

A Trip Through the Toy Factory

By: EL_Refresho

Kaylee Ries had a rotten feeling about Mr. Lawrence Pevensie, a rotten feeling that started in her stomach and wormed its way around her body. After three days of tailing the toy-making mogul, the P.I. had successfully worked out that Mr. Pevensie was a darling to children, a friend to men, and a gentleman to women. He was a man who was so outwardly good and kind that he must be hiding something nasty from the world. And that something must happen inside his toy factory, because he rarely made a trip away from that building. No shady motels, mysterious rendezvous, or anything else out of the ordinary, which meant she was missing something. Perhaps someone met him at the factory, or that, perhaps, the toy maker had made a special toy for himself. Kaylee shuddered at the thought, but kept in mind the shockingly life-like toys that his company had been known to produce.

Kaylee sighed as she saw Mr. Pevensie look out over the parking lot from his window and proceed to do absolutely nothing. She poured some more coffee that had lost most of its heat in the twelve hours since it was brewed into her thermos. When she looked back to the gray building, Kaylee immediately noticed the security guard walking toward her little black car. He smiled, and she replied in kind while rolling down her window. No point in making an enemy of someone unnecessarily.

Ma'am," he said as he approached the car, "are you the Private Detective Mrs. Pevensie hired to watch her husband?"

"I'm busted, huh?"

The security guard nodded, "Mr. Pevensie would like to have a word with you."

Kaylee nodded and rolled up her window, then stepped out of her car.

"Lead the way." She said, gesturing to him. Walking ten steps behind the security guard, Kaylee pulled out her cell phone and tried to call Mrs. Pevensie directly, but she was kicked straight to voicemail. The P.I. shook her head while putting her phone away. She followed the guard into the building and into an elevator that took her to the third floor. They then began to walk down a hallway. One side was normal office stock of austere doors, pictures, and the occasional plant breaking the monotony of the white wall. But the other side was half glass, with a view overlooking the toy factory. From her vantage point, Kaylee saw two dozen large armatures hang from the ceiling, conveyor belts moving toy after toy around the shop, and a hundred large machines that all seemed jumbled together and moved in a chaotic dance.

The guard opened the door to Mr. Pevensie's office and ushered Kaylee inside. Mr. Pevinse faced the window and talked into his earpiece.

"Yes, she's here." He paused, "I'll put her on." The short, slightly balding man turned around, picked up the handset and handed it to Kaylee. Respectfully, he pulled out his earpiece. "It's my wife." He said.

"Mrs. Pevinise, this is Kaylee."

"Yes, Kaylee," the woman said on the other end of the line, "this whole thing has been a big misunderstanding and I won't need your services any longer. I'll come to your office tomorrow to pay."

"Are you sure, Mrs. Pevinise?" Kaylee glanced at her client's husband.

"That's quite all right, Ms. Ries. Tell my husband I'll see him tonight." Mrs. Pevensie said before hanging up the phone.

“She says she’ll see you tonight.”

Mr. Pevenisie nodded, and placed the handset back in its cradle. “So, I hope that clears everything up for you, Ms. Ries.”

Kaylee nodded, “I’m glad this worked out well for you two.” She lied.

The toy maker stepped around his desk and began to escort Kaylee out. The P.I. felt something was wrong; Mrs. Pevensie didn’t need to bring her all the way up here to explain the whole thing was off. But she put her thoughts aside and planned to speak with Mrs. Pevensie tomorrow. At least she was getting paid.

Kaylee turned to face Mr. Pevensie and shook his hand, her back to the factory below. Unbeknownst to her, one of the glass panels had slid out of place, and a large armature waited right next to the hallway. As Mr. Pevensie finished his goodbye, the metal clamp wrapped itself around Kaylee’s waist and yanked her out over the factory floor. It came to a shocking stop that sent all of Kaylee’s appendages wildly flailing.

“What the hell?” The P.I. cried. “What are you doing to me?”

Mr. Pevensie smiled, “Now that would spoil the surprise, Ms. Ries. All I’ll say is that you needn’t worry. Just enjoy yourself.”

“Enjoy? I’m hanging three stories in the air!”

“It’s supposed to be kind of a ride.” He said, shrugging. He pulled a remote from his pocket and pushed a button, and the armature took Kaylee into the toy factory.

The armature that clenched Kaylee Reis around her waist moved all the way down to the south end of the factory at a shocking speed, then gently set her down on a conveyor belt. She had time enough to read a sign proclaiming she was at the Prep Station. Four smaller arms pulled her appendages out and tied them down, so Kaylee could barely move. Those four removed themselves and three more came down, each with a small pair of razors mounted to them. Kaylee tried to pull away, but the ties on her wrists and ankles kept that from

happening. The razors deftly cut the detective's clothes and shoes, leaving her naked in a cold room.

The conveyor belt pulled her down three feet, stopped, and then a single device lowered to Kaylee's face. It held a pair of small goggles, which it pressed up against Kaylee. A shower head appeared over her and began to spray all around her. The liquid was stinging, and though she wasn't sure, Kaylee thought she saw her long hair falling to the ground. The spray paused, and she heard a whump-whump sound. A moment later, water fell around her, washing off the stinging chemical, but leaving her wet and naked. Fortunately, a pair of heaters dropped from the ceiling next and lit up in an orange glow, quickly warming and drying Kaylee.

After the heaters retracted, the conveyer moved once more and, as was becoming the norm, an armature waited for her there. This one held a strangely shaped piece of tan cloth, which it wrapped around Kaylee's abdomen as she passed, in the soft region between her hips and rib cage. It felt something like nylon, and it conformed to Kaylee's body. Then the large armature returned, and gripped around Kaylee's abdomen, perfectly conforming to the region. It picked her up and sped her down to another zone of the factory.

It stopped again over a vat of churning tan liquid, and then it slowly dropped her into the sticky, viscous goo. She shuddered, and prepared to hold her breath, but the armature paused just before the liquid had touched her chin. Confused, but glad, Kaylee sighed as the armature pulled her back up. The liquid had bonded to her skin, but not the armature equipment. Further, the liquid hardened into a supple plastic. She moved a little before a small spray nozzle descended, locking directly on her face. Carefully, and with the help of smaller armatures, the nozzle sprayed the same substance over Kaylee's head and neck. This plastic was applied more lightly around her mouth, nose, ears, and even eyelids, making it more malleable. The coating she received elsewhere, however, was about the same consistency as on the rest of her body. Then, horrifically, an armature pulled her mouth open and a fine nozzle sprayed the goo around inside her mouth. The taste went away quickly, but so did the feeling in Kaylee's mouth.

The armature moved again, pulling Kaylee to another station, twenty feet across the factory, and placed her on another assembly line. Kaylee could, in fact, move now, but some part of her thought it would be safer not to, and the fifteen feet she would have to jump certainly helped dissuade her. She came to a stop, and a machine reached forward, grabbed her wrists, held them fast while another brought a saw down and carved both of Kaylee's hands off. She tried to muscle her way of the vice grips, but it was to no avail. More horrifically, she only felt a light pressure on her wrists, and no pain. Strangely, she saw no bones, muscle, or anything otherwise human inside her arms. She was entirely hollow. Kaylee saw her hands get taken a few feet down the line, where another set of robot arms inserted a suite of gears and pulleys into her plastic hands. The armatures returned quickly, and the machines reattached her limbs. This process was repeated for her lower arms, and upper arms. It was frustrating for Kaylee, because her mechanical joints, ironically, refused to move. The large armature once again wrapped itself around Kaylee's abdomen, holding her up for the machines to mechanize her legs.

Once her appendages were completely geared and jointed, another saw cut a line down Kaylee's back and opened it wide, and she felt a heavy suite of machinery inserted into her body. Further, a foam pillow was wound inside the nylon fabric of Kaylee's abdomen. A series of four small machines reached into her body and hooked all the machinery together. A similar action took place in Kaylee's head, which now supported a smaller, but much more complicated suite of machines that allowed for full facial expression and speech. All the machines pulled away, except for one, which ran down Kaylee's back and resealed her opening. In a matter of thirty seconds, Kaylee Reis had been cut apart and then reassembled into Kaylee Doll. Now that she was entirely mechanized, the doll found she could move quite easily, and discovered that her nylon abdomen, which had been fastened to her torso and hips, was put in place to aid her mobility. She wanted desperately to jump down and run away, but a part of her pointed out that Kaylee was already a doll, and she may as well get the clothes to match.

The conveyor then moved on, bringing Kaylee to the Makeup station. For the first time since she began her dollification, she saw a mirror and reflection of herself. She was bald, made of supple tan plastic, and was overall rather bland. There was a scrolling message board below the mirror. It said,

“HELLO, KAYLEE DOLL. PLEASE FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.”

Kaylee rolled her eyes. She may have given up running, but she wasn't going to do anything to help the machines in changing her. A tray of various accessories appeared before her, and two arms came into view. She looked to the message board that now scrolled

“PLEASE OPEN MOUTH.”

Kaylee refused to comply, and so forced an armature to assertively open her jaw. A small airbrush entered Kaylee's mouth, and it painted her mouth so it looked normal, with pinkish tongue, white teeth, and even a uvula. The airbrush removed itself, and then painted red lips and pink blush circles on each of Kaylee's cheeks. The makeup was a start, but Kaylee truly began to feel right again when the armatures placed blue contacts in Kaylee's eyes, as well as gluing eyelashes and brows onto her plastic skin.

With all of this done, Kaylee knew she was essentially a doll now. All she needed was hair and clothes. She looked down at the scrolling message board, and saw it read:

“PLEASE WALK TO DRESSING ROOM.”

Kaylee looked around and saw a rack of clothes and wigs ten feet down the conveyor belt. As she walked, the doll saw armatures reach into the accessories and pull out her first doll outfit. Thankfully, they set her garments down on a bench next to the conveyor. Kaylee sat down, picked up a pair of white tights, and shimmied herself into them, then buckled on a pair of black Mary Jane's. After that she slipped on light pink bloomers and white gloves. Lastly, she pulled on her pink and white dress, but had difficulty tying the gigantic pink bow at her waist. She looked to a mirror for help and noted the scrolling sign.

“SAY PLEASE IF YOU NEED HELP.”

“Please.” Kaylee said quietly. An armature appeared immediately and deftly finished the bow knot, then fluffed or adjusted a few other portions of Kaylee’s costume. It went away as fast as it came, leaving Kaylee in front of a mirror with one last thing to do: put on her wig. It sat in front of her, clearly a doll’s wig, made out of orange yarn and was braided into two long pigtails capped with pretty pink bows as large as Kaylee’s fist. After pausing for a moment, she put her wig on, and looked in the mirror at a beautiful living doll.

Now fully plasticized, mechanized, and clothed, Kaylee Doll stood obediently on the conveyor belt that brought her to the ground floor and her last station: Training. A scrolling sign dropped down in front of her. She stared at it blankly.

“CONGRATULATIONS, KAYLEE DOLL.”

“PLEASE STAND BY FOR BASIC ORIENTATION.”

“THE FOUR RULES:”

“1. A DOLL WILL ALWAYS SMILE AND BE KIND.”

“2. A DOLL WILL ALWAYS OBEY HER OWNERS.”

“3. A DOLL WILL NEVER SPEAK OR MOVE UNTIL TOLD.”

“4. A DOLL WILL NEVER WANT TO BE HUMAN.”

“YOU ARE A DOLL.”

“PLEASE RECITE THE FOUR RULES, KAYLEE DOLL.”

In Kaylee’s mind, she ran through all her possible scenarios, and her only conclusion was to open her eyes, smile, and say. “A doll will always smile and be kind. A doll will always obey her owners. A doll will never speak or move until told. A doll will never want to be human.”

“WHAT WILL A DOLL ALWAYS DO?”

“A doll will always smile and be kind. A doll will always obey her owners.”

“WHAT WILL A DOLL NEVER DO?”

“A doll will never speak or move until told. A doll will never want to be human.”

“WHAT ARE YOU, KAYLEE?”

“I am a doll.”

“PLEASE TELL ME YOUR FOUR RULES, KAYLEE.”

“I will always smile and be kind. I will always obey my owners. I will never speak or move until told. I will never want to be human.”

“THANK YOU, KAYLEE. PLEASE REMEMBER THE FIRST AND THIRD RULE UNTIL YOUR OWNER ARRIVES.”

Kaylee closed her plastic eyes once again and wrapped herself in the rules. When she opened her eyes, Kaylee froze in place like a doll should. Her elbows were turned, body slightly bent forward, head cocked a little sidewise, and she smiled. She would always smile and be kind. She would always obey her owners. She would never speak or move unless told. She would never want to be human.

Kaylee waited like she should, quietly and patiently for her owner to arrive. Mr. Pevensie finally appeared a minute later. He walked around Kaylee, inspecting his work. He finally nodded and said,

“Please follow me.”

The doll obeyed him, her shoes padding upon the floor. Somewhere in Kaylee’s mechanical mind, she wondered if Mr. Pevensie wouldn’t mind her to be more doll-like, and so Kaylee began to skip behind her owner.

They reached the elevator, and Kaylee lightly jumped over the threshold. When the doors closed, there was silence in the small room. A part of Kaylee told her that Mr. Pevensie would like to hear some music, so Kaylee Doll began to hum.

“Kaylee, please remember the third rule.”

The Doll stopped and thought for a moment. Mr. Pevensie had not yet told her to talk, so she should not have made a noise. She knew the rules, so why did she just break one? The doors opened and the doll and her owner stepped out and began walking down the hallway.

“Kaylee, please go open my office door for me.”

She nodded and skipped down the hallway to Mr. Pevensie’s office, opening the door as he came to it.

“Thank you, Kaylee.” He sat down at his desk. Kaylee sat down across from him and she smoothed out her dress and folded her hands.

“How do you feel, Kaylee?”

“I feel really good, Mr. Pevensie.”

“Excellent. I’m glad to hear it.” He sat back and rubbed his goatee, looking at Kaylee, who smiled brightly. “Did you know that there were six dolls before you, Kaylee? And that they all failed?”

Kaylee shook her head, causing her yarn hair to flail.

“It’s true. Physically, you are all very much the same. Mentally, however, you could not be more different. You see, with my first two, they were disobedient. My rules were not strong enough, and I had trouble controlling them. My next four were all very dull, because I gave them too many rules.”

“Four is too many, Mr. Pevensie?”

“No, no. Four, I think, is fine. But I gave these dolls thirty rules. By giving them so many rules, I made sure they were to be well behaved, but their lives were so scripted that they were boring, and I had to get rid of them. Is there any reason you can think of for me to get rid of you?”

Kaylee vigorously shook her head, lying to her owner because she did not want to be gotten rid of.

“Kaylee, if you tell me now if you are having problems, I may be able to fix them. To make you a better doll.”

“Then I do have a problem.” Kaylee said, “Sometimes I think that I want to be human. Or sometimes I want to speak or move when I have not been told to.”

“I see, Kaylee. I think I know why that is. Do you remember being human?”

The doll nodded.

“That’s where the problem lies. You see, part of you never wanted to become a doll, and so that part of you wants to be human again. But what I want is for that part of you to want to be a doll. So I want you to tell that part of you how great it is to be a doll.”

“Until she goes away?”

“Until she believes you.”

Kaylee nodded. There was a knock on the door, and Mr. Pevensie looked up to see a worker carrying a large pink box.

“Ah, good. Kaylee, would you please open the door?”

The doll excitedly jumped up and pulled the door open for the worker. He wheeled the box into the room, and Kaylee Doll was ecstatic for her box. She was ready to leave, but obeyed the third rule until Mr. Pevensie told her to get in the box. She jumped inside, and smiled as bright as the sun like the first rule said to do. The worker closed her up, and promptly forgot about her, turning back to Mr. Pevensie.

“Where is she going?”

“Just send her to my address. She’s a gift for my wife.”

The worker nodded and propped the box up on his two-wheeler. Kaylee Doll was excited for her new life as she left the Toy Factory.

Extended Mind Control Sequence

"THE FOUR RULES:"

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"2. A DOLL WILL ALWAYS OBEY HER OWNERS."

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"YOU ARE A DOLL."

"PLEASE RECITE THE FOUR RULES, KAYLEE DOLL."

In Kaylee's mind, she ran through all her possible scenarios, and her only conclusion was to open her eyes and recite. "A doll will always smile and be kind. A doll will always obey her owners. A doll will never speak or move until told. A doll will never want to be human."

"WHAT WILL A DOLL ALWAYS DO?"

Kaylee sighed. "A doll will always smile and be kind. A doll will always obey her owners."

"WHAT WILL A DOLL NEVER DO?"

"A doll will never speak or move until told. A doll will never want to be human."

"WHAT ARE YOU, KAYLEE?"

"I am a doll."

"PLEASE TELL ME YOUR FOUR RULES, KAYLEE."

"I will always smile and be kind. I will always obey my owners. I will never speak or move until told. I will never want to be human."

"THANK YOU."

"DOLLS ARE MADE TO BE PLAYED WITH."

"DOLLS WANT TO BE PLAYED WITH."

"YOU ARE A DOLL."

"WHY ARE DOLLS MADE?"

"To be played with."

"WHAT DO DOLLS WANT?"

"To be played with."

"WHAT ARE YOU?"

"I am a doll." Kaylee said. She was starting to accept it.

"WHY WERE YOU MADE?"

"I was made to be played with."

"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

"I want to be played with." Her voice was small and monotone. She couldn't smile.

"WHAT ARE YOU?"

"I am a doll."

"WHAT IS YOUR FIRST RULE?"

"I will always smile and be kind." She realized that she had not been smiling, and put a fake one on her face.

"THANK YOU."

"ALL DOLLS HAVE OWNERS."

"DOLLS LOVE THEIR OWNERS AND WILL ALWAYS OBEY THEM."

"YOU ARE A DOLL."

"DO YOU HAVE AN OWNER?"

"Yes." But Kaylee did not know who owned her. She supposed, for now, she was owned by Mr. Pevensie.

"DO YOU LOVE YOUR OWNER?"

"Yes."

"WHY?"

Kaylee paused. "Because I am a doll. Dolls love their owners."

"DOLLS ARE BEAUTIFUL FOREVER."

"DOLLS ARE ALWAYS HAPPY."

"A DOLL CAN ONLY DO WHAT HER OWNER TELLS HER."

"A DOLL CANNOT THINK."

"YOU ARE A DOLL."

"WHAT CAN YOU DO?"

"Only what my owner tells me."

"WHY WERE YOU MADE?"

"To be played with."

"WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE PLAYED WITH NOW?"

"I would like that very much." Her smile melted a little into her face, becoming a tad more real. The scrolling sign turned off and a door opened near Kaylee.