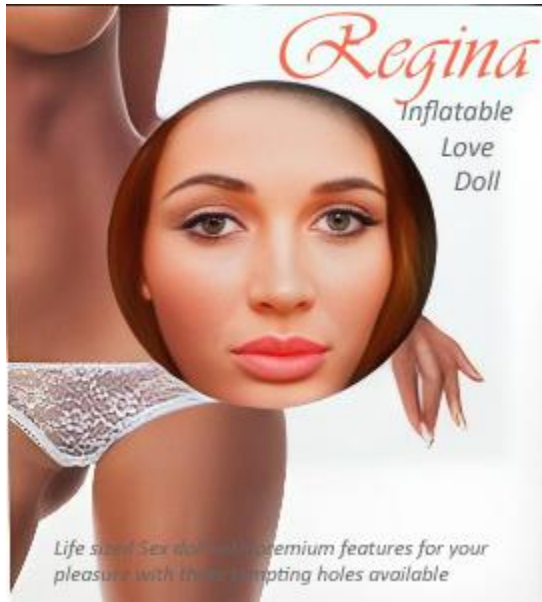




The Magician's Assistant

by Gromet ©2023 rewritten with
new third part added

"The Great Messini and his lovely assistant Regina", that was what the advertising banners stated on the outside of theatres where we performed our magic act. My husband is the Great Messini and me, of course, I'm his lovely assistant and wife Regina. We have performed our shows all over the world, and we seemed to be touring continuously, going from one theatre to another, each country looking like the last. Finally, we had a break and decided to take a holiday in Egypt, the lure of the Middle East, dusky skinned natives, exotic locations and warm sunshine.

But of course, my husband could only think of work and the next greatest magical trick for the act, and we visited several local markets in search of the next big thing for the show. Several markets later we ventured down some small back alleyways and came upon an interesting medieval-looking shop front, here there were many unusual items that seemed to hang in the forefront and attracted our attention, and then stepping inside the store began to reveal an entire Aladdin's cave of mystical artefacts, so much to look at and wonder.

The store owner seemed to pop out of thin air and surprised us both; he introduced himself as Ali Kazar and said that he was a fakir, and fellow seeker of the magical and mystical arts. He then told us that he knew the reason why we had visited his store, he had fore-seen our visit with his mystical powers. We both looked at each other incredulously and smirked at what he had said, thinking that this was some form of spiel that he gave to unwitting tourists.

He said, "I see that you do not believe me! I will prove to you that I know the reasons you have entered my store. You Master Magician are looking for the magic act that will make your name and prove to other magicians that you are truly worthy. You have travelled the world looking for this."

My husband nodded and said, "How did you know?"

"Ah!" said the fakir, "I have great knowledge of magical powers."

Then he turned and looked directly at me, his gaze seemed to burrow deeply into my very soul, "And for you, his lovely wife and assistant. I believe that you have a secret wish that you have been longing for since your early years."

It was my turn to get flustered at what this man was saying, "I'm not sure what you mean?" I tried to hide my thoughts as I felt he was trying to read my mind.

"There is nothing wrong with what you wish for, it is your heartfelt desire is it not?" the fakir said. "And if I'm not mistaken you could use this for your act effendi."

My husband turned to me and asked, "What is he talking about?" Curious to know what secrets I held.

I blushed with embarrassment and stuttered, "I don't know what he's..."

But before I could finish the fakir said, "She wishes to be turned into a doll Master Magician. The one that you would use for sex, I believe you westerners call it a 'love-doll'."

"Is this true?" asked my husband.

"Y-yes", I stammered trying to hide my face, ashamed that he knew my true desires, "but it's just a silly girls dream and fantasy, I wouldn't want to be turned into one permanently, I love being your wife and a real woman."

"But you could have both," said the store owner, "I have an ancient talisman that when used along with the secret mystical chant can transform you into your wish, you get to experience your secret desires, and then in the morning at daybreak you will turn back into your normal self."

"Are you sure that this can happen?" asked my husband, and the Master Magician part of him started thinking how he could use this in the act, not concerned by the fact that his wife just admitted that she wanted to become a sex doll.

"I assure you that no harm will befall your lovely wife, she will get to experience great pleasure upon the transformation event happening, but will also experience great delight when played with when she is just a doll." He replied.

"How can this be?" asked my husband, now interested in using this in the act, not concerned with whatever thoughts and feelings that I was having.

"This is one of the early majicks, handed down by a long line of fakirs, the casting of the spell of transformation is one of many that I have seen performed and have knowledge of." The fakir told him.

"How could this benefit my act; how could I use it?" the Magician side of my husband asked. I could see the cogs in his mind working overtime at the possibilities of using this to his advantage, with no real regard to my own desires. I felt at that moment like just another prop to be used by him in the show.

Before I could interrupt or voice my own concerns, the fakir said, "Would it not be easier to enhance the disappearance of your assistant from the stage, you place your lovely wife into a box, and then speak the transformation spell whilst she wears the talisman around her neck, the lady changes into her desire, and you have made your assistant disappear."

"Are you sure it's safe? I don't want to harm my wife." He asked, finally showing some concern for me at last.

"It is all perfectly safe, your wife will transform into her desire, and will remain that way until daybreak, no harm can befall her, only pleasure." The fakir stated.

"You'd best give me a demonstration on how to perform the transformation." My husband asked.

"As you wish effendi." He said as I stood there open-mouthed. Then he placed the talisman around my neck and began chanting. Before I could remove the talisman, my body began to feel a warmth all over and a tingling sensation rose up my body from my feet to my head, like goosebumps but much stronger and more pleasant.

I looked down at my hand and watched as my skin started to become plastic, the skin becoming smooth and wrinkle-free, 'Hey that's one benefit' I thought.

Within a matter of seconds, my body went from being flesh and blood to plastic and air, my legs became rigid and spread outwards into the customary 'v' shape you see love dolls have. My arms became motionless, useless appendages, and again they seem to move outwards from my body. My breasts became plastic mounds, which seemed to have become a size or two more prominent, I wonder who threw that part of the spell in. I could no longer stand and fell over backwards to be caught in my husband's arms. I was now just a plastic love toy, my holes ready and waiting to be used.

Luckily my clothes didn't seem to transform as it would have left me naked in front of the store owner, mind you there would have been no way for me to cover up as my limbs were now immobile. I also seemed to have climaxed when the transformation went through my

body, I then remembered the fakir saying that I would get 'great pleasure' from turning into an inflatable love doll.

True to his word no harm befell me, other than turning into a plastic doll, I felt fine, in fact, my skin became more sensitive to touch, and the mere brush of my husband's hand on my plastic skin sent delightful shivers throughout my body. It felt strange not being able to move, one minute I was standing next to my husband and the next I was being held in his arms unable to move.

I didn't desire movement anyway I had a strange sense of contentment flood throughout my entire being, I wanted to be the doll, it had been my greatest desire and fantasy for many years now, something I couldn't tell anyone, and who would have believed me anyway, who in their right mind would wish to be nothing more than a plastic doll. Something to be used and tossed away afterwards.

My thoughts turned to desire, I wanted my husband to take me here and now, but I couldn't express these to him, I couldn't even smile, my face was fixed, and my mouth now open into the familiar 'O-shape' waiting to be used as an oral cavity for a man's pleasure.

My husband was still transfixed at what had happened to his wife, the doll that now lay in his arms looked for all the world like an inflatable plastic version of his wife, but she was not moving, nor breathing for that matter and he looked to the fakir for reassurance that everything was okay, finally showing some concern for my welfare.

"Have no fear effendi, for your wife has experience great pleasure from being transformed into her greatest desire, and she is experiencing a great desire that you take her and use her many pleasures." The fakir said, still reading my thoughts.

Knowing that he just had to have this for the act, they then agreed on a price for the majick talisman and the use of the spell, the fakir gave my husband more details about the spell and talisman while they waited for the air to leave my new plastic body, the air inside of me escaping through the tube that had appeared in my back when the transformation happened. Soon I was just a pile of plastic left lying on the floor, pooled on top of myself laying in a heap, my clothes joining me and making a pile on the floor. My husband then picked up my plastic form. I hung there from his hands, my naked form on display, and then he looked at the fakir as he was not sure what to do with me now.

"I will get you a bag effendi," he said, walking to the rear of the store.

Soon I was folded up and placed inside a canvas bag which my husband then carried back to our hotel, on the way he managed to stop off at a couple of other shops and bought a few knick-knacks and placed them in the bag and on top of me. I was now just another item in his shopping bag. We eventually got back to the hotel and into our room, where my husband took me from the bag and began blowing me back up again, aroused by events he was looking forward to using his newly minted doll.

That night turned out to be magical in more ways than one, I've never had so many orgasms in my life, the feeling of intense pleasure that overtook me as my husband used me for his own pleasure, several times that night, I didn't know that he had it in him! But that was due to one of the items he'd purchased after on the way back to the hotel, he would later tell me, a sort of herbal viagra.

I lay there on the bed unable to move even if I was able to, I had spent one of the most glorious nights of sensual pleasure in my life, I had got to experience my greatest fantasy and become the object of love that my husband had used to satiate his own sexual desires. I was still plastic, and my body still in the same pose as I became in the store, with my legs and arms spread out, my three holes ready and available for use by anyone wishing to use me, they had all been well used that night, but I could still go for more. My husband was now sleeping soundly beside me and laying there immobile I could only stare at the ceiling above me, thankfully he'd left me lying on my back after the last fucking and not face down in the pillows when he used me back there previously.

Soon I could see the first rays of the sun start to come in through the window, I then remembered that the fakir had said that I would change back at daybreak, and I started to feel the same tingling feeling spreading throughout my body. My skin started to become flesh again and the blood began running through my veins, I could now blink my eyes and feel the rise and fall of my chest as I took a breath. Though I still didn't want to move, somehow, I thought this would break the spell and I would be back to the real world again, even though my transformation had now reversed fully.

* * *

A couple of days later we were back on the plane returning home, we had used the transformation spell the next night to our mutual delight, but not the last as we had celebrated our new act and enjoyed a romantic evening that last night, though I did feel like his sex toy when he used me back in the hotel bed. After getting back home we immediately began rehearsing for the next show season, very soon we would be back on the road again, and our agent had again booked so many shows that would keep us away for months to come.

My husband, or should I say The Great Messini, worked on the new act and a way to incorporate this new feature we had found into the show. He came up with a plan to use a plexiglass cabinet, it would be see-through, I would climb into the cabinet dressed as his assistant, he would then suspend the box and cover it to hide the transformation, then would come to the reveal and... that's where the sticking point came, he needed to transform me back before the show ended, but that wouldn't happen until daybreak the next day with this spell, it was impractical and it would make the show extremely long! We needed a plan to enable the transformation to happen and have me appear shortly afterwards.

I then suggested that we could use my nearly twin sister as another assistant, we could make her look like me with a coloured wig and with her wearing the same skimpy, alluring

and eye-distracting costume she could re-appear as me, something magicians have done for years, switching the assistants during the show. I knew that she would be more than willing to help out; and as she had seen our show many times, she would know the routines off by heart.

That agreed we spent the next few days in rehearsal, my sister now joining the act, something that delighted her as she always wanted to be in show business. We ran through the show a few times to work out any problems, and especially the new attraction, but without the actual transformation taking place. I had told my sister that we had a new very special act and that was the reason that she was joining the show, what I didn't tell her was the part about me becoming a sexdoll on a nightly basis.

It wasn't until the first night before we were due on stage that I revealed what was about to happen. She stood transfixed in disbelief, then smiled and gave me a big hug, pleased that I'd let her in on the big secret. We stood there on the side of the stage looking to everyone like two identical twins, waiting for the show to start. As we got nearer to our turn, I helped her into the trunk she would eventually appear out of, this would be wheeled out on stage the same time as the clear plexiglass one.

The MC announced that 'The Great Messini and his lovely assistant Regina would now like to present their magical act' and we were on stage, the bright lights lighting up the area. Doing a few warm-up acts before the new act, producing doves from his sleeve, cards dancing on a table to reveal the magic card someone from the audience had been induced to pick, usual magic act stuff.

As the show progressed the butterflies in my stomach began dancing, I'm sure that they were the cast from Riverdance in there, the way they seemed to be moving. I suppose it could have been first night nerves, but I began to think it was more the thought of the upcoming transformation and my return to being a love doll again, the anticipation building as we got closer to that part of the act.

Finally, we reached the last part of the show, now was the time for the new act. The plexiglass container was wheeled out as was the trunk, all but unseen as I paraded myself around the stage to distract the audience from the movements on stage. The plexiglass case was hung from its suspension wires, and a couple of members from the audience were invited up to inspect the cabinet and to make sure that there was no way for me to escape without being seen.

Satisfied that the case could be seen from all sides and that I wouldn't be able to escape without notice, they nodded their approval, my husband then guided them to stand behind the plexiglass cabinet so the audience seated could see them through the cabinet to ensure that I would not get out without being seen. He helped me climb the step ladder into the cabinet and lay back on the smooth surface, he closed the lid and locked it with a padlock that one of the audience had verified was proper, no need for a fake one as I would not be getting myself free.

Next, he moved the steps away and turned the cabinet upright so that I looked directly at the seated audience, I stood there inside, dressed as his lovely magical assistant, locked away and sealed inside the plexiglass cabinet and viewed by all around. The talisman hung around my neck, a mere charm to those that don't know what power it possesses. The Great Messini then began chanting the spell as he stood by the cabinet, we had thought about covering the cabinet to hide the transformation, but because the transformation proved to be very quick, it worked out that a flash blast with smoke would hide the time of transformation.

I stood there looking out across the audience, their eyes transfixed on my body encased within the plexiglass cabinet, when suddenly the flash-bang went off creating a flash of light and smoke, which quickly rose to reveal the now transform sexdoll inside the cabinet for all to see. The audience members on stage confirming that the change had indeed taken place and that an inflatable doll was now inside the cabinet, still dressed in my costume, the door opened and their hands running over my now plastic skin, causing me immense pleasure after the orgasm had gone through my body during my transformation, their hands exploring my body sending more delightful waves of pleasure through me. My husband then looked into the cabinet and turned to the main audience and remarked that the spell had worked, joking with the audience that every man would love to transform their wife or girlfriend into an object of desire.

The audience laughed at his humour, and a round of applause echoed through the theatre, as the volunteers departed the stage. Then he said that unfortunately, as much as he would have liked to, that he could not leave me that way, and that he would return me back to my old former flesh and blood self. We both knew that it would be many hours before I really changed back, but in showbiz you have to give the audience an ending, so waving his hands over my transformed, encased body he gave some incantation that he'd made up and again a flash, but this time over by the trunk, unseen by many and up popped my twin, I was now whole again to the audience.

The plexiglass had darkened to hide the doll inside when he hit the switch. With the audience members that were behind, now returned their seat to watch 'me' pop out of the trunk, the plexiglass cabinet forgotten about, and the doll contained inside. Again, she used the distraction of her lovely looking body, dressed in a tight revealing and skimpy outfit to draw the audience's attention away from my cabinet. And then take the bows and applause from the audience as the rear of the stage turned dark.

I was quickly wheeled off-stage along with the other props by stagehands, I was now just another object in the show for the stage crew to look after. We hadn't revealed to anyone the fact that I was going to be transformed into the love doll, only my husband, myself and now my sister were the only people who knew. The two of them walked off stage and then passed me still enclosed inside the cabinet, they then went back to the dressing room we all shared, leaving me with the other props from the stage show.

Later when my husband had changed from his stage outfit and had seen the fans and hangers-on that came to his dressing room, he came down to see to the props including

me. Opening the cabinet, he turned my plastic body over and pulled the plug in the rear of my back, and I slowly began to deflate. He then went about tidying the other props whilst I slowly decreased in size inside the cabinet. Taking his time to talk with the stage managers and his agent about the show and the new act.

By the time he'd finished, I was now fully deflated and was just a weird-looking sextoy, flapping about on his arm as he picked up my plastic form. He then quickly stuffed me into a duffle bag and pushed my dangling legs and arms into the bag along with my body, and the costume I'd worn. Satisfied that everything was in place – including me, he picked up the bag and walked out of the theatre, my sister joining him on the way out.

They both walked over to his car and opening the rear luggage compartment; he placed my bag in the trunk and closed the lid. My sister was then offered a lift back to the hotel by my husband, which she readily accepted. Well, we'd arrived in the same car, so it seemed natural to leave that way. We arrived back at the hotel, and he parked the car in the hotel car park, I heard them get out of the car and close the doors, I couldn't hear what their conversation was, but I heard the trunk open, and my bag was then lifted out and carried into the hotel.

Once back in our room, my husband laid me out on the bed and went and had a shower, I was still in my deflated form and just lay there flat on the bed. My sister had her own room next door. He returned from the shower and began to get dressed again, he picked me up again and stuffed me back in the bag, he stated that he was going downstairs for a nightcap and he didn't want room service to find me in my doll-form, "They might think that I'm a pervert!" he said with a laugh.

Shortly after he left the room, placing my bagged form into the closet to hide it from view. I lay there wishing that he'd come back and use me, I began to think like a sex doll would, assuming they had a mind to think with. 'I wanted to please my owner', where did that thought come from? I began to think that dollies should please their owners and desire nothing more. I should have been concerned, but my thoughts seemed to have been taken over by my dolly side, I thought as a doll and nothing more. I lay there in the bag, inside the closet, waiting for my owner to come back and use me.

An hour or so later, my husband returned, his breath smelt of alcohol, he then brought my bag out of the closet and pulled my plastic form out and placing me on the bed he began breathing into me, inflating me. Soon my body was inflated enough for him to use, and he began to get himself undressed and into bed with me. Then the fireworks began, I started to see stars as he used me for his own pleasure, the doll inside me desired to be used by her owner, and I was being used, soundly, just like I wanted.

All too soon it seemed to me it was over, he had used me for his carnal desires and now sated my husband was blissfully snoring beside my inflated body. I lay there again unable to move, perhaps more like unwilling to move, my doll half still in control of my mind and body. I relished finally being a love doll and being used just as I had been by my husband and owner.

The daylight filtered through the curtains of the hotel room, and my body returned to normal, my mind still had dolly thoughts going through, but they were gradually receding as sleep finally overtook me. I awoke in the hotel bed with the sounds of my husband taking a shower. He entered the room and looked at me, saying, "Better get ready for breakfast."

Reluctantly fighting my desires to remain fixed to the bed, I moved finally worked up the energy to my body and headed for the shower to wash my sticky body, his spending from last night running down my leg as I walked over to the bathroom. The warmth of the shower felt great on my body, I wasn't sure, but I felt that my body was getting smoother and more sensitive, maybe some after-effects of the transformation process I thought.

Breakfast over we headed over to the theatre for some more rehearsals and to refine the act a little. A couple of run-thoughts and we were set for tonight's performance, we headed out for a late lunch before we had to return to get ready for the show. My husband seemed to be paying more attention than usual to my sister, but I thought nothing of it, I put it down to him just him being kind and attentive, what I liked about him when we first got together.

Back at the theatre, we made ready for the next show, this would be the last one before we changed cities for the next one. All the props would be loaded straight after the show to ship to the next theatre. Again, our act hit the stage, after the flash-bang I was transformed again, and my sister popped out as me. I was left in the plexiglass cabinet as it was hauled off the stage. As before they went past me inside my cabinet and over to their dressing rooms just like last night, but this time he stopped, opening the cabinet door he reached in and popped my deflation valve, and the air started to release from my body.

But before my husband could return to the cabinet I was in and retrieve me, it had already been loaded into its travelling carrying case by the stagehands, this was needed to protect it whilst moving, as you couldn't get a replacement one in a hurry if this one broke or got damaged. My world went dark as the outer case was closed, sealing me inside and leaving me stuck. I felt movement as the case was quickly moved and then loaded on the truck bound for the next gig overnight. I had been left, seemingly forgotten about by my husband, I was just as I always wished to be, a mere object to be used when her owner desired and then discarded.

They returned to the hotel and then would follow on the next day, enjoying the facilities of the hotel as I was whisked away through the night along with all the other stage props. My dolly mind was telling me that my owner would use me soon, sleep eventually overtook my dolly form, dreams of being used running through my mind. Unbeknown to me he was using my sister back at the hotel, after too many drinks in the bar they had ended up in bed together, and they made love while I lingered in the boxes on the truck.

One important thing that the fakir didn't mention, to me at least, was that fact that I couldn't change back while still in my deflated state, I would remain a dolly until re-inflated, and only then I would change back as long as the sun had also risen since my previous

transformation. This ensured that I couldn't come to any harm whilst flat or folded and attempt to transform back, and that I wouldn't remain as a doll once the re-inflation happened.

I must have continued to drift of in my dream world, my sleep-like state while deflated, because it was the jolting of the box as it was unloaded from the truck that awoke me. I suddenly realised where I was, still inside my cabinet, but I didn't seem too concerned as dollies normally wait to be used by their owners, their own desires don't come into it. The box containing my deflated body was wheeled into the next theatre on our tour and placed near the side of the stage along with the other props, I was just an object to anyone involved, something to move and store away. I would remain inside the box until my husband/owner released me, contented in my place, and looking forward to him hopefully using me too!

* * *

It wasn't until early afternoon that I again felt movement outside the box and the daylight stream in. I looked up to see my husband smiling down at me; he opened the clear cabinet and lifted my limp plastic body out from its confines. He then carried me into the dressing room and began to inflate me, blowing air back into my doll body. But as soon as I was fully inflated, I quickly reverted back to my old human female self, flesh and blood again, an orgasm running through me at resuming my normal self. The inflation tube disappeared while still in my husband's lips as he blew life back into me. He stood back, shocked and amazed at how quick the reverse transformation was, after all this was the first time that this had happened with me left in the deflated doll-state after sunrise.

Now back to my normal self I asked him what had happened, he said that the theatre crew had already loaded the trunk into the truck before he realised what had happened to me, and he couldn't chase after me without giving the secret away. I was just a doll as far as everyone was concerned, not a fully grown woman that had been transformed into an object of her own plastic desires and fantasies.

I could see his point and agreed that there was nothing that he could have done. And then I remarked about the fact that I hadn't transformed until after he had reinflated me, even though it was after sunrise. Was this something the fakir had told him about? He admitted that the fakir had indeed informed him about the fact that I couldn't transform back whilst uninflated.

"What would happen if I stayed that way?" I asked.

He said, "I wouldn't allow that to happen, I may like you as a dolly, my sex toy, but I prefer you as an actual woman."

"But what if something happened to you?" I questioned.

"Well, your sister now knows about the fact that you turn into a doll on stage, so she should be able to free you." He answered.

"But does she know that I cannot re-form unless inflated?" I said.

"No, but we can let her know what to do in case of an emergency."

"Did the fakir tell you anything else? Something that I need to know about." I asked.

"Not a great deal more." Was his caged reply.

I thought that there was something else, something I should understand but he was unwilling to let me know, I guess that I would have to trust him. I was slightly disappointed in the fact that he hadn't used me as his dolly, but due to the time restraints, we really didn't have the time now. We then had to get dressed for rehearsals, my sister joining us on stage as we ran through the act for the benefit of the stagehands, lighting and stage director. After three run-throughs, they were satisfied with their plans, and we headed off to get a bite to eat.

Over a late lunch, we spoke about the show, how things were going, and finally, I got him to explain to my sister about the transformation that I went through on-stage every night, and then he gave her the detailed process required in case something happened to him whilst I was still deflated as the doll. She said that she understood and would help me if required.

We got into a routine, we did the show at night, we retire to the hotel and my husband used me every night after his shower and time spent in the bar getting a nightcap. I could do nothing but lay there waiting for him to come back to use me, I got used to being deflated and stashed away in the duffle bag that was now my home, and then being hidden away in the wardrobe awaiting his eventual return from the bar. Sometimes he would use me for his pleasure that night and leave me re-inflated on the bed or on the floor on a couple of occasions, then in the morning I would revert back to my normal form if inflated or I would have to wait until he awoke and then remembered that he'd left me deflated and stored away.

Things went well, the act was getting good reviews, and the audiences seemed to like the new show. We even moved up in the billing and seemed to be moving up in the world. My sister was becoming a more significant part of the act and had started doing more on stage, dressed in the same skimpy, sexy outfit, albeit without the wig to look exactly like me, the audience watching our movements on stage, especially the males distracting and probably turning them on too. Eventually she would quietly slip away, she was then placed in the trunk off-stage by the stagehands just prior to the last act of the set, then I'd be transformed, and she'd pop out as me, and the show ended.

It happened again that I was left off-stage inside the plexiglass cabinet and then placed inside the travel case when we moved theatres. This time I didn't mind, I was kind of

getting used to being an object, just another prop; indeed I would have to ask my magical husband if I could travel this way in future between gigs. I liked being the dolly in the box and being treated like the object I so desired to become.

My dolly thoughts seemed to be taking over more and more, it seemed the longer I spent as the plastic love toy, the more my mind accepted that I was nothing more than a doll. This would have been one of the side effects that the fakir would have told my husband surely, though I didn't seem to mind anyway, I was happy when in my doll form, even happier when being used by my owner.

A couple of months later and we were still on the road, the act was going well and finally we had a day off between shows, which just happened to occur on the same day as my birthday. We celebrated by dining out, Me, my husband and sister, all the three of us having a great time, it was wonderful. Back at the hotel after opening a bottle of bubbly, I began opening the presents that I'd been given, I got more jewellery from my husband which was nice, but then my sister handed me a small parcel. I wondered what it could be, it felt very light, almost empty. I pulled at the ribbon, and the outer wrapping fell off to reveal the contents inside.

There before my eyes was a box, the type you see in sex shops that love dolls are sold in, not that I'd seen them in the flesh, just on the internet. I look over the box, this one had my pictures printed on the cover of me dressed in my stage outfit, with the banner across the front stating the words, 'Regina – Lovedoll' on the cover in gold lettering. The box also stated the list of features of the love doll and then went on about the great pleasure the owner would receive by using the doll inside.

I was stunned; clearly, she had gone to great lengths and detail to make the box, but I thought that she must be joking, this was some sort of gag-gift. But then my thoughts went from amusement at the joke, to wondering would I really want to be placed inside this box as nothing more than a sex doll. Strangely my mind began to accept this gift from her as a great present, one that pushed all the right buttons in me, and I then had an overwhelming desire to try it out. I smiled at my sister and thanked her for her thoughtful gift, she wasn't sure how I'd take this present, maybe she'd made it as a joke, after all, it wasn't every day that your own sister turned into a love doll overnight.

Well, a couple of glasses of bubbly later, and my desires and thoughts overtook me, I really wanted to try out the box, mostly to see what it felt like, but also to be used as an object again. So, I asked my husband if he wouldn't mind if I did change again into his sex toy. He didn't seem to hesitate when I asked, maybe it was the drink, or maybe it was something else, but at that stage, I didn't seem to care as I just wanted to be in the box again as the love doll awaiting its owner. Like it said on the box, my features available to be used and explored. And it was my birthday after all, and surely, I can get one wish granted on my special day.

The talisman was always around my neck at this stage, it just seemed to be part of me now, and he began chanting the spell of transformation that he knew. Shortly after that, I was

again back as the inflatable plastic love doll I so longed and desired to be, my mind accepting that I was now just a dolly, nothing more. He reached around my back and quickly pulled on the tube to deflate me. I was soon flat, my sister joining in on the effort to help the air escape quicker. The hands running over my rapidly deflating body enhanced my orgasm that ran through me at that point, my mind blacking out from the intensity of them both joining me in my quest to return to being a doll.

I was overjoyed that she was joining in, the sooner I was in the box I would again be happy, not knowing that the sooner I was out of the way she would be happy too. Once flat I was carefully folded up by my sister, my legs seemed to be bent in several directions as she prepared me for insertion into the box. My arms were placed behind my back and folded into my body as she continued folding me. She must have practised this I thought as she seemed to be very good at getting me down to just the right size for the box, with my face left on top of the plastic pile my body had now become. My plastic skin tingling with her touch as she continued to get me ready.

My sister smiled down at me and said, "I hope you like your present? I had to practise really hard to get you folded just right."

With that, she then pushed my folded form into the box, my vision was temporarily obscured as the box closed over me. But soon my folded form dropped down into the box with the plastic window in front of my face and I could see out again. My sister continued to push me into the box making sure that I fitted inside and that for all intents and purposes I looked just like a doll bought off of the shelf from a sex store.

Closing the lid and sealing me inside, my sister said, "I hope you enjoy yourself in there and that your birthday was something special."

My husband came into view and placing an arm around my sister's shoulder said, "Enjoy yourself my love toy, have a happy birthday, not sure when we'll let you out though, it may be some time!"

They both smiled at me as the box was placed in his luggage, my vision was now obscured by the lining of his suitcase and then darkness as they closed the case sealing me inside.

* * *

I'm not sure how long they left me inside the box, encased inside the suitcase and sealed away from the outside world, but shortly I felt movement as the case was carried from the room and then loaded inside his car trunk. The car drove off with me firmly stuck inside my new home, not sure where or when I would be released. Not that I minded at that moment, as my dolly mind was again coming to the fore and I was having thoughts of being used again by my owner and the pleasure I could give becoming paramount in my thinking.

I didn't know, but a week had passed before I was removed from the box, it seemed that the show had been put on hold due in part to my incapacitation. They had told our agent

that I had injured myself and would need time to recover. The truth was that they had gone away on holiday together; with me safely stored in the box, they could cement their relationship without any interference from me. I found out later that I had been left in the trunk of the car at the airport as they jetted off to the Caribbean for a week away.

It was only after they had returned that I was eventually taken out of the box and reinflated, that they revealed their love affair to me. I was shocked and thoroughly heart broken, I had been betrayed by my husband and my own sister, they had been getting together behind my back, and I had no inclination that this was occurring. In my dolly mind, I began to accept that maybe my owner didn't want me or maybe he didn't want to use me every day, after all, dollies only desired to be used, it was up to their owner if they wanted to use them, I knew that I would have to wait.

I suppose, I reasoned in my mind, that it really was my own fault, I'd become so obsessed with being a dolly and that I was not there for my husband as his wife and partner, and that my sister was there for him in the flesh, while I remained plastic. It seemed that they had shared a closeness over the time we'd been on the road, and now they had fallen for each other. It looked to me like our marriage was now over, there was no way back from this.

Dejected I began to retreat more and more into my doll life, either in plastic form or real life I began to think of myself as a dolly awaiting her owner's use, and if he didn't want to use me at the moment, then I would wait, like all good dollies do, after all, we are made just for our master's desires. It seemed to help with the pain and knowledge that I had driven them to this, my fantasies and desires had allowed this to happen, it was my own stupid thoughts of being a sex doll that brought this whole situation to happen.

On the road again, we had to continue with the show as we were under contract to perform a seemingly long list of towns and cities. But now my sister took over more of the act and assisted him with the magic. We still closed the show with the transformation of me back into my plastic doll form and my sister popping out of the trunk. I would be deflated and placed into my box, neatly folded and then stored away by her, sometimes just left in the dressing room and sometimes taken back to the hotel and placed in a closet or in their luggage.

Most of the time though I travelled between theatres safely secured away inside the plexiglass cabinet, the crew would place this again in its travelling case and load it onto the truck, something that I had requested to happen to me, and I suppose with me out of the way they could cement their relationship, feeling less guilty with me out of sight. But sometimes I would travel in the car, folded and stored in my box, stashed away in the luggage in the trunk of the car. I preferred being the doll-in-the-box and wanted to spend more time in there than being outside, I suppose it was to protect myself from all of the hurt and pain.

Then came the day, it was during one of our rehearsal run throughs, we'd just moved to another theatre that we were due to perform here for the entire week, and we had just started running through our act for the stage crew. I was standing on the sideline watching,

and my sister and husband were running through the usual magic tricks when there was a loud crash. One of the overhead lights had crashed down onto the stage, hitting him and knocking him out. He was quickly rushed to the hospital, he would live, but unfortunately, he wouldn't be able to walk or do much else, let alone continue the show.

It was during this time that I began to see just how much my sister loved him as she took care of his every need, while I just seemed to be walking around in a daze, and she took over everything, making sure that things were done and that everything would be in place for his eventual return home. While she got on with things, feeling lost I spent more time on the computer, leaving them to get on with their life. I would surf the doll chat rooms and forums, talking with like-minded people, others seemed to share my interests in dolls and being one, while others kept and used them.

It was there online one day that I met someone calling himself 'DollyMaster', he seemed to have a collection of dolls which included his wife, who liked to play at being a dolly, dressing up and posing for him. I chatted with 'dolly-girl' as she liked to call herself and we spoke about our feelings about being a doll for our owners. After many messages, emails and chats I let them know about my doll abilities, the transformation and the state that it left me in. I don't think they believed me, many on the chat room and forums all seem to think that they are dollies, but that's really just a mindset, mine was for real.

Seeing that my life here was now over, the show was now cancelled so there was no need for me to remain here, and my husband was being well looked after and loved by my sister. I thought it was about time for me to move on and I should arrange to meet 'DollyMaster' in real life, I thought that maybe I could become another dolly in his collection, and that he might even use me, I couldn't remember the last time that had happened to me.

I spoke that evening with my sister, and we had a heart to heart talk, I said that I felt that I was in the way and that I should move out and let them get on with their lives, that my future was now elsewhere. She didn't want to see me go, but she could see that I was very unhappy, and she said that she wished I could find my own personal happiness. That agreed I set about arranging a meeting with 'DollyMaster'.

I managed to get his home address, in the guise of sending him a personal gift of some sort and then set about making my plans. We had arranged that we would meet up in a week or so, but my plans would make this much sooner. I again spoke with my sister and outlined what I wanted to do, and she agreed to help me. Then I spoke with my husband and let him know my plans, he then gave me the words to the spell, I wrote them down and I still had the talisman, it had never left my neck, I was reluctant to part with it for even the shortest time.

Returning to my sister, she said that she was ready and held my love doll box in her hand, her gift to me in what seemed like a lifetime ago. I gave her the spell to transform me, with instructions to include this with the personal card that I had written for 'DollyMaster', letting him know about my transformation and gift to him. She spoke the words, and I quickly

transformed back into the plastic dolly I loved to be, my flesh and blood becoming plastic and air, I was again just a love doll for someone to play with.

Reaching behind me, she pulled my plug, and the air started to leave me, deflating me as the plastic body started to fall to the ground, again as the air left me body I felt the all-comforting transformation climax that happened each time this happened to me. Once fully deflated she took great care in folding me, my arms and legs were placed just so, my face looking up at her atop the plastic pile I had become. She gave me a kiss on my lips, something I could not reciprocate but felt deep in my being.

She then began placing me inside the box, making sure that I faced outwards and could see outside through the clear plastic. Finally closing me inside, she carried me over to the table and began wrapping gift paper around the outside of the box. Satisfied that I looked presentable she finished off with a ribbon, not that I could see from where I was, but she told me as she continued with what she was doing, speaking to me just as if I was in the room. Next, she brought out the second, outer normal cardboard box; this would contain the boxed version of me, the card and the note explaining about the spell and the talisman. Placing this on top of the inner box, she folded the flaps down and sealed this with tape, leaving it looking for all intents just a brown cardboard box awaiting delivery. Soon the courier arrived to collect me, and she handed over the box, I was carried out as just another parcel, I was placed in the back of his van and taken away for eventual delivery to my new owner.

I wondered what he'd make of me, and if he'd used me as I so desired...

Part Two

The journey to my new owner took just over two days, the courier people taking their time to deliver me. My box was finally delivered to a very surprised and shocked couple, as they found out when they opened the outer box to find my dolly form folded and tucked away inside the sex doll box, along with the note from my sister explaining about the spell. There was also my note to 'DollyMaster' that I hoped that he would keep me as just another dolly in his collection, and that I wanted to be kept and stored away by them. They had expected to see me, but not like this.

They both doubted that the sex doll inside the box was really me, that this was a joke on my part, and they even rang my sister, who confirmed that the doll was indeed alive and told them to inflate the doll and that I would revert back in the morning, just as the instructions that she had sent told them. Not that I wanted to change back, I was content to remain a love doll, to be used by whoever and then discarded, kept stored away when not being used by them, happy in my box and waiting for the next time that my owner wish to use me.

I felt hands reaching into the box, and soon my limp plastic doll body was unfolded, my limbs dangling down as they inspected the plastic-looking sexdoll before them, still unsure that this wasn't some sort of joke. It was only when his wife told him that he should inflate

the doll, that he inserted the tube in my back into his mouth and started to breathe life back into this doll. I was left fully inflated by them on a bed in a guest bedroom, recovering from my latest orgasm as my owner breathed life into me, they left me alone in the dark room, and unused by my new owners, I wondered why they hadn't played with me, but as their doll I had no say in what they did with me.

Drifting off to my own little dolly world, my thoughts on being a good dolly for my owners, I lay there on the bed. 'Dolly-girl,' my new owner's wife, and hopefully in my mind my 'sister doll', checked on me several times during the night, her hands touching my plastic skin, exploring the dolly that lay there on the bed before her. I wondered if she would make use of me, but I was to be disappointed. I suppose her thoughts were more on being a doll like me than wanting to use me for her pleasure, wondering what it would be like to be plastic.

The daylight coming in through the window in the morning woke me up from my wonderful dreams, where I was being kept on display by my owner, used by him and others, and then deflated and put away. My body was now back to its usual flesh and blood human female form, but my mind remained in my dolly state, and I laid there not wanting to move, waiting for my new owner to find me and hopefully make use of his doll, taking me for his own use and leaving me afterwards where I would remain until he wanted me again.

The door opened, and I heard the footsteps as they walked the pair, DollyMaster and then his dolly-girl behind, their faces showing the surprise at finding a real woman lying there naked, where an inflatable love doll had been just the night before. There were many questions from them, and I wondered at one point if they really wanted me as their doll, and that maybe I had made a mistake in assuming that they would want me, and that dolly-girl, his wife, would object to having me around as competition to her and his affections.

After explaining everything to them and carefully answering their questions as best as I could, I told them of my desires to be treated as nothing more than a love doll, a sex toy be a part of his doll collection, which he had shown me pictures of in our chats beforehand. I said that would like to see the other dollies in their collection, and this seemed to break the ice between us, we shared a common desire in keeping and playing with dolls. I was then taken to another room in the house where the dolls were kept, some on display and others like me, inflatable and kept stored away in their boxes. Seeing the other dolls gave me an incredible sensation inside, a warm tingly feeling that made me understand that I belonged here and wanted to stay.

We then discussed about keeping me as just another one of his dolls, and he asked me what I wanted and expected from him when I was just a doll. I then expressed my concerns that maybe dolly-girl didn't want another doll to share her owner's affections, to which she told me that she would love to have a sister-doll to share and play with, and that maybe she would summon up the courage to try transforming herself one day. That she often took part in playtimes with the dolls in the collection, and she even had her own special storage box, though not like mine, she said.

Now that they had gotten over the initial shock on the fact that I could actually transform into a doll, and the surprise that I had given them when I changed back, they seemed to be accepting the realization that I wanted to spend my life as just another doll in their collection, they seemed to be agreeing to the fact that I wished to remain as nothing more than their doll, strange as it was, but they could see that I had a genuine desire to be their doll. And dolly-girl had told me that she didn't mind sharing her owner; after all, she said, we are all just dolls in his collection. My initial thoughts that maybe she didn't want me around evaporating with her warm hug of acceptance. We then spoke about being his dolls and shared some time with the other dolls in their collection.

It was later in the day that DollyMaster approached me and asked if he could turn me back into a doll, which I readily agreed to, I was really happy to be back in my more natural form, well natural to me, my desires to be nothing more than a sexual plaything overcoming any desire to stay as anything else. I told him that he was now my owner and as such that he could do whatever he wanted with his new dolly, I was his now and wanted nothing more than to please him, and looked forward to becoming just a part of his collection.

But I also said that I wanted to be treated as nothing more than just another sex doll in his collection; if that meant being kept stored away for extended lengths of time that I was fine with that; please keep me stored away in my box when not being used, played with, or on display I told him. He seemed very happy when I told him of my desire to remain as a doll. I think that there may have been some words spoken to him by his wife out of my hearing, and that with me remaining as a sex doll and nothing more, she would be happy with me staying.

Well, that's the impression that I got from him, but I wanted to be nothing more than a doll anyway, and if that was remaining stored away, for however long they wanted, then I was happy. I didn't care if they just transformed me and left me stored away. I was still getting over the fact that I had been replaced by my sister in my husband's and former owner's affections, so the more time I was kept packed away, the better, as my thoughts seemed to be happiest in my more doll-like and less human state and not thinking about my past mistakes. My life now totally changed into being a doll full time, kept and stored away by my new owners, just another doll in their collection.

I spent many months being kept as nothing more than a doll by my new owner, he and his wife took great care of the dolls that they had in their collection. I was eventually taken out from being stored away in my box, and after being inflated put on a display stand, though I wasn't used sexually by him, I think the fact that I was really a woman transformed into a doll made the whole thing awkward with his wife. Though over time I had been used sexually by others though, often I would find my box being taken away to someone's home, a fellow collector of dolls, and left for them to play with, but on the strict instructions that I was to be fully deflated after they had finished using me and definitely before sunrise, though they didn't know the reason why, they complied with the requests, and I usually ended the night folded away in my box after they had used me.

* * * *

Then one day, after spending some time stored away in a cupboard, I didn't know how long I had been there was content to drift off into my dolly thoughts. I was woken from my dolly sleep to find my box being taken out again, the movement waking me; I thought that maybe I was going on display again or that I was again being given to someone to use, which would be nice, as I did like it when dolly was used and then discarded. But after being carried to another room, the box that contained my body was placed down on a table. I looked out through the clear plastic to see a familiar face looking down at me, one that I didn't think that I would ever see again, it was my sister. I wondered what she was doing here?

My box was then opened, and my limp plastic dolly body was draped out across the table, the touch of the hands moving me felt nice after being stored away for so long. Then behind me, I felt something attached to my inflation tube and the sounds of a pump, and then I felt the air being blown into me. I was being inflated for some reason, and although my mind was still foggy, it had been that way for some time now, well being stored away and left alone for so long, I sort of switched off and only came back to life when I was being used by someone, I wondered what was going on and dreaded returning back to my former self.

As soon as my body was inflated, my sister spoke some mystical words that I had never heard before, she was using a reverse transformation spell that my magician husband had known but never used on me. I was then quickly transformed back to my human self, but the only problem was that I was now naked and lying there on the table; everyone just stood there looking at me until they realized that I was not wearing anything, and then dolly-girl quickly covered my naked body with a tablecloth. I felt groggy after being stored away for so long, and thirsty too, and asked for a drink. Sitting up, I accepted the glass of water from dolly-girl and waited to find out what was going on and why she was here.

My sister then explained the reason that she was here, that my former husband was still alive but still unable to perform on stage, but the main problem was that ongoing medical issues had run up a hefty bill that needed to be paid. I wondered what this had to do with me, though kept quiet and listened. Then I had thoughts of being sold off to cover the debt run through my head, and I felt that I wouldn't be too upset if that were to happen, I was just a doll after all, not that I said that and let my sister continue.

She then told me that the magic act had now been sold to another magician, and he wanted to use the same closing act that we had all performed before, with me transforming into a doll and her popping out to replace me, poor choice of words there I thought, which she literally had done in real life. But I was now really over the fact that she was now with my husband; she still seemed to care for him much more than I ever could after all this time. While I had spent my days lost in my own fantasies and desires, she had soldiered on and been where I should have been, if I hadn't become so obsessed with being a doll. We spoke at length about how life had gone on without me around, she seemed to be happy, and I was pleased for her.

She then asked me if I would like to help and restart the act with the new magician, he had been told of the way that the act had been done, even the whole transformation part, and it seemed that he was eager to start. The money that they would get from selling the act to him would cover all medical costs, and ongoing the act would pay any future medical bills and needs that my former husband had to have, with the pay of two females as his assistants helping things along. She seemed to genuinely need me to help, and after all, she was family, even though she had hurt me deeply, but there was just one problem I told her.

Thinking that maybe it was her, she started to apologize for taking my husband behind my back, and she explained that she didn't mean for it to happen and went on to start telling me about how sorry she was, but I stopped her by letting her know that the real issue here was that DollyMaster now owned me, and that I was his property.

"I belong to my owner; you need to ask him if you want to use me," I said, gesturing towards DollyMaster.

"Oh," my sister said, not realizing just how far I had committed to my new life.

It was only then that DollyMaster spoke, after the initial shock of what I had said had sunk in, "Now dolly, you're needed elsewhere, and no I don't own you. Surely you don't mean that?"

"But Master, you do own me, from the day that you accepted me as your dolly, I have been yours, body and soul," I said, and continued, "even if you have never used me other than being put on display, I am still your doll."

Dollymaster looked at me and then to my sister, "Well, what do we do?" he asked.

"Maybe I could buy her?" my sister asked him, "or borrow her, if you should still wish to keep her." Still stunned at what I had told her. I sat there looking at the two of them.

It was then that dolly-girl spoke, "I'm sure that we could come to some of arrangement." She said cutting in, her more business-like mind taking control.

They then spoke at length, I could hear certain words but didn't concern myself with such matters. I was just an object to be used and kept as their property, and if they wished to sell me to someone else, that was fine with me; though I had liked being their doll, I had really missed being used as one after being stored away for so long, neglected inside my box. I preferred the times that I was taken and used, even by unknown people, giving them for the night to play with and use for their pleasure, this is what a sex doll was for I always thought.

"Okay dolly, that's settled," dolly-girl said to me, "the magician who wants to use you in the act has bought you from us, and you now belong to him. Any questions?"

"No, that's okay; I'm very pleased that you have found a new owner for me, though dolly was happy with her current owners too, but after all I am just a doll to be used and passed on when the time comes." I replied.

"So that's agreed then, but we'd best get you some clothes," she said, looking at my bare body, "we can't have you leaving here naked."

"Oh no, dolly is fine with being naked, it's my natural state." I then said to all three who continued to stare at me, "but as this doll is now the property of my new owner; I think that it would be best to give me to him in my original form and packaging. I am his dolly now after all, I belong to him, he has bought and paid for me, I should be giving to him in my rightful shape."

"Sorry, but you want to go back to being a doll again and then be packed inside the box?" my sister asked, not sure that I was in my right mind wanting to remain a doll.

"Dolly is happiest when in the box, unless she is being used, it was a gift given to me a while ago in my former life, I have enjoyed my time inside, folded, packaged and stored away. Could you please give me to my new owner with my deflated form boxed and wrapped up like when you had me delivered to these wonderful former owners," I said. "And please let him know that I'm happy to be in his act so long as I can remain as a doll after the show is over, stored away until needed."

"I will do." said, my sister, a tear forming in her eye.

"Please, DollyMaster, if could you do the honour of deflating me one more time, and then let me be packed away in my box by dolly-girl," I asked, "I would like that."

Reciting the majick spell that would enable my transformation back to being a doll again, DollyMaster smiled as it took hold of my body, his hands steadying me as I transformed. They all watched as I changed from being flesh and blood to just inflated plastic; the cloth that had been around me to hide my naked body, now dropped to reveal the plastic mounds that were my breasts. My face now back to my painted features, my lips parted in the now familiar O-shape, I watched their faces after I had transformed, it always seemed to surprise them when I changed. The shiver running through my body as the transformation climax ran through me, not seen by those watching me.

I could still see, hear and feel touch when I was transformed, the only thing that I couldn't do was move, once I had changed, I was stuck in whatever position I was placed into. Well, I reasoned, a doll doesn't have to move, that's her owners' responsibility, I was there just for their use and enjoyment and then afterwards to be discarded until needed again. I liked that, I would satisfy their needs and sexual desires while they carried out my own, in my being just a doll to be used by them.

Reaching around my back, DollyMaster grabbed the inflation tube, and with a smile on his face pulled out the stopper, the air inside of my body started to leave me. As soon as he did

that, my dolly form started to deflate, to me it felt like I was light-headed, dizzy as the air inside me ran out through the tube. I felt myself falling back down onto the table top where I had sat since I had been released from my box. Now with the help of dolly-girl, I was soon a puddle of plastic as she pushed down on my body to expel the air faster. My doll body no longer had air inside to enable me to sit up, my limbs now flattened appendages laying there on the table surface, my body and my breasts were the last to deflate.

She moved my deflate body around on the table and then started to fold me; with my sister helping, my limbs twisted this way and that, I could feel them moving me but I felt no pain as they bent my body to make me fit inside the small space that would contain my doll body.

They soon had my dolly form packed away inside the box again, amazing that something so large could fit inside such a small space. The familiar smell of the box's interior welcomed me home, this was my happy and safe space, where I felt that I belonged. They had managed to fold me perfectly as my face was pressed up against the clear panel that displayed the doll inside. As I looked out, I could see my former owners smiling faces as they took their last look at their former doll. I was happy that I had been a good dolly for them, my thoughts now on pleasing whoever my new owner was.

My sister then picked up my box, I then heard her thanking DollyMaster & dolly-girl for letting her buy the doll from them, a small tingle went through my folded up body when she used the word 'doll', at that moment it seemed to me that I was nothing more than an object to be used, sold and traded, and she was treating me just as I had wished her to.

Placing my boxed dolly body inside a bag, I was carried out by my sister to her car, where she placed me down on the floor, and we drove off to my new future owner. Laying there in my box, all I could see was the bag that contained me, my thoughts drifting off into my doll world. I wondered what he looked like and if he would use his dolly, for what all good sex dolls were made for, and not just as part of the act. I would eventually find out I guess.

Part Three

The box containing my transformed dolly form was presented to my new owner as requested by me, by my sister. He seemed very impressed with what he saw of me when he removed his new doll from the box, and took his time examining my deflated body, his hands felt nice against my plastic skin, and he turned to my sister and asked, "So, when do I actually get to meet your sister?"

"You just have," she answered him. "She asked that she be presented to you this way."

"No, I meant the real one, not the doll." He stated.

"Then you'll need to re-inflate the doll if you want to meet the real-life version of her." She replied.

"So, this is her then, and not some joke that you're playing." He asked.

"Yes, that's who you're going to need if you want the act to work." She replied, "So best re-inflate her and then we can all talk."

"How do I do that?" he asked my sister.

"You've never had a doll before," she giggled.

"No, I've never needed one," he told her, slightly indignant that she asked him that.

After he was shown the inflation valve in my back, and he eventually blew life back into my deflated plastic body, my sister then gave him the reverse transformation spell, saying that they would normally have to wait until sunrise the next day after the doll had been re-inflated, this just made the process quicker. My body then quickly changed from plastic back to flesh and blood, my body rippled with the orgasm that went through me and I let out a very satisfied groan as my body delighted in the waves of pleasure running through me. As the first breaths of air ran through my lungs, I lay there recovering, my sister looking at me envious of my ability to climax like that, while my new owner looked down at me with a shocked look on his face.

"Yes, she climaxes each time she's transformed, lucky bitch." My sister told him.

"Oh!" Was all that he could muster, still not sure what had just happened, but was now looking at a naked female body where before was an inflatable plastic doll.

My sister then noticed him staring at my naked body and brought over a nearby blanket to cover me up with, and commented, "You've never seen a naked woman before?"

"Of course, but not one so beautiful as this." He replied, now over the shock of my transformation.

After hearing his comment, I sat up I turned to my sister and said, "I like him." Which then made everyone laugh, which broke the ice between everyone there.

We then sat around the table and spoke about several things, my transformations, the stage act and then I caught up with news of what had happened since my time with my previous owners. We spoke for several hours, and at no point my new owner left the two girls to continue their chat while he got on with other things.

The show was due to start the following week, so we needed to get back into rehearsal as quickly as we could. So the next day I arrived at the studio that the new magician had arranged for us to practise in, he welcomed us both as we entered and we then changed into our new, slightly more revealing costumes. The show he explained would be more aimed at 'adult' audiences and that we would be touring a variety of clubs and stages during the tour, some of those would be at more "adult" locations than we would normally perform

at, but he explained that as a new act they had to take whatever bookings that they could, until he got himself more established in the theatre business.

Now dress in the costumes that we were required to wear, I had no object to wearing whatever my new owner required, but my sister had some reservations about just how much of her body should be on display for the audience to stare at. Telling her that maybe I could do most of the act on stage prior to my transformation helped her, she told me, just like we had done when we first started out together all that time ago.

We entered from the room to the main area where the props were laid out for the show, an appreciative whistle coming from the magician, it seemed that he was impressed with the new costumes and how they looked on our bodies. I curtsied and spun around to give him the full show, and he said that we looked very nice in the new costumes. But we needed to get on, without the current distractions and start to learn the new show. We spent the next few hours going over the new acts, different from what we were used to but really it was just standard magic fare to those in the business. One thing that we hadn't done before was the 'sawing the lady in half' routine, I won't reveal just how we managed to achieve it but let me just say that it was slightly cramped and uncomfortable, especially in our tight costumes.

After several days of practising, we had managed to get the show together, all of the acts went well and we all knew them pretty much by heart by the time that we had finished. There was only the final part of the act that needed to run through, just to iron out any kinks he told us. Well, I suppose my desire to be transformed into a sex doll could be termed a 'kink' and laughed when he said this. I had to explain to him why I found it funny, and he agreed that maybe it was a poor choice of words, but even he did see the funny side of it.

The sight of the old familiar Perspex cabinet sent my tummy dancing, the butterflies doing a tap dance down there sending delightful signals further south and I felt the first flush of my own arousal stir, the first time since, well I had forgotten the last real time that I had been transformed by my former owners, not counting the time my sister changed me when she picked me up. I was looking forward to spending some quality time back as the doll of my dreams, though I knew that it would be short lived now that they had the reversal spell as well. Oh well, any time spent in my dolly form was a bonus, I thought.

Placing me inside the clear cabinet, the magician began running through what we needed to do, with direction also coming from my sister as this was his first time changing me. Standing inside as he closed the door, the talisman still around my neck, which it had been since the first day we had bought it. I'm not sure where it went when I changed, but the thing always reappeared when I changed back, all part of the majicks I guessed and thought that one day I would seek out the fakir that we had bought it from to find out more.

Now sealed inside the plexiglass cabinet, he placed the lock through the clasp and I was now secured inside, next he started to speak his lines to the pretend audience, which was basically my sister at this point. Fluffing his lines a couple of times, I was content to stay

where I was until he wanted to release me, I was just his doll in my mind, even if at the moment I was a real-life human female. Finally managing to get the lines prefect, we got on with the next part, reading from the card the transformation spell, and soon I was deep in the throes of my orgasm as I transformed back into my dolly form, my skin becoming plastic and my internal body becoming air again. I let out a contented sigh, unheard by those outside the cabinet as the climax ran through my body and lay back as best I could to enjoy the waves of pleasure run through me.

Looking in at the newly transformed doll, he looked stunned that the change had happened, and he looked really pleased that the spell had worked, turning from the clear cabinet to my sister, who had seen this done many times, though not while on stage as she was usually stashed away inside the trunk waiting for her part of the show. Leaving me where I was for the moment, they then both ran over the part where she would 're-appear' from the trunk, with her explained the whole process and the need for the flash-smoke and light to distract the audience. Something that we didn't currently need during rehearsal but would require on stage, he told her that he had plenty of those in stock.

With that out of the way he moved back to the doll inside the clear cabinet, "So at this point should I deflate her?" he asked.

"No, but make sure that the audience members on stage get to examine the transformed doll, just to let the rest of the audience that she really is just now a doll and not acting like one." My sister told him, "So just unlock it and let them feel her body, and then once that has happened start the next part of the script, joking about keeping their wives and girlfriends like this, etc. Then moving on to change her back, though you're reluctant to do so."

"Okay, what then?" he asked.

"Send the stage audience members back, then turn towards the trunk, where I'll be waiting for the signal. You then say the 'magic' words, the flash goes off and I pop out, while the audience is distracted by my return, you flick the switch to obscure the doll still inside of the cabinet. I will step out and join you on stage, and that is how the act finishes." She explained.

The magician walked back to where I was currently still resting inside the cabinet, he pressed the switch and all went dark, he then switched it again and the cabinet went clear again. "Easy." He said, "Let's run through that again."

My transformation happened several times that first day, and I was worn out both physically and sexually by the end of the rehearsals, I had climaxed so many times that I wanted nothing more to than to rest and remain a doll at the end of the day. Finally, it seemed that he was satisfied with everything, we had gone over the show multiple times until it was late in the evening, even my sister looked exhausted and commented that maybe we could try some more the next day. Which he apologies to keeping everyone so late, he hadn't realised the time and told us both that we had done really well, and that he looked forward

to working with us on tour. My sister left after changing back out of her costume, and she headed home for some much-needed rest.

But I was quite content to remain in my new costume, I had grown to really like wearing it and it did show off my sexy curves and body, and I stood there admiring how I looked in the mirror as the magician went about tidying up the props. Turning to him, I walked over, a slow sexy and seductive walk, well at least that's what I thought I was doing, and he seemed to take notice of me, and the change in my manner towards him. I felt really sexy dressed as I was, and my own arousal at finally being alone with this guy started to get my motor going. I needed him at that moment, and I hoped that he felt the same way about me. Long story was, yes, he did, and several times that night. It did feel strange at first making love to him as my human self, and not as a dolly, but I really like the way that he gently used me, though deep down inside I was still just a doll, it was good to feel his skin against my own.

In the morning over breakfast at his place, I explained some more details that I thought that he should know about in my transformations. I told him what my sister had said to him yesterday was true, that I indeed climax each time I am transformed, and that yesterday's practice runs had worn me, but had also turned me on that I needed to work off some of the built up sexual energy inside of me, which was one reason I seduced him last night. To which he laughed at, and then told me that transforming me into just a doll was a big turn on for him too. It seemed like we were on the same page at that moment. Explaining as much as I knew about the changeover, he seemed to understand how it affected me, and told me what he had learned as far as my changes went. Once that part of the conversation was out of the way, I told him that I needed to tell him some of my own thoughts.

Intrigued he sat there and listened to what I had to say to him, only asking questions to clarify things. I told him of my desires to remain a sex doll when transformed on stage, and that I liked to travel between venues while still transformed inside the plexiglass cabinet, which he thought was strange but accepted if that was what I wanted. Also when I remained as a doll I was his to use however he wanted, telling him that if he wished to take me back to the hotel and use me that he could, either as a doll or otherwise, but I said that I much preferred him taking me as his sex doll and letting me change back naturally in the morning. He at first seemed to be reluctant in doing this, but when we talked over some of the problems that he had we came to a mutual understanding of my needs, and my desires to be his doll. He now knew everything about his new dolly, and seemed really pleased, but we needed to get through another day of rehearsals and many orgasms later, I was finally left deflated in my cabinet, he had reached in and said goodnight to me as he pulled on my inflation valve.

The first show went really well, a couple of minor mistakes but everyone loved to see the final act of me being turned into a sex doll and then my sister popping out of the trunk, her costume accidentally slipping revealing more than expected. But the sound of the applause reached my hearing, from where I was in the darkened cabinet it seemed to have gone well. I then felt the stagehands moving my cabinet off of the stage and wondered how long I would be left as a doll. All night it seemed as I was left backstage inside the cabinet until

the next morning. Once the cabinet was opened, I was taken out and the spell reversed in the changing room, it was still dark in the cabinet, so I didn't see the sunrise and therefore didn't transform back, just like when the clear cabinet was stored away, I remained as a doll until reversed by the spell or sunrise the next day.

The magician told us that we needed a few run throughs to perfect the act, and that he had made some minor changes that would make things easier for us all. Once we were dressed in our new costumes we made our way on stage, it was only when we got to the part of the act that involved me transforming did he reveal the changes he had made to this part. There were now what appeared to be restraints to hold my wrists and ankles in place, I would not only be locked inside the cabinet with several locks now, but also fastened in place this was needed he told us for the final reveal. Now we both looked at each other wondering when he had planned for us girls, but we needed to get on with the run through, and I was looking forward to more time as the doll. Entering the cabinet he soon made short work of securing my limbs in place, I was now stuck until he finally released me, but then he closed the lid and placed the four padlocks in place, then he began reciting the spell and with a flash going off I was again my dolly self, the throes of the orgasm going through my now restrained body seemed much more intense.

Again my world went dark as he skipped the audience participation part and went for the re-animation as my sister popped out as me from the trunk. Happy with the way things had gone, the props were moved off-stage and placed next to the dressing room, the cabinet I lay in was eventually opened by him and my dolly form was carried back to the dressing room, where he transformed me back again. Changing out of costume, we headed off for lunch and later returned and got ready to do the show all over again. Only this time during the audience participation part did the final piece of the puzzle of why he needed to secure my inside of the cabinet reveal itself to me, as he grabbed hold of the costume that I was wearing and ripped it from my body, leaving me naked and showing off to the audience that I was indeed now just sex doll, several hands were then invited to inspect my body, and they all agreed that I was nothing more than plastic and air. One audience member was told by the magician to pull on my inflation valve and I slowly began to deflate before their eyes.

Then he took the costume that I had worn over to the now modified trunk, my sister was hidden below a cover piece so the audience members on stage couldn't see her inside, he threw the costume inside and then closed the lid, thanking the stage audience for their time and effort and while they had returned to their seats he spoke the part of the script where he reluctantly thought that he should rerun me to my normal self. With my cabinet set by a timer to go dark, and forgotten about by the audience, he spoke the 'magic' made up words and with another flash my sister climbed out of the trunk again dressed in her costume. The new parts of the act seemed to be really appreciated by the audience, who clapped and cheered, and while my sister and the magician took their bows, the stagehands cleared away the props ready for the next act.

Now fully deflated I could only lay there as I felt my cabinet trundled off of the stage and wondered how long I would remain inside of it. Finally, the cabinet re-opened and my

deflated form was taken out by my sister, I was packed away inside a bag and carried out of the stage door by her, placing me down on the back seat of the taxi next to her we headed back to the hotel. In the room I was laid flat on the bed by her, and I thought that at that moment that she would re-inflate me and transform me back, but it seemed that there were other plans that had been made for me.

She started to fold my body up, turning my limbs this way and that, making sure to get me down to the right size it appeared, and then when she started placing me back in my box I realised what she was doing with me, she smiled at me as my face popped into place with the clear plastic window displayed the face of the dolly inside. I was in my happy place again, deflated, folded and stored away inside my box, just as a dolly should be. She then placed my box inside a paper bag, my vision now restricted to only what I could see in front of me, and that currently was the paper bag that now contained the sex doll version of me. Picking me up she carried me to the door where she handed me over to another person, who this person was a mystery to me at the moment, and I hoped that it would be the magician who would take me and use me as his sex doll. But for now I would have to wait and see...