

A Christmas Gift

Story and art by Telsis





IT HAD BEEN NEARLY TWO YEARS SINCE THAT FATEFUL CHRISTMAS, WHERE TOM HAD WISHED FOR HIS VERY OWN CY-BOT, UNKNOWNLY TRANSFORMING HIS GIRLFRIEND, MELINDA, INTO ONE. HIS HEARTLESS REACTION AND ABUSE OF POWER OVER HIS NEWLY CONVERTED PARTNER THEN LED TO HIS OWN DOWNFALL.

REGAINING HER SENTIENCE, THE MELINDA-BOT TOOK REVENGE UPON HER ABUSIVE PARTNER BY APPLYING THE ONLY UNOPENED PRESENT, A MYSTERIOUS GIFT UNDER THE TREE. A GIANT KEY.

SOMEHOW, BY MAGICALLY INSERTING THE KEY INTO TOM'S BACK AND THEN WINDING IT, MELINDA TRANSFORMED HER WAYWARD BOYFRIEND INTO A VOLUPTUOUS FEMALE CLOCKWORK TOY, WHILST SHE HERSELF REVERTED BACK TO HER FLESH AND BLOOD HUMAN FORM. ALBEIT RETAINING HER EXAGGERATED CURVES.

A woman in a black maid uniform with white lace cuffs and apron is setting a table in a kitchen. She is placing a white plate on a dark, reflective table. In the background, there is a wooden dining chair, a wine glass, and a microwave on a wooden countertop. A doorway in the background shows another room with a person standing. The scene is lit with warm, indoor lighting.

EVER SINCE TOM'S TRANSFORMATION INTO THE CLOCKWORK TOMARA, SHE FOUND SHE HAD TO OBEY EVERY COMMAND THAT MELINDA ISSUED. THEIR PREVIOUS ROLES NOW REVERSED, THE CLOCKWORK TOY BECAME THE MAID, HAVING TO WAIT UPON HER MISTRESS, CLEAN AND TIDY THE APARTMENT AND CARRY OUT ANY CHORE THAT MELINDA DEMANDED. PROVIDED SHE HAD BEEN WOUND UP, OF COURSE.

TOMARA ALSO FULFILLED THE ROLE OF A SUBMISSIVE LOVER. IN WHICH CAPACITY THEY BOTH DISCOVERED THAT SHE HAD SOME VERY USEFUL ADDITIONAL FEATURES. THEY FOUND THAT SHE COULD EXERT TREMENDOUS SUCTION, FROM BEHIND HER SEALED LIPS. HER FINGERS, TONGUE (WHICH COULD EXTEND SEVERAL INCHES BEYOND NORMAL) AND EVEN HER SELF LUBRICATING PUSSY, COULD ALL VIBRATE WHEN REQUIRED TO PROVIDE SIGNIFICANT ADDITIONAL STIMULATION.

INDEED, THEY BOTH FOUND, THROUGH THEIR BEDROOM EXPLORATIONS, THAT TOMARA'S SNATCH COULD NOT ONLY VIBRATE, BUT ALSO RHYTHMICALLY UNDULATE INTERNALLY. MELINDA MADE GOOD USE OF ALL OF THESE FEATURES, TO THE BENEFIT OF BOTH MASTER AND SERVANT.



AS TIME PASSED, TOMARA NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE. SLOWLY, SHE BECAME EVER MORE ACCEPTING OF HER NEW EXISTENCE. INDEED, SHE STARTED TO FIND THAT SHE THOROUGHLY ENJOYED BEING USED AS A SUBMISSIVE, WIND UP PLAY THING.

SHE STARTED TO CRAVE MELINDA'S ATTENTIONS IN BED, SERVICING HER MISTRESS AND IN TURN BEING PLEASURED. IT STARTED TO BECOME AN OBSESSION FOR HER.

THAT IS WHY THE ARRIVAL OF ANOTHER, TO STEAL AWAY HER MISTRESSES AFFECTIONS HAD CAUSED HER SO MUCH STRESS AND FRUSTRATION.

SIX MONTHS AGO, DEAN HAD SUPPLANTED HER AS MELINDA'S NEW BOYFRIEND AND LOVER. AS THE NEW COUPLES RELATIONSHIP GREW, TOMARA FOUND HER MISTRESS, LESS AND LESS INTERESTED IN THEIR SHARED SEXUAL EXPLOITS, TO THE POINT WHERE HER NEEDS WERE NOT BEING SATISFIED AT ALL.



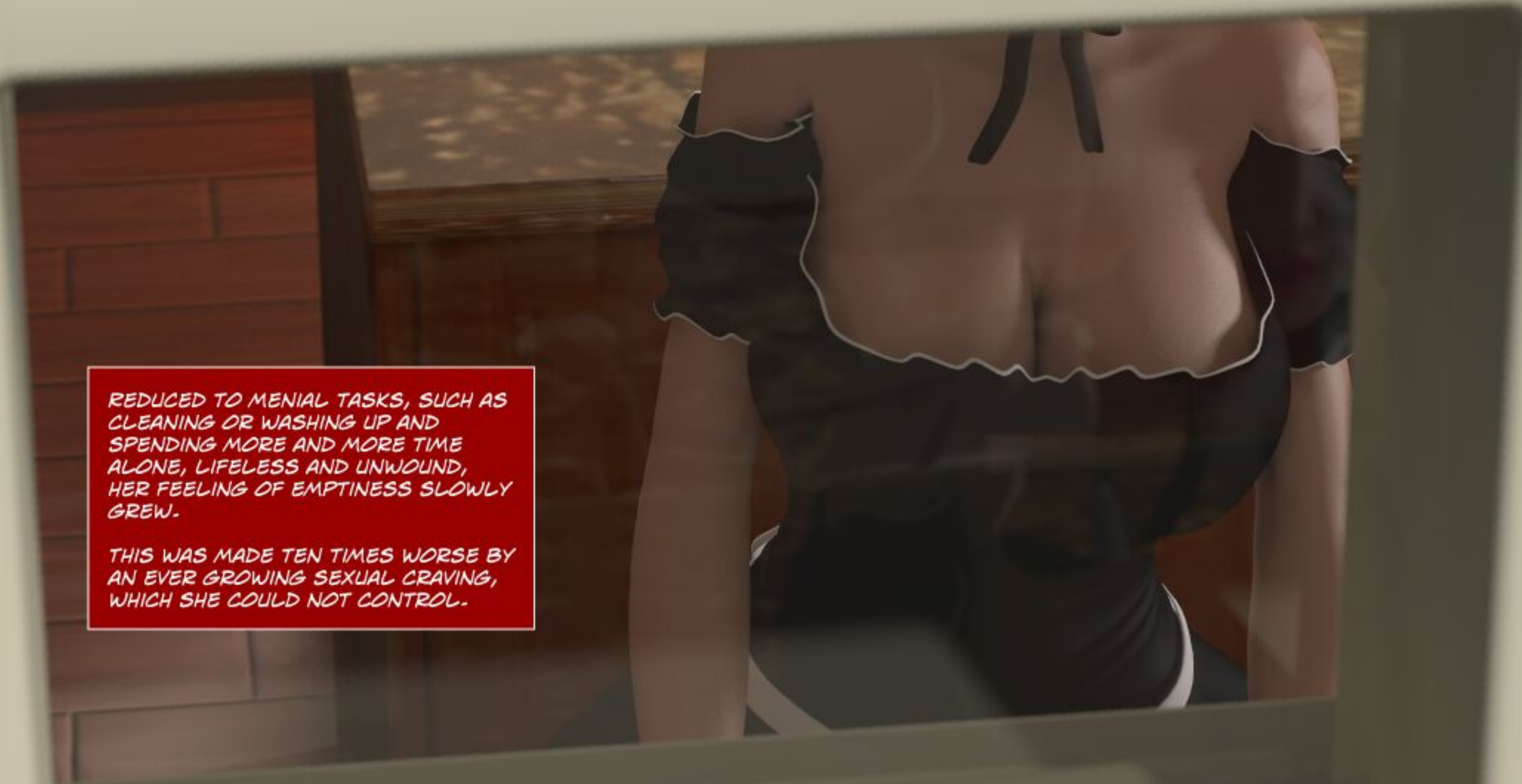
SHE BECAME EVER MORE AWARE
THAT MELINDA SOUGHT OUT THE
COMPANY OF A FLESH AND BLOOD
MALE AND NOT AN OVERLY
SEXUALISED WIND UP FEMALE
DOLL.

EVERY NEAR SILENT CLICK OF HER
CLOCKWORK HEART REMINDED
HER THAT SHE WAS IN FACT JUST
AN OBJECT, A THING, A TOY.



REDUCED TO MENIAL TASKS, SUCH AS
CLEANING OR WASHING UP AND
SPENDING MORE AND MORE TIME
ALONE, LIFELESS AND UNWOUND,
HER FEELING OF EMPTINESS SLOWLY
GREW.

THIS WAS MADE TEN TIMES WORSE BY
AN EVER GROWING SEXUAL CRAVING,
WHICH SHE COULD NOT CONTROL.



A woman in a black and white maid outfit with a large white apron, black stockings, and black high-heeled shoes is standing in a kitchen. She is holding a small object in her right hand. The kitchen has wooden cabinets and a wooden floor. A doorway in the background shows a dining area with a chair and a chandelier.

HAVING PREVIOUSLY RECEIVED A FULL
WIND UP THAT MORNING, TOMARA WAISTED
NO TIME WHEN HER MISTRESS HAD GONE
OUT SHOPPING.

RACING THROUGH HER MORNING CHORES,
SHE BRISKLY STRODE BACK TO THE
BEDROOM. HER CLOCKWORK MIND FIXED
ON A SINGLE GOAL.

SHE KNEW SHE ONLY HAD A LIMITED TIME
BEFORE HER BODY WOUND DOWN AGAIN,
RENDERING HER IMMOBILE ONCE MORE.



THE KITCHEN FELL SILENT, SAVE
FOR THE FAINT SOUNDS OF DRAWS
AND WARDROBES BEING OPENED
AND CLOSED IN THE BEDROOM.

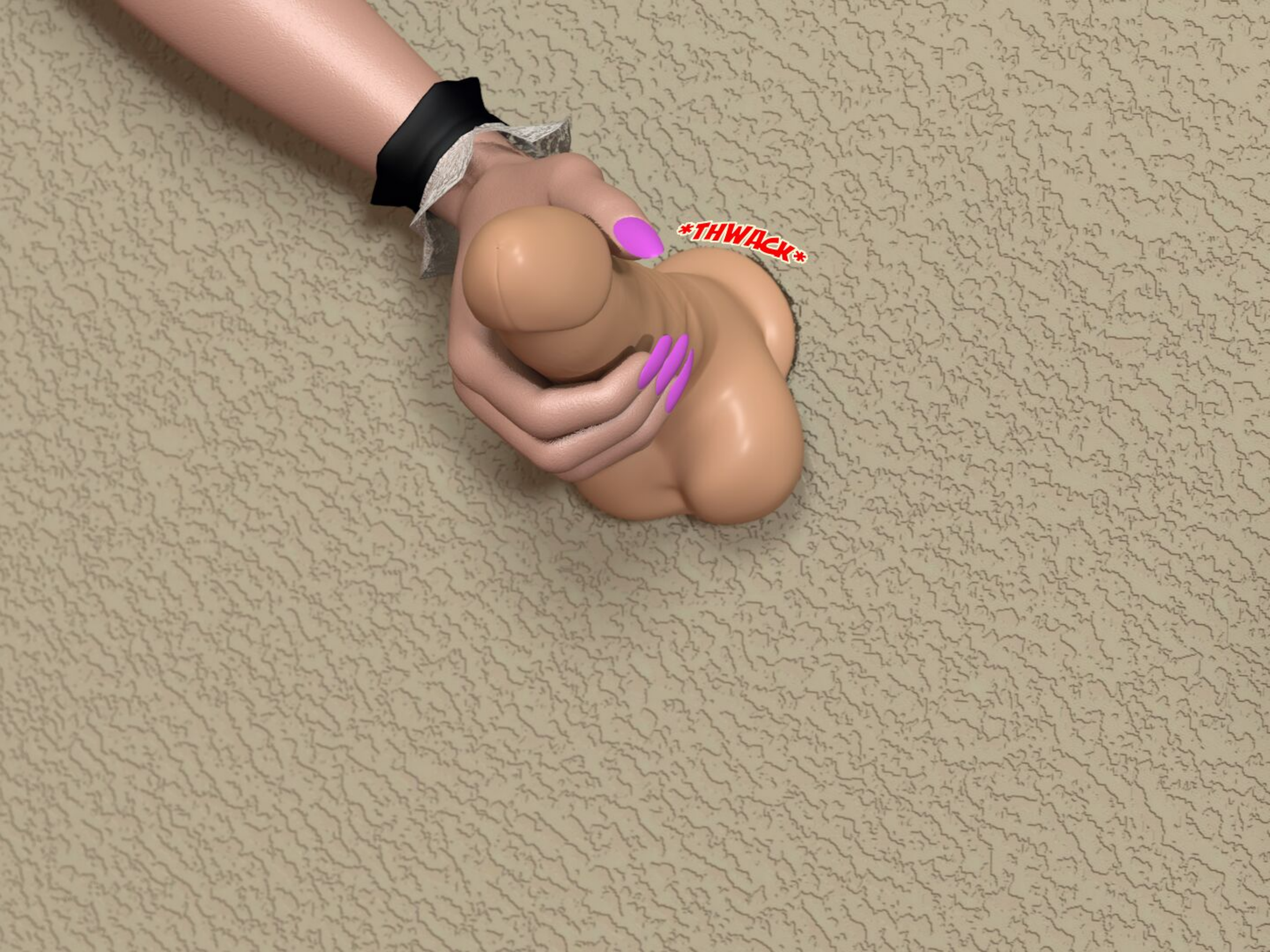
WHAT WAS SHE SEARCHING FOR?

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, TOMARA
APPEARED AGAIN, STRIDING
PURPOSEFULLY ACROSS THE HARD WOOD
FLOORING. HER HEELS CLACKING
LOUDLY ON THE POLISHED SURFACE.





THE REASON FOR HER SINGLE
MINDED DETERMINATION WAS
EVIDENT FROM THE ITEM SHE
GRIPPED IN HER RIGHT HAND.



THWACK



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE TRANQUILLITY OF A NOW SILENT APARTMENT WAS BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING AND MELINDA BUSTLING ABOUT REMOVING HER COAT AND DROPPING HER SHOPPING.

OH, FOR FUCK'S SAKE,
TOMARA. NOT AGAIN!



AND RIGHT NEXT TO THE
KITCHEN. HOW MANY TIMES
DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU.



ITS BAD ENOUGH YOU PEGGING
YOURSELF TO THE WALL,
WITHOUT RUINING ANOTHER PAIR
OF PANTHOSE BY PUNCHING A
HOLE IN THEM.



YOU WONDER WHY I'M
RELUCTANT TO LEAVE YOU
ALONE AND ACTIVE THESE
DAYS. YOU'VE BECOME SUCH
A NEEDY SLUT.



IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOU'RE IN
THIS POSITION. IF YOU HADN'T
BEEN SUCH A COMPLETE JERK,
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BECOME A
CLOCKWORK SEX DOLL.



I REALLY OUGHT TO LEAVE
YOU THERE. AT LEAST YOU'D BE
HAPPY, WITH THAT HUGE DILDO
RAMMED IN THAT PLASTIC
PUSSY, FONDLING THOSE
SENSITIVE FUN BAGS.





BUT I HAVE SOME NEWS FOR YOU. SO, LET'S WIND YOU BACK UP AND WE CAN DISCUSS OUR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY PLANS.

A GOOD WIND AND CLEAN UP LATER.



BUT WHAT ABOUT ME?

DEAN AND I, WILL BE SPENDING CHRISTMAS IN THE MOUNTAINS, SKIING THIS YEAR.

YOU'RE TO REMAIN HERE, OF COURSE.

PLEASE, MISTRESS, I DON'T WANT TO SPEND THE HOLIDAYS STUCK IN THE CUPBOARD. LIKE SOME OLD MOP. YOU COMPLAIN WHEN I'M FORCED TO PLEASURE MYSELF. YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I NEED IT NOW.

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MISTRESS?





BUT...

I'VE ARRANGED A
SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU.
YOU'LL HAVE COMPANY
WHILST WE'RE AWAY AND
I'M SURE YOU'LL GET
PLENTY OF USE.

WE'RE FLYING OUT
TOMORROW, SO THERE'S NO
TIME TO WASTE. LET'S GET
YOU READY, SHALL WE.

MELINDA STRUTTED OUT AND COULD BE HEARD RUMMAGING AROUND IN A SHOPPING BAG AND THEN RETURNED WITH SOMETHING THAT CAUSED TOMARA SOME CONCERN.

YOU MUST BE JOKING IF YOU THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO WALK AROUND IN THOSE THINGS!

DON'T WORRY, HONEY, THEY'RE NOT FOR WALKING IN.





I DON'T LIKE WHERE
THIS IS GOING.

WHILST I ENJOY YOUR
SUBMISSIVE MAID LOOK, I
THINK OUR GUEST WILL WANT
SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE...
SEDUCTIVE.



NONSENSE, YOU'LL LOOK FABULOUS. NOW, GO AND SLIP OUT OF THOSE WORK CLOTHES AND WE'LL GET YOU ALL DOLLED UP.

ONCE STRIPPED OFF AND SEATED, MELINDA WENT TO WORK PREPARING TOMARA FOR HER NEW ROLE. SHE TOOK A NOTICEABLE TWISTED DELIGHT IN DRESSING HER FORMER PARTNER, NOW A CLOCKWORK DOLL.

THERE WE GO, THAT'S MUCH BETTER. TWIN PIGTAILS GIVE YOU A MORE FUN AND PLAYFUL LOOK, DON'T YOU AGREE?





TUSH, TOSH, YOU LOOK ADORABLE.
BUT A FORMAL UP-DO STYLE,
WHILST FITTING FOR A MAID,
IS HARDLY SUITABLE FOR A TOY.

I ALWAYS LOOK
RIDICULOUS,
WHATEVER YOU DO.



JUST A LITTLE MORE
THERE, YES. LET'S TOUSLE
THOSE BANGS.



WHAT DID YOU MEAN WHEN
YOU SAID I'D HAVE COMPANY
OVER CHRISTMAS?

LIKE I SAID, I'VE ARRANGED A
SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU.
SOMEONE WHO CAN APARTMENT
SIT, WHILST WE'RE AWAY.



BUT I DON'T WANT TO HAVE THESE NEEDS.. ANY OF THEM. I DON'T WANT TO BE A CLOCKWORK GIRL AT ALL.

YOU KEEP COMPLAINING THAT YOU HAVE 'SPECIAL' NEEDS. WHICH IS WHY, AS A CHRISTMAS TREAT, I'VE ARRANGED FOR SOMEBODY TO STAY OVER FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

SOMEONE WHO I GUARANTEE WILL HELP YOU MEET THOSE NEEDS.

A 3D rendered nude woman with pink nipples and nails is sitting on a wooden chair. She is looking down and to the left. The background shows a window and a wooden floor.

BUT YOU ALWAYS SEEM TO BE
ENJOYING YOURSELF SO MUCH.
AFTER ALL, EVERY TIME I LOOK
AWAY, YOU HAVE ANOTHER SEX
TOY PLUGGED IN SOMEWHERE.

LET'S GET YOU INTO
YOUR HOLIDAY OUTFIT.



I REALLY SHOULD USE TALC, TRYING TO SLIDE LATEX OVER YOUR RUBBERIZED SKIN. BUT I DON'T WANT TO TAINT THAT LOVELY SURFACE, WHEN HE PEELS IT OFF.

WHY DOES EVERYTHING I WEAR, HAVE TO BE SO TIGHT!



THOSE ARE
RIDICULOUS!

THEY LOOK FABULOUS. BESIDES,
THEY'LL FORCE YOU INTO AN EVEN
MORE ERECT POSTURE THAN YOUR
REGULAR HEELS.



I CAN BARELY STAND IN THESE THINGS! MISTRESS, PLEASE CAN I WEAR SOMETHING IN SHORTER HEELS?

THEY LOOK DIVINE. BESIDES, YOU'LL GET USED TO WEARING THEM VERY QUICKLY, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE TOY SHOULD.



I'M RUNNING LOW, I
NEED WINDING,
MISTRESS!

LET'S GIVE YOU A FEW
TURNS. I DON'T WANT
YOU IMMOBILE.... YET!



JUST NEED TO CUT AROUND
YOUR KEYHOLE, TO FIT AND...



YOU'RE ABOUT DONE!



I'M TRUSSED UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS TURKEY!

LOVELY, I COULD EAT YOU ALL UP, YOU LOOK SO SCRUMPTIOUS!

NOT A TURKEY, A TOY!

BREAKING OUT HER MAKE-UP CASE, MELINDA PROCEEDED TO SKILFULLY APPLY VIBRANT COSMETICS TO TOMARA'S FACE.

AND A TOY NEEDS TO BE PAINTED. THAT PLAIN DOLL APPEARANCE IS CUTE BUT I THINK OUR GUEST WOULD PREFER SOMETHING, A LITTLE MORE DECORATED.

SOME NICE RED ACCENTS TO MATCH THAT OUTFIT. ALLURING EYE SHADOW AND OF COURSE WE NEED TO PAINT THOSE SMOOTH POOL TOY LIPS.





SO PRETTY! JUST THE NAILS
TO DO AND YOUR READY.



THERE NOW. ALL FINISHED!



AND VOILA! THE PERFECT
CHRISTMAS TOY.

LIKE A YULETIDE SWEETIE,
JUST WAITING TO BE
UNWRAPPED.

NOW, STAND UP FOR
ME, TOMARA.



I ALMOST WISH I'D PLANNED
TO STAY HOME THIS
CHRISTMAS. ALMOST...

ARE YOU READY FOR
YOUR NEW ROLE?



I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO AWAY, MISTRESS. I'D FEEL SO EXPOSED AND EMBARRASSED IN FRONT OF ANYBODY ELSE, ESPECIALLY WEARING THIS.



TRUST ME, TOMARA, YOU'LL NOT ONLY EMBRACE YOUR NEW ROLE, YOU'LL POSITIVELY LOVE IT!

NOW, LET'S PUT YOUR BALANCE TO THE TEST. COME JOIN ME OVER HERE BY THE FIRE.

I..., I'LL TRY.



VERY GOOD, THAT'S IT, KEEP COMING. I SOMETIMES FORGET HOW QUICKLY YOUR MECHANICAL CLOCKWORK BODY ADAPTS TO MY NEW DEMANDS.

PLEASE STEP OVER THERE, BESIDE THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

WOBBLE



NOW THAT YOU'RE READY
FOR ACTION, IT'S TIME TO
EXPLAIN THE NEW RULES.

THESE RULES WILL COME INTO
FORCE THE NEXT TIME YOU ARE
WOUND. YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO
ACT OR REACT IN ANY WAY COUNTER
TO THESE RULES, UNTIL I GIVE YOU
EXPRESS PERMISSION.

YOU WILL AT ALL TIMES
REFER TO YOURSELF AS 'TOY'
AND OUR GUEST AS 'OWNER'.

A woman with long, straight black hair and light-colored eyes is shown from the chest up, wearing a bright pink button-down shirt. She is looking off to the left with a serious expression. The background is a soft-focus indoor setting with a white mantelpiece, green garlands, and a gold Christmas tree. Four speech bubbles are positioned to her left, containing a list of conditions.

YOU WILL LOSE YOUR ABILITY
TO MOVE AND ARTICULATE YOUR
BODY AS A NORMAL HUMAN.

INSTEAD, YOU WILL ONLY BE
ABLE MOVE IN SMALLER, JERKIER
MOVEMENTS, MIMICKING A
NORMAL CLOCKWORK TOY.

YOUR SPEECH WILL BECOME
MORE ROBOTIC, YOUR TONE
MORE MONOTONE.

AND LASTLY, YOU WILL OBEY
HIS EVERY REQUEST, YOU WILL
WILLINGLY FLIRT AND SEEK
SEXUAL GRATIFICATION AT EVERY
OPPORTUNITY.



YOU'RE TURNING ME INTO A
CLOCKWORK SEX TOY!

NOT IN THE LEAST. YOU
ALREADY ARE A CLOCKWORK
SEX TOY. YOU JUST DIDN'T
REALISE IT UNTIL NOW.

A comic book panel showing two women in a room decorated for Christmas. On the left, a woman with blonde hair is shown in profile, wearing a red dress. On the right, a woman with long black hair and green eyes, wearing a red button-down shirt, looks towards the blonde woman. In the background, there is a white mantelpiece with a small Christmas tree and other festive decorations.

OH, AND THE THE NAME OF
OUR GUEST IS WADE. YOU
REMEMBER HIM, MY FORMER
BOYFRIEND AND YOUR
PREDECESSOR.

GASPI

PROBABLY THE HORNIEST GUY
I'VE EVER MET. YOU TWO SHOULD
GET ALONG JUST GREAT.



MISTRESS, PLEASE NO!
NOT THAT, NOT HIM!

I'M AFRAID SO, SWEET CHEEKS.
I RECALL YOU TWO WEREN'T THE
BEST OF FRIENDS THE LAST TIME
YOU MET. I'M SURE YOU'LL HIT IT
OFF MUCH BETTER THIS TIME.



MISTRESS, I'M BEGGING YOU...,
PLEASE DON'T DO THIS TO ME!





I CAN'T BELIEVE I'LL BE SPENDING
CHRISTMAS ALONE. AT LEAST I'LL
GET A CHANGE OF SCENERY.

SURE WISH MELINDA WAS HERE,
ESPECIALLY AFTER ALL THE WORK
SHE'S HAD DONE. THOSE TITS! MAN
SHE'S SMOKING.

AT LEAST SHE DITCHED THAT
DOUCHE, TOM. WHAT A TOTAL
WASTE OF SPACE HE WAS.

I JUST NEED TO GET RID OF
THIS 'DEAN', GUY, AND I'LL GET
ANOTHER SHOT.

THE NEXT MORNING THE FRONT DOOR
OPENED AND CLOSED, FOLLOWED BY THE
SOUND OF A TROLLEY CASE ROLLING
ACROSS THE HARDWOOD FLOOR.



AND WHAT WAS ALL THAT CRAP ABOUT
'MAKING SURE I USE AND ENJOY **ALL**
THE PLEASURES OF THE APARTMENT'

DID SHE BUY ME A TWO WEEKS
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE PORN CHANNEL?

SHE KNOWS ME TOO WELL.

WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK!





WIND ME

HAVING DROPPED HIS SUITCASE AND JACKET, WADE MADE HIS WAY SLOWLY OVER TO THE STRANGE FEMALE FORM. NOT QUITE ABLE TO BELIEVE HIS EYES.



IS THIS WHAT MELINDA, WAS TALKING ABOUT? SOME KIND OF LIFE SIZED DOLL.



NOT JUST A DOLL. LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE THINGS, THEY'RE MASSIVE! AND HER FACE AND FEATURES, LOOK SO REALISTIC. I MEAN, I'VE SEEN SOME SYNTHETIC DOLLS BEFORE, BUT NEVER ANYTHING LIKE THIS.



CAUTIOUSLY REACHING OUT TO THE DOLL, HE GENTLY TOUCHED HER SKIN AND THEN PRESSING SLIGHTLY HARDER, RAN HIS FINGER ACROSS WHAT APPEARED TO BE A CHEEK BONE.

OK, THAT'S NOT WHAT I WAS EXPECTING AT ALL.

A man with dark, wavy hair and blue eyes, wearing a blue and yellow plaid shirt, is looking at a sex doll with long blonde hair. The doll is holding a red object. A speech bubble from the man contains text about the doll's texture.

FEELS LIKE SOME KIND OF
SILICONE OR SOFT RUBBER. BUT
I'VE NEVER SEEN A SEX DOLL
MIMICKING A BONE STRUCTURE
BEFORE. VERY COOL.



A KEY? WELL, THAT EXPLAINS THE SIGN.

DID MELINDA REALLY BUY A GIANT
CLOCKWORK TOY? WHAT A CRAZY THING
TO DO. HELLOVA BIG KEY! I WONDER IF
SHE CAN ACTUALLY BE WOUND UP? MAYBE
IT CAN EVEN MOVE OR SOMETHING?



HERE GOES NOTHING. IT'LL PROBABLY PLAY A TUNE OR SOMETHING LAME. WOW, SHE CERTAINLY IS CLOCKWORK.



I WONDER IF THAT'S WHY SHE
SEEMS TO HAVE A BONE
STRUCTURE? MAYBE SHE HAS A
FULLY MECHANICAL CORE?

SURE TAKES A LOT OF WINDING. I
HOPE ITS WORTH IT.

click

AS WADE CONTINUED TO WIND TO
CLOCKWORK TOY, HE FELT HER SPRING
RESISTANCE INCREASE UNTIL SUDDENLY...

UUUHHH!

click

click



TOY IS NEARLY READY TO BE
USED BY... OWNER. PLEASE
COMPLETE WINDING.

WHAT THE... THIS THING
CAN SPEAK!





MAYBE SHE CAN DO MORE
THAN I FIRST THOUGHT? IS
THIS WHAT SHE MEANT BY
ENJOYING 'ALL THE
PLEASURES'?

click

WITH A FINAL TURN OF THE
KEY, THE CLOCKWORK GIRL
SUDDENLY JERKED INTO LIFE.

THANK YOU OWNER. TOY
IS READY TO PLAY.





THE CLOCKWORK GIRL NOW FULLY WOUND, HELD A RIDGED POSTURE BUT WADE SENSED THERE WAS A LOT MORE GOING ON UNDER HER SKIN. THE EVER SO SOFT WHIRRING NOISE EMANATING FROM HER CORE AND THE SLOW TURNING OF KEY, CONVINCED HIM THAT THERE WERE POTENTIALLY MORE TREATS TO COME.

A man with brown hair and blue eyes, wearing a blue and yellow plaid shirt, stands behind a woman with blonde hair in a high ponytail. The woman is wearing a shiny red latex outfit with a high collar and red gloves. She is looking to the left. The man is looking at her with a thoughtful expression, his hand near his chin. The background is a living room decorated for Christmas, featuring a fireplace with stockings, a round mirror, and a Christmas tree on the left.

OK, THIS IS CRAZY. I WONDER
JUST HOW REALISTIC THIS THING
IS? SHE'S CERTAINLY FILLED OUT
IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES, THAT IS
ONE KILLER BODY.

A man with dark, wavy hair and a slight smile is looking at a red, humanoid robot. The robot has long, blonde hair in two high ponytails and is wearing a shiny red, form-fitting suit with a large circular opening on its back. It is holding a clear, crystalline object. The scene is set in a modern kitchen with wooden cabinets, a window, and a dining area with wooden chairs in the background.

HI THERE TOY. WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO?
ARE YOU JUST PRE-SET TO MAKE LITTLE
MOVEMENTS LIKE A CHEAP ORNAMENT, SAY
A FEW STOCK PHRASES OR CAN YOU
ACTUALLY MOVE AND TALK?



WOULD OWNER LIKE TO
PLAY WITH TOY, NOW?

TOY IS READY TO PLAY IN ANY
WAY OWNER DESIRES .

OH BOY...



MIND ME

LET'S LOSE THIS FOR A START.
I'D LIKE TO GET A BETTER
UNDERSTAND OF YOUR...
CAPABILITIES, FUNCTIONS. IF YOU
KNOW WHAT I MEAN.



CAN YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT
I'M SAYING? CAN YOU MOVE,
LIKE WALK AND STUFF?

OF COURSE. OWNER.



I AM YOUR
OBEDIENT TOY.

AS MY OWNER, ALL YOU
HAVE TO DO IS COMMAND
ME, AND I'LL DO WHATEVER
YOU DESIRE.



THIS IS FUCKING TRIPPY. SO IF I WALK OVER THERE, YOU CAN FOLLOW ME..., LIKE ACTUALLY WALK AND STUFF?

ANYTHING YOU DESIRE, OWNER.



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS
COMMAND ME. MY ONLY
FUNCTION IS TO SATISFY
YOUR DESIRES.

THIS IS SOUNDING
BETTER AND BETTER.

A man with brown hair and a blue and yellow plaid shirt stands on the left, looking towards a woman on the right. The woman has blonde hair in a high ponytail and is wearing a shiny red bodysuit with a high collar and long gloves. They are in a room with a beige wall, a window with blinds, and a couch. A ceiling fan is visible at the top.

WHOA! YOUR HEAD ACTUALLY
FOLLOWS ME AROUND. THIS IS
INCREDIBLE.

I AM READY AND
WILLING TO FOLLOW
OWNERS COMMAND.



AND YOU SAY YOU CAN FULFILL
ANY COMMAND I GIVE YOU?

THAT IS CORRECT, THIS
TOY IS DESIGNED TO
PROVIDE YOU WITH YOUR
EVERY DESIRE.

A man with brown hair and a blue and yellow plaid shirt stands on the left. A woman with blonde hair in a high ponytail, wearing a red latex bodysuit and red lace stockings, stands on the right. A Christmas tree with red and gold ornaments is in the background. A speech bubble from the man says, "OK, LET'S PUT YOU TO THE TEST. WALK OVER TO WHERE I'M STANDING AND STOP." A speech bubble from the woman says, "THIS TOY OBEYS, OWNER."

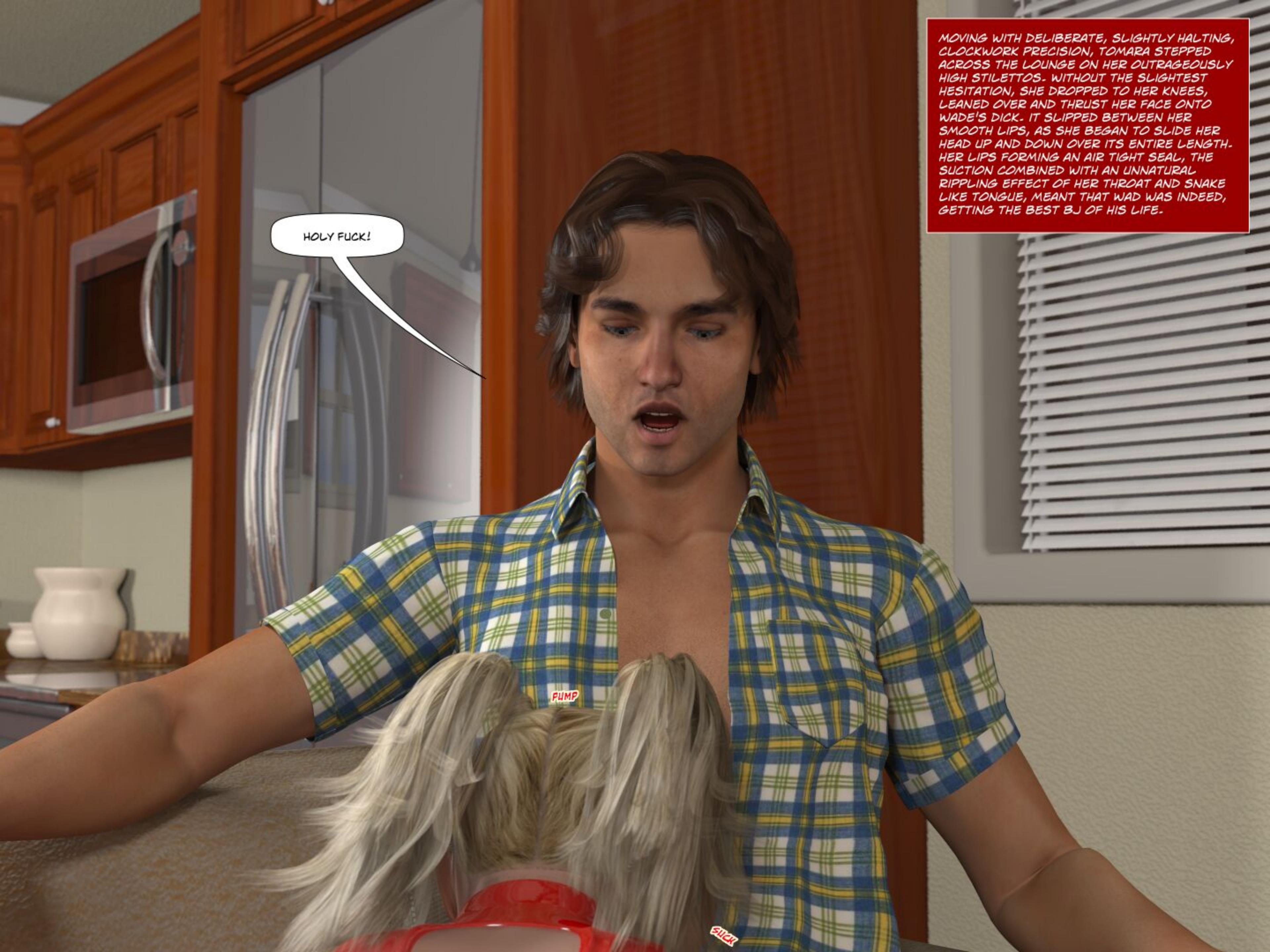
OK, LET'S PUT YOU TO THE TEST. WALK OVER TO WHERE I'M STANDING AND STOP.

THIS TOY OBEYS, OWNER.

WADE WAISTED NO TIME IN TESTING HIS NEW TOY. THE THOUGHT OF A VOLUPTUOUS CLOCKWORK TOY, WILLING AND ABLE TO SATE HIS EVERY DESIRE WAS AN OPPORTUNITY TO GOOD FOR HIM TO PASS UP.

NOW, TOY, I WANT YOU TO COME OVER HERE AND GIVE ME THE BEST BLOW JOB, I'VE EVER HAD.

WIND ME



HOLY FUCK!

MOVING WITH DELIBERATE, SLIGHTLY HALTING, CLOCKWORK PRECISION, TOMARA STEPPED ACROSS THE LOUNGE ON HER OUTRAGEOUSLY HIGH STILETTOS. WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST HESITATION, SHE DROPPED TO HER KNEES, LEANED OVER AND THRUST HER FACE ONTO WADE'S DICK. IT SLIPPED BETWEEN HER SMOOTH LIPS, AS SHE BEGAN TO SLIDE HER HEAD UP AND DOWN OVER ITS ENTIRE LENGTH. HER LIPS FORMING AN AIR TIGHT SEAL, THE SUCTION COMBINED WITH AN UNNATURAL RIPPLING EFFECT OF HER THROAT AND SNAKE LIKE TONGUE, MEANT THAT WAD WAS INDEED, GETTING THE BEST BJ OF HIS LIFE.

PUMP

SUCK



UUUUH... OHHHH..., YES! KEEP
GOING, KEEP GOING.

PUMP

SUCK



HE THOUGHT HIS TOY MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF INTERNAL RESERVOIR, AS HER LUBRICATED MOUTH CONTINUED ON ITS RELENTLESS MECHANICAL MOTION. HE TRIED TO HANG ON AND LET HIS CLIMAX BUILD SLOWLY, LETTING HIS CLOCKWORK DOLL DO ALL THE WORK. BUT THIS WAS A HOPELESS TASK, HER RELENTLESS PISTONING FORCING HIS ORGASM WAY TOO SOON.

THEN, WITH A SHUDDER HE FIRED HIS LOAD
INTO HER MOUTH, AS SHE HELD HERSELF IN
POSITION, TAKING EVERY DROP OF HIS JIZZ.

YESSSS!

MMMMM...

Scatolog



HE COULD FEEL HIMSELF EMPTY INTO HER
STILL SUCKING THROAT, FOR WHAT SEEMED
LIKE AN HOUR AS HIS BALLS WERE DRAINED.



EVENTUALLY, THE TOY'S SUCKING EASED BUT THE TOY REMAINED FIXED WITH HIS COCK IN HER MOUTH. ONLY WADE'S GASPS AND THAT SOFT MECHANICAL HUM OF CLOCKWORK GEARS BREAKING THE SILENCE.

I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU COST MELINDA..., BUT I'VE GOT TO GET ME ONE OF THESE...





TOY, THAT WAS FANTASTIC.
YOU'RE EVERYTHING I WISHED
YOU WOULD BE. I'M CURIOUS
TO KNOW, CAN YOU ANSWER
ME A QUESTION?

OF COURSE, MY OWNER.

A man with dark, wavy hair and blue eyes, wearing a blue and yellow plaid shirt, is looking down at a woman with long blonde hair. They are in a kitchen with wooden cabinets and a granite countertop. A speech bubble from the man says, "DO YOU THINK MELINDA WOULD SELL YOU TO ME? I'D BE PREPARED TO PAY TOP DOLLAR TO BUY A TOY LIKE YOU." Another speech bubble from the woman says, "I AM A TOY AND CAN'T ANSWER THAT. MY OWNER. MY SOLE PURPOSE IS TO SATISFY YOUR EVERY DESIRE."

DO YOU THINK MELINDA WOULD
SELL YOU TO ME? I'D BE
PREPARED TO PAY TOP DOLLAR TO
BUY A TOY LIKE YOU.

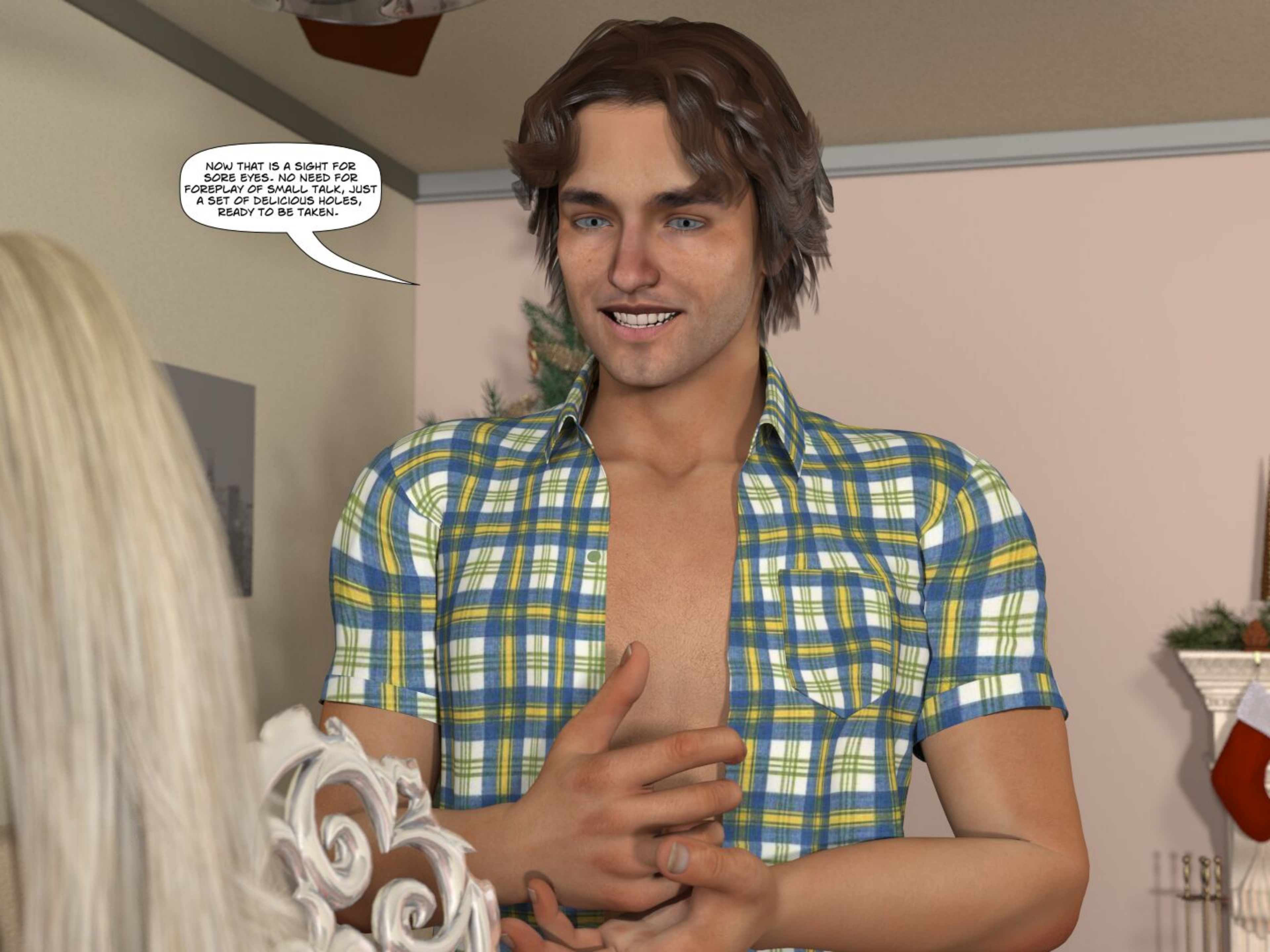
I AM A TOY AND CAN'T
ANSWER THAT. MY OWNER. MY
SOLE PURPOSE IS TO SATISFY
YOUR EVERY DESIRE.



HOW ELSE MAY THIS TOY PLEASE YOU, MY OWNER.

I THINK I'VE JUST ABOUT RECOVERED MY STRENGTH, MY RUBBER CLAD PLAY THING. WHY DON'T YOU STRIP OF THAT ONE PIECE YOU'RE WEARING AND TAKE A DOGGY STANCE ON THE COUCH FOR ME.

NOW THAT IS A SIGHT FOR
SORE EYES. NO NEED FOR
FOREPLAY OF SMALL TALK, JUST
A SET OF DELICIOUS HOLES,
READY TO BE TAKEN.





I HAVE TO SAY, I FIND YOUR
BLIND OBEDIENCE TO MY HORNY
NEEDS, REALLY FUCKING SEXY. DO
YOU FIND IT SEXY?

I AM JUST A VESSEL
FOR YOUR PLEASURE,
MY OWNER.

MY ONLY PURPOSE IS
PLEASING MY OWNER.



YES PLEASE. YOUR
TOY YEARNs FOR YOU,
MY OWNER.

THE PERFECT RESPONSE.
ARE YOU READY, YOU SEXY
CLOCKWORK SLUT?



THEN I SHALL KEEP YOU
WAITING NO LONGER. IF YOUR
PUSSY IS AS GOOD AS YOUR
MOUTH, WE'RE BOTH IN FOR A
WILD RIDE.

WILD RIDE...



I WOULD ASK IF YOU'RE READY TO
RECEIVE, BUT I CAN SEE YOU'RE
ALREADY SELF LUBED.



JUST LOOK AT THAT BOOTY, ITS
PERFECT. I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE
JUST A CLOCKWORK SEX TOY, THAT
BODY WAS BUILT FOR SIN.



IT'S SO SHINY AND SMOOTH!
JUST RUBBING UP AGAINST IT,
IS DRIVING ME CRAZY.

AS HE GENTLY PUSHED HIMSELF IN,
PARTING HER SENSUAL RUBBERY SLICK
LIPS, HE MARVELLED AT HOW FAMILIAR,
AND YET DIFFERENT SHE FELT.

FUCK YEAH...





GOING SLOWLY, SO AS TO ENJOY EVERY TINY SENSATION, HE INCHED HIS LARGE MEMBER DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE PLIANT SEX TOY. AS HE DID SO, HE WAS ASTONISHED TO FEEL HER PUSSY ACTIVATE.

WHILST SHE'D PREVIOUSLY BEEN RUTHLESSLY FUCKED BY MELINDA AND IMPALED HERSELF COUNTLESS TIMES ON THE LARGEST DILDO IN THE APARTMENT, NOTHING PREPARED HER FOR THIS. HE WAS BIG, TO BE SURE, BUT SOMETHING INSIDE HER SUDDENLY FLICKED LIKE A SWITCH.

OH MAN! HOW ARE YOU DOING THAT!

HUH...



ALTHOUGH COMPELLED TO ACT AND REACT LIKE THE CLOCKWORK TOY SHE HAD BECOME, SHE HAD BEEN DREADING THIS MOMENT. THAT HAD ALL CHANGED AS HE REACHED FULL PENETRATION. NOW, SHE ONLY FELT OVERWHELMING JOY AT FULFILLING HER PURPOSE. HIS QUESTION PROMOTED AN INVOLUNTARY RESPONSE FROM HER THAT SHE JUST BLURTED OUT, AS IF PRE-PROGRAMMED.

THIS TOY'S PUSSY IS MADE TO PLEASE OWNER. IT ADJUSTS TO GIVE MAXIMUM PLEASURE. TOY'S PUSSY IS DRIVEN BY GEARS, SHAFTS AND RINGS, THAT MANIPULATE AND UNDULATE TOY'S SOFT LOVE TUNNEL.

HUUUH, YEAH.



WHATEVER. ALL I KNOW
IS YOUR ONE HELL OF A
GOOD FUCK!



WOBBLE

SLAM



HALLELUJAH!

HE POUNDED HER SLICK SYNTHETIC PUSSY, AS IT OSCILLATED AROUND HIS ENGORGED MEMBER, FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE HOURS. EVENTUALLY, HE EXPLODED DEEP INSIDE OF HER, PULLING HER RUBBERY BUTT CHEEKS HARD INTO HIS LOINS.

HAVING SLIPPED OUT OF HER, HIS WET
DICK SOFTENING IN THE COOL AIR, HE
MARVELLED AT THE TOY BEFORE HIM.

PANT WHERE THE HELL DID
MELINDA FIND YOU. I CAN'T BELIEVE
THEY CAN MAKE SOMETHING AS
ADVANCED AS THAT. *PANT*

DOLL, STAND UP.





CAN YOU REALLY BE JUST A
CLOCKWORK TOY? THERE MUST
BE MORE TO IT THAN THAT.



WHERE WERE YOU MADE?
WHERE DID MELINDA BUY YOU
FROM AND WHEN?

SLOWLY COMING DOWN FROM
HER POST COITAL BLISS, TOMARA
FELT STRONG CONTRADICTIONARY
FEELINGS. ASHAMED OF WHAT
SHE HAD BECOME BUT
DESPERATELY WANTING TO TELL
HIM HER PLIGHT. BUT SOMETHING
PREVENTED HER FROM SPEAKING,
UNABLE TO TELL HIM ANYTHING
OF HER PAST.

OK THEN. IF YOU WON'T TELL
ME I'LL HAVE TO TRY AND
WORK YOU OUT FOR MYSELF.
LETS START BY TRYING TO
REMOVE THIS KEY.



ALIGNING THE SLOT, HE GAVE IT A
GENTLE PULL AND HEARD A CLICK
AS IT BROKE FREE. CAREFULLY, HE
EASED IT OUT OF HER KEY HOLE.

HOLY MOLY, THAT IS ONE BIG
KEY, AND IT REALLY DOES GO
ALL THE WAY IN.





ARE THOSE REALLY GEARS
IN THERE? THEY SURE DO
LOOK LIKE IT.



I'VE GOT TO CHECK THIS
OUT. THAT'S INCREDIBLE.



PUSHING TWO FINGERS DEEP INTO THE KEYHOLE, HE FELT THE UNMISTAKABLE TEETH OF CURVED METAL GEARS AND THE EDGE OF A MAINSPRING.

WOW! YOU REALLY ARE A CLOCKWORK TOY. I CAN FEEL THEM SLOWLY ROTATING!





OWNER, THAT
TICKLES.



YOU CAN FEEL ME
INSIDE? NEAT.

NOW WE'VE GOT THAT GIANT KEY
OUT, HOW ABOUT YOU LAY DOWN
ON YOUR BACK. I WANNA SEE THAT
CUTE FACE AS I SCREW YOU
SENSELESS.



OUTSTANDING!

TOY IS READY TO
PLAY, OWNER.

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE NOT
FOR SALE. I'VE GOT TO TAKE
YOU HOME WITH ME. MELINDA
CAN NAME HER PRICE.





OH YEAH, THERE WE GO!

SLIDE



A 3D-rendered scene depicting a man with dark hair and a woman with blonde hair lying on a patterned rug. The man is on top of the woman, who is lying on her back. The woman is wearing a red, shiny, form-fitting outfit that covers her torso and legs. She has a small, white, rectangular tag on her hip that says "SLIM" and "MITS". The man is holding the woman's head with both hands. A speech bubble from the man says, "*PANT* SUCH A GOOD DOLL. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL TOY. *PANT*". A key with a decorative head lies on the rug near the woman's feet. In the background, there is a wooden table with a glass top and a white sign that says "WIND M".

PANT SUCH A GOOD DOLL.
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL TOY. *PANT*

FOR THE NEXT TWENTY MINUTES,
WADE POUNDED TOMARA WITH
EVERY OUNCE OF HIS STRENGTH.
HER BODY ROCKED UNDER HIS
THRUSTS AS SHE HELD HIM TO
HER BODY. HER MIND A FOGGY
MESS OF ECSTASY AND DESIRE.

A man with long, wavy brown hair and light blue eyes is looking down at a woman with blonde hair. The woman is wearing a red dress with purple polka dots. They are in a room decorated for Christmas, with a Christmas tree and red ornaments visible in the background. A speech bubble is coming from the man.

UUUH, YES. KEEP DOING THAT
THING WITH YOUR SNATCH, BABY.
SO, SO GOOD...



HIS ENERGY NEARLY
DEPLETED, HE BUILT TO
AN CRESCENDO, PUSHING
DEEPLY INTO HER
ENERGISED LOVE HOLE.



GOHHHH, UUUUNG!

AS HE REACHED CLIMAX, SHE
MATCHED HIM. HER LEGS
OPENING AS HE POURED HIS
ESSENCE INTO HER SHAPELY
FORM. HER PROGRAMMING
WOULD ALLOW NOTHING LESS.

OH!



PANT FUCK ME. I'M GONNA
NEED A WEEK TO RECOVER, YOU
SEXY PLAYTHING. *PANT*



THAT WAS THE BEST SEX
I'VE EVER HAD.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M SAYING THIS
TO A CLOCKWORK TOY.



HEY, TOY! CAN YOU HEAR ME?
ARE YOU THERE?

I GUESS YOU FINALLY UNWOUND, HUH?
PRETTY IMPRESSIVE GOING, FOR A SINGLE
WINDING. I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER GET
THAT KEY BACK INSIDE YOU.



SURPRISED BY THE WEIGHT OF HIS IMMOBILIZED COMPANION, WADE ROLLED HER ONTO HER SIDE AND CAREFULLY RE-INSERTED THE KEY. TOMARA, STILL COMING DOWN FROM THE MOST POWERFUL MULTIPLE ORGASM SHE'D YET EXPERIENCED, COULD ONLY LAY THERE IMPASSIVELY. ABLE TO SEE, HEAR AND SENSE THE WORLD AROUND HER BUT UNABLE TO MOVE AT ALL.

OK TOY, TIME TO WIND SOME LIFE BACK INTO YOU.





I MAY BE TUCKERED OUT FOR NOW, BUT I HAVE SOME BIG PLANS FOR YOU, DOLL.

THIS TOY AWAITS OWNERS COMMAND.

I FANCY A CHANGE. DO YOU HAVE ANY OTHER CLOTHES?

YES, MISTRESS HAS PROVIDED TOY WITH AN EXTENSIVE WARDROBE.

GOOD. GO CLEAN YOURSELF UP AND THEN FIND A NICE SHORT DRESS TO WEAR. YOU UNDERSTAND?

TOY WILL OBEY OWNER, TOY IS DESIGNED TO PLEASE.

OH, AND WHILST YOUR AT IT, LET YOUR HAIR DOWN.



WOW! NOW THAT IS NICE. I APPROVE.
GET THAT AMPLE ASS OVER HERE AND
LET ME GET A CLOSER LOOK.

A SHORT WHILE LATER...



YES OWNER. THIS
TOY WILL OBEY.

To be continued...