

The Joy of being a Sextoy (rewrite – 09.03.2025)

By Gromet



1: Intro

Hi, my name is Joy, and I have always felt a desire that I wanted to be a sexdoll, an inanimate sex toy for someone to use and to be played with by them, to be used and discarded, an object for someone's amusement and desires. I have fantasized about this for many years, either while playing alone in my bedroom where I would lay there lost in my thoughts of being a good sexdoll while gently, slowly bringing myself off with either my own fingers or a wonderful sextoy, or sometimes, when I was lucky, during sex with a partner, I imagined that in my mind that I was just a sexdoll being used by them, I would imagine my doll-self laying there on the bed letting them use me for their pleasure and drift away lost in my fantasy of being nothing more than a sexual object, a toy to be used by them and then just discarded afterward.

As strange as it sounds, I had also found out that when imagining myself as a sexdoll that my own sexual experience was heightened whenever I ran this fantasy through my mind when engaged in any form of sexual activity, either with a partner or on my own, my orgasms when they came, were much more mind-blowing than when I was not fantasizing and dreaming about being a sex doll. To me, this was all I had ever wanted in life to have the experience of being just a sexdoll, something that in my wildest dreams I thought would never happen, except, of course, in my own mind.

That was until, when reading articles online, I discovered about a way that my body could be transformed into a real sex doll; apparently, it seems that scientists working on the viability of long-distance space travel had come up with a way to transform people into silicone forms, it appeared to me to be just like the doll that I had so longed for and wished to become, the silicone forms were able to stand long term travel, they were more resistant to damage and the effects of deep space, but the bonus was that they could also then safely return them back to their normal human selves.

This amazing new technology was something beyond my wildest imagination, and I knew that I would have to find out more. After some more research online about the silicone transformation, I then found out that a company had adapted the new technology to perform the actual transformations of people into silicone sex dolls, which, when thinking about it, was strange, how many others were like me and wanted to just be sex dolls. Even better was that the company was located on the other side of the city, but that would not be a problem for me as I would have gone to the ends of the earth and beyond to experience my long-held desires and fulfill my cherished fantasy.

Over the years, I had had many boyfriends who had thought that I was slightly weird after I had told them of my fantasy of being their sexdoll, some of them took advantage of it just to have sex with me, whilst others couldn't get past the fact that the girl they were having sex with just laid there as they used her, my mind seemingly gone off into some fantasy world of me being used as by them as a sex object, but after a while and many disappointments, I had stopped telling my partners about my desires.

That was until the day that I met my future husband Jerry, I immediately felt at ease with him. He told me that he had an understanding of my desires. He would often help me achieve some form of reality where I was just his sexdoll, and he treated me as the doll that I wished to be, using the doll for his own sexual pleasure and then leaving me laying there afterwards to enjoy my doll-like state. I knew from then on that this was the person that I would eventually marry, we had so much in common, even beyond me being his sexdoll, and eventually, we did so, and on our honeymoon, I laid there in all my doll glory dressed in some special white bridal lingerie as Jerry used me, several times that weekend, I was happy now and felt complete.

We were a few years into our relationship now, and we had played with me being his sexdoll every week, sometimes more. I would even spend several hours in bed waiting for him to come and use his sexdoll again, laying there lost in my own fantasy world of being his sexdoll waiting for my owner to make use of his sextoy again. Jerry had never expressed to me that he was bored with our play; in fact, he encouraged me to dress myself up in a variety of sexy outfits and to be his little sexdoll waiting for him to use, which I was more than happy to oblige in our shared fantasy.

So after seeing the material online about the transformation process, I decided to give my husband the ultimate special sexdoll – myself, packaged as the perfect gift; I wanted to get myself transformed into a silicone doll for him to use. Reading more on the company's website about the process, I would be transformed into a silicone doll, prepared and then be packaged just like a sexdoll and be delivered to the house to await his return. Then my plan was for me to then spend some time as his sex toy being

used by him for his pleasure, until reluctantly on my part, be repackaged by my husband and sent back to the factory to be returned to the regular version of myself once my time as the doll was over.

And as this was to be a special surprise for him, so I had to keep the whole thing secret from Jerry, I didn't know if he'd want me to be transformed, but I wanted this more than ever now that I knew it could be done. I had only wanted him to find me after I was transformed, just a sexdoll transported, prepared, and packaged waiting for its owner, and I had a delightful shiver run through my body when I thought of my husband as my 'owner.' Then he would discover my gift to him, hopefully then just take the doll out of the box and use it for his pleasure without any thought for my own desires, I would just be a sexdoll for him to use and discard after that.

But I found out that due to the cost involved in the transformation process, which I would have willingly paid double or more to experience this, that it would be better for me to spend an entire week as a sexdoll rather than just the weekend as I had originally planned to justify to myself (and Jerry) the outlay, though I didn't mind that at all, as the longer that I was just a doll would be fine by me, and I wondered if would he keep me longer as his sextoy, I really, really hoped so...

There were some problems with my plan, with my work it would be easy to take some long overdue leave, but I did start to wonder if Jerry would mind me being a proper silicone sexdoll for the entire week, just an inanimate object. I knew that he would try to talk me out of it, for whatever reason, one I suppose was safety and the risks involved; what if I couldn't change back would be one of his questions, then you get to keep a sexdoll for life I would have replied with my cheeky grin. But this was what I always have, it seemed to me, wanted to become, and I hoped that he would make good use of the sex doll; after all, it would just be me as his sexdoll, but this time not just roleplaying the part, I would actually be the sexdoll. I was just too lost in the excitement and fulfillment of my long-held dreams at this point and ignored any reasoning in my rational brain to consult with Jerry beforehand, which I guess I should have.

2: The Transformation

I had contacted the transformation company and had made an appointment with them to start the whole transformation process. I had told Jerry that I would be away most of the day so he wouldn't suspect anything, but that he was to expect something very special waiting for him when he returned home later that evening, teasing him on the phone but not revealing my plans, he would have to wait and see I had told him.

Finding the factory on the other side of town, it was early in the morning and people were rushing to work, to me, the building looked from the outside like any other sort of warehouse or factory, nothing out of the ordinary. Parking the car, I walked over to the reception area, inside I was surprised when I found the office was lined with display cases, and inside of every one of them was a sex doll that the company produced, all of them dressed in a variety of sexy outfits, and as I looked at each doll in their cases, a shiver of delight ran down my spine at the thought of myself being in one of those display cases, put on view for all to see.

In my research beforehand, I had found that the main part of the company was founded to make and sell silicone and other types of sexdolls and toys to their customers, the part where actual people were transformed into one of the sexdolls was a relatively recent addition, and apparently, it added to the company's balance sheet quite well, it seemed that many women out there shared my own fantasy of being a doll, an untapped market that this company had discovered and had made a lucrative business from fulfilling their desires.

Taking a deep breath to get up the courage to enter further, I walked up to the receptionist and informed her of my name and that I had an appointment. At first glance, the receptionist seemed to me just another doll sitting there, as her skin seemed to be very smooth with a slight sheen to it, her appearance and features were very doll-like, that was until she noticed me and then spoke. "Hello Joy, I'm Janice, welcome to our little facility; I believe that you're here for the transformation process?"

Slightly embarrassed at the straight-out question, I answered, "Yes, please... "

The smile spread out across Janice's face, she had experienced so many new females wanting to try out the process, and she was always amused at their initial embarrassment, but she knew that once hooked on being a doll that the next time they came through that they would be more relaxed, in some cases, after many transformations, more like family.

"Well, unfortunately, there are a few forms to fill out first," she said, handing me a clipboard and pen, mostly identity and health forms, "please take a seat, and I'll let the technician know that you're here."

Feeling a little deflated, I thanked her and then sat down and went through the paperwork, though there was nothing too complicated. Soon I was interrupted when the technician arrived in reception, introducing herself as Sheila; she asked me to follow her into her office and to bring the forms along with me. Janice smiled as I walked past the desk, "Enjoy," was all she said, having experienced the whole thing herself many times, and knew that Joy would too.

Sitting in the more comfortable office, Sheila again introduced herself and said that she would be my technical assistant and that she would follow me through the whole transformation process, from start to finish. We spoke as the paperwork was completed, then I signed the final legal document allowing the company to transform me into a sexdoll but also exempting the company of all responsibilities should anything happen to me while I was transformed. I wondered what had happened to other dolls in the past to make the company get individuals to sign this waiver form, and I asked Sheila what had happened to the other dolls. But I was told by her that she could not say anything other than there had been a couple of mistakes in the past, but she reassured me that now the procedures were more rigid and that those slipups would never happen again.

Sheila then took me through to the examination room and told me to remove all of my clothing and place it in the waiting box, and she said to me that they would be stored for my eventual return to being an ordinary flesh and blood female after my desired time spent as a doll. An all-over body inspection and a scan were required to be done before the company could proceed with the transformation process to make sure that everything was okay, Sheila told me.

Now naked, I entered the cabinet and stood still as the image scanner ran over my body; it took in not only the measurements of my body but also any blemishes in my skin. It also recorded the details of my body and shape. Then once the scan had been completed, several mechanical probes started to move upwards towards me. They wanted to inspect my 'inner workings' so to speak; Sheila told me that I would have to shift my body and open my legs to be able to let the probes do their work and that the company also required an internal scan for any problems that would affect the transformation process.

The probes entered into my sex first up, this was shortly followed by the one in my rear; this one made me jump in surprise as it entered, the metal probes were cold at first, sending shivers down my spine, but as they continued, I could start to feel my own arousal rising. I found that in the end that I quite enjoyed the sensations that I was getting as these probes continue to move about inside me, with no regard to my feelings; it made me feel impersonal and more like an object. I was a little disappointed and felt empty at the end as the probes finished their explorations and withdrew from me.

With the end of the examination, the probes retreating to where they came from, I remained stood there in the cabinet as Sheila completed the all-over health report; she informed me that this was done to ensure that I was fit & healthy enough for the whole process of transformation and that all of the information about my body would be recorded in the system for when I was transformed back.

At this moment, I felt even less of a person and more of an object as I stood there naked, exposed, while Sheila, who was fully dressed in her uniform, seemingly ignored the naked female standing there before her, as she busily entered the details of the scan into the computer. I was eventually given a paper gown to wear, and then Sheila guided me out of the examination room and down the corridor to where another machine that would prepare me for the transformation process was located.

Sheila then explained the whole process to me in detail again, and I was encouraged by her to ask as many questions as I wanted to; it was all designed by the company, she told me to make it less stressful on the participants. Even though they had all volunteered themselves and were eager to get themselves changed into a sexdoll, the company was required to ensure that those getting transformed knew what they were getting into and the possible side effects, and also any complications that may occur, especially if they were going to be rented out, which some of the women transformed wished to be.

But in my case, I was only going to be seen and used by my husband while I was transformed, not hired out to anyone who wanted to rent a sexdoll for the day, though the idea did excite me and several scenarios had already run through my mind while I had played with myself at home alone, even bringing some incredible earth-shattering orgasms, with the fantasy of being used by others running through my mind, but the thought of actually going through with being given to someone I didn't know scared me enough not to consider that option, for now at least.

Once satisfied and happy with all that I wanted to know about the transformation process and eager to get on and become the doll that I desired to be, Sheila then asked me to disrobe from the paper gown and step into one of the machines, this one resembled a large shower cubicle, she then told me to place my feet in the spaces marked, this, in turn, caused me to stand with my legs in a spread-eagled position,

I felt exposed down below, Sheila then placed my arms on to metal stands to hold them in place, straight out and level with my shoulders, the cuffs fastened to hold them in place.

Sheila then said, "Please stay perfectly still and hold that position while the machine works, and it would be best if you close your eyes until the machine stops, as the spray will sting them."

Closing the door, Sheila pressed the button that not only locked me into position, the clamps holding all of my limbs in place, but it also started the sprayers working. As suggested, I closed my eyes as my body was coated in a fine spray of foam that clung to my body, running down slightly but covering every inch of my naked being. The foam tickled me as it covered my body; I found that it also had a pleasant smell to it, which reminded me of candy. I did try moving my limbs at one point, but I found myself to be tightly held firm; there was no going back now, I thought.

There was a slight tingling sensation from the foam as it began doing its job, and that role was to deeply clean my skin but also to permanently remove all of my hair, including on my head. Sheila had told me that this was part of the process and that it was one of the side effects that were part of the transformation process, but that the company would provide me with wigs to cover my baldness when I returned back to my human self, I had thought in my mind that it was a small price that I was willing to pay to experience the transformation and become my husband's sexdoll, my own sexual desires overcoming any personal vanity.

Now that all bodily hair had been removed and my skin had been deep cleaned, my skin pores had never felt this clean, and my body tingled all over from the sensation, the machine now washed off the foam, rinsing away any residue but also the last of my hair down the drain, my skin was then dried with hot air blowers. I felt that I was as naked as I could be with no hair anywhere on my being, my body now felt fully invigorated and more alive, which was ironic because shortly I would be an inanimate object, devoid of life, but still able to feel touch and see what was happening to me, though with a limited field of view of straight ahead, I would be unable to move any part of my body, even my eyes would be fixed to stare forwards.

Sheila then conducted a quick inspection on her current client's defoliation and cleaning, her hands running over the smooth flesh, checking for any missed spots as I remained bound inside the machine, unable to stop her. Sheila knew that the machine was efficient in removing the hair from the clients, but this not only satisfied her that the process had done its job, but she considered it one of the perks of the job, her own propensity and preference for the female form, as her eyes and hands took in every aspect of my stripped body, touching parts that would otherwise be off-limits, but Sheila also knew that some of her clients enjoyed this.

Now it was time to move onto the actual transformation itself; Sheila then guided me into another room. This one contained the machines that converted willing females into dolls. There seemed to be several other machines currently in use. With this machine, I was told that I would need to lay down naked on my back, facing towards the ceiling. I lay myself down on the platform while Sheila guided me and adjusted my body into the position to enable the machine to perform its task. Sheila then asked me

if I was ready, to which I quickly nodded back to confirm that I was indeed prepared, though nervous, in my desire to become just another sexdoll, over-riding any concerns that I may have had at that point.

Sheila then brought over the top cover sheet; this looked a lot like latex to me; it even looked like it worked like one of those vac beds things that I had seen while surfing the internet one day, I had always wondered what they would feel like, and so I guessed that I would now be finding out. A tube was placed into my mouth, my lips forming the familiar 'O' shape that dolls seemed to have; this would also double as a breathing tube during the initial stages of the transformation process, Sheila informed me, but once transformed that I would no longer require to take a breath. The latex sheet was folded down to seal me inside, and then Sheila closed the glass top of the chamber down, encasing her latest client inside, the machine confirming that the seal was correct; Sheila then moved over to the control panel and started the machine to begin turning me into the sex doll that I so wanted to be.

Felling the cool latex sheet covering me tighten as the air was seemingly sucked out, it held me in its tight grasp, and I found that I was now unable to move my body, I was fixed to the spot in the position that Sheila had arranged me to lay in, my legs spread and my arms out to my side and away from my body. The top part of the machine was then closed, enclosing me inside, and once the latex had sealed itself, I was now truly stuck. The machine then started, and I heard the noise of a pump as it began filling the space around my body with a liquid which, as it began to fill the latex enclosure, started to seep into all the areas of my naked body. This would be the transformation fluid in which my whole body would be submerged in; it helped to make the doll's skin but was also used to cool my body from the heat generated by the rays from the machine to complete the process.

Sheila checked the settings on the machine, now satisfied that the process was underway, she went off unknown to me, leaving me alone inside the machine; the process would take about four hours, so she would have time for another client if one were waiting in reception or just to catch up on some of her paperwork that was required for each person processed this way.

Meanwhile, as the machine continued its task in transforming me, I found that I was totally unaware of the changes happening to my body, my mind drifting off into long-held fantasies of being a sexdoll and being used by several unknown men for their pleasure, the drugs that were given to me rendering me unconscious during the transformation process, the company had found that this stopped any clients panicking at this stage and kept them from moving while their bodies were changed. Most clients had expressed afterwards that they had some really vivid sexual dreams while in this state, not that any complained, in fact, some had even asked what it was that they had used on them and if they could buy some after they had returned back to their former selves.

As the machine continued to hum and get on with the task of transformation, the fluid was now completely covering my entire body, and several needles started to enter into my skin; these injected the special nanites that would convert my flesh and blood body to silicone, with my bones to be converted to form a polymer frame that would support my doll body and make me more rigid than if I were just made of silicone. I had read some of the details about the process but didn't understand, and I

knew that I just wanted to be a sexdoll and that they could make me into one; it didn't matter to me the science behind it all.

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Just over four hours later Sheila had returned to the room where her client Joy was located; the machine was just completing its task, her client was now just another sex doll blank, as the company referred to them as, their bodies had been changed into the silicone doll that they had wanted to be, but there was still the matter of preparation and finish that each doll that the company made required, be it these transformed dolls or the standard silicone sex dolls that the company also made, every one of them would need to be processed, prepared and made suitable for delivery as one of the company's products, because in reality that was what all of the dolls were.

The factory's usual product was silicone sex dolls; the transformation side of the business is relatively new and came about after several people, mainly women, expressed their desire to experience being a sex doll for their partners. Some of the women were even getting themselves rented out for the weekend, some without the renter knowing that they were actually a real woman transformed into a sex toy. At the same time, there were other customers who had requested these particular dolls knowing that there was a transformed woman inside the doll they had rented.

Once the person was transformed, the company then just treated them as another part of the inventory, though controlled to keep track of those who had been transformed, but all dolls were sent down the same production line, including women like Joy, for once they become a doll, they ceased to be a human but a product to be dealt with. Some women actually enjoyed this part, being treated like an object, even I found myself aroused at the idea, the staff on the production line would treat each doll the same way, be they transformed or just pure silicone, the staff had no way of telling the difference, and after a while, they became more used to seeing these former women and lost interest in wondering if the doll before them was once flesh and blood, treating each doll blank like the other ones on the line, and without the required knowledge contained in the barcode system, they had no idea which doll was which.

After an incident where one of the transformed dolls went missing, as it had not been returned by the end of the rental agreement, the company then had to hire investigators to find the doll, and they had found out that the rented sex doll had not only been moved from the original delivery location, which was not allowed under the rental contract, but it had then been sold on to another person, who was totally unaware that the sexdoll he had purchased was a transformed woman, or that she had been rented out by the person that he had bought the doll from, so no charges were laid against him and the matter was quietly resolved.

Now all transformed dolls had to have a tracking chip installed when they were processed as standard, as well as the standard barcoding that all the dolls had, this would be applied after the doll was transformed, and I that would also be permanently barcoded on my back in my lumbar region, near where the twin globes of my perfect bottom and at the lower end of my spine meet, plus another

barcode was also applied on the underside of the sole of my left foot, this way each doll can be easily scanned and tracked inside the factory.

But this also means that I would also now become another part of the inventory of the company, I would be part of their stockpile of dolls, with my details entered into the computer system that controls the supply of sex dolls to clients, an idea that sent my own sexual desire higher with the thought that I would now just part of the stock, another sexdoll in the company's catalog, and I began to think about the possibility of being used by others not just by my husband, I was now a product of the factory and could be scanned easily the next time I was being processed, rented out or even sold.

I was also informed that I would also be keeping the tracking chip in between my times when I was transformed; it was difficult to remove once installed and require surgery to remove it at my own expense. But all that I had to do was deactivate the chip when I was no longer a doll with a remote device that was supplied, though some women on occasions had forgotten to do this, and they had set off a couple of scanners when going out for the evening. It showed that they were a registered sexdoll and had been refused entry to some places that tried to keep the new hooker bots that were now starting out from frequenting their establishments, much to their embarrassment.

One of the other side effects of the transformation process was that after repeated conversions, the transformed women found that their skin was smoother and less distinguished, all blemishes, spots or moles were removed, making the female (or male) look like their doll equivalents, the skin becoming more silicone-based, but one downside was that they now also looked like the new hooker bots as well, who were made with the same silicone as the dolls, some of the women were now hard to distinguish from the hooker bots, especially when they dressed like them as well, though I had heard that some of the women had even posed as them to either get sex or money from clients by pretending to be a sexbot.

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Now that I was fully transformed, I was moved from the machine by Sheila using a hoist and pulley system, suspending the newly minted doll in the air, the doll that I now was hung there in the straps while Sheila made a final inspection of the doll, her hands again running over the flesh of the doll, her hands drifting to places that she liked to explore. But Sheila knew from experience that the process had been completed, but she liked to add her final test. She began to tickle the doll blank that I now was on the underside of my foot, this would bring a reaction in a normal person, but for one that has been changed into silicone there would no movement. However, the person inside the doll would feel the touch, but they would not be able to stop or move away from what she was doing to them, it was Sheila's way of tormenting the transformed dolls, they felt the effects of being tickled but could do nothing to stop it.

Now it was time to move the doll into the main part of the factory; Sheila injected the tracking chip into the rear of the neck of the silicone skin of the doll blank; this was one of the easiest places that the company had found to run their scanning equipment over. She then added a bar code to the bare skin of the newly minted doll. Lastly, a production label was added to the doll to indicate what was required

by the workers to complete the doll. However, scanning the bar codes would also bring up some of the details like skin color, hair and makeup for this doll to be applied during processing, but the scan would not reveal that the doll was one who had been transformed; that would only happen in the final inspection.

My doll blank was then placed in one of the standard doll frames, this kept my doll body suspended from the track overhead and allowed the production workers easy access to all parts of the doll; it also made it easier to move the dolls like me down the line and around the factory.

Moving the doll into the warehouse section, Sheila moved the Joy doll still suspended from the frame holding it, towards the front of the other doll blanks and nearer to the start of the production line, after all this doll needed to be processed and delivered on time, not be left waiting hanging in the warehouse, though some of the dolls may have liked that to happen and some apparently had even requested it, to be stored for a while with the other doll blanks.

Happy that for now that she had completed her part, Sheila left the Joy doll hanging from the frame waiting for her turn down the line; she would see the doll again later after the production line workers had finished their tasks when the completed doll subsequently arrived in the final inspection and packing area. It did not take too long for the doll blank that I now was to be moved from where Sheila had left me, a couple of other doll blanks were taken first, and then it was my turn, I could see the workers though I could not move my eyes, and I could also feel them touch me when their hands moved me, as they began the process of getting me ready for delivery.

I could see that I was now in a long line of dolls, each hanging from the support frame that held their bodies, while the workers to either side began to get on with their assigned tasks in preparing the dolls. I was thrilled inside to be treated this way; not in a million years could I have imagined this; this was something unexpected, and it moved me deeply inside; I found that I had begun to love being an object, treated and processed like one and then discarded and moved onto the next stage, each worker doing their part and then passing the doll down the line to the next process, several hands touching the doll and doing things to it, treating the doll as just another product. I hoped that I would feel this way when my husband would be using me later, would he just discard me after using me, leaving me laying on the floor just like any other household item, no longer required, a small internal shiver of pleasure ran through my body, though to those outside on the line would never see this.

The dolls moved reasonably quickly through the production line; they had a set target to reach each day after all, though attention to detail was still required for each doll, as penalties could be imposed for errors made, so the workers made sure before passing the doll down the line that their part had been done to near perfection. I loved the touch of the many hands that were touching me during the process; my whole body had been spray painted, changing the color of my skin and then more tones added to make me appear more human, which I thought funny considering that I had started out this morning as a human with all the natural colors and blemishes, now they had been converted, re-colored and made to look like I was as close as possible to a normal human female as they could make.

The part where they painted and colored in my sex was particularly enjoyable for me, pressing the folds of my labia open to paint on the inside; my sense of touch down there seemed to be the same or, in fact, more enhanced I thought, maybe it was the reality that I could not move my body anymore that made it all the more powerful, but I could still feel the hands as they worked on me, it made the sensations all the more intense.

All too soon that part was over, the person painting me down there had completed their task, and though I would have liked to go through that part of the processing again, I was to be denied that pleasure. The only other experience close to the wonderful sensations that I'd had was when the girl painted my areola and nipples a shade of pink to match the color lower down on my sex. I also found that I had a clearer view of the workers when they worked on the upper part of my body and pondered what the girl that was painting my nipples thought of while working on the doll's breasts.

Now that the body coloring seemed to be finished, I was now sent down the line to the makeup department; the woman here had seen many dolls that day and was used to expeditiously applying makeup to a set standard company formula; this would also be applied to the Joy doll, she would look the same as all the other sex dolls that had been prepared that day, the makeup was applied relatively quickly, and I wondered if the woman that had done my makeup did her own just as quick when getting ready to go out.

3: Delivery

Now that all of the paint and coloring was completed, it was on to the final inspection and preparation stage, and here I saw Sheila again waiting for my doll form to reach that part of the factory. Sheila, meanwhile had processed a couple of other women; one had just entered the transformation machine, while another had just started her own journey on the production line, now she was here ready and waiting for her new client Joy, she also had with her the required clothing that her client had requested to be shipped out wearing. She was always amazed at how the women turned out, most looked like the standard doll that the company made, unless the client had specified a different look, all the dolls looked the same otherwise, and she would need to scan the bar codes of each one to ensure that she didn't miss any client.

Another assistant had once managed to miss one of her clients one day, and the doll had slipped through to be shipped off to be sold in a sex store on the West Coast; it took several days to track down the doll, only to find it had been sold and used by the purchaser. Luckily, the company wasn't sued over the matter; the client had found the whole thing to her liking and had now become part of the regular rental stock of transformed dolls that were now on the company's books to be sent to waiting customers, with the person who had bought her from the sex store the first in line when she was transformed.

Satisfied that the doll in front of her was indeed her client formerly known as Joy, the barcode confirming the same, she removed the doll from the frame and carried the doll over to a workstation and lowered the doll on to its back, the legs remained in the slightly spread position, exposing the sexual nature of the doll. Now she would conduct the final inspection and then dress the doll before moving it

to the packing area. Sheila moved her hands over the doll, inspecting each part, even probing between the folds of the doll's sex to gain entry to the inner delights that awaited its new owner. Happy with what she had found, the doll was passed for inspection, and a small stamp was applied near the bar code on her foot.

Now she began to apply the clothes that Joy had asked for, nylon stockings with matching garter belt, panties and a peep-hole bra that allowed the dolls permanently erect nipples to peek through. All in a matching deep red color, with sheer stockings on each leg leading the viewer's eye up to the crouch of the doll and beyond to the thin straps that held them in place hanging from the garter belt. A matching red leather collar was then placed around the doll's neck to symbolize the doll's submissive nature; she would be there to please her owner and nothing more.

I had no other option but to lay there as I felt Sheila touch me all over my body during the inspection; I felt the woman's fingers enter into my most sacred place, my sex, I had never experienced another woman touching me there before until today, but I found that I didn't mind it, after all, I was now just a doll, and in my mind, a doll was available for anyone to use and play with. I loved the feeling of the stockings covering my legs, and I felt every inch of the fabric as it climbed my legs, covering them in its exquisite fibers, the tightness of the new stockings always something of a turn on for me, even when I applied them to my own legs. Now I laid there as the rest of the dressing went along, each part of the clothing giving me some delightful feelings inside my body, and I was somewhat disappointed when Sheila had finished touching me. I had begun to love being touched and handled this way by her. Then felt my doll body being moved and lay there as I watched the lighting above me change when we went from inspection to the packing area.

Finally, Sheila added a blonde wig, which was placed onto the doll's head, fixed in place by a couple of small dollops of glue, and with the final styling done, the doll was now ready to be moved on to packing. Moving the doll onto a flat-bed trolley Sheila pushed her completed client and newly minted doll through to the packing area, where the doll was scanned again, and a shipping label was printed. The guys in the packing department were experienced in handling the dolls, and all Sheila had to do was observe that her client was placed inside her delivery box and the correct delivery label was applied. Plastic straps were then fixed to hold the doll's body in place to the backboard inside the box, and then packing material was poured into the box, she watched as the Joy doll was covered entirely in the packing peanuts, this would prevent any damage to the doll while being moved and shipped, though she knew that the doll didn't have far to travel. Satisfied that the doll was now ready, one of the two men added the instruction envelope that accompanied every doll, while Sheila added her own set of instructions that her client's husband would find when he opened the box up.

Once I had arrived in the shipping area, I had attempted to look at the two men picking up my semi-rigid form and carry me over to the packing box, and I watched out of the corner of my vision as the sides of the box began to encase me, I then felt the hands of the men as they began to bind me in the box. I had tried some form of bondage in a previous relationship, but the guy was inexperienced and had tied me too tight, making it a painful experience that I didn't wish to repeat again. Now, as a doll, I found that I was going to bound inside the box, just an object to be processed and packaged for delivery, I could be

just some machinery part or other product being packed here, it made me feel inside more of an object than at any other time. Especially when they had finished and moved my box over to the chute with the packing material, and I watched as the packaging poured out and into the box containing my doll form; unable to move, I could only lay there as the small packing peanuts covered my body and then my head completely, I could no longer see out, and soon my world went dark as the box was closed and sealed with tape, I had an initial panic attack as the packing covered my face, but then I remembered that I was no longer breathing, it was not required now that I was just a silicone sex doll.

In the packing room, the men had just completed packing another doll; it was not in their interest to enquire if the doll was a transformed human or not, though the presence of one of the technical assistants typically told them that this package was special, but they had packed so many now that they began to treat the dolls all the same. Once packed, the delivery label was applied, and the box moved over to the loading bay. The box containing the Joy doll was just like the others; it was only the delivery label that was different; each box containing the dolls was the same indistinct brown but strong cardboard packaging, designed to keep the dolls safe during transit as was the whole packing process.

As I lay inside the box, the sounds of the factory now subdued, I thought that now that I was processed and packed that I would soon be on my way to my home, to be found when my husband returned from work later. Though I did have some wicked thoughts while waiting of the labels getting mixed up, and that I would find myself with a new owner, maybe even used and kept by him, if I could have, I would have been frantically working my little pleasure nub right about now, but alas I was to be denied this, even if I wasn't a sex doll, I was now bound inside the box unable to move.

Shortly, once a few other dolls which were part of the consignment for the distribution run were packaged like the Joy doll was, her box was loaded on to a vehicle for delivery along with a couple of other dolls destined for buyers who had ordered online and were eagerly waiting for their new plaything, and others that were to become part of the stock of the stores that sold the dolls, not all of the dolls were transformed women, there were some standard silicon dolls included as well.

I had felt the movement and wondered how long it would be before I was dropped off. The vehicle's route would ensure that my box was one of the last to be delivered, and I felt every bump and rattle inside my box; luckily for me, the company packaged their dolls well.

Finally, I felt the vehicle stop, and I wondered if this was my turn, each time the vehicle had stopped beforehand, I thought it was my turn to be delivered, only to find that I wasn't after the vehicle moved again. I had started to feel jealous of my sister dolls, as I now thought of them, as they had been delivered already to their owners, and I wondered if they were being used and played with at this very moment. Then I felt the vehicle stop once again, and then my box finally being moved, and I knew now that I had made it home to my new owner's house. I had begun to refer to my husband as my owner, as I had wanted to experience being a doll in my mind as well as my body, and now viewed myself as nothing more than his property.

After being placed on a trolley, I felt my box moving, the wheels running on the concrete driveway leading to the garage causing my body to vibrate inside my box; I knew that soon that the box would be

placed inside as per my delivery instructions, the box was to be left inside the garage to wait for my husband/owner to find it later. I had left a note at home for him explaining that his gift was waiting for him in the garage, and I had added that I hoped that he thoroughly used and enjoyed his unique gift from me. Another note in the garage explained what I had done and instructions on when after the week, or if, as I hoped much later, that I should be returned to the factory again to be returned back to his wife. I even left the last part of the note open with him having the choice of when to return the doll back, that was my own wickedly aroused mind that had come up with the prospect of being kept and used as just his sex doll, and I wondered if he would want to keep me this way for much longer.

The delivery crew placed my boxed form inside the garage, as I felt myself being moved from the trolley and laid on the ground, then all movement ceased, and I then heard the men leaving with the garage door closing behind them. I was now alone in the house, a dolly in her box, unable to move and forced to wait for her husband/owner to return and find it, my mind imagining what awaited me upon his return.

3: My time as a sextoy

I had been delivered by the Sexdoll transformation company ready for my first day as my husband/owners sex toy, obviously now being nothing more than a silicone doll, I could do nothing but remain in the delivery box to await his return, and while I waited I had run many fantasy scenarios through my sexually aroused mind, some of them had my doll form being found boxed, delivered to the wrong address and the doll was used by them, sexually taken by other men for their pleasure, and then sold off to others as just another sex toy, my silicone body never to be transformed back into a human female, but my dreams of anonymous sex were interrupted by the sound of my owners return.

The house was quiet when Jerry entered, and he wondered where his wife was; she would typically greet him at the door, but today was different, he was intrigued by her message earlier about a gift, and then he spotted the note written by his wife, quickly opening it he found out that she was not here, but the note explained that he had a special gift waiting for him inside the garage. Placing the note down, he was interested in finding out what the gift was, he entered the connecting door to the garage, only to find a large box laying there on the floor waiting for him, he walked over and began to examine the container, the label gave the company's name as "Desire Silicone Products" and was addressed to him.

He was intrigued to find out what the box contained, as he had at this point no idea that it contained the transformed doll that was his wife. Once he had managed to open the box and remove some of the packaging, he found the sex doll that the box contained, but after the initial shock of the discovery, he spotted the instructions left by the technical assistant for him to find, this explained to him that his wife had been transformed and had wanted to give herself as a gift for him to enjoy.

Having half read the note to that point, Jerry read no further, he was now eager to try out the offered sex toy, and he gave no further thought about the how's and why's; he just knew that he wanted to explore the doll that was supposed to be his wife, and then use the sex toy for what it was designed to do – be used for his sexual pleasure. Cutting the straps holding the sexdoll inside the box, he picked up the doll from the box with the remaining packaging falling out on the floor; he quickly looked the doll

over, admiring the body of the sexdoll; he was amazed at just how good the doll looked, then he grabbed the doll and carried it out of the garage over his shoulder and down the hallway to the main bedroom.

Here he placed the sexdoll on the bed and began to use his hands to check out the feminine curves of the sextoy before him. But soon, the overwhelming urge to make use of the new plaything took hold, and he quickly stripped off his clothes and joined the doll on the bed, Jerry didn't know if he needed to have some form of foreplay with the doll, and at first, it felt awkward, but after kissing the doll and exploring the doll's breasts, he felt that he was more than ready to get on with the central part of having sex with the doll.

He climbed on top of the doll, the weight of his body pressing down on to the silicone manikin and his own legs making the doll's open wider; he shifted himself into position and then entered the waiting love hole that was the doll's vagina, it felt cold at first, and his member encountered some resistance, but he then remembering that they had some lube in the bedside cabinet drawer, he reached over and began to apply some to the sex of the doll, he also rubbed some on himself, he then laid back down on the doll and found himself slipping easily into the doll's sex. It felt tight, but once he got over the initial chill, he found that it was quite enjoyable, his hands moving over the doll's body, one reaching for a breast while the other hand cupped underneath the dolls buttock; later both hands would grab hold of the dolls rear to enable him to thrust himself deeper into the sex of the doll to take him to his eventual climax.

It didn't take him long to cum inside the doll, his orgasm soon overwhelming him, Jerry found that his climax this time had been much more intense, and he wondered if this was due to his wife being the sexdoll or the fact that he was using a real sex toy for the first time, maybe it was the inanimate nature of the doll that turned him on, but soon he found that he was erect again and decided to put the doll to good use. Later, after using the doll for the third time, he decided that he had better rest for a while, plus he was now hungry, not having eaten since lunchtime, his sexual appetite now sated, Jerry rolled off of the sexdoll, looking into the eyes of the doll that was once his wife, trying to see if she was aware inside and if she would react, maybe she would suddenly move and surprise him, but after watching for a few minutes he came to the conclusion that she would remain in this inanimate state for the foreseeable future. He thought to himself that he would have to read the rest of the instructions later, but first, now that his sexual urges had been satisfied, he felt the need to eat and would leave the doll on the bed and head to the kitchen to get some food.

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I had meanwhile just laid there on the bed, as a doll I could do nothing else; I had been delighted with how it had gone so far, the look on my husband/owners face when he had found me/the doll inside the box was priceless, he looked like a kid in a toy shop, his face lighting up when he saw the sexdoll laying inside. I felt his hands pick me up and carry me to the bedroom; I had fantasized about this while waiting in the box and had wondered to myself what he would want to do first; after all, he had access to all parts of my body, and as a sextoy I had several 'features' that my owner could use for their pleasure,

again I used the word owner and not husband, as in my mind, I was a doll that belonged to him, I was his property now to do with as he wished. But not having read the instructions, my owner had decided to make use of the most obvious place that he could, my vaginal opening. I then felt him lay me down on the bed, thankful in one way that he hadn't just dropped me, but also with me being just a sexdoll, an object to be used, he could have just thrown me down and then ravaged my body in any way that he had wanted to.

As I had watched as my owner began to explore my new silicone body, the touch of his hands as they ran over my silicone flesh sending delightful feelings throughout my entire being, though to anyone looking from the outside, my body remained still and unmoving, then I watched as he disrobed his clothing and I eagerly awaited what I knew was coming next. Now naked, he had joined me on the bed, again his hands rubbing my breasts giving me intense pleasure, his hands drifting down to explore my sexual opening had sent my mind into a wonderful haze of sensual debauchery, I had felt that I would explode just from the touch of his hands and began to wonder what it was going to be like when he entered into my sex. I found that I didn't have long to wait as I felt him climb on top of me, his rigid member pressing at the folds of my sex, and I knew then that soon it would be inside of me.

I loved the feeling of the heat of his hard penis as it began to plunder my depths, the coolness of my own silicone sex lost to me, but I knew at this point that he had met some form of resistance, and I had willed him to use the lube we had handy for when we both just wanted a quickie without the need for foreplay, my animalistic desires for a quick fuck overtaking my own sexual needs for an orgasm, though in many cases I found that I came when he did inside of me. Now I had to wait as he remembered the lube and began to apply it to my sex, the cool liquid doing nothing to ease the intense heat of my own inner sexual desires, willing him to enter into me and use his sex doll. Soon I felt him climb on top again, and this time his erect member entered my opening easily, pushing inside until our pubic bones met, the depth and width of his member filling me, something that I have always loved, the feeling of us both connected as one during the act of sex made me feel wonderful and contented.

Laying there as he used my body for his pleasure, I found my own arousal rising with each hard thrust of his erect member into me. I knew that he wouldn't last too long. While I would probably not be able to climax myself, I loved it when during sex that I had made him cum; his overwhelming passion and desires for my body gave me a deep sense of satisfaction, sometimes more enjoyable than the orgasms that I would experience myself. This time was no different, as I could feel his member begin to grow inside me, filling me even more. I knew that at this point that he was about to climax and looked forward to the exquisite feeling of his cum releasing into my waiting hole; I loved the way his cock twitches as it shoots his semen out; the tremors feel like his penis is kicking the insides of my vagina. Still, the feel of the ejaculate itself is even harder to describe as there is nothing to compare it to; it feels wet and kind of tingly inside, with a delicious feeling of satisfaction.

Afterwards, I just lay there, my body unable or unwilling to move, and I felt magnificent inside; this was just how I had imagined it in all of the dreams and fantasies, I was just a thing to be used and then discarded after, a great sense of pleasure overwhelmed me at this point, and I felt deeply contented for the first time in a long while, this was what I was meant to be I concluded, I was meant to be nothing

more than a sex toy. My thoughts were then interrupted when my owner had climbed on top again and began to use me again, my mind lost in the continuous waves of pleasure that I was experiencing, something that I did not wish to end. I was amazed when he again used me the third time, something that had never happened before in our relationship, and I wondered to myself what he was thinking about me at this moment, was it the fact that I was an inanimate object or that I was his wife turned into a doll for his pleasure that made him this way.

I then felt the bed move, my owner had just used me for the third time, cumming deeply inside me, and I could still feel the ejaculate running out of my sex, but there was no way that I could move to clean myself up, something that I would typically do after sex, but now I would have to be content to lay there in the damp spot until he cleaned me up, and if he indeed would. But then I saw out the corner of my eye him looking at me; he seemed to be waiting for something to happen, maybe, I thought, that he expected me to move now, that my transformation was just an act and that I would now leap up and surprise him. Well, I knew that wasn't about to happen, and that I would be stuck this way until I made it back to the factory for them to re-transform me back to my human self, but hopefully not too soon I thought, as I was just happy to remain this way for the rest of the **week** and maybe even longer.

I had felt and then watched as he stood up from the bed, maybe he had now come to the conclusion that I was indeed just a doll now, but I had no way of knowing what was going through his mind at this point, and I knew that I would need to ask him later when I was back to normal, though I doubted that I would ever want to return to my 'normal' old self knowing what I did now and the effects it was having on my mind and body. At first, I had felt disappointed that he had stood up and seemed to be getting dressed, but then I began to realize that once he had finished using me, he would want to move onto other things to keep himself entertained; I was just another household object now, a product to be used by her owner and I felt an inner peace form inside my mind, this was what I was made for, I had been used and now left behind, forgotten for the moment, discarded and abandoned on the bed, though I would of at this point liked to have used my fingers to bring an orgasm out of my body with these thoughts, but being unable to move that would be denied to me.

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Later I was pleased to see him return, this time he seemed more interested in my other 'features' and soon I found myself face down in the pillows as I felt him lubing up my rear hole and then pressing his penis at the opening until he gained entrance to my rear pleasure hole, as the pamphlet had described it. As just a sexdoll, I lay there feeling him pushing deeper and deeper into my rear, my internal walls giving way to allow him access, I could only lay there as he used me for his pleasure, and though I had found the whole thing enjoyable, I didn't even feel close to my own orgasm developing, but after he had finished using me I felt a deep satisfaction overcoming me, I felt more like an object now than before when he was using my vagina, this was just my owner using his doll for his own pleasure, taking and not giving, I felt contented now, I had pleased my new owner, I would do anything to make him happy.

Then I heard the sounds of him drifting off to sleep; the change in his breathing and the gradual increase in snoring gave away the fact that he was now deeply asleep; he had left me lying face down in the

pillows, which normally would freak me out, but as I didn't need to breathe so the fact that I was face deep in the pillow didn't disturb me in any way. I could still feel where he had used me in my rear hole; in fact, I felt well used by my owner now, he had managed to break in his new dolly now, and this dolly was quite content that she had pleased him and I looked forward to my owner using me some more. I then found that I also drifted off into some form of sleep when not being used; though I could not close my eyes, my mind calmed, and I felt myself switch off, waiting for when my owner would wish to use his dolly again.

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In the morning, that's just what he did, waking up to find the doll laying there as he had left it the night before, he took advantage of the position and used the doll's rear hole again for his pleasure, he wondered how his wife would feel at him using her this way, her preference for anal sex was rare, only giving in when pushed by him, he knew that she gained no real pleasure from it and that she only let him take her this way to please him, her own sexual pleasure denied when he used her this way. It didn't take him long this morning to climax inside the doll's rear, his semen shooting deep into the rear of the doll; he always felt more powerful when taking her this way, and his climax was much stronger, more animalistic, or maybe it just felt that way to him.

The doll could do nothing but lay there with this assault on the rear, her mind becoming active again when she felt its owner wake and began to probe the outer area around its rear opening; she knew that soon he would be inside of it again and it felt wonderful that her owner was using her again, she loved it when he used her, this was what she was made for, her mind now more accepting that she was nothing more than a sexdoll.

Through the night, while she was in her sleep state, her mind had started to change, her thoughts of being a wife and partner to her husband changing to that of being a pleasure doll, a sexual object for the use of her owner and anyone else that he wished to share his doll with. This came from her own deep-seated desires and not something that the transformation company had programmed into her; she had always desired to be a doll, a sexual plaything to be used and then discarded, stored away until her owner wanted his doll again, and this was what caused the changes in her mind, she felt an inner peace when she thought of herself this way, she had always been a doll it seemed, and now she was happy that her owner was using her.

Her husband, now owner, had no idea of the changes inside the doll's mind; to him, this was a gift from his wife to enjoy, he still had some doubts that it was really his wife transformed into a sextoy after all the idea did seem far-fetched, maybe this was just a trick on her part and that it really was a silicone sexdoll made to look like his wife, and that some time over the weekend his wife would surprise him and reveal that she had indeed played a trick on him. In the meantime, he was going to continue to make use of the doll; after all, that was what his wife had given him to use, so why should he deny himself the pleasure.

Leaving the doll on the bed, he had turned it over to get a better look at its features, the doll still unmoving and the thought that his wife was playing at being a doll again now long gone; this was to his

mind just a silicone doll and not his wife pretending to be a doll as she sometimes liked to do, he looked over the doll's body checking the skin, touching its breasts and he then kissed its nipples. Now sexually satisfied, he quickly dressed and headed to the kitchen for breakfast; he had arranged with a friend to play golf later that day so he would need to get himself ready, the doll would have to wait there on the bed until later.

After breakfast, he re-entered the bedroom, the doll still laying there with her legs ajar, her sex visible with his fluids glistening in the light, a desire to make use of the doll again running through his mind, but he had to get himself ready and out of the door or he would be late. Ignoring the sexual desires of the doll who seemed to be beckoning him to use it, he ducked into the bathroom; later after his shower, he walked back into the bedroom, the doll still trying to entice him back into bed. He quickly threw the bed covers up over the doll and completely covered the doll's nakedness; even most of the head was covered, and he left the doll this way, leaving for his golf game.

The doll watched as her owner walked about the bedroom, and she wondered why he didn't want to use her again at this moment, she wanted him to, for she loved it when she pleased her owner, but he left her lying there and went into another room. Her hopes were raised again when she saw him re-enter the bedroom, and she tried her best to entice him, though as a doll, all she could do was lay there and wait, but in her dolly mind, she was trying to seduce him to play with her again.

She was disappointed when he covered up her body, even more, when the bedsheets covered her face as well, for she could no longer see her owner and wondered to herself what he was doing. Her answer soon came when she heard the bedroom door close, and the room became silent, her owner wasn't going to use her, and he had other things that he wanted to do; all she could now do was wait for his return. Her mind was again drifting back into the sleep state, images of her being used sexually by her owner and others running through her mind until it later calmed, and she drifted off.

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Eventually returning from his golf game in the early evening, he entered the home he shared with his wife; it was still quiet and peaceful, typically there was music playing or a tv on in the lounge room, but now the place seemed empty. Walking into the bedroom, he began to undress from his golf attire; the game had gone well, and he had enjoyed it, even had a few drinks afterwards in the clubhouse. Sitting down on the bed, his mind still on the game, he sat on the leg of the sexdoll, quickly jumping up thinking that it was his wife laying there; he reached for the covers expecting to see her cheeky smile only to find the expressionless face of the doll laying there, the dolls naked body revealed to him as he removed the covering, the doll's eyes looking forward and staring at the ceiling.

He quickly got over the shock, and his first thoughts were to remove the doll from the bed, the idea that this was his wife still not quite sitting right in his mind, he knew of her desires to become a sexdoll, but this surely couldn't be her, he would have to read more of the literature that came with the doll, but that could wait until morning, his own sexual desires now coming forward upon seeing the naked doll laying there, her sex inviting him to play with it, use it for his own carnal desires.

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The doll had laid there on the bed just as her owner had left her, her mind eventually switching off into her sleep state; now when she felt movement on the bed, she began to wake up, she felt something heavy sit on her leg, but there was only slight pain, as he quickly realized and got off of her leg. She felt happiness that her owner had now returned, and she was eagerly waiting for him to use her again for his pleasure, she wanted nothing more than to please him. Soon she got her wish as she watched her owner quickly undress and then climb into bed with her, next he rolled over on top of her body, and without any foreplay, he entered her willing vagina, the left-over lube, and some remains of his spending from previous use of her sex allowing him easy access. She again felt wonderful; in her dolly mind, this is what she was made for, and her owner was using her as she was meant to be used.

Again, it didn't take long for her owner to finish; he seemed to be satisfied now and rolled over, ignoring her, she had been used for his pleasure, and now her owner drifted off to sleep. Unknown to her, it was a combination of a day's golfing, a few drinks, and it was late in the evening when he had returned to use his dolly. The Joy-doll was deeply satisfied that she had given pleasure to her owner; maybe he will use me again soon, she had thought to herself. The doll again going back into sleep mode, occasionally waking when her owner moved during the night but overall, she was left alone until the quickie the following morning. The fog of Joy's mind clearing from her doll state for a short while as he used her, and she wondered to herself if he would like to keep her this way, her desires to become and remain a doll eventually bringing her first climax as her husband/owner came inside her again.

Joy's day seemed to her to go in slow motion; she felt more active when she was being used by her owner and less so when he had finished with her and had left the doll laying on the bed to go off into the other rooms of the house. Each time that her owner had walked in, she had wished that he would use her again, though most times she found that she was to be disappointed, he did come in one time and make use of her inviting pleasure holes as the Silicone Doll company had described them in their literature, and then again leaving her in whatever position he had used her in.

Again to Joy in her doll mind, this was wonderful, more than she could have ever imagined in her wildest fantasies; here she was finally the doll of her dreams being used and discarded afterwards, though she had wanted him at some point to either push her off of the bed and leave her lying there like a discarded toy, or maybe place her back in the box she had been delivered in, stored away for later use, but she had no way of letting her owner know of her desires.

Meanwhile, her husband, now owner, had adjusted to the fact that the doll was indeed his wife, specially transformed for him to play with; he had finished reading the leaflet that came with the doll and now understood the process, he knew of her desires to be his sex doll and had often acted out the part for her, using her as she wished to be used and leaving her afterwards to get on with other things. The fact that she had now gone so far as to get herself transformed into a special gift for him, a proper silicone sextoy doll, was mind-blowing, and he wondered what thoughts were going through her mind, that was if, in fact, that she could still think and if her own desires were being met, he would have to ask her later when she was transformed back.

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Joy had been transformed on the Thursday; she had enjoyed being used by her owner over the following weekend, she had been used many times, and she had enjoyed giving her owner pleasure and had even found some of her own. Though mostly for the rest of the weekend, it was made up of periods when she was being used, and then left discarded on the bed, though one day there was a time that she was carried into the lounge room, Jerry, her owner, had felt lonely and had wanted some company while watching television. After the weekend was over, Jerry had to return back to work, so there were many hours when Joy was left alone, her mind drifting off into her doll fantasizes until eventually her mind went blank and she closed down, waiting for her owner to return to use her.

Jerry, meanwhile, had gotten used to the fact that his wife was now just a sex toy for him to use and then discarded afterwards; well, he had reasoned to himself that this was what she had so longed to become, so he had decided to make her fantasy a little more realistic, he had used her many times, all of the dolls feature holes had been well used by him, and he hoped that she had enjoyed being treated this way by him. He had even at one point pushed the doll onto the floor accidentally after sex; he had decided to leave it there until the morning—much to Joy's delight.

Though he did find that he had to clean the doll eventually, after many uses, the doll was starting to look a bit messy and unclean; picking up the doll and taking it to the bathroom, he had placed the doll into the bath and filled it enough to get to all of the parts that needed cleaning underwater, this was something that he had never done with his wife, she after all cleaned herself up after sex, and it was a unique experience for him to wash certain parts of the doll's anatomy.

As just a sextoy, I had meanwhile become accustomed to being used and then discarded by my owner; I had long forgotten to call him by any other name now, to my mind, he was just owner, and I found that I loved it when I was being used but not so much when he left me for so long between times. The fact that my owner had to leave home to go to work was not on my mind, and I felt in my mind that my owner was taking too long between using his sexdoll.

Those times when I wasn't being used allowed my mind to fog over even more, and I drifted into many fantasizes about being used by others, sold and traded by many owners, it was becoming harder to distinguish a time when I was not a sex doll to be used, and it seemed to me that I had never been a normal human female, before my mind shut down entirely, all thoughts lost for now until my owner returned to use his sex doll.

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After the first weekend, every day was much the same, Jerry had to work and was away from the house for 12 hours a day, the doll was left wherever it was last used; he had become used to having a sexdoll around and having used it then left it to get on with other things. He even began to think of Joy more like a doll for his use than his wife, taking the doll for his pleasure and discarding it without another thought. Joy had also come to think of herself as more doll than human, the thought that she was once Jerry's wife a distant memory, stored away somewhere in the deep recesses of her mind, to her she was

her owner's doll, a sextoy to be used by him and then left, if Joy could have thought any other way like she used to, she would have been delighted that she had become what she had so desired.

The next weekend was approaching, and Jerry wondered if he should extend the dolls stay or send it back to the factory to be restored; he'd had the doll for a week now and had wondered to himself about keeping his wife this way, though at times he did feel lonely in the big empty house, it was handy having the doll to use and then discard, and the fact that his wife, now doll, had wanted to be kept and treated this way had made up his mind to extend her stay. He rang the factory and spoke with Sheila, who informed him that the contract that his wife signed allowed him to extend her stay as his doll for as long as he wished and that she was his doll to use however he wanted to. Happy now that he had found out about her desires to remain as his sextoy, he thanked Sheila for the information and hung up the phone.

Another weekend with his wife as a sexdoll would fulfill her desires, he thought to himself, she after all, started the whole process, and it would be a waste to not take advantage of their time together as her owner, and that is what he did. Over the weekend, he managed to make good use of the doll; much to the dolls delight, she had missed her owner during the week while he was at work, and now finally, she was being put to good use, like a good dolly should be she reasoned to herself. Jerry used the doll in several of the rooms in the house, even placing the doll face down on the kitchen table and using it from behind, something that he had wanted to do with his wife for a long time, and he wondered if he should do this when she was restored back.

Joy meanwhile was in dolly heaven, here she was being used again by her owner, she had missed him when left alone for so long, now it seemed that he wanted to take his doll and make use of her, she even loved it when he moved her from room to room, she found herself in many positions, some that she may have felt uncomfortable with if she were her a real woman, but in her dolly like mind she didn't care what position her owner was taking as long as she gave him pleasure she was happy, even if her own was to be denied her, she didn't mind, she was one happy doll. She found herself being carried from room to room, dressing her in a variety of outfits, her owner then using her and leaving her in whatever state she was in, then coming back later and using her again.

But all good things come to an end; now with the second weekend coming to a close, he had better make good use of the doll before he had to repackage it for the return trip back to the factory. He had decided that he would send the doll back on the Monday; she had been his doll now for over eleven days, he had enjoyed overall using her as his sextoy, and wondered if she had felt the same way, he had hoped that she had also enjoyed her extended session as his doll, though he knew that would have been what she would have wanted. Though he did have some thoughts about just keeping her this way, it would be hard to explain to family members that his wife was now just a sex doll and that she wanted to remain that way.

In the morning, he used the doll one last time; well it was just lying there waiting for him to use her, so he thought that he might as well. He also thought afterwards that maybe he had better clean the doll before returning it, and after wiping the doll over with a wet cloth he decided that was good enough,

the leaflet from the company had said that all dolls, when returned, would be thoroughly cleaned, so no need for him to be overzealous.

* * * *

Joy meanwhile, was happy that her owner was using her again, she liked being his doll and wanted to stay this way, not that she could express her own desires to him, she was just a silicone doll after all, and they don't have desires of their own, they are just made to give pleasure to their owners. Though she may have had something to say when she saw him attempting to clean her up afterward, she knew that he wasn't particularly good at cleaning up around the house, but his rudimentary cleaning of her used body would have given her shivers if she could have them.

Joy felt disappointment when she felt herself being carried back into the garage to where her delivery box lay; she had wanted him to keep her like this, in her doll mind, she had thought that maybe that her owner was taking her to another room in the house to use her again, or maybe put her on display, she liked being left in the various rooms of the house, it was less mundane than being left in the bedroom. Now it seemed to her dolly mind that her owner had tired of her and was returning her back to the factory or even selling his doll to another.

But she felt him lower her back into the cardboard box, and she could see the look on his face as he got her ready to return to the factory; she wanted to remember what her owner looked like before being shut away and sealed inside, waiting to be picked up. Now laying there, she saw him run his hands one last time over her silicone flesh before he began to pour the packing peanuts back in the box, covering up her body in the process and eventually covering her face. Her vision now obscured by the packaging, she lay there as the darkness folded over her as he resealed the box that the doll had come in, now to all intents, the box was just like any other, the contents hidden inside.

Jerry was unsure when the box would be picked up, but he couldn't stay at home all day waiting; he had a lot of work to do today, so after sealing the box containing the sexdoll, he turned and left the garage, leaving his transformed wife to be returned back to the factory and to be restored and later come home again, though he was not too sure when that would happen, hopefully, his wife would be waiting for him as usual when he returned home after work, but he didn't know how long it would take to restore his wife to her usual non-silicone self.

The sounds outside of her box drifted off as her husband/owner left the garage to get himself ready for work, lying there in the garage, the sounds of her owner's footsteps receding into the distance, she could only recall the times that she had been used by him, a delightful memory for her to retain and store away for future use. The doll lay inside the box, her thoughts drifting back to the many times that she was used by her owner, many pleasant memories of her time as his sex doll would last her entire life.

4: Return to the factory.

The doll's thoughts were eventually interrupted when it heard the garage door opening, the box containing her doll form was then picked up, and it was placed on a trolley; they then wheeled the box out of the garage on the doll's way either back to the factory, or onto a new owner.

They placed the box inside the vehicle among the others that were already stacked inside; the driver strapped down the latest box and drove off to pick up a couple more before he was due to return to the factory; Monday's were always his busiest days with the return of the weekend rentals, to him this doll was just another weekend hire, he had no knowledge of the doll inside, he just knew that someone had rented a sexdoll and that he was picking up the used doll to return to the factory. Meanwhile, inside the box, the doll was again lost in her sexdoll fantasy world, where she was being shipped to her new owner; even though she had loved her last owner, and she was unsure why she felt that way, but she knew that she would need to ready for whatever her new owner would want from her.

The vehicle ultimately made its way back to the factory; the doll boxes were unloaded and left in the loading dock for the factory to process them. Joy had felt the movement of her box and was looking forward to seeing her new owner, not realizing that she had been returned to the factory to be restored, something that she had no desire at present for that to happen, she would have been happy to remain as a doll. The factory workers assigned to the returned dolls soon arrived and began removing the dolls from their boxes, placing each one into the frames that carried the dolls throughout the factory; each doll then moved down a production line towards a machine that cleaned the returned doll inside and out. Each doll, as it entered, lost the hairpiece that had been placed on it prior to delivery, all clothing was stripped and shredded by the machine, careful not to damage the dolls themselves, then the naked doll form was moved into the wash bay.

Joy waited inside the box for her turn, and she was surprised when her box was opened only to find herself back in the factory; overcoming the initial shock, she felt the hands of the workers picking up her doll body and placing her into one of the frames that she had been placed into on the production line.

Reluctantly, as my doll-like fog lifted, I realized that I had been returned to the factory by my owner/husband, and the thought occurred to me that my time as a sexdoll was coming to an end. I began to accept that I would now be returning to my normal self, though I doubted that I would ever be 'normal' again, for I knew in my own mind that I would have to transform again soon.

Now hanging there, my mind clearing as I felt the line move and I watched as the doll in front of me lose its hair, then the machine sliced off the clothing the doll was wearing; meanwhile, my own hair had now gone, and soon my clothes followed, I now felt naked and though I would have been embarrassed had I not been a doll, I found that as a doll that I could do nothing to stop whatever was happening to me. Entering the machine in front of me, I felt the spray of water hitting my naked silicone flesh; my legs were then pulled to each side and probes entered into my sex and rear, another entered my mouth, and they began the job of cleaning the insides of the doll that I was. I felt the probes push their way inside and the water washing me, it would have been uncomfortable if I wasn't a doll, the shock of which caused the last of the remaining dolly fog, as I had come to know it as, to clear.

Once through the cleaning process, my body was blow-dried, and then I was moved to a storage room along with all the other doll blanks, as they were now, left hanging there in the frame as they finished draining the internal fluids used to clean them. The staff left the dolls here before they were moved on to either be reprocessed or transformed back.

Each doll, when they had returned, had been entered into the computer system that maintained the inventory of the company's stock of dolls by the production line workers, some of these dolls were destined to be hired out again, either now or sometime in the near future. Some of the dolls had requested to remain this way, while others were fulfilling a contract they had signed with the company, all of the dolls were part of the stock that the factory owned, including me, I had delighted at the fact that I was indeed just another doll. I had willingly signed the contract stating this, any of the dolls that the company owned could be used for whatever purpose the company deemed fit, even though my contract was only for the one-time dollification, legally I could be retained and used by them should they so wish.

But the company currently had plenty in their stock of rental dolls at the moment, so unfortunately for me, I would be disappointed not to be sent out back to a new owner as I wished, but I was moved from the storeroom back towards the transformation machines. Here I would have to wait in line for Sheila to attend to me. Mondays, again being the busiest day for the week with all of the returnees, Sheila would work her way through all of the dolls waiting to be transformed back. Each one was placed into a vacant machine, and the whole reverse process was started; each doll would take about 6-8 hours to restore, it was longer than being transformed into a doll, but the time needed to return them was the price each doll had to pay, the company couldn't rush the process even if they wanted to, changing from silicone back to real flesh took time, so each doll would have to wait their turn.

With the limited number of machines and the number of doll returnees on the Monday, some dolls would have to wait as the backlog cleared; this was the case with me; it wouldn't be until Tuesday morning that I could be restored at this stage. Sheila had spoken with my husband regarding returning me on the Monday and had told him of the delays in processing, and he said that he was quite happy to wait for his wife's eventual return, safe in the knowledge that she would be enjoying her extended time as a doll. He had even indicated that she could stay a little longer if required; he would understand if they were snowed under with the returned dolls.

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Sheila now had what she had wanted, since laying her eyes on Joy when she first arrived, she knew that this woman was special and she had felt an attraction to Joy, more so than the other women she handled, she then walked back to where the doll blank that was the Joy doll was hanging and moved her doll form off the line and into a storage room, there were a couple of other dolls also waiting their turn in here also, and after playing with the doll initially, she thought that she would leave her here out of the way and come back later to have some more fun with this doll.

I wondered what was happening to me as I watched Sheila move my doll body into another room; I then felt Sheila's hands on my body, her soft, warm hands running over the smooth, cool silicone of my body,

Sheila's hands eventually finding the soft petals of my flower, as she began seeking out the hidden depths as her fingers entered into my pleasure center, after playing with me for a short while she managed to bring me to a long-denied incredible climax, and I wondered just how she had managed to bring this out of me.

Happy with herself, Sheila left the storeroom and closing the door behind her, knowing that the Joy doll would be waiting for, leaving the dolls hanging in their frames. Sheila returned to work, 'Well, the dolls won't transform themselves,' she said to herself. She did return much later to play with me some more, to Sheila this was more like forbidden fruit, she would be fired if the company found out that she made use of the transformed women this way, but to date, not one has complained, and some have even longed for more from her.

I was left in the storeroom until last, the other dolls hanging in their frames were removed and eventually transformed back, and other dolls that had arrived after I had returned to the factory were also processed by the technicians before I was. Sheila had put a hold notice on the doll blank that was the Joy doll, so no other technician would change me back, unsure as to what the hold was for. Sheila had kept me back to enjoy playing with my body. Sheila had thought about taking this doll home with her, but she would lose her job if anyone ever found out, so she had to be content to play with the doll inside the factory.

The backlog had now been cleared by late Tuesday evening, too late for the Joy doll to be done, she would have to wait until Wednesday morning, so this gave Sheila extra time to work her magic fingers on the doll, and she was hoping that she could implant some sort of fond memory in the doll that would want to her to be taken home by Sheila should she return and become a rental doll.

I had enjoyed the extra time as a doll, though hanging in the storeroom was dull. I often just blanked out, only to be woken again when Sheila joined me in the room, I had started to think that maybe that Sheila was my new owner. I found that I didn't mind, I was a sex doll, after all, to be played with and used, and if that owner was female, it didn't matter to this doll, I began to reason, especially as this new owner was able to bring out the beautiful feelings that I was experiencing from her female owner's hands and mouth.

But with all the other dolls now returned back to their former selves, it was time for Sheila to reluctantly return Joy back to her non-silicone self. The Joy doll awoken again by Sheila's magic touch, one last time thought Sheila before she had to change this one back. After the wonderful climax, I was ready to be taken away by her new owner, but I was surprised when my body was lifted off of the frame and placed inside one of the transformation machines. I felt a wave of disappointment and rejection go through me; didn't my new owner understand that I wanted to remain a doll for her to own and use.

Sheila, after many questions from the other technicians, decided that it was time to change Joy back, she had had her fun with this doll and hoped that sometime in the future, she could play some more with this one. She carried the doll from the storeroom and over to the transformation machine, where she placed the doll on its back facing the ceiling; she then pulled up the latex sheet and again added the mouthpiece to the doll, it would be required to allow her to breathe again when the time came.

Closing the lid of the machine sealing the doll inside, she walked over to the control panel and starting the process to restore the doll back to their human self. Grudgingly pressing the button to start the process, Sheila walked off; she had other dolls waiting to be made, there seemed to be more and more women wanted to be dolls these days it seemed.

5: Home again

Both Jerry & I had liked the whole transformation week (and a bit), though it took a while for my mind to finally accept that I was a woman again and not a doll, though Jerry didn't mind when he used me as his sextoy, with my mind drifting in and out of my dolly world, the fog ultimately lifting. After talking it through, we began to plan on doing it again soon. I had told him about how as a doll, my body could feel the way he touched me and used me; I had told him of my wonderful experiences of when he had used me as his sextoy during my time as his doll.

He was surprised and somewhat guilty of taking advantage of me the way that he had, especially anally, but I told him that once I was his sex toy that I was his to use however he wished to, I was, after all, just his sextoy to play with, and I couldn't or wouldn't object to however he used me, even if I wanted to, I told him with a cheeky smile

I told him that I had loved every minute of it, even the times when I was totally ignored and left alone, though I did have to let him know that I would prefer it when I was left elsewhere in the house, the bedroom ceiling became boring after staring at it for so long I joked. Then I told him that one of my desires to be used and discarded by him on the floor had been fulfilled, he had apologised for leaving me there, which I told him that it was what I had wanted to happen be exploited and then disposed of.

I even suggested that next time that maybe that he could return my doll's body back to the box, to be sealed inside when he left for work to await his return, or that maybe he could put my dolly body on display, just like the dolls that I had seen back in the office of the transformation company and told him what they looked like. He agreed to maybe put the doll back in the box if I so wished, though to leave the doll on display may prove a bit more complicated, as it may be seen by other people who entered the house or be seen from outside by a nosy neighbor, he felt too embarrassed to have the doll displayed this way, but he promised that maybe in the bedroom it would be possible to have the doll on display and it would be something that he would have to work out.

Happy with how things had progressed, for now, I was satisfied that some of my wishes would be achieved the next time that I was transformed into a sex doll; I would have to settle for some sort of compromise with Jerry. Otherwise, he may just go off the whole idea of me being his doll. So, I took his hand and pulled him towards the bedroom, saying, "This dolly needs to thank her owner for looking after her."

6: The Next session

Now after talking with my husband, come owner, for I still had thoughts about him being my owner and doubted that would change any time soon, I expressed my own needs to again be a silicone sex doll for

him to use; after all, we had both enjoyed the initial session I had reasoned with him, though on my part it was far too short, over the past few weeks I had stated to him my many thoughts, desires, and fantasies about becoming his sex doll again, but this time I said that I wanted to spend much longer as the doll.

We both discussed the length of time that I was to be a doll again; I had wanted to remain that way for much longer than he wished for me to be his sex doll; my desire was to be his doll for a month. He disagreed and explained to me that he missed my company and while having the doll was handy to have in bed, he still missed talking with me and having my presence around the house. So, a compromise was made in that I would remain a doll for two weeks this time, maybe slightly longer depending just how much he longed for my company, though he did joke that it would be very peaceful with me out of the way, and he did have some holidays planned, maybe fishing and more golf, both of which he knew I disliked, so I hoped that he would keep me as his sexdoll for at least a month or more before returning me to the factory to be restored.

"I'll leave it up to you to decide," I told him, hoping that he would keep me as the doll longer. "but we agree then that at least two weeks as your sexdoll would be good, and if you want to keep me longer..." I winked at him, letting him know that I would be okay if he wanted to keep me as his sextoy.

"Two weeks, maybe a little more, but that depends on how I feel, okay?" he said to me.

"Fine, two weeks, but you must treat me as nothing more than your sexdoll, leave me where I fall even if on the floor, and maybe put me on display somewhere, please," I replied.

"Okay, sex doll it is then, but don't come crying afterwards that I didn't use you enough or left you too long somewhere," he stated.

"I won't, I promise, and don't forget that I want to spend some time back in the box when you're not using me or away at work. I want to feel like nothing more than your doll, treated as just a sextoy, used in any way you like, and then discarded afterwards, agreed?" I asked.

"Agreed," he said.

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Now happy, at least for the time being, I was soon headed off back to the factory for my conversion back to my silicone doll self. I had looked forward to this day now for weeks, and I would have returned sooner, but the cost of the transformation made the decision difficult, though, in the end, I found that I had more than enough saved in my own account to have the transformation done. I began to wonder while on the journey to the factory how I could get cheaper or maybe even free transformations, and that I would have to discuss this with the staff at the factory.

Now back at the factory I quickly entered the reception area, the dolls still in their cabinets, where I found Sheila, the assistant who had helped me the last time was waiting for my arrival, we greeted each other like old friends, and headed off into an office to complete the necessary paperwork for my

upcoming transformation. I was happy to see Sheila again, I had enjoyed it when she had kept me back and had played with me as just another sexdoll, and for some reason, in my dolly mind, I felt that Sheila was now also my owner, just like Jerry, and that I could be taken by her and used just like a good dolly should be.

Inside the office, and once I had again signed the consent form, I asked Sheila about ways of getting transformed without breaking the bank. Sheila then told me about the ways that the company offered no-upfront cost transformations for those women who were willing and wanted to be rented out and used by clients, either in the rental client's own home or at other locations like hotels, etc. But once they were transformed this way, the women became the company's stock of rental dolls until the debt owed from the transformation process is paid off, as well as some form of interest on the loan. Usually, it took between two to four weeks generally to pay off all the expenses incurred, and that was dependant on how many times they were hired out, though she told me that some women choose to stay on longer and build up credit for future transformations.

Each of the women who were transformed into a rental doll were kept here in the factory, Sheila told me, stored between rentals as a silicone doll, waiting to be hired out again until their contract term was completed, some of them even wanting to remain longer, although six months was deemed to be the limit, after that it had been found that the mind of the transformed doll was too far gone to be returned to normal functioning. Having experienced my own mind changing to think of myself as nothing more than a doll, owned and available to be played with, I accepted that it would be dangerous to stay any longer as a doll, that was unless I wanted to become the sexdoll I had so desired to be permanently.

But the thought of being rented out and used gave me some wicked thoughts, and I wondered if I could go through with it just to experience being transformed again, paying off the contract by being hired out and used. Would I go that far to experience being a sexdoll again? I did wonder, though deep down, I already knew the answer. I also wondered what had happened to the dolls who had gone over the six-month limit and asked Sheila.

Sheila smiled as she answered Joy's questions; she had hoped that Joy would want to become another rental doll in the company's inventory and that Sheila would make sure that she would be the first to hire this doll when it was transformed, she had so many plans for her, it would be something that they both would not forget in a long time, she would make sure of it and maybe get to keep this one for her own. But as for what happened to the other dolls, she didn't want to say anything, other than to inform her that the dolls were well looked after by the company.

Now that the paperwork was out of the way and that Sheila had answered any questions that I had wanted to ask, we moved on to the next stage of the process; here again, my body was scanned and probed internally, now I was not so surprised when the probes entered my inner parts. The cleaning stage was quicker this time, after all, I did not have any hair on my body after the first time, though the wash after several times will make my skin more silicone in appearance and less like ordinary flesh, this was another side effect that I had been told about, but I had accepted as the price to pay for my desires, and who didn't want smoother looking skin.

Finally, we then moved on to the transformation room; here was the bed that I remembered from last time, even the vivid sexual dreams I'd had when I was here last. I began the process with Sheila's help, laying my now naked body back into the mold, my legs again taking the now familiar doll-like position, I laid there whilst Sheila brought up the top latex sheet to encase my body inside, the tube entering between my teeth, a future reminder that my mouth was just another one of the dolls pleasure holes.

Encasing her client inside the latex sheet, Sheila made sure that everything was in place before going to the control panel to begin the transformation process. Sheila liked watching the latex sheet form around the body of the female encased within; they all looked so sexy covered in the shiny material, so much so that she had taken to wearing latex herself when away from work, she had even hired some of the transformed dolls herself and had dressed them in latex for her to display in her home, and later make use of. Sheila thought to herself while looking at the sheet as it formed around Joy that she would look good in her own home, dressed in latex and displayed in all its shiny glory, maybe one day she thought remembering the questions that she had been asked about the rental dolls.

Leaving her latest client to be transformed, she would be ready in about four hours; Sheila had a couple of other clients that were being processed down the production line at this very moment, she'd better get her skates on if she didn't want to miss them in the inspection bay, which has happened in the past, her co-worker missing a client that had been shipped out and sold, the punishment for her mistake was to spend a few weeks as a doll being rented out by the company, something that she had enjoyed so much that she was now in the regular rotation of women who were transformed in the dolls to be rented out, not that Sheila had those desires, she preferred to use the dolls for her own ends and had even rented her co-worker one weekend, much to each other's amusement and delight.

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Meanwhile, I laid there in the transformation machine as it went to work converting my body, my own fantasies of being used by others taking over my mind as the latex clamped down and held my body in position; the drugs soon put me in a sleep-like state and made my dreams even more vivid than I could even consider, the faceless men and now it seems women, using my body over and over again, relentless in their pursuit of pleasure by using the doll's body for their own needs, my mind was lost in a sea of lust.

I came too after the transformation had taken place, with the latex sheet being lifted off me by Sheila and the familiar feeling of her tickling my feet causing me to feel it inside but unable to express my feelings on the outside. Sheila, satisfied with another transformation, quickly moved her latest doll off the table and onto a trolley, ready to move towards the production line and hang in one of the frames. But this day, she was heavily overbooked, she was covering for her transformed co-worker who at this very moment was being transported to her next rental client as part of the company's stock, so this left Sheila to fill in as best as she could.

Leaving the latest doll on the trolley, she brought in the next client, again she prepared this one the same as the others and again admired the latex sheet as it enclosed around their body, then starting the transformation process by activating the machine. Sheila was distracted from her work when she was

called out to the front office; another client had just arrived and was waiting for her to process. She completely forgot about the recently completed Joy doll blank laying there on the trolley and headed off to the next client in her hectic day.

Meanwhile, all I could only lay there and stare at the ceiling, I was unable to move and even more call out to Sheila, and I wondered what was going on; this was unusual to be left lying here like this. Suddenly I felt some movement, the trolley I was placed on was now being moved, and I tried to look up to see who it was but could only make out the outline of a male person, it was not Sheila, and I felt slightly embarrassed at being naked in front of this unknown person, though I had many fantasies of being taken by unknown men.

Unfortunately, the paperwork that accompanied each doll had been mixed up, the paperwork that the guy had picked up from the transformation console belonged to another woman who had earlier been transformed and was waiting in storage, he had gotten his orders mixed up and found the now naked doll blank that he assumed was the doll he wanted, waiting for him to move on to processing, all of the doll blanks looked the same to him. My paperwork had fallen onto the floor and was left there waiting to be found later.

With the factory being somewhat busy that day and with everyone under pressure to complete the orders waiting for processing and delivery, some of the safeguards in place were overlooked, the guy collecting this doll blank had not scanned the barcode printed on the doll's body, but instead used the barcode on the production form, meaning that Joy was now destined to take the place of the other woman. By some other misfortune, the doll that Joy was now replacing was taken later by the same guy to the production line not long after getting Joy in place, again he used the paperwork he had found on the floor to scan for the product to be prepared, this doll destined to replace Joy and be delivered to her home.

Unaware of the mistake that had happened, I had now been placed in the frame that held all the dolls for the production line staff to work on, and I could only wait to enter the line of dolls being worked on that day. I was quite content to wait my turn, though I did look forward to some of the things that would happen to me on the production line and later being used again by my owner. Soon I was on my way along the line, and I didn't know at the time that the doll not far behind me on the line was the other woman destined to take my place.

The line moved quickly; each doll was worked on by one of the workers and then moved on to the next, each not having time to confirm any details, not that they had the required access to the barcode details other than what the doll specifications and requirements were.

When Sheila returned, she found the doll on the trolley had been taken and found out that she had indeed been moved and was now on the production line. However, Sheila thought that she had time before the doll would reach the end of the line and into the inspection bay, where she would complete the process. Still, today she had too many clients to handle correctly. It was decided by her manager to leave her in the transformation area and get someone else to process the inspections, which they left to a newly appointed junior staff member to handle. It turned out that she had no training in the final

handling of the dolls other than to process the main line of silicone dolls that the company made, not the ones that the company transformed into dolls. Just like the previous employee, she too scanned the paperwork rather than the doll; well, that is what her training with the standard dolls had been taught to her; after all, it didn't matter which silicone doll the client received unless they were a particular order as most of the dolls looked the same.

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Now that my make-up was finished, I was moved down the line for final inspection, and here I would meet up with Sheila again, who would prepare me in the clothing that I had brought with me and then be packaged ready for delivery. But I was surprised to see the other employee waiting for me, she looked to me to be no older than 18, maybe even less, and I wondered what had happened to Sheila. Accepting that maybe Sheila was busy, I didn't take any notice when the girl scanned the accompanying document instead of my own barcodes and just got myself ready to be dressed and passed on to the delivery bay. It was only when the clothing that the girl was applying to my doll body was not what I had requested that I started to realize that some mistake had been made, I was being dressed in some fetish attire, it glistened in the light and was very tight against my body, this resembled the latex sheet back in the transformation room, so I thought that it was indeed latex that I was being dressed in.

There was no way that I could communicate with the girl that some sort of mistake had happened and that she was dressing me in the wrong clothing. I could only watch as the girl continued to dress me in the outfit requested on the worksheet. This it seemed to include cuffs around my wrists and ankles, which again seemed to be made of latex, judging by the feel and shininess in the light, and I wondered to myself who would require a sexdoll that wasn't able to move on its own to wear some form of restraints and I began to wonder how they would be used. Somehow unless of some last-minute rescue, I would be finding out sometime soon. I had thought that maybe my husband and owner was having a joke played on me being dressed this way, but when I was moved onto the trolley for the next stage, I saw the clothing that I had brought along waiting for me, this it seems would go on to the other doll now coming to the end of the production line.

I watched as the lights changed as my finished doll's body was wheeled by the girl out to the delivery bay, where it was picked up by the two men and placed inside a delivery box, again my limbs were fastened, and soon my vision was blocked by the packing peanuts filling the remaining space inside the box. Now the process of packaging was completed, the instruction paperwork added inside with the doll, the guys folded over the top and sealed the doll inside the box as they did with the hundreds of dolls that passed through for delivery, without another thought, they moved on to the next doll to be packed and processed.

Meanwhile, the girl returned in time for the other doll to be dressed in my clothes and again scanning the paperwork rather than the doll, this one was prepared in the clothing specified and passed on to the guys in delivery to be boxed and made ready for delivery. Sheila had meanwhile found some spare seconds in her day and visited the girl taking her place and seemed to be happy that things were going okay; she had just witnessed another client being boxed and made ready for delivery, seeing that the

clothing that the doll was wearing was what I had requested to wear, she too assumed that the doll in the box was the right one and that soon I would be happily be delivered to my home to be used by my owner.

For now, I could only lay there in the box that contained my doll body and wonder where I would be going, and also would the factory realize that they had made a mistake. Then I started to think if my husband realize that I was not there when the doll was delivered for him to use later in the day, but with the factory producing dolls that all looked the same, I doubted that he would be able to tell that the doll wasn't me, but he would be using the doll that replaced me. I felt a twinge of jealousy at him being with the other doll.

My thoughts were interrupted when I felt my box being moved; I was being placed inside a vehicle ready to be dropped off to whoever my new owner was going to be. I also wondered what they were going to do to me, especially dressed the way I was; the restraints held some foreboding of my future, having had a bad experience of bondage beforehand. But there was nothing I could do at this point; I was now just another doll on her way to be delivered, just like the doll that had replaced me.

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Now laying there inside my box as the vehicle delivering me to my fate and new owner made its rounds, each stop making me think that this was going to be mine, in the end, my box was the last to be delivered, and it was well after dark when I was placed on the trolley and wheeled to my new owner. I heard some voices outside of the box, and after some movement, my box was placed inside the home. I had been delivered and now awaited my fate.

The sounds outside of the box ceased for a while, and I was slightly startled out of my slumber when I heard and then felt the box being opened, the light from outside blinding me as the packing peanuts were swept away from my face. I looked up to see who my owner was and was surprised to see a female face staring down at me as I lay there still bound to the box. I was somewhat surprised at what I saw and looked up to see another face staring at me, this time a male, but he was dressed in the same shiny material that I had been dressed in. The female seemed to be in charge and ordered the male to remove me from the box. He quickly complied and had me out of the box, holding me up for her inspection.

Satisfied that the doll had been dressed as ordered, I was carried from where my box had been placed by the male down a corridor to another room, this one darker, and I soon found out why. This was their playroom dungeon where they indulged their fetishes, and I was to be the addition to their games this week. They had hired a doll from the factory to be used by them and, I found out later, by other people who shared their interests.

I had wondered what they wanted with a doll dressed as I was, and the cuffs attached to my limbs were soon put to use, my wrists were attached to something firm behind me, I hadn't seen the entire room when I was carried in, quite quickly my wrists were spread out and attached to some fixed point behind me, and soon my ankles were spread and again fastened to something, not that I could have moved

anyway, so to me, it was pointless restraining me, but there was nothing that I could do but let my new owners use me as they wished.

She seemed happy with the way that I was positioned, the cuffs spreading my limbs outwards in a star-like way, the outfit that I was wearing, and the restraints all seemed to have her seal of approval; all I could do was hang there and await their desires. She moved over to a bench just out of my sight and brought back something black and shiny, which she began placing on my head; after removing the wig I had been given back in the factory, she covered my now bald head in this new enclosure, which I found out was a hood. This was followed by a collar placed tightly around my neck to hold my head in place, not that I could move it anyway, but I supposed that it completed the look that she was after.

Next, she came back with some shiny barbs of metal, I didn't know what they were for, but I felt her hands grabbing my breasts; the clothing I was wearing had detachable breast coverings, releasing my breast from their enclosure, she held each nipple in her hands and pushed a needle through each, followed shortly by the metal barbs she had brought with her. I felt the intense shock of pain as she pierced my nipples, though to her on the outside, she was unaware of the pain she had just caused me, and now my nipples sported metal bars through them.

I was not happy at this point, but again being just a doll, all I could do was accept what was happening to me; I was here to be used by my owners, I was just a silicone sex toy to them, and they wanted to use me for their own perverted pleasures without any regard for the desires or feelings of the doll before them. To them, I was supposed to be the rental doll whose place I had taken, and I wondered if they had known the doll that was supposed to be here and they were treating me the way that she would have wanted, not something that I was going to find out anytime soon.

Now the female returned with more metal barbs, and I wondered where she was going to put them, again it didn't me take long to find out and the pain as she pierced my outer labia to place the barbs was intense, something that I had never experienced as she threaded each one through until she was satisfied with the results. Both my nipples and my sex were now burning from the pain of the piercings they had received, and I hoped that she had finished with my torment.

Happy with the look she had achieved with her new plaything, she stood back to admire her work, taking in all of the fetish wear and bondage that she had placed me in, and the way she had me displayed the doll for her amusement it seemed to me. Satisfied with the results, she had the male polish the latex that covered me, he seemed to enjoy being dominated by the female as he carried out her orders without any complaint, and I wondered what they did in real life away from their playroom.

Now that I was completed, she turned to what I assumed to be another latex covered doll that was also bound like I was, the limbs fastened to a metal frame that seemed to hang in the air, the doll was totally covered from head to toe in the same latex material, the shine from it reflecting in the low light of the room. The doll didn't move when touched, just like me, and she had the male polish this doll to shine as well as my own latex did. Once he had finished, they both left the room, and the light switched off, leaving the two dolls in darkness as the door to their playroom was closed and locked from the outside.

A funny thought occurred to me as I hung there in the frame, here I was, a silicone sex doll unable to move on my own, bound to the wall and now locked away and unable to escape, there was no way I could anyway, and it just seemed to me bizarre that they would treat the dolls this way, but they were the ones in charge, or rather she was and all us dolls could do was wait to see what they wanted from us. I was now owned by them, and there was nothing I could do to change things now, and I would have to accept whatever fate that they had in store for me.

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In the meantime, the doll that had taken my place had been delivered to the home that I shared with my husband/owner, now former owner it seemed at this point, he had opened the box to find the doll dressed in my clothing and assuming that the doll was me, he had taken it from the box and into our bedroom, where he made good use of the doll thinking that was what I had wanted, taking his time to use each of the featured pleasure holes that all good dollies have. He didn't see any difference in the doll that had been delivered, it looked the same as last time except for the clothing, and he had seen me wear those clothes before, so again assumed that the doll was me.

I wondered what the other doll was thinking as she was being used by my husband, not knowing at the time that she was one of the rental dolls, so that she was used to being hired out to clients for however long they wanted and for whatever desires they had for the dolls, so this didn't come quite as a shock as mine had to me.

My thoughts were interrupted when the lighting came back on and the door opening; I was expecting to see the female enter followed by her male partner, but this time there were two females with the male, each was covered head to toe in the black latex that seemed to be the common theme in this house, if at that moment they hadn't been wearing the face coverings I would have recognized the other woman.

It was only later when she spoke that I realized that the other woman was Sheila from the factory, and that was after she had used me for her pleasure, the large strap-on that she wore was put to good use by her, and she seemed to know how to use it effectively, not only bringing herself to climax but also me in the process, something that I hadn't thought possible, having never had sex with another woman before. She, like my husband, had me confused with the other woman, as she seemed to know the name of the doll that I had taken the place of, and again took her time using me for our mutual pleasure. It occurred to me that she had hired the other doll before and knew her from the factory; they seemed to more than just good friends and enjoyed each other's company away from the workplace.

While Sheila was using me, the other female was playing with the other doll, but she was using her strap-on from behind the doll while the male was on his knees in front of the latex doll. I wondered what they were up to, and it was only when Sheila moved away did I get a better look. It seemed that the other doll was a male version and also that the rubber doll that was currently sharing my time in the dungeon was indeed a human male and not the silicone doll I thought it was, dressed up head to toe in latex it had been hard to make out but now that the rubber doll was being used by the others I could hear faint moans coming from the other doll.

Sheila watched as the two used the other doll, I was now ignored and just part of the furniture, which I found that I liked, I had been used and discarded afterward, left hanging in my restraints, as the two worked on the other dolly. After they had used the two dolls, they left the room, and again the lights were extinguished, leaving the room in total darkness. I listened to the faint breathing of the other doll before drifting off into a sleep-like state.

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I was awakened again when the light returned, and I saw them enter the room again, this time not to use the two rubber dollies but to clean and prepare them for further use. The doll on the frame was removed from its position, the body limp as the restraints holding it were released, the doll falling to the floor and moved by the original male and female. Meanwhile, Sheila had returned and started to release the cuffs from the fastenings holding my limbs to the wall; she managed to carry me with ease, I supposed that she was used to carrying dolls back at the factory, and now she was treating me like any other doll, getting me ready for my next role.

I didn't have long to wait to find that I was going to replace the other doll in its previous location; my wrists fastened to the metal framework holding me in place; she then bent down and spread my legs and again fastened these to the frame with the cuffs I was wearing, binding them in place and tightening the chains that my cuffs were connected to, to stretch me until she was satisfied with the results tightly.

"There we go, dolly, all ready for the next round," she said to me. Again, I was polished to remove any marks on the latex and again left, but this time alone in the room as the other rubber doll had been carried out.

The next time the lights came back on, it was two latex clad females entering, each again was covered from head to toe, and I didn't know which one was Sheila or the other woman, but both sported the same strap-ons that had been used on me before, but this time it seemed I was destined to be taken by them both, one in front and one behind. Soon they got themselves in position, and they both managed to plunder my lower pleasure holes at the same time, each thrusting their strap-on into me; the pain was intense; I could feel them stretching my insides with the girth of the phallus they were wearing, but it seemed to give me an inner pleasure to be used by them this way, I was their sex toy after all, and they were using me how they wanted to, I was just here to provide them with the pleasure they sought from me.

I took some sort of feeling that no harm would come to me with Sheila being one of the ladies using me, that was until she walked into the room with another female in tow, with Shiela's face revealed as she had removed the latex hood that she had worn previously, this female with Shiela was clad in latex from head to toe, moving this other female over to a bench Sheila began strapping her down, soon she too was experiencing the sapphic delights of pleasure from someone using a strap-on whilst bound and unable to move.

Meanwhile, the two women continued to plunder my depths, each thrusting lifting my body into the air; it was only the restraints holding me in place that kept me fastened down enough for them to use me.

By the time the two women had orgasmed, by my count three to four times, that they finally stopped using me, my pleasure holes felt stretched as they withdrew the strap-ons they had used on me, and I wondered if I would ever be the same again. Sheila had also finished with her bound rubber doll and left the room, now again, the lights went out, and I was left alone, hanging from the bondage frame, with my thoughts.

I had wondered what my new owners would be like and how they would use their doll; I had now found out, I was just a rubber toy for them and their friends to use and abuse, to be kept bound the entire weekend, well a doll doesn't need to move or relieve themselves as humans do, they are only there to provide pleasure and then be ignored, discarded until they want to make use of the dolly again.

All weekend I was kept bound, covered in latex, and used by several people; I wondered if I would ever get to see my former owner/husband again, as I seemed destined to remain here in the clutches of the fetish couple who had either rented or bought me as their plaything, and I resigned to my fate, I had wanted to become just a sexdoll for others to use and I was now getting my wish. I had found out that weekend that I did enjoy bondage, and even sex with other females was no longer out of bounds now; being just a sexdoll, I was now available to everyone to use, and use me they did.

Four days later, I found my well-used and abused body carried out from the playroom; this was the first time I had been out of the room since arriving. They then stripped me of the latex clothing I was wearing, leaving me naked, the barbs that had pierced both my nipples and outer labia were removed, but the holes remained, something that I would keep from my time here even after returning back to being human again. I was then placed back inside my box and made ready for my trip back to the factory.

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It was only when I was returned to the factory that the mistake in switching me with the other doll was found out, and it was Sheila who was there to scan me back into the factory's stock of rental dolls who discovered the error. She had thought that the sex doll they had used all weekend was her work colleague, only to find that the barcodes didn't match.

Only after they had returned me back into my normal human female self that they started to apologize for the mistake, Sheila herself seemed to be most upset in what had happened, and knowing just how she had used me, I had a good understanding of why. She seemed to be mortified that the mistake had happened, even more in the way that she had used me. The company directors were worried that I would sue them for the error they had made in shipping me off to the wrong address.

I decided to keep quiet about the events that had happened to me while I was rented out, I thought that Sheila was in enough trouble without me adding to it. And after all, I was just a sex doll to her, being used like other sex dolls are, even though she thought I was someone else, still in the end, I discovered that I had enjoyed my time. Having had time to have a long think about things while inside my box waiting to be returned to the factory, I had found out what sex dolls are used for, not just for sex but to be displayed, used, and then discarded, which ticked all my boxes.

I finally reassured them that I wasn't going to sue the company; they had even satisfied me with the offer of free transformations in the future if I could trust them again. Then a thought suddenly occurred to me, what about the doll that took my place? Does my husband know that it isn't me? Sheila told me that they had not received a complaint from my husband and assumed that the doll currently in my home was still being used by him. I remembered that we had agreed on two weeks, possibly longer, I had only been a doll for four days now, and a wicked thought entered my head.

After Sheila had rung my husband to find out how happy he was with the doll he had received, as part of customer relations she had told him, he advised her that he would be keeping the doll for longer than first been arranged, he said that he knew that his wife liked being a sex doll and that he would probably be taking her away on a trip, so he said that he would be keeping the doll for at least another two to three weeks and hoped that it would be okay with the company if he contacted them when he wanted his wife changed back.

When Sheila told me this, she thought my first reaction would be rage, he was using a doll that wasn't his wife, but she was surprised when I said that it was good that he didn't know about the mistake; in fact, I wanted to go back to being a sex doll again, but this time to be just another rental doll. Well, I needed to replace the one that my husband was currently keeping, I said to her, and I had been having several fantasies of me being used by others, so the thoughts of me being used by other people other than my owners had some appeal to me, after all, that's what a sex doll is for, to be used, taken for someone else's pleasure and then discarded. So after filling out the required forms and releases that the company required, I was taken by Sheila back to be processed again.

When we were alone back in the transformation room, I did disclose to Sheila that I had enjoyed my time with her and looked forward to seeing her again when she next rented a sex doll. She placed her arms around me in a beautiful embrace, me naked and her fully clothed, her lips pressed up against mine in a delightful moment of tenderness. She told me that she would make sure that I would be used by her again soon. She also told me about the couple that I had been rented to; I had expressed some desire to find out more about them.

Sheila told me that the woman was a dominant friend of hers, the male who I had thought was her partner was, in fact, her live-in slave, it was the other male who was bound in the playroom with me that was really her husband, who liked to be dominated by his wife and others. Sheila then said that they had thought that the doll they had rented to play with was a friend of Sheila's who was into the same stuff that she was, but while being a doll herself, so they treated her as that doll/person would have wanted to be used and dealt with.

I said to her that after the initial shock of the mistake and the bondage, and although the piercings hurt, I found that I had enjoyed being their sex doll, used and kept by them as nothing more than another object in the room. I also said that I had liked the clothing that I was wearing. I confessed to Sheila that I hadn't worn latex before but found that I had enjoyed wearing it and maybe would like to wear it again in the future. I said that I was hoping that Sheila could arrange for me to be sent there again sometime soon; my mind made up that I would become the sex doll I wanted to be and rented out to be used by

others, though I wasn't too sure how it would go trying to talk to my husband about renting out his own doll while others used me as theirs.

Now back in the transformation machine, I looked forward to my next renter, and I wondered who it would be and what would they be doing to me; Sheila assured me that she knew who I destined to be rented to for my first time and that they were very special clients of the company and she knew that I would be happy with my time with them. I could only wonder and hope that they enjoyed me as much as I would enjoy them using me.

7: The Rental Doll

After I had agreed not to sue the company for their mistake in shipping me to the wrong address, to be used and abused by whoever rented me, I had decided to become part of the rental stock that the company hired out, my husband/owner would not be aware of this, he was satisfied with the doll that he thought was me, and he had even extended my time as a sex doll thinking that this would be what I had wished for. Which was true; I was happiest when being a doll, only now I would be finding out what other people did with their sex dolls, as I would now be rented out to be used by them.

The first people I was rented out to turned out to be a charming elderly couple; they both enjoyed spicing up their sex lives by hiring a sex doll for them to use, each one taking their time with the doll and having their fun before returning the doll back to the factory. I liked having them both use me, and they were gentle and considerate; they treated me more like a person than an object, something that I hadn't expected, after all, I was just a sex doll, an object to be used by whoever wanted me, so to say it was different would be an understatement. Still, they both managed to bring out several wonderful orgasms out of me as they used me, and the few days as their doll went fairly quickly.

Boxed up and shipped back to the factory, I was again scanned in as just another rental doll, processed with the other doll returns, and once cleaned I was left hanging by the doll's production framework in a storage room along with the other dolls. It had been agreed that I would not be returning back to my flesh and blood self for however long my husband desired to keep the other doll, that he thought was me, was eventually returned to the factory by him, and I was quite happy to stay this way.

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The next day I awoke to the frame that I was attached to being moved by one of the workers; I was now destined for the production line again; it seemed that my next rental had been made, and I was to be made ready for my next customer, I wondered who it would be this time. Again several hands touched me as my doll form made its way down the line, the part I looked forward to soon came into view, the girl painting my sex the required deep pink, also adding the required amount of lubricant as I hung there in my frame as she went to work, the feel of her fingers as they parted the outer folds of my sex to reveal the inner pleasure center was exquisite, and I wondered if she had a girlfriend, judging by the way she handled my sex, my thoughts drifting to her in bed with me as her sex doll, her fingers working their magic on me.

Now that she had finished with me, I was moved down the line; much to my disappointment, still, I had someone who had hired me waiting, so best get myself packaged up and delivered, can't disappoint the customer. Finishing up with the make-up lady, I knew that I would soon be in Sheila's hands again and looked forward to her tender touch; maybe she could even finish me off before I was packed away. Arriving at the inspection bay, I was disappointed again, Sheila was nowhere to be seen, I would be checked over by another female; this was the same one who had shipped me to the wrong address previously.

I hoped that she hadn't gotten into too much trouble for her mistake, though I did wonder if she would ship me off to the wrong address again, maybe to some sex store to be sold to someone, kept and used by them, never to come back to the factory, well a doll can dream. Though this time she did scan my own barcodes and checked with the paperwork that they matched, it seemed that she had learned her lesson for her previous mistake. And as there was no clothing or wig for me to wear, I was quickly passed over to the guys in the shipping and dispatch section.

Here they swiftly picked me up and placed my bald, naked doll's body in another box; again I was strapped down to prevent any movement, and the packing peanuts filled my vision as they covered me inside. Once filled, they closed the lid and sealed this dolly inside, a shipping label was attached, and I was stacked with other dolls waiting for their own delivery.

It didn't seem too long before I felt my box being dropped off to the person who had rented me; shortly after the delivery guys had dropped me off, the guy that had hired me opened the box and removed his rented sexdoll from the packaging. He carried me over to a lounge chair and sat me down; I could see that he was a middle-aged gent, nothing too special to look at, and I wondered what he would be doing with me first.

Moving the box out of the room, he returned to examine his new sextoy, his hands moving over my silicone flesh, the touch of his hands sending delightful tingly feelings through my body. I was then picked up by him and carried to another room, this one with a couple of desks and chairs, here he placed me down and walked over to a cupboard just out of my sight, he returned with some clothing that I guessed that he wanted his doll to wear.

As he started to place the clothing on me, I began to realize that he was dressing me up as a schoolgirl, the white blouse, a tie, and the short grey skirt with what seemed to be a bib-like affair, the straps of which came up over my shoulders, then he added a dirty blonde wig that had pigtails each side of my face, I would have laughed if I could have, but being just a doll for him to use I would have to accept whatever he wanted to dress me in, and how he wanted to use me, I being rented by him for however long that he had requested.

I had thoughts of him bending me over one of the desks in the room and using me from behind, and I was looking forward to him using me this way, I was a sexdoll after all, here to provide my new owner pleasure, to be used and discarded afterwards. Though I didn't know what this guy wanted, I would be finding out in due course, and eagerly waited for him to make his move and use this doll.

But I was then left as the man moved back over to the cupboard, he remained out of my sight for a while, I couldn't turn my head I was just a doll after all, but I could hear him moving, and it sounded like he was changing his clothes. When he walked back into my vision, I could see that he was also dressed in the same schoolgirl outfit that I was wearing; he even had the same wig on top of his head, the pigtails running down over his shoulders, this was really weird, and if I wasn't a doll and unable to move, I would have run out of there as fast as my legs would have carried me. But he didn't touch me again, but he moved to sit at the other desk next to mine and then waited. The room went very quiet, and I wondered what this guy was doing.

The door behind then opened after a short while, and I heard someone else walk into the room; the distinct sound of high heels clattering on the floor made me think that a woman had just walked into the room. I was right as an attractive woman, who appeared to be dressed like a school headmistress, complete with a black cloak and mortarboard hat, suddenly appeared in front of the guy dressed as the schoolgirl and me, she carried with her a wicked looking cane in her hands, and she kept swishing it about in the air, occasionally hitting one of the desks making a loud noise, I would have jumped if I could, but being a doll, I could only sit there and watch.

She began to single out the man on the desk next to mine, she called him by a girls name and only spoke of him as a female, the woman started to call 'her' names and belittle him, she then scolded the schoolgirl about 'her' appearance and went on to say that 'her' schoolwork was not up to standard. I could just see out the corner of my eye that she eventually had him bent over the desk, the schoolgirl skirt raised up over his back as she starts to cane him as punishment. The sound of the cane hitting his exposed flesh and the cries of pain from him reaching my ears, and I wondered if I was next in line to be treated this way.

After she had apparently punished 'her' enough, she dragged the schoolgirl out to the front of the class, here 'she' was made to get on 'her' knees in front of the headmistress, and then hiking up her skirt to reveal that she had no underwear under her outfit, she had the 'girl' service her. I watched as he moved his face deep into the crack between the headmistress's legs; I guessed that he was working his tongue over her pussy and, judging by the moans coming from the woman, that he was doing a good job.

All the while, the woman who was dressed as the headmistress looked directly at me, her eyes not leaving my body as she continued to be served by the other 'schoolgirl,' it looked like she wanted to use me next, and I could only sit there and await my fate. I did wonder what it would feel like to be caned by her, would it be too painful an experience for me, or would I find that it turned me to be used this way? I guess I would be finding out.

My thoughts were interrupted when the woman cried out her orgasm, her hands forcing the poor 'girl' deeper into her sex, holding 'her' head there until the last shivers of her climax had gone through her body. Recovering, she then grabbed the 'girl' and made 'her' crawl back to her desk; once there, the headmistress began to bind the 'girl' to the chair and then gagged 'her' leaving 'her' bound there as she moved on to the next schoolgirl, which was me.

But I didn't need to worry about being punished, apparently as she spoke to me and told me that my schoolwork had been exceptional and that I was to be rewarded for my efforts, unlike the other girl, who had deserved to be disciplined. Picking up my doll body from the chair I was sitting in, she moved me over to the desk that she had recently punished the other 'girl' on. I was placed face down on top of the desk like the other 'girl' previously and left there. Again, I wondered if she would be using the cane on me, even though she had stated otherwise, I was bent over and available should she want to and unable to stop her if she did.

When she returned, she was standing behind me and out of my vision, though the other 'girl' could see what the headmistress was doing, 'her' eyes fixed on the scene that was happening in front of him. It was only when I felt the initial probing of the hard strap-on that she was wearing that I figured out what she was about to do to me. My reward was her using my body, and I felt her push the hard phallus deep into my waiting hole; luckily, I had already been lubricated back at the factory, so it was easy for her to thrust the strap-on into me.

It was a bizarre scene to me; here were two schoolgirls being used and abused by their headmistress, and one of the girls was actually a man, this was not something that I certainly was used to, and I guessed that this was something like what the other rental dolls experienced when they were hired out, and it seemed that I could expect more of this in my future, the dolls having no say in who rented them or in how they were used by them.

The woman who was playing the headmistress managed to not only bring herself off with the strap-on but also the doll that she was using. Leaving me lying on top of the desk, she moved over to the other 'girl' and brought 'her' back to the desk, bending 'her' face down. She started to use the same strap-on that she had used on me on the other 'girl.'

Later on, once they were finished with me, they both stripped me of the schoolgirl costume that I was wearing and removed the wig, I was then carried by the man back over to my delivery box, where he placed me back inside and poured the packing peanuts back in covering me, and he then closed the box sealing me inside. It was only then that I realized that he had not used me for his own pleasure; he would not be allowed, it seemed by the female who seemed to be dominant to him, actually to use the doll for his own sexual needs.

I was returned to the factory the next day after spending the night sealed inside the box, and again I was cleaned up, washed, and finally made my way back to the storage area. There were several short rentals after that, mostly just a guy renting a sexdoll for himself to use, they either used me one way or the other, and I found that all of my featured holes were used by a variety of men, I was no more than an object for their own sexual pleasure, and I found that I was enjoying being used this way, this was the faceless men of my fantasies, used and then discarded by them.

Time seemed to stand still; I had no recollection as to how long I had now been a sexdoll, the faces of the men all seemed to blur into one, and it was only the occasional rental that stirred my own dolly fantasies. Most of those times, it seemed to me it was when I was with another female, they were the

ones to bring out the orgasm out of this doll, and I began to wonder if I was changing my sexual preferences while being a sexdoll to them.

Eventually the time came for my reluctant transformation back to flesh and blood, it had been well over a month before my husband had finally decided to return the doll that he thought was me, though not before I got to spend some more time with Shiela as she had rented me for that final weekend and had made good use of my dolly form. Once the transformation was complete I headed home, wondering what my husband had been doing to the other doll, and then realising that he might mention things that he had done to the doll that I had no recollection of. But that bridge would be crossed when the need arose.

8: Back again...

While it was nice to be back home and into the normal routine, though I did find work extremely boring, I recognized that I really missed being one of the rental dolls, meeting different owners and experiencing what they did with the dolls that they rented, and fantasised being used by others while I was their doll. I spoke with Jerry about again becoming his sexdoll, though he was reluctant this time, he said that while he liked pleasing me with my desires to be a doll; and using me I interrupted; he continued and said that he missed the companionship and the warmth, and that the house felt empty even though I was there as a doll, it wasn't the same as when I was his wife.

I put my desires on the back burner for now, maybe Jerry will change his mind in the near future, or perhaps I could change them for him, well we women have our ways and means. So conventional life continued for a short while, though I still managed to roleplay as his sexdoll when we were in bed together, and I didn't object or try to stop him when he 'accidentally' put his member in the wrong hole, I knew that he liked it from when I was just his sexdoll in the past, so I was quite content to let him have his way with me, though it really didn't give me much pleasure other than to feel satisfied that I had given him some.

But my life didn't feel the same now, my desires of being a doll again soon surfaced, and I knew that I needed to work on Jerry to get him to agree to my changing again, even if it was only for one more time, though in my mind, I knew that it wouldn't be the last. I did consider seeing if Sheila could swap me again for another doll and send another in my place, but there were some awkward moments when Jerry brought up the events that he and the other doll that had previously replaced me had shared; which was still a secret unknown to him about the switch, but I told him that I had enjoyed everything that he had done to me, and after all, I was just a sexdoll for him to play, use and then discard afterwards.

With Christmas coming up I thought that this would be the ideal time for me to again become a sexdoll, well we had no other plans made and our families were too far away to visit. So I made plans to get myself transformed again, but this time without Jerry knowing, he would find out when I was delivered back inside my box for him to open and use. I knew that he would try and stop me from doing this, but my need and desire at this point to become a doll again had overtaken my rational thoughts, and in my mind, I knew that he would enjoy using me again.

I made my way over to the factory again, the route now becoming familiar to me, Jerry had left for work early as he had a full day of meetings he had told me, so he would be home late too. Well, that fitted into my plans, so I had plenty of time to be transformed and delivered, but I also a special request for Sheila that I'm sure she would help me with.

Once the initial processes were completed, I was now ready for the transformation machine, I asked Sheila if she could wrap my delivery box in the gift paper that I'd brought with me and add the card that I had written as well, this told my husband/owner that I was his gift to use as he wished and that the return date was open for him to return me back to the factory. Sheila told me that she was happy to help in any way that she could. She was really surprised when I kissed her as my way of saying thanks.

She then helped me into the transformation machine before anything else could happen, she told me, I knew that she had some feelings for me, and I had been used by her on one or two occasions, which I enjoyed, but that was when I was a doll, I wondered if I could do that in real life. But my thoughts were interrupted when the machine started and the dreams took over, most of them were of me being used by several women dressed in shiny black latex.

Four hours later I was back on the production line, each employee did their part, and the girl who painted the doll's sexual parts again took her time to make sure everything was okay, though I suspected that she took a bit longer than she previously had, maybe she had figured out which dolls were real and those that were not. However that moment soon passed and I reached the end of the line, where Sheila was waiting. She had a surprise of her own for me, instead of the lingerie that I had brought with me, she had replaced them with latex versions, so my bra and pants were now shiny latex, not silk and frills, and the stockings were shiny black, not nylon but latex, and she added a latex collar around my neck with the words 'sexslave' written on it.

At that moment I wondered if she had swapped me out with another doll and was taking me back to her place, or maybe back to the playroom where I found out her desires for latex and other females. But no, she whispered that she hoped that my husband appreciated the gifts that I now wore. And then I was wheeled over to the packing crew, placed inside the now familiar box and sealed inside. I heard the sound of something else being added, which I guessed was the gift wrapping that I had asked for.

Delivery was quicker this time, maybe the run was shorter, but it didn't matter to me in my box as I would have to wait until my owner/husband returned home from work and spot the note about the gift I had left for him, and that I hoped that he'd enjoy me again, and also forgive me for getting myself transformed once again without his approval.

Unknown to me Sheila had left a note as well as the usual instructions, the note advising that the factory would be closed over the holidays, but that I had accepted that I would remain as a doll for that time.

* * * *

Eventually, a tired Jerry arrived home from a long and stressful day, he looked forward to having a beer or two and relaxing, unwinding while watching his favourite sports, and that his wife wouldn't be

wanting him to do something or go somewhere, he just wanted some peace and quiet and enjoy his evening. The house seemed quiet and he wondered where his wife was, then he spotted that note and after reading it realised that she had become a sexdoll again and was waiting for him in the garage.

‘Well she can just wait’, he thought to himself, walking into the kitchen and tossing the note onto the table, grabbing a beer he headed back to the lounge, sat down and switched on the channel that he liked to watch. Ordering a pizza for delivery, he relaxed on the lounge and watched the game, several more beers later, he awoke needing to relieve his bladder, afterwards, he stumbled into the bedroom and promptly fell asleep.

Meanwhile, in the garage I lay there wondering when my owner would find me and take me out and use me, not realising that he had other plans this evening and that actually I would be left for far longer than I anticipated encased inside my box until he was ready to use me again. My mind eventually drifted off into the fog of sleep, dreaming of my dolly body being plundered and abused by several people who took turns with me.

* * * *

Jerry woke up late and hurried around trying to get ready for work, the note that I had left was still discarded on the table, and in his rush, he had ignored it and headed off to work.

Inside my box, I was still lost in the fog that overtook me when I wasn’t being used or played with, but also while inside the box my mind again started to change like before, I didn’t consider myself as once human, I was now just a doll for my owner to use, I was just a plaything, discarded afterwards and disposed of when no longer desired. This was what I had always been, I thought, there was no other time that I wasn’t a sexdoll, owned and kept as one.

Once Jerry had reached work he finally realised that I was again transformed and was waiting for him back home in the garage, just a boxed sexdoll for him to use again. Though he was disappointed that I had gone behind his back and had myself changed again, he realised that I had wanted to do this for some time now and that I had put off changing into the doll as he had not wanted me to. But he thought that as she was now his doll again that she could stay in the box in the garage until he wanted to use the doll, this was in his mind a way of punishing Joy for what she had done.

Though in my mind I didn’t care how long I had to wait, I was now just a doll, property to be used and if my owner wished to leave me inside here, I could do nothing to stop that happening, nor did I desire to escape the confines of my box anyway. I was content to wait, and my mind drifted off into being the best, most useful doll that I could be for my owner.

What Jerry didn’t know was that the longer that he left me inside the box, the more that my mind changed into that of being a doll, my former self no longer recognized as his wife and partner, and I was gradually becoming an object of sexual pleasure. If I had any rational thoughts at that point I would have recalled the warnings that Sheila had told me about long-term dollification, my mind would shift

eventually to forget that I was once ever flesh and bones and that this was just the early stages of that process.

* * * *

Jerry left me inside the box until the weekend, eventually believing that he had punished me enough for my misdeeds in being transformed again, and also his own sexual needs were taking over his own thoughts, 'Well, if she wants to be a sexdoll, why not use her.'

Finally, I heard the sound of the wrapping paper being ripped off, the box was then opened, the packing peanuts were swept to one side and my dolly body was lifted from the box. I was carried by my owner into the house and thrown down on the bed, I could see that he was eager to use me and he didn't take long to climb on top of me and push himself deep within me. The feeling of being used again was wonderful, this was what I was made for I thought.

Though it didn't last too long, it was nice to be used again, my owner had taken me for his pleasure, and it felt good to please him again. But then he rolled me over so that I was face down, his hands began exploring my rear, then surprisingly he slapped me hard, and several more soon followed. I did feel each one, but on the outside you couldn't see any reaction to the punishment that he was inflicting, but as his doll, I had to accept that this was what he wanted to do to me.

Jerry had enjoyed using the doll, but he still felt angry at his wife for what she'd done, especially at this time of year, leaving him alone over the holidays, and he felt the need to punish his wife for what she'd done. So he'd rolled over the doll and started to spank it, he remembered that his wife had told him that she could feel whatever he'd done to her while she was a doll, so he hoped that she could feel this too. But his anger soon turned to other thoughts, and with a bit of lube he was soon deep inside the doll's rear pleasure hole, taking his time and drawing out his pleasure, knowing that his wife didn't really care for anal sex, this brought great delight to him.

Once the pain had gone, the stinging slaps of his hand on her rear reaching deep into her mind, lifting the fog of dolly thoughts, she felt her owner climbing back on and pushing himself into her rear, normally she didn't enjoy this, but for some unknown reason, maybe the spanking beforehand, but this time she found some pleasure in being taken this way, though she didn't climax like he eventually did, she did get some wonderful feelings from it.

* * * *

Jerry continued to use the sexdoll for his needs and then just left it wherever it had been used, sometimes on the bed, other times on the floor, and once on the kitchen table, where it stayed the entire day while he was at work. He now didn't regard the doll as his wife, this was something to be used and then discarded he had thought. It was just a sextoy after all, this was not his wife, so he didn't care where he left it, eventually, he put the doll back in the box and left it there.

This was what I had desired, I was now just a sexdoll to my owner, he used me and left me there, coming back later and using me again or moving me somewhere else to be used by him. At one point I

was left in a cupboard, dropped inside when he had finished with me, then closing the door and left me there. I was in dolly heaven, treated like a proper sexdoll like I had always wanted, and my owner finally seemed to understand my needs and desires and treated me as I deserved.

* * * *

It was Christmas Eve, though I didn't realise it at the time, I had been brought out of storage and placed onto the lounge sofa, my naked doll body exposed to whoever was there. I didn't care anymore, I was just happy when my owner brought me out from the box that I had been left inside of for the past few days. Hopefully, he would use me again, I was looking forward to whatever my owner wanted to do with me.

Jerry had decided to make use of my mouth first up, placing me down on the lounge he began using my mouth for oral sex, though he found that using me this way was definitely not the same as when I was a real woman. He pushed my head down onto his hard member forcing it to the back of my mouth and into my throat, normally I would be gagging about now, but being just a sextoy I had no trouble taking him all in. I was just enjoying being used again.

He continued to move my head up and down, my lips enclosing his erect penis in their silicone enclosure and he was just getting into his stride when he was interrupted by the doorbell, pushing the doll to one side, he stood up and pulled his shorts on, and went to answer the door. I was unhappy that I hadn't finished pleasing my owner, and wondered if I'd done something wrong, but as a doll how could I, unable to move but just accept whatever happened to me.

Standing there was Linda, our neighbour, she had called over to drop off a Christmas gift and was somewhat surprised and delighted to see my husband in just his shorts, and also sporting an erection that the shorts just could not hide, overcoming her initial embarrassment at seeing him like this and also unable to take her eyes off of his obvious arousal, she joked, "You seem pleased to see me." It was then that he realised his hardened member was on display, he apologised and quickly turned and headed back into the house to avoid anyone else spotting his mistake.

Linda followed him inside, closing the door and then coming into the lounge room, where she discovered just why he had been sporting that magnificent hard appendage, the doll that he had been using was still lying there on the lounge where he had left it, naked and in all its glory, the mouth slightly open and moisture was on its lips. "Oh, sorry I seem to have interrupted you," she blushed at seeing the doll and the obvious fact that he was using it before her arrival.

"I just wanted to bring over a small gift for the both of you," she said, then she wondered if he was using the doll for sex, where was Joy? "Sorry, but is Joy here?"

It was an embarrassing moment for my owner/husband, but he sat down on another chair away from the doll and began to explain to Linda about my desire to be a sex doll and that yes the doll was Joy who had gotten herself transformed into this sextoy.

Linda sat and listened as he told her everything, nodding and prompting more questions when she needed more information, it was then that a plan started to formulate in her head, you see Linda has been divorced for a number of years and she has always shown an interest in my husband, sometimes very obvious, well not to my hubby who didn't seem to pick up on the signals that she was sending him, but she would always be wearing a skimpy bikini when he was working in the garden, she would either sunbake or do work in her own garden flaunting her body for him to see.

Now with me transformed into a sex doll, she saw this as an opportunity to make a move on my husband. She then asked to speak with him in the kitchen and away from the doll, she said that she was still a little bit freaked out that I would want to become a doll and that she wanted to continue their conversation out of sight of the doll, to which he agreed and they both walked out of the room leaving the doll on the lounge, now forgotten and discarded.

I felt frustrated that we'd been interrupted by the neighbour, but I was content to lay there, knowing that I would eventually be used again later, once the pesky interruption left, and after all, it was a doll's life to wait to be used by their owner, this is what I enjoyed about being a doll.

Meanwhile in the kitchen things soon turned from talking to more muffled sounds, Linda had worked her charms on my husband and she was currently on her knees giving him a 'proper' head-job as she called it, not some poor excuse from a sextoy like he had been using before. He had to admit to himself that this was better than using the doll, the warm, wet mouth sending delightful shivers throughout his body, all thoughts of the doll in the other room were forgotten at that moment.

Linda then relaxed her throat and pulled his erect member deeper into her, taking him to the back of her throat where she knew that he would soon be shooting his load, she felt the first stirrings of his impending climax and prepared to take it all, pulling him further into her throat, the muscles there constricting around the fleshy member and soon he could not control himself any longer, releasing all his pent up sexual energy into the waiting opening, his cum hitting the back of Linda's throat and as it did she swallowed down as fast as she could.

They were both satisfied by the end of things, she because now she knew that she could have my husband anytime she wanted to and he because, well being a male had just cum into the waiting mouth of a willing female and was satiated, all energy was now spent and his mind a fog, any thoughts about his wife and the sex doll in the next room forgotten at that moment. Linda was the first to break the spell she had woven about my husband, "See wasn't that better than using a sex doll?" she asked.

Sadly, he had to admit that yes it was, he had missed the soft, warm embrace of my mouth on his member, my desire to be a sexdoll robbing him of this wonderful sensation, "Yes, I must agree with you there, though..." he started to say but was interrupted by Linda.

"No, don't say any more, just enjoy the moment," she smiled up at him, licking her lips in satisfaction like a cat who had gotten the cream, which in this case she had.

Unknown to me, at that point, things changed and not for the better for this doll I might add. They had both slipped out the back door and had gone over to her house, where she proceeded to seduce my husband, her Christmas gift she had called it, they spent many hours in bed together and it wasn't until after dark that he returned home, a well-spent and happy man. That happiness soon turned to other emotions, one of regret that he had left me and had been with another woman, but one of anger for me being so selfish to want to turn myself into a sex toy for him to play with, didn't I know that he would rather spend time with the real me over the holidays rather than this poor substitute of a silicone companion.

From then on, I was kept in the spare bedroom, he would occasionally come in to see me but for the most part I was ignored, and most of the time he spent over at Linda's house, who had taken great care of his needs, fixing him delightful meals, massages and all the attention that he could want from a woman, something that I should have been doing instead of laying there lost in my own thoughts in the spare bedroom.

I did wonder where my owner was, the thoughts of him as my husband drifting away the longer that I was left alone. I wondered when my owner would want to use his doll, after all dolls were here to provide pleasure to their owners, any thoughts of my own desires to be thoroughly used by him now gone, I just wanted to please my owner and would have to be content to wait for him to use me.

But because it was the holiday season, I would have to wait to return back to the factory, so my period as a sex doll was going to be much longer than I had previously expected, the factory was shut down over the holidays and it wouldn't be until after the first week on the new year could I anticipate being returned and transformed back. I had been told of this when I started but my own desires to be a doll overcame any hesitation on my part, the rational side of my brain overcome by my perverse side, so that was it, I would be stuck as a sex doll until the factory re-opened, something I was more than willing to do, any thoughts of what my husband wanted going out of the window.

Eventually, Linda persuaded Jerry to put me back inside the box, she told him that he would no longer need a sexdoll to use, as he had the real thing right here with her, Jerry too lost in his own lustful mind agreed and carried me from the spare bedroom back to the garage, there he placed me inside of the box, securing the straps and pushing the packing back over to cover the doll.

Laying on the bed in the spare room I wondered where my owner was, why wasn't he using me any longer, not realising that something else had taken over his desires for sexual pleasure, I was no longer needed it seemed to me. But I lay there in the hopes that one day my owner would return, all I could do was wait.

Then one day it seemed that I was wanted again, my owner had returned and picked my dolly body up in his strong arms, it felt good to be near him after so long, hopefully, I would soon be useful again for him, and give him the pleasure that I was made to give him. But that it seemed was not to be, I was taken to the garage and then placed back down inside of my box, maybe I was no longer useful to my owner, or maybe he had sold me, there were many thoughts going through my foggy brain, being left

alone for so long I had drifted further into my dolly mind, I doubted that I had ever been anything other than a doll.

As he continued to package me back inside the box I wondered why he was doing this to me, was it time to move on, and then I saw over his shoulder the face of our neighbour Linda, though at that moment I didn't realise who she was, I did think that maybe my owner had bought another doll to replace me, but then for a brief moment the fog cleared and I realised what was happening, I was being replaced, but not by another doll but by her. I would have called out for them to stop, but being just a doll I had no voice or way of letting them know my thoughts.

The last thing I saw was the smile on her face as my owner/husband closed the lid and sealed me away inside of the box. I was stuck now, my own desires and foolishness had brought about events that I couldn't have predicted or prevented. I was again just a doll in the box waiting to be moved, sold or disposed of...