



The new 'Sam' doll; in her sexy new French Maid's uniform, ready for use and posed to sell.

Sexy Sam Doll

by SparkyMira on Deviant Art ([SparkyMira](#))

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My name was Samantha, but my friends called me Sam. I really should have learned my lesson when it came to hanging out with Nancy long ago. I loved the girl to death, but she was always causing me to get into all kinds of tricky situations and troubles. Although, in hindsight, that was never going to be a problem for me again! So when I decided to meet her at what she said was an old abandoned adult toy factory, one that she thought was closed, I figured, "What could go wrong?" That was mistake number one, but I would make a few more before it was all over.

Nancy and I loved to try our luck when exploring these abandoned places as it always made the experience more thrilling. One way we added to the feeling of danger and excitement was that we often liked to leave our clothes hidden away outside before entering the building then roam around like two naked animals. This time, as usual was no exception, we were both naked and wandering around the upper levels of the factory. Nancy decided she wanted to go towards the back of the plant and explore, while I wanted to look around the factory portion seeing as how I loved old machines.

Even though I was aware of what the factory had made, when I reached the work area I was, at first, a bit shocked and startled. I saw a bunch of lifelike women hanging from chains and laying around in piles, on different conveyor belts, and scattered around the room. I walked around, inspecting each the different parts of the factory floor and was giddy with both excitement and at the sights. I realized these were 'female' adult sex dolls that had not been completed, although some seemed pretty complete! It was all good fun, until I heard the doors on the far side of the large room open and the lights turned on. I froze in place hoping that no one would see me, and luckily I was in a shadowed area and somewhat hard to spot.

My heart nearly stopped when I heard a deep voice yell, "Hey! Who is in here?" I could hear the guy as he started to walk out onto the factory floor. I panicked a tad and started looking for an escape route, but to my dismay the only exit was near the man who was beginning to search the room. Seeing no escape option, I quickly scanned the room for the best hiding spot. Not finding anything very good, I sighed, both in relief, and embarrassment, when I realized what I was going to have to do to try to get out of my situation undetected.

I sprinted over to a pile of semi-finished dolls which were lying near a belt in various positions and lay down among them; unfortunately I didn't see the sign above us that read 'reworks.' I lay down with my arms out in a random position like the other dolls, and mimicked their slightly parted legs, their O shaped mouths, and the blank expressions on their faces, in order to blend in. Then I waited silently for the man's arrival, but really hoped to just hear him leave instead. All the while I hoped that he wouldn't notice me and would think I was

just another doll in the pile. I noticed a doll lying next to me, she was a big breasted red head who, I thought, looked a lot like me and I had to work extra hard to keep from giggling at the thought!

It wasn't long before the rather large man in the company uniform walked over and started searching the area around my vicinity. I remained still, staring at a point on the ceiling so as not to move my eyes, and used shallow breaths so as not to be detected. The man glanced at me and the dolls piled around me but said nothing. I quietly sighed in relief as he walked past us 'Dolls' to continue checking other parts of the factory floor, apparently my doll act had been successful. Again, I silently sighed in relief when I thought the man was leaving the room. I was about to get up and make a break for the exit, when suddenly I heard the man walking around a corner and approaching the production line where I lay.

I heard the man say in a rather disgruntled voice, "Man Kyle! Why do you always have to leave such a mess for us to deal with during the night shift? These damn dolls should have been prepped and ready for reworking before you left! If you had done that, I could just start the machines when I got here and not have to do everything myself!" The man sounded frustrated as he scooped up one of the dolls near me, a black haired, tan skinned beauty, and began carrying it to the nearest conveyor belt.

He placed the doll on the belt in a spread eagle position, and then fastened each of her limbs in place with some kind of clamps at the ankles, knees, wrists, and elbows. He also placed a clamp across her midsection to hold the doll in place when the belt was running, before returning my way. A pit in my stomach started to form, and it grew with each doll he removed from my hiding pile. One by one, the dolls were secured onto the belt, until me and the red headed, big breasted doll, were all that remained! Before long the man returned and looked us over quizzically as though he saw something odd and I began to worry.

Then the man commented out loud before scooping up my near twin and placing her on the belt, "Man! I wonder why they would make two dolls that look almost the same! The person who made these two sure didn't have much imagination!" Suddenly I realized that I was lying there alone. I was embarrassed, exposed, naked, and half tempted to hop up and run for the exit right then. But I was frozen in fear, both of being discovered in my deception, and worrying what this man might do to me when he realized I was a human woman.

In short order, the man came back and picked me up in one fluid, and seemingly effortless motion, I was amazed at his strength. I tried to remain limp hoping that he would think I was just another doll. And before long, just like the real dolls, I found myself being placed onto the cold metal belt and then fastened down in preparation for the ride that was about to follow. In hindsight I probably should have given up the ruse and yelled, "Wait, stop I am human, not a doll!" But I played my part to too much perfection lying there motionless while staring at the ceiling. And with one final look back at the production line the man nodded approvingly, and then entered a series of commands into the console nearest to us before turning and leaving the room.

At first there was silence and, as soon as the man was gone, I began to struggle against my restraints trying to get free, but I was firmly attached to the belt and could not move much. Suddenly, the machine slowly began to whirl to life and began edging the attached dolls, and me, forwards toward the large machines looming ahead of us. I was the only living 'Doll,' therefore the only one with any feelings about the subject whatsoever, yet somehow I felt oddly calm.

Nancy had put me in some tight spots in the past and I had always escaped those situations unscathed, naturally I assumed that I would also get free this time before there was any real problem. I continued unsuccessfully struggling against my restraints attempting to get free as the first machine grew ever closer. Because I was so distracted by trying to escape, and the fact that I could barely raise my head to see what was coming, I really wasn't paying enough attention to how quickly I was approaching the machine. But one thing was certain, I

didn't really want to find out what those machines did or might do to a doll, let alone a human woman mistakenly attached to the belt.

Unfortunately my freedom was not to be, as soon enough I was next as the belt began moving me into the belly of the beast, the first machine. As I entered the machine, the conveyor rotated me into an inverted position where my face was now facing a drain in the floor and I hung there supported by my arms, legs, and the clamp across my midsection. With my new view that of the grated floor of the machine, and my breasts hanging there below me, suddenly my confidence was waning!

Without warning the machine began spraying a solution on me, from head to toe, which removed all my beautiful red hair; and I mean ALL of it, even my eyebrows! I watched in horror as my beautiful hair fell to the floor below me before I was rinsed with another solution which removed any remaining dirt, left over hair, or other contaminants that might still be on my exterior. The blast even flushed out my lower holes leaving them clean, a rather odd and unwelcome experience.

Then the conveyor moved me into a machine which flipped me back over so that I was once again laying on my back, before blow drying me thoroughly and moving me into another machine. While I couldn't really look around too much, being attached to the belt, I could see ahead of me a large pipe which was filling a huge bowl with what appeared to be a very hot liquid which smelled awful. Suddenly realizing that that was my next stop, I found myself becoming very afraid, gave up, and began yelling for help. But the man had already left the room and no one was there to hear my cries.

I quickly found that my fear was for good reason! The belt carrying me soon dipped me down into the bowl, and held me under the liquid. The stuff felt like it was boiling hot and I tried holding my breath, but before long I couldn't hold it any longer and breathed in the liquid. I accidentally opened my eyes for a moment and the stuff burned. For a moment I thought I was going to black out, drown, and die; yet I didn't! Somehow I was being filled with this liquid, yet I remained conscious, frightened, and aware of the severity of my situation! But after being submerged for what must have been five minutes, I began to calm down, apparently I was not going to die.

It felt like ages before the belt finally carried me onward, up out of the liquid, and then a large fan cooled me down. I didn't know it at the time but my body was being completely changed while I was submersed in the liquid. The foul stuff contained nanobots, silicone, and some kind of magical ingredient which kept my essence contained within my newly forming doll body. I didn't know it yet but before long I would be a real, fully synthetic love doll with green eyes rather than the brown ones I was born with. My flesh was quickly replaced with silicone, and my bones converted to a metal armature that would allow me to be posed in any position my new owner desired.

Of course at this point I still wasn't aware of what had happened to me, so I also hadn't realized, or thought of this disturbing fact; since I could no longer move on my own, I would be forced to remain in whatever position my owner put me until the re-posed me. But I reiterate, at the moment I didn't know any of these things were happening to me, and was more concerned with the overwhelming fear of being killed by the machines as they worked on me and did whatever they were designed to do.

Since the liquid had filled my ears and nostrils, I quickly noticed that the sounds of the factory now seemed muffled and indistinct. I also no longer smelled the liquid which I felt was a good thing, until I realized that I was no longer breathing, which was not so good! My lack of breath also made my attempts at speaking, or crying out for help, pointless; and mute. At that point, my mouth was still moving but other than making some squeaky latex sounds; I couldn't make a sound! It really didn't take a genius to figure it out and I quickly

realized that I was now coated both inside and out with a layer of some kind of rubber, or latex, type material. Now, even the insides of my mouth and other orifices were coated and sealed up; I didn't yet know, nor could have accepted, that I would never be able to eat, drink, move, or speak again.

Two pairs of robotic arms descended from above and clamped onto my wrists as the clamps on the belt that were holding down my wrists released. Then the robotic arms forced my arms and hands into the common hold me pose, so popular with ordinary love dolls. Try as hard as I might, I was unable to move my arms and hands out of that position, the one they were now posed in before I felt a wave of hot air begin blowing over me. It wasn't long before I felt my 'coating,' actually my entire body, quickly drying and curing; and as it dried I found it harder and harder to move a thing, and I mean anything! My arms were now stuck in a hold me kind of pose, which could only be repositioned by my new owner, not me!

My new 'coating' made me look artificial and shiny, like a real doll; little did I know that I really was a real doll now! But on the up side, it also gave me a perfect skin tone with no blemishes. For some reason I hadn't yet tried to move, to look myself over, I was probably too concerned with trying to determine what was coming next. That was probably just as well, because had I tried looking I would have found out that I could no longer move. And I would have been mortified to see that I now looked like a bald, naked, unpainted sex doll; laying on a conveyor belt. But when I saw myself reflected in a shiny stainless steel surface as I passed under it, I realized the truth, I was now a real doll!

The transformed nature of my body meant that I would last for who knew how long, and could never get any kind of disease ever again. It was around this time that I was thinking about these things that I decided to try and look at myself, and that was when I realized that I could no longer close my eyes, look around, blink, or move my body in any way. Apparently the machine knew this as well, as I felt the arm restraints holding me release me. Try as I might to move my arms, they remained in the pose in which they had been set earlier, and that was when I realized that I now truly looked like any of the other love dolls traveling along the line towards our destiny.

I moved into another station where several arms dropped down and began probing my mouth and my lower openings causing me, at the same time, both discomfort and great pleasure! I wanted to move around, or squirm, but I quickly realized that would never be doing that again; well, at least not thru my own efforts! I realized that my openings were being reshaped by the machine, one by one.

Once the arms had completed their tasks, and I caught another glimpse of my reflection, I could no longer deny my new form. I was forced to accept that, even though I still wanted to move on my own, I couldn't, and never would again. My mouth, and other openings, now remained fully open in a large and inviting 'O' shape; it was as though I just saw something amazingly large and shocking and had gasped at the sight.

My mouth was now rubber lined, as were all my other openings. My throat was sealed somewhere within my neck forming a single ended hollow tube which could be easily washed out by my new owner; one which ended at my lips, lips that had also been plumped up and vividly colored. Somehow my teeth had simply dissolved away, so even if I could have ever moved again, I was now unable to ever chew or bite anything, or anyone, ever again. In fact, I realized that from that point in time onward, my mouth would likely always remain invitingly open, waiting, and ready for my new owner's use and enjoyment!

As all of these things were happening, I couldn't help but wonder what kind of magic was keeping me alive. I could no longer breathe, eat, drink, and never would go to the bathroom again. And, although I could no longer look down, or move, to confirm my suspicion; I was quite sure that my lower two holes were also wide open for easy access like my mouth. I would eventually find out that they most certainly were! They were also lined

with an easily washable protective coating, and were now single ended tubes just like my mouth. I'd never have to worry about getting pregnant or any kind of STDs again; but I certainly hoped that my new owner cleaned and washed me after each use! It was weird, I was beginning to think like a real sex doll; well, that is if real sex dolls could think!

That was the moment that the realization fully hit me, the machine had converted and prepped me for use just as though I were any other love doll that entered it, it really didn't know the difference. While I was still having trouble accepting the fact that I was now simply another silicone love doll, destined to be sold and used like all the other dolls around me; the truth was that I really was just simple property now, and nothing more! But, accept it or not, my days of being a free woman able to make her own decisions, were now at an end. I would soon be just someone's pleasure toy, forced to make them happy however they wished, and do whatever they made me do.

As the belt moved on I was slowly lowered onto, then attached, to a stand like a full size Barbie doll. Even though I was incredibly embarrassed, I had no choice and was forced to stand there naked, unable to move, and on display for anyone to see; just like all the other dolls from my pile. I couldn't turn my head, body, or even eyes to look around; I could only see what was in front of me. But what I could see was a few dolls from my line, and other parts of the factory, posed on their stands; waiting just like me!

Although I wanted to scream out for help and let someone know that I wasn't supposed to be a doll; I couldn't move or protest my situation in any way. I could see whatever was going on directly in front of me, within my fixed field of view; and I watched as other dolls were lined up in rows before me. I thought, 'That was so weird! I guess that we were all just prepped by the machines for easy access by our new owners!' As I thought this to myself, I don't know why, but I no longer felt as scared instead I felt very contented, even though I had just thought of someone as my owner, I was beginning to accept my new purpose in life.

But apparently it was approaching closing time again as everyone left the building and the machines shut down just before the lights went out and I was left stuck, standing there in the darkness. For some reason, I had quickly accepted that my life now had a new purpose I was someone's doll; and I drifted off to sleep, even with my eyes fixed open and staring ahead.

In my dreams I was a pretty sex dolly, happy to be pleasing my new owner as he, or was it she, used me in whatever way they saw fit. When I next awoke, or became aware again, the lights in the factory were back on. I watched as the workers filed in across the way from me and began to fill what I assumed was their normal positions for work. Several of the dolls in front of me were being inspected and, apparently, I had already been inspected and given a green light to move on in the line. I could feel a tag had been attached to my wrist which I assumed was my inspection tag. The correctness of that assumption became even more obvious when another man moved me, followed by my near identical copy, into the doll finishing room where we would receive any final adjustments and preparations before the next phase of our new existence, as someone's personal sex toys and playthings.

Once inside the prep room, a nice looking woman walked in front of me. She looked me over and decided how I should be decorated and dressed for my new owner. Like it or not, I had no choice in the matter and stood there motionless and unblinking as I was customized. The woman painted my face with a permanent makeup, even going so far as painting the irises of my eyes an unrealistic shade of green. Strangely this didn't prevent me from being able to see; except when the brushes were directly in front of, or actually touching, my eyes. Then she painted my lips a pretty shade. I was surprised to find out, once my lips had dried, that my mouth was articulated like my limbs and could be opened and closed, when posed by my owner. The realization came to

me when she closed my mouth, something I had assumed was now impossible; and I was partially right, as closing or opening it, would always be impossible for me to do, only my owner could change it!

Then the woman permanently glued a boob length white wig onto my head and used a device at her station to permanently apply my new manufacturers logo, and serial number bar code to my upper arms; identifying me as property. To prepare me for my new 'position,' in 'life,' I was dressed in a sexy black French Maid's uniform, with white trim and a white apron. Finally a white maid's cap was attached to my wig, and a feather duster hung on my wrist. Now my preparation as a sexy French Maid Doll was complete. My dresser posed me in a sexy pose for the next phase of my new existence, before updating the information on my tag; showing that I was ready to be moved on so she could start work on the next dolly. Little did I know at the time that I was about to be moved into a showroom and put on display for sale; ready, at least physically, to be sold to my new owner.

The woman looked me over again, nodded her head indicating she was happy with her work, and rolled me, on my stand, back into a corner so she could work on my former red headed doll doppelgänger. The doll, just like me, had been stripped of all its hair while being reworked. Just as I had moments ago, the doll now stood there naked, looking like an unpainted tan woman shaped silicone doll. But before long, she too was painted, dressed and ready for shipment, or storage. My formerly nearly identical, 'Friend,' was soon dressed in a pink French Maid's uniform with white trim, similar to the one I was now wearing. She had been given a boob length head of black hair, blue eyes, and her own feather duster and cap. I only knew she was dressed similar to me because where I was temporarily stored there was a mirror-like machine which reflected our images back so that I could see the two of us.

Once the woman was done with us two dolls, she pressed a button and a man came up and rolled us out to a place that Nancy and I didn't even know existed, well at least I didn't know existed! While he was moving us to our next location I began to wonder, were any of the other dolls once human women like myself? Was Nancy one of those other dolls, or did she get away? Then I thought, "why else would the plant have something in the rework machines that could transform human women into conscious, sentient dolls? Maybe that is how they make all of their dolls!" But I didn't have too long to dwell on the thought as we soon arrived at our new temporary 'home,' in the showroom, and we were placed in the position we would occupy for however long it took to sell us.

As it turned out, the plant had a factory showroom so perspective customers could check out the merchandise and, if desired, order a doll of their own; either like one they saw in the showroom, or they could even arrange for a custom doll to be manufactured for them using attributes of the models they saw on display. Finally, if they were wealthy enough, the customer could even buy the display model, if they desired.

I found myself mounted on a display rod and posed with a tray. Standing on display along with a large number of other dolls while waiting for someone to buy me, thankfully the person who posed me hid the display pole under my skirt so that it was not visible from the front. Exactly how long I stood there I couldn't say, nor could I tell you how many other dolls were there with me. This is because I still couldn't move and I only got a quick look at the showroom as I was being wheeled into it.

Being forced to stand there, immobile, dressed as a slutty French maid for all to see, and touch, was both embarrassing and exciting for me! The idea of being sold to someone was, initially, a nightmare, I certainly didn't want to be someone's plaything forever, or did I? I wasn't sure anymore. The longer I stood there on that display pole with people walking up to, touching, and examining me; the more I wanted to know what sex would be like as a doll, after all wasn't that why I was created wasn't it? I was no longer sure.



Sam posed on display in the showroom, awaiting a customer to buy her and take her home.

Many weeks, or perhaps months, passed by; all of the while, I stood there on display, being ogled, touched, poked, prodded, and occasionally reposed, or repositioned, while waiting and wondering what would happen to me once I had been sold. I also obsessed about, if I could ever be made human again. I wondered whatever happened to Nancy, did she end up a doll like me? Was she in the same showroom as I was, posed somewhere and wondering what happened to me? Perhaps we were there together, both awaiting a buyer. But knowing how much they had changed my look, and assuming that they would have done the same to her, I probably wouldn't have recognized her even if she were on display right in front of me! Still, the idea that she had been caught seemed unlikely, and I wanted to believe she escaped and would someday find a way to have me transformed back into a human woman. Unfortunately I would never learn the truth though, as I would never see her again and would remain a doll unless someone else managed to change me back.

One day while standing there on display, looking at that same spot on the showroom wall, one which I had been looking at since I had first been displayed there; and bored to tears (if I could have cried,) a man in a fancy suit who appeared to be quite wealthy walked in. The man, having wide, childlike eyes, walked right into my line of sight and began to look me over, along with all the usual poking, prodding, and being felt up; which, while I still was annoyed with it, I had by that point grown used to.

Even though I had been on display for so long now that I no longer had any idea what the date, or even the year was, I still felt that it was rather demeaning being evaluated for purchase as though I were a new car or a toaster. The customers, looked at me from every angle, and always touched and felt various parts of me to see if they wanted me, squeezing my breasts, and reaching up under my skirt to examine me down below. But, by this time I had grown somewhat used to being a doll on display, unable to object or resist my treatment, and forced to simply accept it. Besides, I knew that this man certainly wasn't the first to do so, he was probably not even the five hundredth!

The man more closely approached me and as usual began grabbing and fondling my breasts, before doing the same to my pink maid doll sister. Naturally, I could only stand there as he took a position directly in front of the two of us and looked back and forth, as though he couldn't decide which of us he liked better. Finally he nodded to himself in approval and said to someone out of my line of sight, "Yes, as always you make the highest quality, most realistic dolls I've ever seen! I will take them both! Please load these two dolls into their boxes and ship them to my home while I go attend to the financial details." I could not see the other person but heard, "Yes **sir!** At **once sir!** Please follow me and we will take care of the rest."

Then I watched as Richie Rich, whoever he really was; before a new thought amused me as, actually when I thought about it, I guess he was my new owner, walked away. Before long I felt myself being tilted back, as a pair of large men lifted me up off my stand, and placed me into a large crate that had a padded cut out space for me, before closing the lid and screwing it down, sealing me in total darkness. For the first time since my conversion I was glad I was a simple doll that didn't have to breathe.

As I lay there wondering about where I was about to be shipped, I wondered if anyone would ever know that I had not always been just a simple sex toy. An object destined to be my owner's plaything, designed to amuse them whenever the urge hit him, or her; and then likely put away and stored until the urge hit them again. But my thoughts were quickly interrupted by a feeling of movement as I was being rolled away in my box before being loaded into a delivery truck. Soon I would be shipped to my new home, life, owner, and destiny. How long, would I remain a conscious sex doll? Would my mind simply fade away over time? That really could not be known, at least not by me anyway. But what I did know, was what I would be doing for the rest of my existence, and certainly what I would be used for!

Nancy and I wanted more excitement, and while I can't speak as to her experience, I can surely say that I got more excitement than I ever bargained for, or ever could have wanted!

A note from Sam the love doll: You may be wondering. If I was transformed into a conscious silicone love doll, unable to move, or speak, then how was someone able to get this story. Well, that is a story for another time! And someday, I hope to write it!