

Perfect in Plastic: Sex Doll / Ball-Jointed Doll Transformation

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It was well past midnight, and all around, the streets of the star lit town were near silent, save for a lone pair of boots clicking against the sidewalk and echoing into the night air.

Alex let a puff of her cigarette pass her black lipstick-coated lips, catching the moonlight as the smoke dissipated. Most girls would feel at least a bit on edge walking alone that late at night, but Alex wasn't most girls. From her raven-black bangs, to her boots, to her heavy dark make-up, the girl's aesthetic screamed 'Goth,' and from her own experience, that was plenty to keep people away.

'Just the way I like it,' she told herself.

Since she was young, she never quite felt like she fit in with others. She wasn't a people's person, and she certainly wasn't a girly girl, so for most of her adult life, the 20-something leaned into standing out and embraced the goth aesthetic inside and out, complete with a number of tattoos and piercings.

Still, despite it all, on nights like these she did find her lifestyle quite lonely at times, and even if she'd never admit it, part of her wished she was a different version of herself: one that the guys would fawn over, one who felt desired, or at very least not shunned. As she glanced up at the moon, she couldn't pin exactly why, but she remembered the dolls her parents had given her when she was a kid. Each was so pretty, so perfect, each were a mirror to what she wanted to be. But she wasn't, so more often than not those dolls ended up broken by her hand.

She wanted to feel perfect, as impossible as that was. More than anything, she just wished she felt comfortable in her own skin.

'Well, this is the skin I got,' she sighed, stopping her pace, dropping her cigarette and looking up to the half-covered moon above.

For a moment she closed her eyes, but all of a sudden, there was a shifting in the darkness behind her as she sensed a presence somewhere only a few feet back. A chill shot through her, an urgency, a danger, and almost instinctually she reached for her phone got ready to dial 911. Before she could send out the call, she froze.

The phone slipped from her hand and clattered to the ground below.

All at once, it was as if an unseen force had taken her by her arms, her legs, her throat, leaving her petrified. As she tried to move, she realized her whole body seemed to reject her demands, and at that, she felt herself go weak.

She was terrified, her eyes going wide for a moment before even control of her own face seemed to evade her, leaving a blank, dreamy look on the girl's face. A strange warmth coursed through her, contrasting the cool night air around her and the ice in her veins; Suddenly her already pale skin took on what looked to be an artificial sheen, catching the light of the moon. Through her fear and confusion, this sensation felt... good, deeply relaxing even, but she shook off the feeling in a fruitless attempt to fight back.

Soon enough, even keeping herself upright proved too much: her head lolled to the side, her arms fell limp, with everything coming to a head as her knees finally gave out. Her ass fell to the ground as her legs sprawled out as if she was a rag doll dropped by a child. Little did she know, that wasn't too far off from the truth.

Unable to support herself, Alex felt her slumped frame slowly starting to fall backwards. Her gaze began to tilt back up to the moon as she felt her stomach drop, but as she internally braced for impact, she felt a pair of hands catch her, propping up her torso.

As relieved as she was to not hit the ground, she was petrified inside and out at the touch of this stranger. She couldn't even turn around to see who now held her helpless frame in their arms, and as their shadowy silhouette reached around her, pulling her up with ease to be propped up against their frame, that sense of urgency and danger came back 10-fold. She tried to yell out, waiting for the worst, but to her surprise, she heard a lighthearted, almost joking voice speak up from behind her.

"That was close! You could have scuffed yourself up if you fell. Can't have my brand new toy damaged before I even get her home."



'Toy?!' Alex screamed internally, panic turning to desperation as she tried to scream out once more. Still, her glassy eyes and blank expression betrayed her sense of unease, one that only grew as she felt the figure's hands reach around her.

"Wow, that Doll-Ray worked like a charm! You look like one of my figurines come to life! Still can't believe it worked so quickly, she feels like you're plastic all the way down already!"

Alex was ready to sharply question what the hell he meant by that, but instead she froze internally as she felt his touch: one hand cupped her chin, turning her blank gaze so her captor could better look her over. His touch was surprisingly tender, but it didn't stop there. Slowly, she felt as his other hand gave her chest a squeeze from over her stripped T-shirt. If she could have blushed she would have been bright red, only becoming more and more embarrassed as the hand wandered downwards.

"Wow, soft for a plastic toy, aren't ya? Must be one of those new polymer blends, but I

wonder..."

Without another word, he slipped his fingers past her panties to her sex, slipping in a finger, then two, to examine her.

Alex was completely overwhelmed, a mix of feelings hitting her like a freight train, but the sensation that shocked her the most was how sensitive she was to his touch. As frustrated as she was with herself for admitting it, whatever he had done to her left her with a deep, unyielding, arousal.

Another wave of the sensation crashed over her as she felt his other hand guide her head to rest against him, brushing one finger across her slightly parted lips before slipping it into her mouth. She couldn't even flinch as she was puppeted to suck on his finger, all while his spare hand slid deeper into her below.

She felt disgusted with herself, but his warmth inside her was enough to send her reeling in bliss. She tried to fight the sensation, but her body was helpless to resist in more way than one, unable to even emote her arousal behind her frozen, vacant expression.

Satisfied, he slipped out of the inanimate girl, to which Alex moaned a little internally. Returning to some of her senses, she wished she could get up and sock her captor in the jaw, ignoring the part of her that demanded he return his fingers to her right now. Instead she stayed slack.

"Perfect, had to make sure you were artificial inside and out; you really are just a doll now! Even if you don't quite look the part," he teased, lifting her one hand into the air before dropping it, letting it fall limp to her side. Getting up and lifting the girl with him, he smirked, whispering one more thing into Alex's ear.

"But we can fix that."

At that, he took the doll by the waist and hoisted her over his shoulder as if she weighed nothing. Whistling without a care in the world, her captor left her phone on the ground, 911 still dialed, as he carried her off into the night

As Alex was carried to who-knows-where by her captor, her frame bouncing with each new step as she was slumped over his shoulder, her mind frantically raced back and forth between possible means of escape, convincing herself that this must be a dream, even just asking herself what this man's motives must be. Through it all though, on thought kept on bubbling up to the forefront of her thoughts: The alarmingly intoxicating feeling of his touch.

She wasn't sure what he had done to her, but beyond losing her ability to move, her skin felt smooth, soft, and incredibly sensitive. Even just the hand that rested on the small of her back to hold her in place filled her with a need to be touched more, a feeling that she fought with

endlessly. She wasn't his to take, she reminded herself, trying to forget the sensation of his fingers inside of her not too long ago.

Eventually Alex felt as they reached their destination and he casually made his way up a flight of stairs, stopping for a moment in front of a door as her arms and legs loosely dangled while he struggled with his keys. Finally finding the right one and unlocking the front door, he stepped through the frame and into the apartment.

Terrified of what would come next, Alex's anticipation came to a head as he walked in, down a hall, into a separate room, and finally set her down. Now that her vision wasn't upside down and her head wasn't facing her captor's back, she quickly took in her surroundings.

From her seat on the floor, she was surprised to see what looked to be a perfectly normal bedroom around her, far from the dingy garage or dimly lit basement she envisioned her captor was planning to toss her in.

It was clean, little to no clutter and a soft carpet that now supported her ass. The only thing that really made it distinct was a handful of ball jointed dolls and figurines that lined the desk around the computer. As her gaze drifted down though, there was one more surprise: Now in a well lit room, she could see clear as day that along her arms and legs there were visible doll joints, not unlike the other toys that decorated the room. Her heart skipped a beat, before she could freak out, she felt as her captor eagerly sat on the floor beside her, turning Alex to face her.

"That's better! Welcome home, toy." He spoke in a friendly nonchalant tone, as if all this was perfectly normal. Getting a good look at him now that they were out of the shadows, the man in front of her was nothing like what she expected either; he seemed harmless, slightly nerdy looking but by all accounts just your average guy. More than anything, his touch was gentle as he cupped her chin and examined her once more, an almost bright look in his eye... as if he was some kid eagerly unwrapping a new toy.

Holding her breath internally as he looked her over, her captor seemed to take note of every inch of her. Finally, with a smirk, she turned her to face him. Kneeling in front of her, her eyes locked with his. Running a finger along her soft lips, he spoke up again.

"You, my toy, have so much potential and you don't even know it. You're... well you're beautiful. And I just had to help you."

'Help me? How is any of this help- oh!' Alex began to question him internally but was cut short as he scooped her up with ease, placing her on the foot of his bed. Before she could protest, without skipping a beat, he gave her a playful nudge, sending the doll flopping back across the mattress. At that, Alex yipped silently at his touch along her legs. Blushing, she felt and watched as he began to undress her.

He started at her boots, slowly slipping each one off before doing the same with the black wool

socks she had on underneath. As he handled her bare feet, Alex felt herself become flustered once more, in part because of how he clearly took some pleasure in teasing the doll, subtly tickling her soles before moving upwards. Again, she cursed herself for not wanting the stranger to stop touching her as he moved elsewhere.

At her hips, he was quick to undo her suspenders and slip her skirt down past her knees, leaving the doll in her underwear if only for the moment before moving upwards. Sitting her up on the bed, he took off her bracelets, her earrings, and eventually propped her up on his lap to undo her choker and piercings. He seemed to take great care with each moment he took undressing her, an almost intimacy as he stripped the toy down to nothing.

Silently, Alex battled herself once more. She knew every instinct in her should have been fighting back, fighting him, but as his fingers caressed her neck to undo her choker, his gentle and surprisingly caring touch became more and more intoxicating.

Still on his lap, she felt as he took her black and white striped T and pulled it over her head, letting her arms flop down at her sides before she fell back on him for support, at which he chuckled before sitting her back up to face him.

"Careful, doll. I know you want more but you need to be patient. Art takes time."

She was in little more than her underwear now, and would have been blushing a deep red if she still had any autonomy over her body, but instead all she could do was watch with her still gaze and half parted lips as he brought her face to face.

She expected him to kiss her, to which she braced internally, but what happened next was that much more shocking. Looking into her eyes, he moved his hands up her cheeks to remove her glasses slowly, before gliding his fingers up to her hair.

In one fluid motion, he slipped his finger under her hairline and lifted; without any resistance at all, the entirety of her hair came off her head. It was clear now that what was once her hair was now only a short black wig, one that was quickly discarded to the side with the rest of her clothes.

Alex was frozen in surprise. Of all the shocks she had faced this night, somehow having her hair lifted and tossed aside like that felt like a piece of her identity had been stripped from her. But it didn't stop there. Presenting a baggie of make-up wipes, her captor took his time cleaning up the now bald doll: he started with her heavy eye liner, then her black lipstick, and finally any remaining foundation before her face was perfectly natural. Taking the same wipes though, he moved down to the tattoos on her chest and back, and without hesitation, wiped them off as if they were drawn on with sharpie.

"Can't have my toy all marked up like that! Well, maybe if you're good I'll let you have one tattoo... but I get to choose what it is."

Alex was devastated. Her hair, her ink, her make-up, she felt like 'she' had been stripped away, leaving a blank slate. She almost felt like crying, but as she did, she felt as her captor took her onto his lap once more to face her, cupping her chin and flashing her a reassuring smile.

"I know doll, I know. But trust me on this, I need my canvas ready to help make you who you've always wanted to be. Your true potential."

With an excited smirk, he hopped off the bed, leaving Alex to flop to her side once more without his support. From her spot slumped on the bed, the almost blank slate of a doll watched as he gathered all kinds of supplies: make-up sets, accessories, wigs, and to her surprise, a acrylics kit similar to what you'd use for painting miniatures. At that, he started with a choice for her new hair.

Talking to himself and asking Alex's opinion of which was her favorite (not that she could answer,) he eventually settled on a long, straight, black wig that looked fit for a super model. Sitting his doll up, he delicately fitted her with it, styling it to be pulled up in a high pony tail with plenty of volume cascading down her shoulders. Content, he brushed a finger through her hair before collecting the paints.

Pulling up a chair and sitting down in front of the patient doll, he sat for a moment and looked at his canvas. The way he looked at her made Alex blush once more, but for a different reason this time; he really did seem to see a beauty in her that she'd never really seen expressed before. As much as she still wanted nothing more than to break free of the spell she was under, part of her wanted to see what this 'potential' he saw in her was.

This allure was undercut by another surprise once again as, with one last cleaning wipe, her captor cleaned the very color from her eyes, leaving the girl truly a blank slate, unrecognizable from the girl she was minutes ago. This final erasure should have shaken Alex, but after everything, she felt an odd calm with knowing she had no choice but to go along with this strange man's whims. So, like a good doll, she waited to see what he'd do next.



Going to work, her captor was inches from her face, giving a level of detail as if he was restoring a painting. He started with what he had just erased, painting on a big, bright looking pair of eyes onto the girl that better fitted the look of the doll she was now. Her former brown-ish grey eyes were reimagined as a striking blue, and with the last few speckles of color added, he was content.

From there he cleaned up and styled her eyebrows before accenting the area around her new eyes with some richly colorful eye shadow, all before framing his work with some sharp eye liner as well. Alex watched as he moved to her cheeks, taking care to clear up and freckle, giving her silicone skin a flawless complexion before adding some slight blush. Finally her cheeks could reflect how flustered she felt inside.

Moving down, he took a deep red lip stick. Parting her lips, letting his one finger drift into her mouth if only to tease her for a second, he then painted her lips with the rouge tone and fleshed

it out, giving her lips a more full profile. Stepping back to admire his work, his eyes lit up.

"Wow..." he confessed with a smirk. Seeing this, Alex felt flushed. He seemed completely enthralled... but with her? It seemed hard to believe. Sitting there patiently on the bed like a good doll, she watched him silently for a moment as he admired her. Finally, he spoke up.

"Now for the finishing touches!"

Watching as he collected what she could only assume was the "Doll-Ray" he mentioned earlier, her captor fiddled with the controls before finding a setting he was satisfied with. "There!" he exclaimed before pointing it at Alex and firing the device.

With a flash, nothing seemed to have changed, but Alex, her whole body felt even more relaxed than it was before. She felt as if she could melt, but in reality all the ray did was make her body a bit more malleable. Approaching the doll, her captor undid the last of her underwear. There, a pair of piercings were hidden, one on each nipple. Removing each, he gave each of her nipples a slight tease and a pinch. Like that, the holes from her piercings had disappeared.

He was quick to do the same with most all of her piercings, working up to her nose and eyebrows, leaving only one set of holes at her ear lobes. With those cleaned up, her captor's work was almost done, inching onto the bed behind her and examining her nude frame once more.

"You're pretty much perfect as is... buuut while I have you like this... a little touch up couldn't hurt!"

At that, he ran his hands up along her waist, and as he did, the slight amount of fat that was on the girl's stomach seemed to be pushed up to her chest. Cupping each of her breasts in his hands, he massaged the doll gently, perking up her tits and until they were perfectly pert.

Again, the sensation was almost enough to send Alex over the edge. As conflicting as the night had been, having him hold her like this left her in bliss, only wanting to be touched more. She moaned silently through parted lips, pure desire behind glassy eyes, and when his hands finally lifted from her chest, she begged him to return them.

Now he was satisfied. Collecting the Doll-Ray, he shot her again with a flash, solidifying her body back to how it was. With one more flash at her face, her make-up became permanent as well.

For the finishing touches, he went back to his closet and selected a pair of simple but sexy clothes: a revealing white crop top, a pair of tight-fitting black leggings, and some high heels, all of which came together to form an outfit that wouldn't look out of place on a bimbo out for a night at the club.

Taking his time to dress her, each touch was a new depth of pleasure. She felt like a dress up doll, which by all accounts, she now was, one which her captor seemed eager to play with based

off his teases. Getting her some new flashy accessories, large ring bracelets and hoop earrings, Alex's transformation was complete as he fitted her with a set of ruby red plastic nails, teasing her feet once again as he did her toe nails in the same color.

She was ready. Alex felt as her captor stood her up, picking her up around her waist and carrying her across the room. She felt like a barbie doll, dressed up and stiff as her captor finally stood her in front of the mirror. As she was set down, Alex saw herself for the first time.

She gasped.



There, in the reflection in front of her, was a raven-haired bombshell, one of the most beautiful

girls she had ever seen. It was a reflection of girls from her past that she had wanted to be, a reflection of what she only dreamed she could look like, and through the shock of it all, she could barely believe the girl she was looking at was actually her.

Completely enthralled, Alex didn't even notice at first as her movement returned to her.

With stars in her eyes, she stood up on her own, slowly approaching the mirror as she touched her face, if only to confirm it was really her. She blushed, almost getting a little teary eyed as she did.

"Is that... is that me?" She heard herself speak. Her voice had a slightly lighter, girlish tone to it, as if even her personality reflected the girl she saw in the mirror.

"It is, doll." Her captor slowly stepped up behind her, admiring his work. Through it all, Alex was overwhelmed, barely unable to turn away from the girl in the mirror. Still, she had to know:

"What... what did you do to me?" She asked, not with any anger or accusation, but wonder.

"Nothing much, I just helped you reach your potential, Alex. You're beautiful and I just wanted to help show you that." As Alex looked closer, she realized her skin was still artificial, the sheen of soft plastic apparent all over her now flawless body.

"But, like, why a doll?" The airy personality of the bimbo in the mirror began to reflect itself more clearly in her voice. Hearing this, her captor chuckled, inching up and resting a hand on the cool skin of the toy's back.

"Because modern beauty standards are unrealistic. No real girl can expect to look *that* good. But as a doll? As *my* doll? You can be perfect, forever."

His touch was enough to bring back edges of arousal. It filled her mind with bubbles of desire. His voice continued as if to further sow the seeds of her deepest wants.

"Buuut, well if you want me to turn you back to normal, I won't stop you. You'll just wake up in your bed tomorrow morning in your same old clothes, same old body, and all this will just be a dream. It'll be too bad though. You'd be perfect, Alex; the perfect doll."

In a sharp reaction, Alex almost shouted.

"No!! I-I... I mean, I..."

She looked down over herself, to the doll in the mirror, with everything she didn't even really know she wanted right in front of her. She... she couldn't give it up, not now that it was so close. Her emotions welled, and at that she heard her captor speak up one last time.

"You need to ask for it, doll. I'd never keep such a beautiful thing without her choosing it. So, what will it be? Go back to being just Alex? Or do you like Alexis, the most perfect bimbo doll

I've ever seen."

Looking between herself in the mirror and her captor, her two halves fought each other. How could she just give herself to him? Give up everything to be a simple plastic toy? Throw away her values and her life, and for what?

"For this" said Alexis.

As she stared at her reflection, she didn't see Alex any more. She saw Alexis, and heard as she spoke to the girl that used to be Alex.

"What are you throwing away, Alex? A life you didn't want, a role you didn't fit into, traded for perfection." Alexis motioned to her body in the mirror before continuing. "Who cares if it means being this lil creep's dolly; you know he'll spend his days pampering us, dressing us up, pleasuring us; When you think about it, it's more like we'd own him, because I mean come'on girl, look at us! This is what perfection looks like and he knows it. You know it. So let him treat us like royalty, let him worship us! Because you and I both know: You deserve this, and you cannot give this up."

Emotion swelled into Alex's eyes. As conflicted as she was, she couldn't argue with the girl in the mirror. She wasn't sure if it was just another effect of that 'Doll-ray' or if something deep down inside of her had been awoken, but the result was the same. Turning to her captor, the plastic bimbo smiled.

"You know what...?"

Pausing for a moment in front of her would-be owner, she gave him a light slap on the face. He seemed surprised, but not objecting to a beautiful woman smacking him.

"That was for jumping me, you creep. I should do more than just slap you... but... to answer your question..."

She paused, almost ready to slap him again but dropping her plastic hand.

"...Fine... fuck it... What the hell... why not," she said, a slight tone of sass in her voice as she looked her new owner over. Approaching him and lifting one pointed finger nail under his chin to meet his gaze with hers.

This time, it really was Alexis that spoke.

"But if you want this doll you have to earn her. I expect you to brush my hair every day. I'll need plenty of cute outfits. You're going to pamper me like I'm your goddess now. And... and fuck" She paused for a moment, a bit flushed at it all. "And for the love of god you better fuck your doll every day. Is that clear?"

With a smirk, her new owner nodded eagerly.

"Yes Ma'am."

At that, he snapped his fingers, and as the sound hit the plastic girl's ears, all at once the doll went perfectly still.

Alex was gone, but Alexis Doll stood there in perfect bliss. As if she had finally had a weight off her shoulders from years of stress, self-doubt, and all tha baggage that came with Alex's old life, now she felt light, and not just because the toy was now made of plastic. Alexis has stepped into her new plastic skin and she knew this was the choice she needed to make.



Taking the inanimate doll around the waist, he carried over over to a display stand. With one motion, he slid her onto it, the 'seat' of the stand being a small silicone vibrator that slid into her ass. That alone was enough to send Alexis into her first orgasm as a doll.

The toy was now completely reliant on her owner to move her, feeling as he posed her just right in a sassy pose next to his bed. Grabbing a remote control, he pointed it at the stand and pressed a button. There, the silicone bit began to vibrate, sending yet deeper waves of pleasure through the doll.

Content, her owner yawned. It was practically morning after all. Slow to approach the doll on the stand, the man leaned in and gave her a deep kiss, reaching his tongue deep into the

inanimate toy's mouth. After all, this was his doll now, he could do with her what he wanted.

Alexis stood unwavering as if the sensation didn't have her reeling into another orgasm. She was ready for more but at that her owner left her posed with her mouth open as he undressed and got ready for bed. She was about ready to yell at him to get back here and put something more in her mouth but, instead she listened as he spoke up.

"Good night, Princess. We can play properly tomorrow. Just... stand there and look pretty."

At that he took the standing mirror and set it up so that Alexis could see herself before he got into bed and fell asleep, leaving Alexis on her vibrating stand in a near perpetual state of arousal. She was almost angry at the little geek for not giving her what she wanted right away, but catching her reflection in the mirror as she stood in perfect stillness, she stopped herself.

"Princess... Dolly likes that..."

Staring at her reflection for hours as the vibrator pulsed, Alexis's didn't even realize as her transformation truly took hold; not the physical changes to her body, but to her personality, her mind, her self. By morning, it was as if Alex never existed. There was just Alexis Doll, the air headed bimbo toy that stood in the mirror.

As each new wave of pleasure crashed over her, she became more and more of a doll. Her whole existence boiled down to her owner's command: Stand there. Look Pretty. So, that's what the toy did, her attention slowly shifting from watching her owner sleep to her own beautiful reflection.

Through the night, those words echo'ed through her until her mind went blank, lost in a sea of pleasure. After all, she was a doll now. Until her owner intended to play with her, to give her a new purpose, that's how she would stay.

Epilogue:

"Sorry to bother you sir. A young woman went missing last night and we had heard reports that there was some strange activity near your apartment block. But, clearly it's just you here. Well, you and that beauty you've got there."

Gene wasn't even phased when the cops showed up at his door the following morning. Inviting them in for coffee, they discussed a missing person's case from the night before, and at that he insisted they look around his apartment.

After a quick search, the officers came to the bedroom, where they found nothing of interest that would possibly connect him with the case. What they did find interesting was the life sized doll that he had on display in his bedroom.

"I have to say, I heard about these kinds of dolls online, but wow! I never knew they made them so life-like!" The first cop stated, playfully giving the toy's chest a flick. "What do you think Jenny?"

The second officer, a woman, smirked as she looked over the doll.

"Life-like? Come on, no real woman actually looks like that, it's impossible! Buuut she does look good," She joked, rolling her eyes at the plastic bimbo.

Thanking Gene for his time and heading out of the apartment, laughing about their strange encounter, the cops drove off, leaving him alone.

With a smirk, he returned to his bedroom, approaching Alexis with a smirk.

"Hope they find that 'Alex' girl, don't you Princess?" he joked, taking the doll's chin and having her nod in agreement. Lifting the toy off her stand, he hugged her close to his chest, Alexis going limp in his arms as he carried her to the living room.

Sitting on the couch, he positioned Alexis to straddle him, posing her just right. It was no wonder the police didn't expect a thing from her, she was clearly just an inanimate toy, her lips slightly parted and her slightly wall-eyed gaze making her look like any other ditzy fuck toy. And internally, that's more or less what she was at this point.

Her night on her vibrating stand had helped to smoothly ease her into her new life. Now the toy had a few key thoughts: a want to be touched, a need to be complimented, and little bubbles of airy pleasures about how she was the prettiest toy in the world.

Beyond that, her mind was almost as empty as her hollow head.

Gene didn't much care what was going on in the toy's mind, whether there were still bits of Alex in there or if the doll was as mindless and inanimate as the other figurines in his collection. He had wanted the perfect sex doll and he got it. The fact that he made her gave him an extra degree of satisfaction, but from his point of view, Alex was always a doll. She just needed his help to realize that, to realize she wanted to be Alexis. His Princess doll.

Now, with his toy on his lap, he was ready to treat her like more than just a decoration too. As he lifted off her shirt, he bumped the TV remote on the couch next to him. As the TV flipped on, the news was already on, showing the picture of a certain goth girl with the word 'MISSING' in bold text across the top.

Seeing this, he smirked, looking to the plastic bimbo now towering over him.

It turned him on greatly to see how far his little toy had come. At that he couldn't wait any longer.



Lifting his member out of his pants, he slid his toy onto him, who accepted him and wrapped around him with ease. As he entered her, a spark seemed to return to the inanimate toy's eyes, and internally Alexis sprang back to life, all while her vacant expression stood unwavering, her lips still parted from her goodnight kiss.

Her once empty mind now exploded with desire. Her thoughts were still simple: how good she felt, how hot she looked, how amazing it felt to be lusted for so passionately. Thus was her new life as a doll; she didn't even care that after he was done with her that she'd return to being an inanimate piece of decoration, or dropped on the floor, purposfully covered in his love to sit

with in on her face for hours as a sign of who owned her. None of that even crossed her mind, because in that moment she felt the simple, perfect bliss that only a doll could experience.

The sensation only became more and more intense as he began to bob her up and down on top of him. With each thrust her tits bounced in the air, holding her by each arm to take her fast and hard.

Her head flopped up and down furiously as she was truly made his fuck doll. Her mouth hung open, her expression perfect but inanimate, only becoming still as her owner took her by the hair and kissed her deeply before filling her with warmth, sighing deeply as he did.

This was her life now. Alexis, the perfect bimbo toy. A plaything for her geek of an owner to use as he saw fit. A Decoration. A Fuck Toy. A Possession.

But that simple, inanimate toy, was beautiful. Sexy. Perfect in Plastic. *That* was all she wanted, a feeling so intoxicating that she'd be a toy if it meant keeping it forever.

So as he let her slip off him and fall to the couch beside him, her thoughts disappearing into the sea of bliss from her first play, she knew that she chose this fate, but she knew she'd choose it again.