



Ivy, or actually 'Joe's Doll' as she was posed after he cleaned her up and redressed her.

Joe's PleasureDoll

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Regrets, we all have them, and Ivy was no exception. Just a normal, fun-loving, modern girl; Ivy was not that much different from most of her friends. Ivy did have one thing going for her that few other women had, her looks. Ivy was a blonde bombshell, and a bit of a party girl.

While she was not hated by most other women; many did harbor a large resentment for how easy things came to Ivy; and how she used her looks to get whatever she wanted. That was, until that fateful night! Ivy had been out partying at a local club when she saw a Goth girl that she didn't recognize. Smirking, and saying to the guy she was with in a, not-too-quiet tone, "wow! Look at the freak! Who does she think she is a witch?"

Perhaps had she been a bit quieter with her comment, or waited to say it until the girl had moved farther away, things might have turned out differently. At the worst, had Ivy kept her mouth shut, she might have avoided a fate that she could never have dreamt of, nor wanted. For soon, Ivy would never be able to close her big mouth again!

The Goth girl turned out to actually be a witch, one who was not too happy with the blonde bimbo's comments. She said a few words that Ivy did not understand, and Ivy could have sworn that she saw the witch's eyes flash red for a second, but then nothing seemed to happen. Ivy figured the girl was just jealous and was simply cursing Ivy under her breath for making fun of her, and she was right.

The next morning, Ivy woke up in an unfamiliar apartment and bed; feeling very odd. Ivy was stiff all over, she couldn't move anything, nor could she remember anything after seeing the weird girl. All Ivy could do was stare at the ceiling above her, and wonder what was going on. To say Ivy was scared was a understatement, she was terrified. Why was she in this place, where was she, and why couldn't she move, speak, or make any kind of noise other than an occasional squeak; like a balloon?

It was at that point, someone moved in the bed beside her, and then looked directly at her and said, "Good morning, Doll!" Ivy remembered the guy, his name was Joe, he was the one she was with last night. Ivy reasoned that this must be his apartment, and bed, but how did she get there and why couldn't she move or speak? Joe exited her fixed line of sight as he got out of bed and walked away, presumably to the bathroom, leaving Ivy to lay there contemplating her new situation.

Even though she was already terrified, Ivy was about to become even more frightened, when Joe walked back into his bedroom. Soon he was near enough for Ivy to see him again from her fixed point of view, Joe looked over at her and began speaking, "Boy, doll, you were great last night! I never thought something like you could relax me so thoroughly! I am so happy that I met that weird Goth sex shop owner at the club last night and hit on her!"

Like it or not, Ivy simply lay there, still and silent; staring at the ceiling and listening as he continued, "it was so generous of her, after informing me that she was a lesbian and that I was not really her type, giving you to me, brand new in your box. After we had started to just talk, she told me about her store, pulled out your box, and gave it to me as a gift. I thought it was really funny when she said that she was sure that I would be your type. Man that was nice of her! I will someday have to look for her sex shop, and see

what other fine products she sells. But in the meanwhile, I don't want any of my friends to steal you or mess around with you as you are my doll, and my doll alone!"

This was when, to her horror, Ivy saw Joe grab a Sharpie permanent marker and walk towards her. She could feel it as he pulled the cover away from her chest, exposing her bare breasts, and begin to write something just above her left breast. Obviously, since she couldn't move, she couldn't look down to see what he was writing; but when he finished he said, "There, that ought to let everyone know that you're my personal doll now!" The doll would eventually be mortified to find out that besides the ownership info Joe had just applied, she now also sported a series name, and bar-coded identification info.

Joe's new doll was shocked, her owner was implying that she was a simple love doll! But then something more disturbing occurred to her, she called him her owner; in fact, she couldn't remember any other name for the man other than 'owner.' Then, if that wasn't bad enough, when she tried to think of her name the only name she could think of was "Joe's Doll." The doll knew that that wasn't supposed to be its name and that it wasn't supposed to be a sex doll, but it simply couldn't remember what its name had been?

After a few moments of pondering that, something else occurred to the doll; its mouth was stuck in an open, accepting, position. This made the doll even more distressed as it suddenly realized that it could somehow, feel that its other openings were also wide open and ready for business. That was when the doll finally realized the horrible truth, the Goth woman it had insulted really was a witch and she had cursed the former girl, transforming her into a sex doll, and then giving the doll to its new owner.

Joe's doll never did get any answers to its questions, but its owner, Joe, certainly did appreciate and enjoy his new doll. Joe used her in every way one could imagine, and several more that you probably could not. Being magical in construction, the doll served its owner for years, never showing any signs of wear; even though it certainly got plenty of use! Joe was even nice enough to redress the doll in the sexy, slutty, demeaning outfit that it originally came dressed in, in its box; of course, after he cleaned it up after each use.

The entire time, Ivy's consciousness was stuck in the doll, somehow feeling everything done to it, and always regretting that fateful evening when Ivy should have kept her mouth shut. But now Joe's doll would never shut its mouth again. The doll realized that it was trapped as a slutty love doll, wearing a demeaning outfit, when actually dressed, and with no idea how long it might remain that way. Many years later, Joe's doll was still serving its owner when Joe found a real girl and fell in love. Before long, the two got married. But when his new bride found out about his doll, the first thing she did was make Joe dispose of it.

Since the magic keeps the doll aware and magically fit for service, Joe's doll is still out there, somewhere, but there is simply no way to know where it is these days. Perhaps the

doll lies buried in a dump, has been incinerated – which would break the spell, or was found by another owner and adopted as their personal love doll. If that last, preferable, option was the case, Joe's doll would then discover one more negative thanks to the spell cast on it.

If the doll's new owner cleaned off its ownership markings and wrote in his, or her, own name in its place, the doll would find its name changed to match its new owner. And then, not only could it not remember its old, original human name, but not its previous name either. At any rate, the curse was a particularly cruel one as it would last one thousand years; and after that there was no telling, the doll might become human again, or it might simply disintegrate into a pile of dust. Either way, the doll was going to pay for, and regret, its rude comments for longer than it could possibly fathom.

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