

The Doll Factory

By yazzers

Monica Sanchez needed her big break.

Since becoming a journalist and getting a job at her local news station, she had been stuck with boring, safe fluffy assignments. Fourth of July picnics, local sports, charity auctions... Nothing that would get national attention and definitely nothing that would get her the prestigious recognition that she so desperately craved.

She knew this lead would be her chance. It had everything: a warehouse with vague, possibly criminal, operations, suspected money laundering, mysterious disappearances of women in the area, and dead-end after dead-end of run-around phone messages when trying to get in contact with anyone in charge.

This would be the night she would break the story. She had her intern, Carissa, with her as a camera operator. This would be infiltration journalism at its finest. The plan was to show up at this warehouse in the middle of the night and see what's really going on here.

"Catch 'em with their fucking pants down," Monica explained to Carissa as she walked under the streetlights of the warehouse parking lot. They had parked their car two blocks away to be safe. Security cameras were on the east and south entrances, but Monica had scouted earlier and determined that a window on the north end was left vulnerable.

Carissa was terrified, but she needed this job. As a college student, she needed networking. She knew Monica was just desperate to make a name for herself, but Carissa simply wanted job security.

So she went along.

Carissa had told her boyfriend, Kevin, where she'd be. "You know, just in case...something happens..." Kevin had asked what she thought could happen, but Carissa didn't have an answer. Something about breaking into a shady organization's warehouse in the middle of the night made her reasonably uneasy.

Monica and Carissa reached the window and, as Monica had predicted, it was cheap one-pane glass. A little tap and small corner of the glass fractured to the ground, hardly creating a crash of noise. Instead, just a little *tink* and Monica was able to reach around to the latch and easily slide the window open.

Carissa had set the camera down on the ground to tie her red hair into a short ponytail. She picked the camera back up to her shoulder and whispered, "*This is going a little too well...*"

"Hold off on the camera until we're inside," Monica instructed. "We'll just tell the bosses that the window was wide open."

Fuck, what has she gotten me into... Carrisa thought to herself as they slid through the window.

The warehouse was dark. There were no other windows for natural light. The two women reached blindly in front of them to keep from bumping into anything. A box here, a shelf there... Carissa's foot hit something soft that slid along the ground in front of her. "Oh!" she shouted in surprise.

"*Shh!*" responded Monica.

"Sorry, I hit something. I just can't..." She knelt down and felt with her hand on the ground. She reached the object she had kicked and felt a soft, cool plastic surface. Curvy, with two big mounds on the top. In the dark, Carissa squinted her eyes in confusion.

She remembered that her camera has night vision. She flicked the night vision button on the side, pressed RECORD and peered through the viewer.

"*For fuck's sake...*" she whispered.

"What?" Monica asked, a few steps ahead of her. She stopped and turned towards her intern.

"*Fucking sex dolls. Jesus...*" She looked around the room. There were dozens of them, scattered on shelves and tables, all with the same blank, wide-eyed O-face. "It's a sex doll factory. We can't put this on the local news..."

Monica was growing frustrated. "*Bullshit!* Something's going on here. What about the missing girls? All last seen in this area—"

Click

The lights burst on in the room. Carissa screamed as the full arsenal of sex dolls instantly came into view. Countless unblinking eyes all staring at Monica and Carissa. Carissa screamed again when she saw the additional faces of men dressed in security uniforms rush towards the two of them.

"Grab 'em!" came one deep voice.

The guards were too quick. Before Carissa had time to think of escaping, they both had a pair of guards holding their arms. Carissa's camera crashed to the ground. She struggled and fought until one of the guards grabbed Carissa's red ponytail and whispered in her ear that they "*were in big trouble.*"

A man in a suit walked hurriedly towards them. He was followed by two other well-dressed men. One held a strange object in his hand...

"Well, I'd say it's safe to say that you've seen some things that were *not* meant to be seen by the public? Hm?" asked the man in the suit. He gestured towards Carissa's camera on the ground. "Destroy it."

One of the other well-dressed men grabbed it and walked away.

"Does anyone know you're here?"

Monica and Carissa exchanged worried glances. *Kevin*, Carissa thought to herself.

“Our bosses know where we are,” Monica said sternly. “We’re with Channel 9 and if you don’t let me and Carissa go right now, they’ll be looking for us within the hour.”

The man in the suit stared her down, then lift his chin and peered down at her. Studying her. He squinted and tilted his head further. Examining. Determining. He took a deep breath. “She’s lying. Do it.”

Monica’s eyes filled with fear and panic.

Do what? would be her last thought.

The man holding the object marched up to her and held what looked like a flashlight up to her face. He pressed a button and a bright beam of light shone into Monica Sanchez’s ready-for-TV face. Her eyes went wide, not out of surprise or shock, but as if a strong force was holding them open. It felt like the light was so strong, it was *entering* her eyes...

Carissa could only stare in terror as she watched Monica. She hardly even noticed that the two guards holding Monica’s arms had started to let go. The light was holding her now...

The man in the suit walked up to Monica and softly said to her, “*I’m a sex doll.*”

Immediately, robotically, Monica began chanting his phrase.

“I’m a sex doll I’m a sex doll I’m a sex doll I’m a sex doll I’m a... I’m a... I...”

Carissa couldn’t comprehend what she was seeing. Monica trailed off as her mouth seemed to form itself into a perfect O, her eyes wide and full, and she froze. She stood frozen without anyone holding her. Finally, the man in the suit tapped Monica’s forehead. She tilted backward like a tree, her arms and legs stiff. She would have hit the ground if the two guards hadn’t caught her. They immediately lifted her up, one holding her head and one holding her feet.

Stiff as a board... Carissa helplessly thought to herself.

An additional guard came running to them pushing a rolling table. Monica Sanchez, or what was formerly Monica Sanchez, was placed on the table and wheeled away.

“Throw the clothes in the incinerator and begin the Plastic Process,” the man in the suit called to the departing guards. A mumble of “yessirs” followed as she disappeared down a hallway.

Carissa was scared, angry, panicked... So many emotions coursing through her as she tried to interpret what just happened.

“What the fuck did you do!?” she asked.

The man in the suit turned towards her. “Well, the Latino Doll is very popular. We’ll pump her tits up a bit, her ass looked good enough from here, but she’ll probably fetch over a grand without much work needing to be done.”

“You kill– You killed her!” Carissa said. The guards holding her arms tightened their grip as she struggled. If she got free, she wouldn’t even know what to do. She’d like to beat this man to a pulp if she could.

The man in the suit squinted at Carissa. “Killed? Not really. I mean, yeah, she’s being turned into a basic object as we speak. The Plastic Process will preserve her forever – in perfect stasis. Her consciousness is also intact. Forever. She’ll think the thought I implanted during the Brain Wiping for the rest of her existence. It’s the only thing she’ll think and know. Forever.”

“*I’m a sex doll...*” Carissa quoted for clarity.

“Exactly. She has no worries and fears. She just knows she’s a sex doll. And, as she’s being used by her owner, or *owners*, she’ll feel only a sense of contentment and fulfillment. All while that one thought runs endlessly through her head, like a looping train–”

Just then, Carissa yanked her arm loose and lunged at the man in the suit. “*You fucking monster! You can’t do this!*” She got one hard slap across his face before the guards grabbed her again. “*You fucking bastard! My boyfriend Kevin knows I’m here! He’ll fucking kill you!*”

The man in the suit was visibly shaken for a moment. He touched his reddened cheek and stared the redhead down. He glanced back at one of the well-dressed men.

“Channel 9. Redhead intern. Carissa. Boyfriend Kevin. He’ll be easy to find going off of that. Go.” One of the men hurried off.

The man in the suit waltzed up to Carissa as she pulled as hard as she could against the stronghold of the guards. He calmly composed himself and smiled. “Just for that. We’ll go a different route for you. Such a tough girl...you should learn to be more polite...”

Carissa’s pulse quickened as the man in the suit glanced over his shoulder to the man holding the object. He nodded. The man marched up to her and held the object up to her face, just as he had done to Monica.

What does he mean ‘a different route’? would be her last thought as Carissa.

The light turned on. Carissa’s eyes widened. Her struggling instantly stopped.

The man in the suit reached up and curled Carissa’s mouth into a goofy smile. It stuck.

Then, he held two fingers up to her eyes, then slowly brought them together. Carissa’s eyes crossed. They stuck.

She stood, frozen, grinning with her eyes crossed like the village idiot.

The man in the suit leaned in close, just as he had with Monica, and whispered, “*I’m Silly Fuckdoll Cari.*”

Just like Monica, Carissa began to mindlessly chant:

"I'm Silly Fuckdoll Cari I'm Silly Fuckdoll Cari I'm Silly Fuckdoll Cari...I'm Silly... I'm Silly... I..."

Carissa stopped talking, her mouth hanging open in a big smile and her eyes still crossed.

Like with Monica, the man in the suit tapped her forehead and Carissa tilted backward. This time, the guards let her crash to the ground. Her arms and legs never moved. Her grin never went away.

"Let's get started."

THE NEXT NIGHT

Kevin sat in his apartment watching TV on the couch, potato chip crumbs on his chest. Normally, he would be alone on a Friday night, but he had recently gotten a roommate. He glanced lovingly at his new best friend, Silly Fuckdoll Cari. She came with a few outfits, but Kevin hadn't bothered with them yet. She sat naked on the couch next to him, blankly pointed at the TV, seeing nothing, but it *felt* like she was watching with him. At least to Kevin it did.

He finally had a girlfriend!

He'd been single his whole life but the men that stopped by his apartment earlier had changed everything. After some weird flash of light upon opening the door, he felt great. They had brought a tall cardboard box and left it with him. He signed for it and they had left. Inside the box he found a big-titted fuckdoll with a dumb smile on her face. She even had a button on the side that when pressed a stereotypical dolly voice proclaimed from a tinny speaker: *"I'm Silly Fuckdoll Cari! Hee hee!"*

Silly Fuckdoll Cari had huge EE titties, a big fat ass, and pretty red hair, just like Kevin liked. Cari's rubber butthole had gotten used quite a bit. He leaned over and noticed that cum was still leaking out of her onto the couch. He shrugged. He'll get to it later. He reached over and gave one of her tits a little squeeze and pat. *Big fake plastic tits*, Kevin thought and got hard. He got up from the couch, causing Cari to tilt over and fall to her side. Her limbs stayed in place though, and her dumb goofy expression stayed too.

Kevin went to bed, leaving Cari tilted over on the couch, her head laying in a pile of potato chip crumbs.

Through the night, Silly Fuckdoll Cari smiled and thought to herself: *I'm Silly Fuckdoll Cari I'm Silly Fuckdoll Cari I'm Silly Fuckdoll Cari...*