap wasn't proof enough,) and more than that he went into the history of the theater. How, for the most part, his backstory was true, but also how the Gideon Stitch on stage was more of a character than anything else. The Gideon on stage was bombastic, devilish, mysterious, if only because it made for a much better show. In reality, the only real similarities between Gideon and his put on persona was his passion for the theater and especially for puppets. That cleanly segway'ed into the heart of the conversation.

"I know it's a valid concern, but no; as theatrical and fanciful as it would be, we here are not a traveling troupe of marauders, turning people into puppets and doll-napping them to make them part of our show before moving towns. No, I collect puppets, but only ones that want to be collected, and for that matter I only invite people on stage who I know have some 'doll' in them deep down. To be frank, we have much more of a 'catch and release' policy; though rarely we do make the exception if they want to join us."

Gideon paused, leaning in a bit on his seat.

"You see, some people, deep down, were practically made for this; people who given the chance would trade it all to be a doll, who want to belong to someone, want to give themselves to their owner. I know, it sounds a bit crazy, but take it from someone who's made a career out of it: Some people are owners, some people are dolls, and one thing's for sure, Aurora is a doll. Hell,

I'd offer her a role in the theater if..."

He paused once more, looking between the vixen plush and man who held her up.

"If she didn't already have an owner."

It took Isaac a few seconds to process everything he had just heard. He was still processing the whole 'my girlfriend got turned into a doll,' bit, only now to be told she actually wants to be a doll, and for him to be her owner. Stuttering a bit as he thought things over, Isaac responded.

"I- um. Wow. That can't be right though. I know Aurora. She's a lot of things, but I really can't believe she'd actually want this."

Leaning back in his chair, Gideon smirked, glancing between the two with a knowing look.

"Welp, in that case, don't take my word for it. Ask her yourself."

Resting one hand on his cane and lifting the other in the air, Gideon snapped his fingers. For a moment, nothing happened, but a second later, Aurora blinked.

Much to Isaac's surprise, he felt as the doll in his lap stirred, looking to her as all of a sudden, the vixen's tail began to wag. There, slowly sitting up, Aurora's fox ear's perked up as well, Isaac feeling as the inanimate toy came to life. After a moment, she turned to face him, the two locking eyes. All at once, the dollish smile on Aurora's face grew into a genuine one, a spark now behind her bright eyes.

"Owner!!" She called out, and at that, the doll practically tackled her boyfriend, sending them both off their chair and onto the ground with Aurora sitting on top of Isaac.



There, Aurora excitedly showered her boyfriend in love, her cloth lips rapidly kissing up and down his face as she pressed her plush chest to him with a tight hug. Isaac was a bit flustered once more; he had never seen Aurora this affectionate with him before, but again today was one for new experiences. More than anything he was just happy that Aurora was ok.

Eventually lifting her up off of him and jokingly saying "Ok, ok, down girl," with a relieved laugh, Isaac held the doll in the air above him as Aurora looked down to him, giggling a little herself before finally speaking up.

"Sorry, sorry. But I wanted to pounce on you since you found me. Well, ever since we locked eyes during my performance, I guess," she said, a new sweetness to her voice. Hearing that, Isaac smiled at the doll, pulling her back into a tight hug before sitting up. Gideon, watching the whole show with a smirk, chimed in.

"See? I think she wants this a bit more than you think."

Returning to their chair, Isaac lifting the plush with ease and sitting her on his lap, Aurora's tail could not stop wagging, the vixen intently watching her owner with a smile. Looking between the living doll and the magician, Isaac's eyes landed on Aurora's.

"Ok, well then..." He started, hesitantly resting his hands on the doll's thigh and on her back. He was still getting used to the fact that this beautiful doll on his lap really was his girlfriend.

"Before anything else, let's hear your side of the story." He continued.

At that, Aurora recounted the events of the show. The strangeness of it all, the initial uncertainty and anxiety, but through it all, how much she loved the experience. The feeling of being a doll, the feeling of being puppeted, it was a high she had never felt, and more than anything, how during the whole show, in the back of her mind she was wishing it was Isaac puppeting her, even if Veronica did a great job.

"So... it's the truth then? You actually want to be a doll? This isn't just the magic talking?" Isaac said after hearing it all. The fox plush on his lap excitedly nodded yes before leaning in replying in the same sensual tone she used while on stage.

"Hey, I don't want to be just any doll, thank you... I want to be your doll."

Isaac was dumbstruck. Aurora really wanted to be his, not just his girlfriend, but his doll. Still, even after all that, he felt a nervousness, a guilt for keeping the girl he loved as a toy. He was about to refuse, to as to turn her back to normal, but Gideon chimed in once more.

"Be honest, kid. It's been all over your face since Ms. Fox over here stepped on stage as a puppet. You want to be her owner just as much as she wants to be your doll. Stop over thinking

it. And hey, if you change your mind, we come by these parts every summer," He paused, putting on a sarcastic tone. "And if you reeeally just hate having *that* as your own personal plaything? Well then you can always come back and we'll turn her back to 'normal,' whatever that means."

Thinking it over for a moment more, Isaac looked into Aurora's eyes. The vixen was practically begging him to say yes, and the more he thought about it, the living fantasy of it all, he knew he couldn't say know.

"Ok... but if after a year you-"

Before he could even finish, Aurora kissed him deeply, her own way of saying thank you. The two embraced, and after a few moments, a sound cut through the silence.

Gideon snapped once more, and as he did, Aurora went inanimate mid kiss, her face going inanimate with a contented smile as her soft form melted all at once in Isaac's grasp.

Before Isaac could ask what had happened, Gideon answered.

"Your that puppet's owner now. We're not pulling her strings any more, only you can, so from now on she's only as 'alive' as you will her to be. It'll take some time to learn how to be a good puppeteer, but you'll get the hang of it. The rest of the time, she's just like any other cute doll. Trust me though, they love that sort of thing too. I can go grab Veronica if you don't believe me."

Pausing for a moment, Gideon looked as if he had forgotten something, thinking aloud.

"Speaking of which, where is *my* puppet anyway?"

Right on queue, Veronica rounded the corner of the doorway and entered the room, looking down and giggling to herself as she did. In her arms was Millie, the wooden marionette as inanimate as ever with a happy look on her inanimate face.



Veronica didn't even realize the dressing room was occupied. As she stepped in, she only then looked up to notice the others already in the space, jumping a little bit out of surprise and jostling Millie around with a clatter. Despite her usual confident tone, Veronica seemed embarrassed, putting her free hand on the nape of her neck as if she was caught doing something she wasn't suppose to be doing.

"Oh! Oh, uh, hey guys! Didn't think you'd be back here!" She said, in a slightly bashful tone, lifting Millie's arm to wave at the three of them before continuing.

"I was just, um, I was just showing Millie around the place! Gotta 'show her the ropes' if she wants to join the show, get it? Definitely wasn't, um, looking for a place to-"

Gideon, stopping her short, finished her sentence in a dry wit.

"You were looking for a place to 'play' with your new toy and continue what you started on stage, weren't you, Veronica?"

Blushing a bit, Veronica glanced over, seeing Aurora and Isaac in the room as well. Eager to change the subject, she turned to them, not even bothering to answer Gideon.

"Oh hey! Glad to see you two found each other!" She started, walking up to Aurora and using her free hand to cup her chin. Examining the toy, Veronica gave her a scratch behind the ears, calming down a bit.

"She really is the cutest little fox dolly I've ever seen. Kind of sad to see her go, buuut..." She paused, looking to Isaac with a wink before guiding his wrist up to the slit in Aurora's back. "I

know she'll be in good hands."

At that, Veronica thanked them both, giving Aurora a big hug before disappearing again to find a more suitable spot to 'practice her new act' with Millie. Isaac wasn't sure if he should say something about the other girl-turned-puppet, but Veronica seemed like she cared for the new toy a lot. Besides, he had his hands full with his own.

Walking the two back out onto the stage, Gideon re-emphasized that yes, it'd take some time for Isaac to adjust to these changes in his in Aurora's relationship, but promised they'd both love it.

"Again, trust me. I've spent my whole life working with living puppets and dolls, and I wouldn't do it if it wasn't just as special to be an owner as they feel it is to be dolls. It's a relationship built on trust, and you two seem to have that already. Oh, that reminds me, you'll need this, and, this!"

At that, Gideon pulled something out of his pocket with one hand and snapped his fingers once more with the other, the sound echoing through the now empty theater. As he did, Isaac felt as something new appeared on Aurora's back: There, right below where the slit to puppet her, was a large plastic pull-string ring appeared. Before Isaac could ask, Gideon answered.



"Seeing that Aurora won't be spending as much time on stage now, this'll help her be a good doll on top of being a great puppet. At very least you won't have to puppet her every time she wants to speak up. And, speaking of, can always puppet her by hand or with this."

In his other hand, he handed Isaac the small marionette control rod from before. As Isaac took it, he felt Aurora shift, if just a little bit, as if the control had invisible strings attached to the

puppet. Seeing this, Gideon smirked.

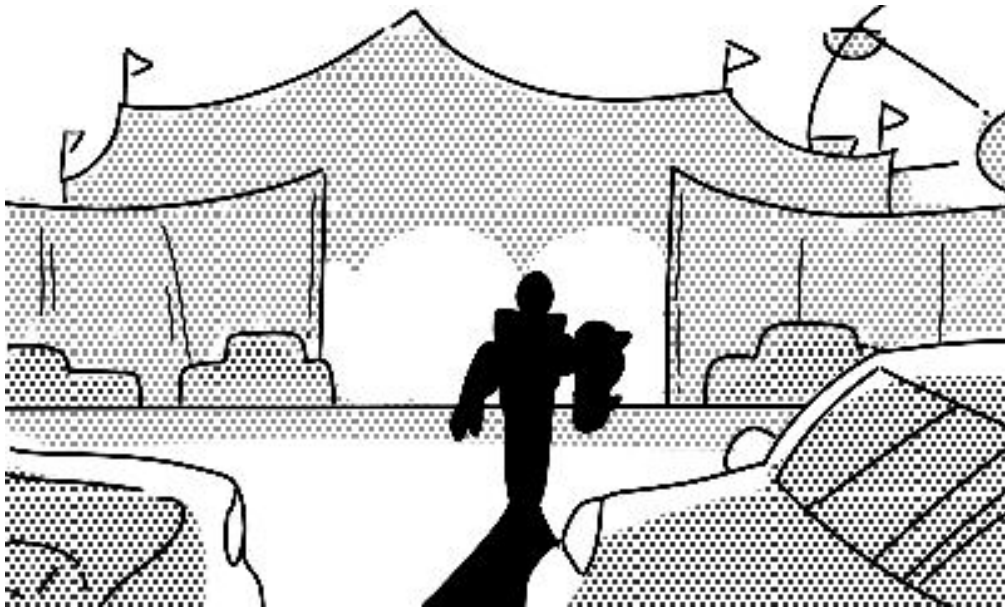
"Be sure to practice with it every day! After a while your new puppet will listen to any command you will her to do. Who knows, maybe some day you two will be my competition."

With one more wink, a pat on Isaac's shoulder, and a gentle smile at Aurora, Gideon made his way back to the curtain alone, calling out over his shoulder as he disappeared into the back stage.

"Au revoir, you two love birds. Come back next year to say 'Hi,' even if you want to keep your new doll, ok?"

At that, Isaac was finally alone with his Aurora Doll, looking out over the empty theater before holding the plush fox out in his hand. He looked his girlfriend over again just to confirm all this was real, and with a content smile, he carried the doll off the stage and back out into the carnival.

There, it was dusk, the amber hues of twilight cast over the fair grounds as the slowly the lights of the rides began to flicker on. For a second, Isaac stood there, feeling the wind in his hair and listening to the carnival going on around him as he took a deep breath. Looking down to Aurora, he couldn't help but think what was going on in the doll's mind. Although, remembering how she had pounced on him, and how much she wanted this, he had a feeling the vixen was just as content as her happy as her dollish expression suggested.



For a moment, he enjoyed the peace of it all, and it felt like it was just him and his new doll by themselves there, but he was brought back to reality as he heard someone speak up.

"Hey! Excuse me?"

Snapping out of it and looking up, he saw that beside him was a couple, the guy holding a cone of cotton candy in one hand while the girl tapped Isaac on the shoulder, her eyes looking between him and Aurora. Getting Isaac's attention, she continued.

"Sorry to bother you, but that stuffed animal is so cute! Where did you get her?"

Isaac took a second to process what was happening, chuckling a bit as he looked between the fox doll in his arms and the couple.

"I, um... I won her over at the ring toss game. Top prize ya know? I always manage to win one each year."

At that, the couple thanked him, running off to go win one of those amazing looking dolls for themselves, Isaac smirking at the whole situation. Finally, as the sun set, he lifted up Aurora in his hands, posing the doll to look him in the eyes. He couldn't help but smile himself whenever he saw the doll's silly expression, lifting her chin before speaking up to the toy.

"See? Told you you'd have the biggest grin on your face by the time we left... So... what now?" he asked, sincerely.

Taking a finger and giving the ring on Aurora's back a pull, he watched as her pullstring retracted. The vixen remained inanimate with her same silly expression, but Aurora's voice rang out playful, almost sensual tone.

"That part's easy: *Whatever you want, Owner~... and I think I know what you want.* "

Epilogue: Weeks later

"Aurora, I'm home!"

Kicking off his shoes as he entered his apartment, Isaac locked the front door behind him, happy the work week was over. As he had gotten used to by now though, his greeting wasn't met with a reply, Isaac instead smirking at the relative silence of his apartment.

Taking his time, he dropped off his bag, went to the kitchen to grab a drink, even spending a minute checking emails on his phone before relaxing. After a while though, he reminded himself that there was someone waiting for him, getting up and making his way down the hall to his bedroom. Rounding the corner, he smirked; there was a sight he never got tired of no matter how many times he came home.



There, on the bed, was a beautiful plush vixen doll, left exactly as he had posed her that morning when he left for work. She was propped up on the backboard of the bed, her stuffed frame needing the extra support, and even then her head was lolled to the side ever so slightly. Her beautiful frame was naked, save for a throw blanket that was draped over her midsection.

Her expression was unwavering as Isaac entered the room, an air of desire on the doll's face, with an alluring look in her eyes and a pouty expression on her lips which were left partially open. From her spot on the bed, Aurora watched as Isaac took his time undoing his work shirt; she really was just a doll now, completely unable to even change her expression, let alone move or speak, without some help from her owner.

All she could do was wait patiently, as she had gotten quite good at doing, with anticipation as Isaac finally turned to face her, seeing a smirk appear on his face. She knew what came next.

A second later, Isaac lept onto the bed, scooping up the doll with ease and pressing his face to her plush chest. The two rolled across the comforter until eventually Aurora ended up on her back, her expression unchanged as she now looked up at the ceiling of their bedroom, her limbs and tail sprawled out on the bed as she came to a rest. Internally, she giggled at the display of affection, feeling as Isaac nuzzled into her plush chest with a contented sigh. She had to admit, this was one of her favorite feelings in the world.



For a while, the two just lay there, Isaac decompressing from his work day in the best way he knew how, Aurora couldn't help but reflect on how she had gotten there.

In the time since Aurora had been a doll, she had been surprised at how quickly she adjusted to her new life. The fox had always been independant, stubborn, self-sufficient, so as Isaac carried her into their apartment that first night as a helpless puppet, she was understandably nervous. After all, after the excitement of the theater had calmed and she felt as Isaac drove her home in his car, the reality of it all set in. She never once regretted her decision, but it was a big change none the less.

Still, as Aurora felt her owner scoop her up, bring her into their apartment, and carry her off to the bedroom almost immediately, any remaining anxieties the doll had faded away. Placing her gently on the bed, posing her to sit up while he got changed, Aurora could see herself in their bedroom mirror. Even she was a bit in awe about how cute she looked, the adorable vixen plush in the reflection looking like she was begging to be played with.

She wouldn't have to wait long though, Isaac returning and, with a smirk, he approached his doll, lifting her chin up to meet his gaze before lifting her shirt up over her head, letting Aurora fall back onto the comfortor with a flop before fully undressing her. Already, each new touch sent her spiraling, wanting more. Even knowing what it felt like to be puppeted on stage, being alone in her owner's hands was amazing.

Isaac had to admit, he was amazed too. He had seen his girlfriend naked countless times before,

but looking down over the naked toy sprawled out on his bed, it was clear this was more than he could have dreamed of. Joining Aurora on the bed, he took his time exploring every inch of her new body, running his hands along her plush curves, giving her new plush body little squeeze here and there, and as the tension grew, he slid one hand down to his crotch to confirm that even though Aurora was a doll now, she certainly wasn't one made for toys.

Feeling as Isaac playfully slipped his fingers inside of her, feeling the velvety smooth texture inside the doll, Aurora felt herself melt. Her new form was sensitive to say the least, and even the slightest touch from her owner sending her reeling in pleasure. She still wasn't used to not being able to move or speak on her own, instinctually trying to say *"Isaac~ don't stop... please, play with me,"* but instead the doll lay with her same silly smile on her face.

As if he heard her, Aurora felt as he scooped her up from the bed, sitting her on his lap to straddle him. Feeling his hands at her sides, enjoying her soft body, the doll felt something else: poking up through her owner's boxers, his member now rubbed up against Aurora's slit, teasing the doll even further.



For a moment, Isaac held his doll there in anticipation, looking her over for a long while, a bit nervous himself to actually play with her. After a while, he spoke up in a low, deep tone.

"So... Aurora... are you ready?" he asked, gliding his hand up his doll's back to find her pullstring, giving it a tug and listening as it retracted.

"...Shut up and play with me already, lover boy," Aurora said in a slightly flustered tone, still overwhelmed by the desire coursing through her but holding onto her stubborn personality

nonetheless.

Taking the doll by the hair, Isaac smirked, pulling her in close and lifting her face to his, locking eyes with the doll for a second before speaking up with a coy tone.

"You're my puppet now, Aurora. If you want to be played with, be a good toy and ask your owner nicely."

The vixen felt a mix of bashfulness and desire, more than anything feeling a rush of arousal as she felt her owner take charge. She had never seen Isaac act so assertive with her, feeling as he gave her another chance to speak by pulling her string. This time, she wasn't going to let her old pride get in the way.

"Issac- I mean... Owner." She started, letting herself speak honestly. **"Please... make me yours. Make me your doll."**

Satisfied with that answer, Isaac kissed Aurora deeply, and though the vixen couldn't exactly kiss him back in her new inanimate state, she felt the passion of it all. She was almost overwhelmed with anticipation as she felt Isaac glide his hand up her plush tail to her butt, and not to waste any more time, he slid into the doll, guiding her with ease onto his member.

Bliss.

Aurora's mind almost went blank with pleasure as she felt her owner enter her for the first time. She wrapped around him tightly, feeling his warmth course through her as he let her fall to his chest and held her tight.

This is what affirmed everything she had felt in the theater. In that moment, she was truly a doll, his doll, and wanted nothing else in the world than to make her owner happy, and oh she would.

Over the course of the night, Isaac broke in his new toy in every way he could imagine. Starting with her on his lap, he took Aurora by the waist, sitting her up on his shaft and bobbing her new lightweight form up and down on top of him with ease, loving the sight of her arms and smiling expression bounce with each new thrust. He didn't want to just fuck his new doll though, he wanted to make love to her.

Making use of her new light weight form, he got up off the bed with Aurora still dangling on top of him, and soon he had the plush pressed against the wall, kissing up and down her body as he kept her short frame pinned, her feet not even touching the ground.

With each new touch, each new thrust, Aurora felt herself lost in the pleasure of it all. Feeling as her every movement was decided by Isaac, she finally knew what it meant not just to be a puppet, but a doll. She was completely at his mercy, an extension of his will, a plaything for him to use as he saw fit. And she loved it.

The feeling of belonging to the man who held her up, who gave her such amazing pleasure, was something she never knew she wanted. She loved Isaac before, but now? Now she was his.

As things heated up, Aurora watched as Isaac slowed his kisses, if only for a few seconds. With a smirk on his face, he slid out of his doll. For a moment, the vixen silently begged for him not to stop, dangling as she was pinned to the wall. Internally though, she let out a little 'yip!' as out of nowhere, she felt as Isaac dropped her.

Crumpling to the floor, Aurora's legs bowed out, landing on her knees before flopping forward. She was confused for a second as her dollish expression lolled to the side once more, but as it did, she felt herself blush internally. There, the doll had slumped forward, face to face with Isaac's crotch, unable to move until she felt him take her by the hair and craned her neck back to look up at him.

"So, Aurora," he started, puppeting her head to nuzzle his member. "Want to be a good girl and go down on me?"

Giving a quick tug at her pullstring, Isaac heard his doll answer in her same playful, lustful tone.

"I'm your toy now, Isaac. Do you even need to ask?"



Content, he took a second to pose his toy, resting her plush hands on his chest before taking her by the hair once more. Aurora felt her anticipation build once more as she felt Isaac puppet her head, inching her closer to his crotch before making her playfully nuzzle his member. With his free hand, he lowered his tip to Aurora's lips, the doll's open mouth being perfect for more than just being a hand puppet. With one smooth motion, he slid into Aurora's mouth, sending her back into waves of pleasure.

Melt.

Aurora was quick to find her mouth was just as sensitive as her sex, the familiar warmth of her owner coursing through her as he bobbed her stuffed head up and down.

The whole time, she never stopped smiling brightly, her inanimate expression not so much as blinking as she was passionately played with. Similar to what she felt when Isaac first kissed her, in her mind it felt like she was lovingly blowing her owner, only with building pleasure with each new thrust. And, thankfully, dolls don't have gag reflexes, Aurora's mind almost going blank once more as she felt slide all the way into her, smooshing her cloth face against his crotch.

This is what it felt like to be a toy. A good doll.



Unable to contain himself much longer, Isaac walked back over to the bed, Aurora being dragged along with her mouth still wrapped around him. With one swift motion, he slid her off, Aurora silently begging for more as she was tossed onto the bed. Joining her and pinning her paws above her head, Isaac was eager to make use of his doll's new plush curves.

With Aurora below him, he slid his member in between her well-stuffed breasts, running his fingers along her fabric nipples before pressing her chest together. The softness of Aurora's fur was almost as smooth as her mouth and slit.

Picking up the pace, Isaac looked down at his doll, lifting her hands to stroke him off. He couldn't get over how cute and sexy she looked now, with her dollish expression flopping with each thrust. The sight of his girlfriend, now his own personal sex doll, was almost too much to handle.

"I love you, Aurora. I can't believe I really get to call you mine now. *My. Perfect. Doll.*"

At that, Isaac slowed his strokes, finally letting loose and cumming all at once. As he did, he let go of Aurora's hands, letting the doll's arms flop to her sides on the bed.



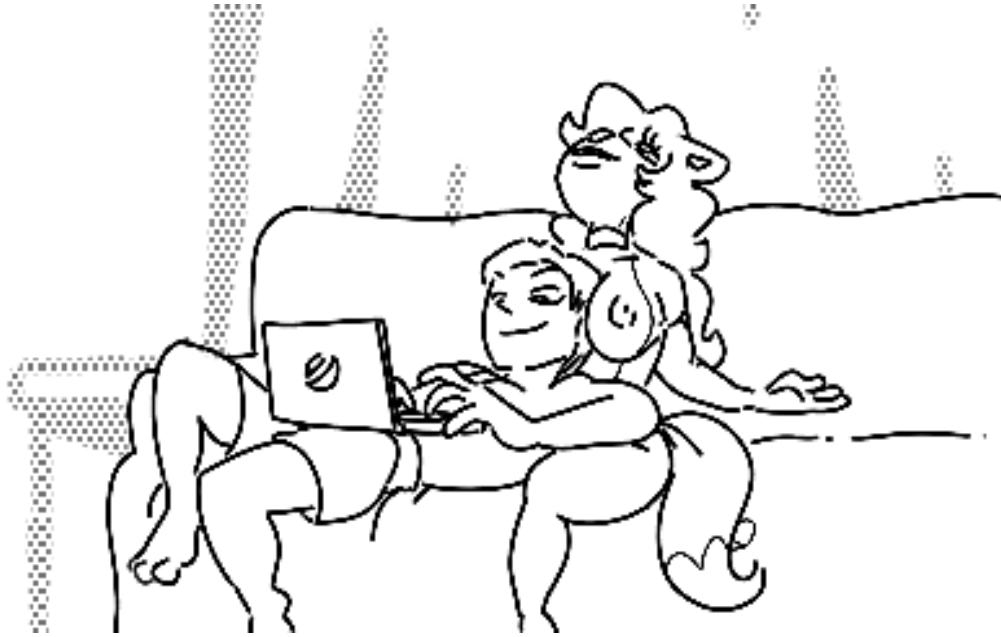
Aurora felt as her chest, then her face, was covered in her owner's love. This was enough to send her finally reeling into an orgasm herself; she was a puppet now, connected to her puppeteer. His pleasure was hers, and as her unblinking, smiling expression was coated in his warmth, the doll's mind finally went blank with pleasure.

Laying there on the bed, was just a doll now, no thoughts and as happy as can be.

That was the first night of many. As Aurora came to the next morning, she had found Isaac had cleaned her thoroughly, waking up to her owner cuddling his doll. She really did make a perfect stuffed animal, and as she felt her owner stir with something firm pressed against her plush butt, she knew she'd be played with again shortly.

Aurora's new life was bliss; her owner seemingly could not get enough of his toy, and even when Isaac wasn't playing with her, Aurora never ceased to feel the love he had for her.

In the mornings, he'd carry her from room to room, having his morning coffee on the couch while resting his head on Aurora's chest as a pillow. He'd talk to the doll, sometimes tugging her pullstring so she could reply, other times just having one way conversations as if she was any other toy.



Isaac worked from home on some days and had to go into the office on others, meaning that while the pair had plenty of time together, occasionally Aurora did spend some of her days alone, propped up on Isaac's bed. That first day when she was left alone, she thought it'd be awful, waiting for hours with nothing to do, but it actually felt as natural as can be. After all, she was a doll now: when she wasn't being played with or cuddled, she was a decoration, something cute to adorn her owner's bed. That alone gave the toy a certain sense of pride, the hours seeming to whisk by as she day dreamed and patiently waited for her owner's return.

When he did return though, her plush heart never failed to skip a beat at the sound of the front door opening. If she could still move on her own, she'd be waiting at the door, tail wagging, eager to greet her owner. Even so, she never did have to wait long for him. It became a regular occurrence for Isaac to decompress at the end of his work day by cuddling up to his doll, and for the rest of the evening, whether Isaac was cooking, relaxing, playing video games, or watching a movie, he always had his favorite toy near by, if only for company or to use the stuffed vixen as a pillow or footrest on the couch.

Speaking of company, that was one thing that surprised Aurora: Now that she was essentially a sex doll, she kind of assumed that whenever Isaac would have friends over, she'd end up stored in the closet or under the bed. Instead though, Isaac was quite proud of his toy, and after a little while he even went as far to invite some of their old friends over to 'meet the new Aurora.'

This was a bit nerve-racking for Aurora at first; at first she didn't know how to feel about her friends seeing her reduced to a puppet, but the second they came over those fears were gone.

Instead of shock or surprise, most of their friends were amazed by the new Aurora doll, most of the vixen's girl friends practically fawning over the toy when they first saw her, excitedly toying

and posing the doll. She had to admit too, she loved all the extra attention.



Eventually, most weekends were spent with Isaac hanging with their friends in their living room, usually with one of Aurora's friends holding her on their lap, playfully toying with her over the night. Some of them couldn't get enough of how adorable their friend was now, happy to cuddle her and even puppet her at times, and after a few drinks it wasn't uncommon for one of her girl friends to sneak a squeeze of her new plush curves or 'jokingly' put on a suggestive puppet show with Aurora. One of their couple friends even went as far as to ask where exactly this carnival was so they could check it out for themselves the following summer, a not so subtle glint of desire in their eyes.

It was perfect: Aurora got to enjoy her life as a doll and not just as Isaac's secret plaything kept stashed away. At times, their friends even went as far to bring Aurora Doll out into the world, be it everything from taking her to other friend's houses to even taking her to her old job one day, puppeting her behind the cash register of the garden center she used to work at.

Eventually, Isaac even went as far to set up a display stand for his doll, Aurora feeling one day as her owner scooped her up, and brought her to the living room. There on the floor near Isaac's work desk was a wire mannequin stand that allowed her to stay upright on her own without flopping to the floor like a rag doll. With a bright smile on her face, she felt as her owner posed her on the stand, stepping back to admire the doll.

After that, he made a point to always have Aurora dressed up in something cute when he wasn't using her; be it a cozy sweater, or some alluring lingerie, even a rag doll costume he had bought for her, Aurora loved being her owner's dress up dolly too, a little jolt of satisfaction shooting

through her every time her owner looked over to her during the work day with a smile.

Quicker than she thought possible, she had become perfectly adjusted to her new life as a doll, a stuffed animal, favorite toy of their friend group, and even the occasional mannequin, but what took a little more time was for them to get used to Aurora as a puppet. No so much Aurora, she loved being puppeted, but Gideon was not exaggerating when he said Isaac would have to practice every day if he wanted to be a proper puppeteer.

"Ok, here goes nothing," Isaac told his puppet, only that weekend after she was first transformed.



Lifting the marionette control rod in his hand, he felt the magic in it awaken, and as it did, Aurora began to slowly sit up from her spot on their couch where her owner had sat her. With stiff, slow movements, Aurora felt as for the first time, she began to stand up on her own. (Well, not her own, but close enough)

As the doll got to her feet, arms out as if suspended by invisible strings, Isaac couldn't help but laugh a bit in excitement that he was really puppeting Aurora. It only lasted a second though, and as Isaac lost focus, the connection broke, sending Aurora flopping to the floor in a pile.

From there, Isaac really did practice his craft every day, getting a bit better at working his puppet with each new session. Sure, for a while, Aurora looked like a marionette being clumsily jerked around by a kid playing with their toy, but even that had some charm to it, Aurora's ever smiling face being a reassurance that she was enjoying herself even if her owner wasn't some master puppeteer yet.

As the week passed though, Isaac got pretty good, and soon enough Gideon's promise held true: without too much effort, he really could puppet Aurora to do most anything he willed her to do, practically being able to bring her to life as long as the marionette rod was in his hand.

They used this new skill for plenty of things, but of course both of them were eager to see what they could do now in the bedroom.

With her owner being able to puppet her to do whatever he wanted, Aurora soon became the perfect sex doll, able to do anything and anything her owner desired.

Some days he'd come home from work, and as he'd tell Aurora about his day, he'd pick up the puppet's control rod and instantly she'd come to life. She didn't even have to ask what he wanted her to do, Aurora's movements being an extension of her puppeteer's will, and with a grin on her face, she'd drop to her knees, undoing Isaac's pant zipper and excitedly servicing her owner.



Other nights after a long evening drinking with friends, Isaac would be eager to play with his doll but was exhausted, so as he brought Aurora to bed, he'd take her control off the night stand, watching as the inanimate doll sprang to life.

It was times like this that he gave her full control of herself, and Aurora made the most of it, practically pouncing on her owner, pressing him to the bed and climbing on top to ride him. Bouncing up and down on top of Isaac, Aurora could barely contain her own arousal, wagging her tail and panting heavily. Even just hearing Isaac call her a good girl, his perfect little doll, had her melt, and finally, as he made her owner orgasm in her, the doll's mind would always go

blank, going inanimate all at once and falling to Isaac's chest in a state of euphoria.

Each time her mind went blank like that, she truly was just a doll, her new identity becoming more and more engrained in her personality. She loved it though; in those moments, she was perfectly content to be a simple stuffed toy for Isaac to cuddle. She didn't need to think, or worry, just enjoy.

Reflecting on those weeks she had spent as a doll, Aurora couldn't believe how lucky she was, nor that there was a time in her life where she never would have even dream of this.

Now, Aurora snapped back to reality as she felt Isaac stir, lifting himself from the top of the doll.

"Almost forgot," he started, moving over to the nightstand with a smirk. "Gotta practice every day if we want to be Gideon's 'new competition', right?"

At that, he fetched the marionette control rod off of the surface, and stepping off the bed, he lifted it with a grin. As he did, Aurora felt an energy course through her: first, she blinked, her expression turning from her usual simple happy look to a genuine, content smirk as she closed her eyes. Slowly, she sat up, doing a big stretch and a yawn before looking to her owner and speaking up.

"You are getting way too good at this, you know that owner?"

Aurora slowly moved to the edge of the bed, the doll standing up on wobbly legs before steadying herself, sauntering towards Isaac at the other end of the room.

"What can I say, I owe it all to how amazing my puppet is." He said coyly, watching as the naked vixen plush slowly approached him, her tail arched up with a little swish with each new step.

Soon, she was right in front of him, Aurora looking up at her owner with big, alluring eyes. She was half tempted to pounce on her owner, but she could feel from her invisible puppet strings that that wasn't what he was going for right now.

Instead, the vixen sighed with a gentle smile, wrapping her arms around him and giving him a tight hug, nuzzling into his chest as she felt his free hand stroke her hair before pulling her close.

"So," Isaac whispered, "I think it's your turn to choose what we're doing today. What will it be, doll?"

Thinking for a moment, Aurora nuzzled Isaac's chest once more before looking up at him, putting on her go to coy tone. Even after all this time as a doll, Aurora was still Aurora, and her playfully sharp personality hadn't faded.

"Well, we could go see if we could find another dusty carnival... or..." she paused, giving her owner a soft peck on the cheek, "or we could spend an afternoon in bed?"

Content with that answer, Isaac lowered the marionette control in his hand, and as he did, Aurora fell slack in his arms, her head rolling back with her dollish expression returning to her face.

"Good doll. You know I should listen to you more often."

That evening, Isaac was on the couch watching a movie. It was a quite night in, a drink in one hand, and Aurora pulled closely to his side in the other.

As sexy as Aurora could be, Isaac loved having her as his own personal stuffed animal, the comfort of just getting cozy with the vixen being reason enough to stay in for the night for a quite evening together.



There on the couch next to him, Aurora sat inanimate where her owner had posed her, loving the feeling of Isaac's hand caressing her side and giving the occasional playful squeeze of her stuffing. Her head naturally rested on his shoulder, legs sprawled out to the side and her tail resting on her lap. She was as comfortable as can be.

As the evening winded down, Isaac found himself less interested in the movie they had on and more interested in the doll next to him. With a smirk, he eventually lifted his hand from Aurora's flank and inched it up her back.

In excited anticipation, she felt as Isaac's fingers slipped into the slit in her back, loving the

feeling of his hand moved its way up to her head where he could work her like a hand puppet.

With his hand in place, Aurora felt as she sprang to life, Isaac playfully puppeting her for a minute. He was in complete control of her for the time being, puppeting her to act all cutesy to tease her.

"Hi! I'm Aurora Puppet, and I looove to be played with. But I'm just a silly little toy, I just wish my big strong owner was here to play with his dolly!" Aurora heard herself ask in a bubbly playful tone, rolling her eyes internally but giggling to herself. She had come to love when Isaac toyed with her like this, well beyond any sense of embarrassment when she was made to play the part of a ditzy little toy.



As a matter of fact, when Isaac did puppet her to act like a ditzy little toy, she really did become one: as she found out, part of being a doll is taking on the roll of whatever her owner wanted, both inside and out. Some nights if Isaac puppeted her to act like a french maid, she'd act like a bashful servant and speak in a french accent. Other nights if Isaac wanted her to act like an excited puppy, she became his dog without a second thought.

So, as Isaac willed her to be his own plush bimbo, that's who she became.

"Oh hey, Dolly, didn't see you there," Isaac teased before picking up the puppet, sitting her on his lap. "Did you say something? Something about wanting to be played with?"

From there, Isaac didn't even have to puppet her. Instead, Aurora had taken on the personality of Aurora Dolly completely, feeling as her mind became airy and playful.

"Owner! Where did you come from?" She started. "Aurora Puppet was getting so lonely, just

laying here all helpless without her owner to bring her to life."

Even Aurora's movements became like that of a hand puppet, her mouth flapping in exaggerated motions and maintaining her dollish expression as if she was just a simple dummy. At that, the puppet continued, Aurora playing her part perfectly.

"And my mouth! Look, it's so empty!" She said, Isaac expanding his hand so Aurora would open her mouth wide, emphasizing the silly smile on the puppet's face.

"I just wish there was something big and firm and warm to fill it with! But what?"

At that, Isaac smirked, keeping his same coy tone.

"Well, Dolly. If you ask nicely, maybe your owner could help you out with that."

In a burst of excitement, Aurora Puppet acted amazed, excitedly kissing up and down Isaac's face making cartoonish smooching noises with each peck.

"Wow! You'd do that for me? You're the best owner ever! But wait-" the puppet paused, sniffing the air. "Wait I think I know what it is!"

Dropping to her owner's side onto the couch, Aurora felt as Isaac puppeted her, sniff down his body and towards his crotch, eventually nuzzling up to his erect member. Watching up close as Isaac undid his zipper, Aurora Puppet pushed out her chest, putting on her best begging voice.

"Owner~ Please please please can your dolly suck your cock? I promise I'll be good! I'll do such a good job, and you can come in my mouth, and-"



Aurora felt herself get cut off as Isaac puppeted her from the inside, pressing her mouth down on his member and sliding into her mouth with ease. He puppeted her to wrap her lips around his shaft, even wrapping his hand around it from inside Aurora's head so he could stroke himself off using the vixen like a glove.

The whole while, Aurora was moaning and begging for more, reassuring him that she was a good dolly and she needed to be played with.

As Isaac bobbed his toy's head up and down on top of his shaft, he knew he'd never get tired of the feeling of having his own living sex doll. He owned this beautiful thing who lived to please him, and that alone practically made him shoot his load right away, but instead he decided to let Aurora get her fill for a long while before filling her mouth with warmth.

"Aaah- Good Doll, Aurora. I love you so much."



Slipping his hand out of the slit in the puppet's back, Aurora fell inanimate, feeling as Isaac got up and let her fall to the floor in a pile while he went to clean himself off.

Laying there, her bright inanimate smile still on her face as residue dropped from the corners of her mouth, Aurora wanted to say how much she loved him too, loved her new life, loved being a toy.

But she was just a doll. All she could do was enjoy the bliss she felt without a worry or thought in her plush mind, already dreaming of how her owner would take her by one hand, drag her to bed, and cuddle her all night. He might even wait until morning to clean her, leaving the doll discarded on the floor with her mouth filled, just to remind her that she was his fuck toy.



She didn't need reminding though. She knew who she belonged to.

As her mind went blank with pleasure, a simple truth emerged. Aurora really was just a puppet. Maybe she always had been. Her owner brought her to life with his touch, and as the warmth from his touch faded, she returned to being little more than an inanimate toy.

Still, even when inanimate, the love she felt for her owner was overwhelming. The comfort, pleasure, and above all, the purpose her new life gave her was everything she could have wanted and more.

So, as Isaac took her by the hand, dragging the stuffed plaything along the floor to their bedroom for some after care, the memory of Veronica's words resonated through her stuffed head before she let herself fully embrace her existence as a toy:

"Here's your chance. Just be honest with yourself about what you feel: Let go of all that pride and ego and just, for now, *be Aurora Doll*."

And so, she did.