



That Oh~Shit Moment

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Tammy and her friend had been taking a tour of a factory where they make rubber love dolls. They had gone there on a whim, a moment of silliness between two girlfriends. The two girls thought it was hilarious how easily boys were entertained. As they looked out over the piles of dolls, they decided that those silly blow-up dolls weren't even all that realistic. In a moment of, be careful what you wish for, Tammy said to her friend, "I wish I could have as much sex as those dolls do, without fear of complications, like pregnancy, or diseases; that would be great!

Suddenly there was a flash, and the next thing Tammy knew she was laying on a pile of something soft, that smelled like rubber. Tammy couldn't move anything, or make a sound, and could only stare up at the ceiling above her. Because of her fixed line of sight she would occasionally catch sight of people walking by her in the periphery of her vision; some glanced her way, but most just walked on by. Tammy could feel that her mouth was frozen slightly open and it seemed very dry. Worst of all, she found she couldn't talk, scream, or yell for help. Even though she was terrified and not sure what was happening to her, she simply had to lay there and wait to find out.

Meanwhile Tammy's friend was just recovering from the weird flash and could not remember why she had come on this factory tour by herself. As she looked out over the piles, and piles of sex dolls; it never occurred to her that one of those dolls had formerly been her friend just a few moments earlier. When the tour ended she went home and did whatever she wanted, while Tammy remained, waiting in a bin; where she would eventually be boxed up, sent to a store, put on display, and someday be purchased by her new owner.

Tammy got exactly what she said she wanted; she would soon be used just like all the other dolls and would never have to worry about any responsibility or consequences. However, she quickly realized the other dolls had a rather significant advantage. Well, that is, once she had accepted the fact that she was now nothing more than a simple inflatable latex sex doll, just like all the others.

While laying there, Tammy had a realization; the other dolls were probably not conscious or aware and, therefore, did not think about anything whatsoever. They were not aware of time's passage, the incredible boredom that Tammy felt while

waiting to be sold and used, or the stress she would soon feel when being put away in storage; unable to move or ask for help. And above all they certainly didn't think about the fact that they were someone's property; destined to be used solely for their owner's pleasure while they simply had to lay there and be played with.

Tammy then began to think about some of the other negative aspects of her unintentional wish, and her current situation. Like the other dolls Tammy would spend eternity, or however long she lasted, being used by her new owner; no matter how she felt about it, and with no choice or say in the matter. But unlike those other dolls, Tammy would be aware of everything that was happening to her. She would be aware of her situation, but unable to change it. This was an aspect of a doll's life that she had not considered before making her rather poorly thought out wish. The idea was a bit troubling to the once independently minded girl.

But Tammy didn't have time to worry about any of those things for long; as she soon found herself being packed into a small box; before being sent to a store to be sold. Tammy thought how weird it was, she was a doll now, looking out of the clear front of her box at the world as it passed by her, as she was being moved from one location to the next. But eventually, Tammy found herself priced, placed on display on a shelf, and available for sale. Luckily, the new doll didn't have to spend too much time on the shelf before she found out what life was really like for a simple blowup sex doll. Like it or not, Tammy would soon enough be purchased and used, in any way her new owner pleased!

Sitting on that shelf, waiting to be purchased had been immensely boring for the new sex doll. By that point, Tammy had resigned herself to the fact that she was now, and likely forever more, nothing but an inflatable plaything; and the new doll was becoming bored and impatient. Tammy wanted to get on with her new fate, begin serving her new purpose, and have all that great sex that she had wished for. Thankfully for Tammy, she didn't have to wait too long, perhaps a month or two, before she was purchased and taken to her new owner's home.

Never in her wildest imagination would Tammy have believed that due to a simple unintended wish, she would be transformed into an inflatable sex doll; boxed up, shipped to a store, and put on a shelf for sale; before eventually being sold.

Tammy had always been a somewhat liberated woman who deeply hated the idea of being objectified by men. Yet, here she now was, a simple object for real, a sex toy, and one destined to be used by whomever her new owner was, no matter how they chose to use her, or how she felt about it. She would soon be even more amazed to find, while waiting in her box, that she was now anxiously looking forward to being purchased by her new owner, taken home, inflated, and used as the simple sex doll that she now was.

Tammy certainly wasn't happy about being a simple doll, someones toy to play with, yet she had finally accepted that she was no longer human; this was now her only reason for existence, a simple toy. She was designed to please and entertain her owner in whatever way that they wished; and while she didn't know it yet, she would soon get her chance. Tammy actually got her unintended wish, even though she didn't really mean it to be a wish in the first place; after all, she never even thought something like that was possible, but now she knew better.

Tammy's new owners used her regularly, and quite often. Thanks to whatever magic had transformed her into a sex doll, Tammy never wore out and was always easy to clean. The doll never had to worry about disease, relationship complications, responsibility, etc. Tammy continues to serve her simple new purpose, and will do so for untold years, obviously without comment or complaint; since she can't speak, or move. Although the doll often wished it could have, given some of the facts that it soon learned in its new form as a sex-toy. But no matter how the doll feels about it, Tammy is still entertaining her owner to this day, out there, somewhere.

Of the many regrets Tammy has, being stuck as a doll, certainly the biggest was when she realized that, unlike her, normal sex dolls aren't conscious and don't have an inner monologue or personality, or a nervous system. This means that they don't have any thoughts or feelings about, **anything**; and they certainly don't experience any form of sexual stimulation when their owners play with them. This was something Tammy never really thought about before she became a doll herself.

Unfortunately, since Tammy is an exception to the rule, a fully conscious inanimate rubber sex doll who, like other sex dolls, also lacks a nervous system yet remains conscious and aware by magic, she has a problem.

No matter how much Tammy's new owners play with and use their new doll, Tammy never feels any sort of sexual stimulation whatsoever. That was certainly not what Tammy had expected and certainly not what she intended, when she accidentally made her 'wish!' Nonetheless, Tammy the doll can only lay there, motionless, looking in the direction she is facing, while providing her owner with immense pleasure. Meanwhile she feels none herself, it is almost like a cruel joke!

Tammy had assumed that sex as a doll would be just as it was when she was human. Unfortunately her assumption was wrong, *very wrong*. Because of that, and her unintended wish having been granted, Tammy will spend a very, *very, very*, long time thinking about, and regretting, her poorly worded comment.

Another unfortunate side effect of being a doll that Tammy never imagined, was the large amount of time she would be spending, deflated in her box, stored away on a shelf in the dark, while waiting for her owner to take her down and play with her. This would be a very long and frustrating existence of longing to be inflated, used, and to see the world outside the closet for a while; even if she could only look where pointed.

The magic that made Tammy the doll that she now is; a magic that allows her to think, see what's in front of her, hear what's going on around, and even feel what is being done to her, is very powerful. That very same magic allows Tammy the doll to, some degree, feel certain things. Things like the strange sensation of being inflated, and deflated, or when her owner picks her up, or touches her.

Even the sensation of physical contact, movements, and motions that occur with sex are felt, but she can't do anything to enhance them. Apparently sexual pleasure requires an actual physical human body to experience, and Tammy's simple blowup body just doesn't allow that. So Tammy forever remains a simple toy, unsatisfied, and only there to please her owner in whatever way he, or she, desires.

The moral of the story is this, you should always think carefully about what you wish for, since you never know when some truly unbelievable thing might just grant said wish! And while that could be a wonderful gift, if granted the way you intended it; eternity is a long time to spend regretting a poorly worded wish.

The END, of the story, but not the doll.