

College Doll

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Michelle was already packing her notebook and pencils before the professor officially announced that the class was over and she would see everybody next week. She piled her books back inside her pack and tried to stand up, but was blocked by a five person caravan moving behind her chair. She could have stood up anyway and forced them to wait, but was too introverted for even a little confrontation.

Finally, she was able to stand up and file out of the auditorium classroom, and had made it several steps when a voice called. She didn't respond; they weren't talking to her. It never talked to her. Then the greeting came again, closer now. "Hey, girl in the blue shirt." Michelle looked down and suddenly remembered she was wearing a blue shirt. Surprised, she turned to see a black haired boy a few steps behind her. He had it spiked up and professionally tussled, and wore long shorts and a t-shirt. He was certainly attractive, and Michelle didn't need her glasses to tell her that.

"Uh, hi." She said, "Did I drop something or something?"

He laughed, "No, I just noticed you seem to have all the answers in this class and, well, I don't. So I was wondering if we could have a study date."

"A date!" Michelle poorly tried not to yell.

"A study date."

"Oh, uh, yeah." She pushed a few of her uglier brown strands of hair back to more fully reveal her face.

"Let's go to my place. It's not far."

"Sure," she replied, not thinking there was anything strange about that at all.

James opened the door for her and led her into a small one bedroom. There was a couch on the right wall, and a medium sized TV along the left wall. He didn't have a desk, but instead had a space to put his laptop on the bar next to his kitchen.

"It's a work in progress."

Michelle nodded, and resisted the urge to tell him her apartment wasn't much better. She walked over to the couch and put her bag down beside it, then sank into the plush cushions.

"Don't freak out," James said. His voice was different. Stronger. His words cut into Michelle. "I didn't really bring you here to study. I brought you because I'm going to make you into a doll."

Michelle didn't freak out, but she did stand up and get her bag. "Well, I'll be going."

"You can't leave this apartment without permission," he said, though he did stand out of the way.

"Right." Michelle kept her eyes at him as she walked to the door. Her heart thumped over and over, pounding in her ears as she came to the door. What if he was right? What if she couldn't leave? What would he do to her? Michelle pushed those strange thoughts out of her head. Of course she could leave.

But she reached the door and her legs just stopped moving. She stood at the entryway with her toes on the threshold, but did not move forward. *C'mon*, she thought, *Just one more step. Just . . .*

"Close the door, Michelle." That voice again. It was strong and cut into Michelle's mind.

Without thinking, she stepped back into the apartment and closed the door. James sighed.

“How are you doing this?” Michelle asked, turning to look at James.

“I just . . . can.” He ran his fingers through his black hair. “There’s a costume for you, in the bathroom.”

He pointed to a door sandwiched between the kitchen bar and TV. “Put it on. A wig, too. And makeup on the counter. Put them on, then come back out.”

“I will not . . .” Michelle’s body responded like a robot to James’s commands, moving past him and through the bedroom door, and took an automatic right turn into the neighboring bathroom. There she saw a froofy blue dress hanging on the wall. It looked like her size.

Michelle gasped when she locked the door and started to strip.

Michelle stood stark naked, unhidden from herself and the world. Her body had a natural warm tone that didn’t fade much beneath her clothes. Still free of the Freshman Fifteen, she had a slight build that was partially muscled from Color Guard. Her breasts were still pert, but never very large. Her brown hair had a mousy, stringy look to it, and her vibrant blue eyes looked at her hand, which now did not obey her commands. She held a compact of skin-tone powder in one hand, and used the other to apply swaths of base that evened her skin and hid her blemishes. When done, her face was a mask, ready to be whatever James desired it to be. Something in the makeup made her skin look a little like cloth in a way Michelle couldn’t understand.

Her hand next grabbed a thick makeup pencil, and though she had never done it before, traced a bold red line over her eyebrows. The arc in the line gave her a happy appearance, perfectly befitting the doll James said she was to be. She used a finer pencil to draw out exaggerated eyelashes above and below her lids.

Then came the apple red lipstick, which she applied with abandon. It made her lips look fuller, but also

more fake. The lipstick had surprisingly little shine to it, and blended well with her powdered face.

Then, lastly, she reached for two appliques sitting on the sink. One sheet, which she automatically tore in two. Michelle pressed the two halves of the paper against her skin, pushing them against her cheeks. For a moment, she saw a girl in the mirror doing her best Macaulay Culkin impression. Then she peeled the sheets off like stickers, leaving perfect red circles on each of her cheeks.

For a moment, her body faltered. Michelle stumbled back, her ass hitting the back wall of the bathroom. A doll that looked remarkably like her, with glistening eyes and a broad red smile, stared back.

“Is everything all right in there, Toy?” James asked, from somewhere in his bedroom. Thankfully, not right next to the door.

“I’m just. . . no. No, I’d like to leave now.”

“Toy, don’t be scared.” He said in that voice; the voice of power that wove into Michelle’s soul. She stood up straighter and looked at herself again. She wasn’t a doll, Michelle told herself. He can put her in makeup and dress her in gowns, but she was still a living human. She hung on to that idea as she turned to the clothes hanging next to her.

Michelle started with the basics; the necessities. Simple white panties, which she slid into one bare leg at a time, and a matching bra. The bra, though, had padding on the front, making her breasts look larger and softer than they were, and pushing them together just slightly.

She sat on the toilet for the next part. Michelle bunched up a pair of red striped tights. Made of some cotton nylon blend, they were thick and soft. They glided over her toes, then feet, then legs. She slipped into a pair of thick blue slippers. They had a false buckle across the top, and when she stood back up, they made Michelle feel like she walked on pillows.

She reached for the next part of her doll costume: a flesh toned nylon shirt. It had a turtleneck top and long sleeves that ended in white mitten. Michelle experimented with the gloves, and found them sewn into the

sleeves of the shirt, much like her slippers had been a part of her tights.

Making it harder for me to get out of the costume. Michelle thought sourly. Her body pushed past her delay, and arms automatically moved to slip into the shirt. Michelle smoothed out the bunches in the nylon, and couldn't distinguish her body from that of a plush toy. She swallowed at the thought.

Her hand slowly picked up the last piece of her costume: her dolly dress. It was sky blue with an apple stitched into the front, right across her chest. The dress was held a little stiff by a thin layer of foam through the body that doubled around her skirt. There was a frilly white apron around the front of the skirt, ringed by tiny apples and smiling suns. And the shoulders of the dress were plush spheres as large as her breasts.

After everything she had already gone through, her mind finally started to fight back. This was a toy's dress. Something to make people smile and giggle, coo, and adore. Michelle was a (mostly) grown woman, damn it. She was planning to go into architecture, a long, grueling, male dominated field. She needed to be taken seriously and this . . . this silly dress stole all of that. But her hands started to march on, despite Michelle's protests.

One mitten hand slipped into the dress, and then the other. They each squeezed through padded shoulders and emerged on the other side. They felt like locks that only moved one way. Her arms pulled the rest of her body into the dress. Once on, Michelle looked down at her body. There wasn't a sharp edge or hard bone anywhere on here. She was so soft as plush now. If she didn't know any better, Michelle would have thought even her arms and legs were stuffed with cotton. Given the magic James exuded, she couldn't discount the idea.

Michelle sat down again on the toilet. There was one last piece of costume for her. Or a set, rather. The first was a rubber skullcap. It was difficult to handle with two plush mittens for hands, but she managed. Then came the red wig. Made of yarn, two pigtails hung down from the top, tied off with blue ribbons. She fit this last piece over her head. She completed her transformation into a toy.

The spell-command placed upon her wore away, and Michelle's first instinct told her to tear the costume away. But she rejected the thought: James would only make her put it on again. She set her jaw. *Make him*, she thought, and make him fight for every step he took over her. Michelle reached up to the collar of her dolly dress, ready to pull it back off when a hand knocked on the bathroom door.

"Toy, I know you're done." He didn't command it, but Michelle's hands lowered from their aggressive stance. "Can I see you?"

It surprised her that James didn't make that a command, and so she stayed where she was, sitting on the toilet, knock-kneed with her head down. Michelle had dressed completely as she had been told, and couldn't bear to let even a small part of the world see her. She thought that the first person who knew her would see through her big dress and stuffed shoulders, her colorful wig and painted make-up, and would laugh. Michelle preferred to be ignored than to be laughed at.

A second knock rapped the door, and James' voice came through, curious to the condition of his doll. "Toy, please come out" A hint of concern crossed his voice, as if she may have hurt herself while dressing. He tried to turn the handle and come inside, but found the door locked.

"I am fine where I am." Michelle's voice, though quiet, echoed well in the bathroom.

"I would really like to see your costume, Toy." He still did not command her, not with his magic, at any rate. Michelle glanced at the floor of the door and watched his shadow stand sentry for her. She stood up and took small steps on her plush slippers to the door, her heart increasing by five beats with each step. She couldn't bring herself to open the door, but managed to flick the bathroom lock with a quivering mitten. Michelle closed her pretty blue eyes as James opened the door to look over his doll.

He started, as always, with a look to her feet, wrapped in plushy slippers that made her feet more round, up to her red and white striped tights banding up her legs before hiding behind a bell shaped blue dress that fell to her knees. It was a wide dress, but kept more or less firm because of the stiff foam body. His gaze passed her

waist where her cute white apron was tied with an oversized bow, and up to her breasts, now a little rounder, a little softer, and a little closer together. The shoulders of her dress were perfect circles due to extra stuffing, and her arms ended in white mitten gloves that looked a size or two too large for her body.

James looked back to her face, painted with a nice coat of makeup with bright red cheeks and lips. Her red hair framed her head with thick corded yarn and was topped by a neat bonnet cap.

"Open your eyes." Michelle flickered her eyes open, expecting to see James just about ready to burst into a laughing fit, but he stood there with his jaw slightly agape and his eyes were focused intently on Michelle. "Wow," he said.

To her amazement, Michelle was now a little more frightened of this reaction and less of being laughed at. She looked down and absently tugged on her right mitten hand with the other. It moved a little, but pulled her tan sleeve with it. Thinking he was staring at her breasts, Michelle crossed her arms tightly and squeezed them down, a move that only accented her round dolly shoulders. She realized there was nothing she could do that would not make her look more like a doll than a person.

James pulled at Michelle's mitten hand, and his touch felt good. She cursed her traitorous body.

"You look adorable, Toy."

Michelle looked away as Jason walked around her body, his hand grazing across her dress. She bit her lip to stop herself, but she had to say something. "My name's not Toy."

"Then what is it?" Jason was so calm. His hand was so curious.

Michelle. Say it. My name is Michelle. The doll tried to open her mouth to tell her owner her real name. But it would never work. "My name's not Toy," she said again. It was the only thing she could say to him.

"Tell me your name," James said, coming back into Michelle's view. She started to say that it was Toy, but stopped herself. She clenched her jaw and said nothing. James sighed. "Count to three and say your name."

One. My name is Michelle. My name is Michelle. Two. Michelle, not Toy. Three. My name is "Toy." she

blurted. Toy gasped and covered her mouth with her plush hands. Her blue eyes were wide. “No, no, no. My name is Toy!” The rag woman tried to ball her fists, but her mittens didn’t cooperate. “How are you doing this to me?”

Toy’s plush shoulders slumped. Her body wavered, and she fell into Jame’s arms. He wrapped himself around her, pushing Toy’s plush form into his warm and strong body. “Don’t be sad. Don’t cry. Crying ruins everything.” He whispered. Toy listened to James and started to think happy thoughts.

The first thing that came to mind was a childhood memory of Champ, her scruffy toy dog. Her favorite toy when Toy was younger. She carried Champ everywhere by his double sized ears; ears that could make him fly if he flapped them. He wasn’t a happy toy. He was gruff, strong, and ornery. Toy always imagined he got a little annoyed with her when she hugged him tight when things in her life sucked. After all, she got annoyed with all the grownups who hugged her or pinched her cheeks.

She laughed then, shaking away her almost tears and definite worry.

“Better now?” James asked, pulling away so he could look at her.

Toy nodded, “Better.” She smiled a dolly smile.

“Good.” James smiled back, “How do you like your dress?”

Toy told him truthfully. “I think it’s ridiculous.”

James’s laugh was deep and warm. “But do you like it?”

“No.” Toy said, playing with the hem of her blue dress, “It’s froofy and warm and makes me look like a doll.”

“You are a doll. You’re my doll.”

“Am not.” Toy looked back up at James, her eyes a little defiant.

“You’re my doll and you do whatever I tell you to do.” He took Toy’s mitten and pulled her into the main room. “Everyday after class, you will come here and dress in the costume I have waiting for you in the

bathroom.”

“You really think this will work?” Toy said, rolling her eyes.

“What’s your name, again?”

She sighed as James placed her on his couch, arranging her body so it looked like she was a limp rag doll.

“Toy.” She said, not even fighting his control over her. “Point taken.”

James sat down next to her, and after a moment of fidgeting, pulled Toy’s striped legs onto his lap. “If I’m not here when you get dressed, then wait on the couch, in your costume. Just like a good doll.”

“And if you are here?” Toy asked.

“Don’t expect me to talk to you or pay attention to you when we’re both here.”

“And why not?”

James cocked an eyebrow at her.

“Right. Toy. Got it.” He began to run his fingers over Toy’s legs, gently sending delicious little feelings up to her brain.

“And you can’t tell anyone that you’re my toy.” He twitched a smile, “Even if you want to.”

“OK.” Toy said, as if she would admit this to anyone.

James patted her plush hand. “Wait here. I need to go study.” He slipped out of Toy’s legs and left her limp on the plush couch, just his colorful doll.

“What about my studying?”

“Don’t worry about that.” James said, behind her where she couldn’t see him. Just like that, Toy’s worry about her grades vanished. “I take care of my dolls.”

“Dolls? Plural? Have you done this before?” James actually paused.

“Uh, just be quiet, Toy. Just sit there with a pretty smile and wait for me.” The command was strong, clear, and Toy was willing to listen. She sagged, her head lolling a little to the side. She smiled brightly and looked

at a nice picture. Toy couldn't actually describe the picture; she didn't think about such things.

The hours ticked by, and Toy heard James working somewhere behind her, on tacking on his computer. Sometimes he took a break and watched a video. When he laughed, the sound sent giddy tingles through his doll's body.

Sometime later, as the sun streamed long rays into the apartment, he came back to Toy. He moved her body like she was nothing and rested on her pillow breasts. Toy rolled her eyes. She noticed something different now. Her mind was more clear with James next to her.

She opened her dry mouth and tentatively asked, "I can talk now?"

"You can talk now." James said, turning on the TV.

But Toy found she didn't want to. She didn't want to move, just let James take her mitten and slowly run his hand along her cloth body. It soothed her just as much as it must have soothed him. It was so strange, sitting here like this. She had been enchanted to come here, enchanted to put on the suit, enchanted to be okay about it. This boy, this James, treated Toy like a pillow and not a woman with college and career ambitions. He insisted he would always treat her like this.

Toy left class that day thinking she had stumbled into a study partner. Instead, she had stumbled into her owner.