

His Doll



Part
One

Amelia Stark

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His Doll: Part One

Part 1 of ‘The Perfect Body’ Series.

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction

Tina is bored working in the production department of Sasaki Enterprises, a company that manufacture sex toys and sex Dolls for the high end of the market. Working on the line, doing a monotonous job, day in, day out, wasn't what she had in mind when she originally applied for the temporary job at the factory.

The money was okay so when the job she was after fell through, she stayed on at Sasaki. She had been there a year and was getting itchy feet. Her life was going nowhere until she read an announcement on the Firm's noticeboard.

It read – 'Fulltime Research Assistant Required. All female members of staff may apply. Interviews start on Friday. Contact Miss Evans in the Personnel Department'.

Will the new job have something to do with trying out the company's sex toys? If Tina applies and is offered the position, will she allow her timid sexual character to burst forth?

What Tina doesn't know is that Sasaki Industries want to make a new Companion Doll for the Asian market. In this first part, Tina discovers that the company are far more interested in her body than her mind.

One ~ New opportunity?

I turned the dildo over in my gloved hand and peered at it through my Perspex visor. Another toy for a woman who was social distancing from her man, I mused. In fact, I doubted that any woman using the phallus in my hand needed a man.

Ever since the Corona Pandemic had struck, the demand for sex toys had gone through the roof. As the market exploded, Sasaki Industries had taken on more staff to cope with the influx of orders. The working conditions had changed completely for every member of staff, but the company had coped and production had increased instead of slowed.

The dildo I was holding was one of the most expensive and had to be inspected and packed by hand. Moving from the production line to quality control had eased my dissatisfaction with the working conditions, but even the more intricate work in QC was getting me down.

For me, handling so many dildos soured the idea of having sex with a real man, unless he was the 'right one'. I recently went out with a nice lad. When he found out I was handling fake cocks all day, he went off me and didn't show his face again. I understood his inadequacy problem and feared I'd have to leave Sasaki Industries if I wanted to have a normal relationship with another man again.

I dipped my fingers in the tub of salve and began rubbing it on the realistically shaped dildo. The 'Monster Deluxe' was 12" long and so fat, my fingers couldn't reach around it. I rubbed the oil onto the shaft by simulating masturbation, to ensure all the raised veins were glistening and smooth. The last thing the company wanted was a complaint that the dildo had rough edges and ripped open some poor woman's vagina.

“Tina, are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

I glanced sideways to see that my friend was holding the same model and licking the helmet shaped end. She had lowered her mask to fool around. “Debbie, for fuck’s sake...” Beyond her, on the curved desk, sat Fran, who was barely recognizable in her mask and visor.

She pulled her mask down. “Did you get tested this morning, Deb?”

Debbie nodded. “I went to the drive through. What about you, Tina?”

I sent my test in the post. “My results came back negative this morning,” I replied.

“I’m waiting for mine,” Fran said, then pulled her mask up.

We turned our attention to our work. Having coated the dildo with scented lubricant and confirmed it was a perfectly smooth specimen, I wiped the substance off, then slipped it into a slim plastic bag. After sealing the bag, I placed it in a moulded cellophane tray that would be slid into a box, further down the production line.

The ‘Monster Deluxe’ model had lots of features that could be controlled remotely. The electronic side of the toys were tested before they arrived in our section of QC. When Fran, Debbie and I started oiling and packing the new model, Debbie couldn’t resist taking the little black controller out of one tray and

fooling around with it.

She sat holding a black version of the dildo at its base, while we watched the end pump up and down at different speeds. It vibrated and even ejaculated a fluid that looked like real jiz. Amazingly, it had different temperature settings for anyone who wanted a 'hot' fuck. At \$120 a go, I would have wanted it to first, satisfy me, then make me a cup of coffee in the morning.

Debbie said she wanted one to add to her collection, having claimed she possessed dozens of items from the firm's trade catalogue. Sasaki Industries was a global company and the UK market was just a tiny part of their business. I bought one of the basic static models a couple of months earlier, before the pandemic, and was perfectly happy with its modest length and girth.

Daydreaming about such matters nearly caused me to be late for my lunch break. Looking over my shoulder, I saw the time was 11:59. I finished the dildo I was holding, stood up and removed my visor and gloves.

"Don't be late back, kid," Debbie said cheerfully, holding up a 'Monster Deluxe'. "I'm getting so horny I'm wetting my knickers."

I gave her a wave, picked up my bag, then hurried out into the corridor. After checking there was no one approaching, I walked to the lift at the end. While I waited for it to come down from the admin floors, a small queue built up in the corridor. Everyone was standing six feet apart, so it stretched someway.

Sally, a girl I worked with when I first joined the company, stood behind me. I identified her by her smiling blue eyes. We were all wearing white, thigh length

lab coats, black rimmed glasses and N95V white masks, while our hair was covered with a cap that bore a striking resemble to the one I occasionally wore in the shower. I looked and felt stupid, but everyone else was in the same boat.

The lift door opened, revealing it was empty. I entered and stood in one corner, Sally stood in another and two more girls occupied the last two corners. Red semicircles were painted on the floor in each corner to remind us about social distancing.

“Hi Sally. Is your department busy?”

“Very. We’re two short today. Hayley and Maggie had positive tests. Won’t be seeing them for ten days.”

“Fuck. I know Maggie. I hope she’s asymptomatic...” My eyes were drawn to a printed flier on the notice board, beneath the words, ‘OBSERVE SOCIAL DISTANCING’ There were several other A4 sized notices pinned to the cork board but this one stood out because of the bold red lettering.

* * *

Fulltime Research Assistant Required.

All female members of staff may apply.

Interviews start on Friday.

Contact Miss Evans at the Personnel Department.

* * *

Sally saw my attention switch to the notice board and took a look herself. “Huh, those kind of jobs don’t go to worker ants like us.”

“It says ‘All female members of staff may apply’, why not males?”

“Those pervy scientist probably need a guinea pig to test their toys on.”

“Men buy our products as well,” I pointed out.

“True...” She fell silent just as the lift arrived on the third floor.

I had to wait while the other three slowly filed out. To the right, as I left the lift car, stood a table with hand sanitizer. I took a squirt, rubbed it into my hands and followed the others into the ‘Food Plaza’, a nickname we had given the vast room when it opened.

An entire floor had been turned over to the staff so we could get a healthy meal during our shifts in isolation. I picked up a sterilized tray and joined the queue, which wasn’t very long. It still stretched halfway around the Plaza though. There were over 400 single person booths with partition screens in the Plaza, half of which appeared to be occupied.

Once I had been given my pre-ordered selection, I found an empty booth, placed the tray on the 30” wide table and sat down, facing into the booth. A pair of latex

gloves lay on the shrink-wrapped plate of food, which I donned before unwrapping the meal. The company had tried to take every precaution, but people were still catching the virus.

As I consumed the well-prepared meal, my thoughts drifted away from the virus and turned to the poster on the lift noticeboard. Sally was right. Management hardly took any notice of shop floor workers when it came to filling senior posts. However, they had specifically written that ‘All female members of staff may apply’. I mulled over the idea of working in the research department.

I had three good ‘A’ levels and had done two years studying marketing at college, so I had a good CV – far too good for the job I was doing. I was only 21 so there were so many career paths open to me. What put me off was Sasaki Industries’ business. I didn’t want a career with a company that made expensive sex toys. Then again, much of what the parent Japanese company produced was shrouded in secrecy.

After thinking about it, the only way to find out if I was eligible to apply for the post was to go and see Miss Evans in Personnel. So, cutting my break short, I picked up the tray and headed for the exit. The remnants of my meal went down one shoot, the tray on a stack and the gloves in a ‘Used PPE items’ bin.

I returned to the ‘UP’ lift and waited for it to arrive and the 4 occupants to file out. I then went up to the admin floor. Once again, I hand sanitized before approaching the red line marked on the plush light blue carpet. I had entered a different world where money was no object.

“Hello, can I help you?” the girl behind the Perspex screen asked, via a tinny intercom. Her name, Jenny, was stuck to the protective screen.

The reception secretary had a more relaxed virus dress code. Smart cream blouses and navy-blue skirts were the standard uniform for female admin staff. She was able to work without any PPE because she was fully protected by the screens. However, there was a stack of items on the table beside her, waiting for when she left the building.

“I’d like to see Miss Evans please, Jenny.”

“Is it about the research assistant vacancy?”

“Yes, it is.”

“You could have called...um...?”

“Tina Smith from QC. I’m on my lunch break. I thought I’d see if she was available for ten minutes.”

She scribbled something on a pad and then looked up. “No, I’m afraid she’s not available. Miss Evans isn’t doing face to face meetings except under controlled circumstances. I’ll tell her that you came up though; and I’ll ask her to put your name on the list.”

“Oh, thank you, Jenny. Are there many names on that list?”

“She smiled. “I’m afraid there are, but don’t be disheartened. You will be contacted within a day or two.”

I took the ‘Down’ lift to the shop floor and returned to my desk. By the time I had sorted my PPE out and picked up the first Dildo, the job vacancy in the research department had completely slipped my mind.

Two ~ Naked and sanitized.

Imagine my surprise when I arrived at work on the following Monday morning and was handed a note by my line manager. It was from Research and Development, telling me to report to the admin floor at 11:00 am. An interview outfit would be provided on arrival. I took a deep breath because I had completely forgotten about the vacancy in R&D.

“Looking to better yourself, Tina?” Stella Blunt, my line manager asked with a dismissive look on her face. She was German and despite trying couldn’t remove the foreign twang from her voice.

I folded the yellow slip of paper. “Stella, masturbating dildos isn’t my idea of a career path.”

“Huh, you made your way to QE within a year. I thought you were enjoying yourself.”

I found it difficult to keep a straight face, for the tall, solidly built woman had chosen a pair of builder’s googles to protect her eyes, instead of the glasses issued by the firm. I had to keep on her good side though because I doubted if I would get a move to R&D.

“Jenny on reception, says the list of applications was as long as her arm so I’m probably wasting my time.” I gave her a smile, which seemed to calm her fears.

With so many girls falling ill, losing another member of staff to a promotion would give her another headache. Debbie was all ears and tackled me about the

interview as soon as I sat down, but the conversation was brief because Stella was hovering to get as much work out of me before I went upstairs.

The three hours dragged, but 10:50 eventually arrived and I went through the same rigmarole as I did for lunch. I stayed in the lift to the admin floor and stepped out feeling extremely nervous. My hands were shaking as I rubbed them with sanitizer and my stomach was fluttering as though it was full of butterflies.

I was standing at the red line when Jenny looked up from her appointment list. The young woman smiled. “Tina Smith, you are on time.”

“Yes, I am. Thank you.” I really didn’t know what to say.

She pointed at a door with her pen. It was to the side of the main double door entrance to the admin and R&D department. I had been through the main entrance doors a couple of times before the pandemic, but everything had changed in the intervening months.

“Tina, we now have what we call sanitize-locks between the admin floor and the rest of the building. It’s an elaborate procedure to ensure the departments on the other side of that door remain virus free. It only takes ten minutes to pass through. So, go through that door to the changing room complex, remove your clothes and then follow the instructions.

I was aghast at her instruction. “Remove my clothes?”

“Yes, Tina, all of them. It’s so your body can be sanitized...”

“I’m clean. I had a shower this morning.”

“Tina, are you interested in doing the interview?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Then shoo. Go and get changed. Everyone on this floor has done what you’re about to do.”

I was afraid that someone might see me naked. “Is there anyone else in there?”

“No. One person at a time. Go on, shoo.”

I crossed the reception area and opened the door. It was just a normal changing room with warm peach walls and green carpet. There was one upholstered chair, half a shower cubicle sticking out of one wall and a small counter at the end. I stepped inside and as soon as the door closed on a spring, a click suggested I was locked in.

‘This is an automated changing facility. Please undress, then place your clothes in the tray at the end. Finally, step into the shower cubicle and you are nearly done.’

The robotic voice from the speaker sounded sinister to me. Part of my psyche was telling me to hammer on the door and cry, 'LET ME OUT', but the other part was curious about what was on the other side of the shower cubicle.

I made up my mind to go through with it. I neatly folded the items as I removed them, then placed them in the tray. Shoes first, then the ankle socks. The lab coat was next, then my skirt, blouse, protective hair cap and glasses. I was wearing a pretty yellow pantie/bra set and was loathe to take them off. I couldn't see any cameras and there were no windows, so I took the plunge and whipped them off.

Wasting no time, I opened the door to the cubicle and stood inside. It was like no other shower cubicle I had seen or used. I was standing on a warm, vinyl surface and there was no showerhead. The door on the other side was frosted so I couldn't see through it. The door behind me closed and clicked. I tried pushing both glass doors, but both were locked.

I was about to panic when the tannoy voice returned. 'Please release your hair, open your stance, lift your hands and spread you fingers. A fine dry mist will fill the cubicle then dissipate. When the green light comes on, you can step out'.

Could someone see me? I wondered because my hair was tied up into a bun. No, I was being silly, I decided. They used the same announcement for everyone. I spaced my feet apart, then released my dark, wavy hair and shook it out. After lifting my hands, I spread them out. I looked like a mime artist pushing against an invisible wall.

Moments later the cubicle began to fill with a swirling, dry mist. I felt as if I was in a spy movie being gassed by the bad guys. It was a surreal experience that

probably only lasted a minute or two, but it seemed like ten. The mist was odourless and appeared to sparkle slightly in the harsh downlight. Slowly, as the seconds ticked away, the mist disappeared until I was once again standing in a clear cubicle.

The green light came on above the door as it clicked and I was able to push it open and step out onto carpet. The room was almost identical to the one on the other side. Covering my 'bits', I scampered over to the black tray which was sitting on the shelf in front of a closed hatch.

I stared at its contents in disbelief. I expected a skirt, blouse and underwear, but there was nothing of the sort. Sitting on top of a white silk dressing gown lay a pair of white cotton shorts and a matching short sleeve top. I looked around the small room, but it was bare, bar an upholstered chair. I couldn't complain in my naked state, so I had no option but to pull the shorts on and slip the top over my head.

The outfit was like something I'd wear to bed, but it wasn't bed attire. The loose legged shorts fitted me perfectly as did the top. The material was thin and tight over my mons, so it was a good job I regularly removed my pubes with depilatory cream.

I pulled the material out of my cleft and hoped it would stay out and save me from an embarrassing moment. My nipples concerned me even more. They had stiffened and were visibly pushing against the stretchy material. Anyone spotting them would also see the shadow of my areolas for they were quite dark.

Thankfully, there was a fabulous silk gown, a short one, but it covered my ass – just. After tying the belt and stepping into the slip-on sandals provided, I pulled the door open. Sitting in a single chair, opposite the door, sat a smart young man,

wearing a dark grey suit and red tie. He was reading the information on a clipboard he was holding.

He jumped to his feet as soon as I appeared. “Tina, my name is Timothy, welcome to admin,” I could see his name on the ID card hanging around his neck on a blue ribbon. He handed me one attached to a red ribbon. “Here, hang this around your neck and follow me.”

“My ribbon is red. What does that mean?”

“That you’re a visitor.”

After examining my picture, the one I had taken when I was promoted to QC, I fell in beside him. “Um, Timothy, er, am I wearing the right clothes?”

“Yes, Tina. You are and you look wonderful in them.”

I looked around as we walked, through glass partitions and open doors, at the staff. Not one person was wearing PPE. “Thanks for the compliment but the clothes weren’t quite what I was expecting. Don’t we need protection in here?” I asked.

“No, Tina. Every member of staff on this floor has been tested and is clear, including you, so there’s no need to worry.”

It wasn't true on the ground floor, but money was no expense where we were walking. After a couple of turns, we arrived at a security door marked, 'The Department of Research and Development'.

Little did I know that after I agreed to work in the R&D department, I'd become a profoundly changed person.

Three ~ Life-like doll.

Timothy used his ID to swipe the security lock, then led the way inside. Once again, I was impressed by the way the corridor had been decorated, with no expense spared. Photographic portraits of Japanese men and women were hanging between the solid wood doors. Each entrance had swipe locks, like in up-market hotels, suggesting security was tight.

We stopped at one marked 'Dr. Steven Baker' and waited.

Timothy saw my anxious expression. "The doctor's a nice guy and he knows we've arrived." He pointed at a tiny camera above the door.

A loud buzz sounded, prompting Timothy to push the door open. We entered a huge space that was less like an office and more like an expensive showroom. There was a desk over to one side, bookcases, a drinks bar in one corner and three tables, two covered with samples of their products. There was also a tall glass cabinet on the far side of the room that looked as though it was missing a sculpture.

There were four people in the room, three sitting at a table, working on laptops, and a fourth girl sitting by herself on the far side of the room, near the empty cabinet. The three doctors, I assumed, because of their white coats, stood up. One pushed his seat back and approached me.

The tall middle-aged white man had a huge grin on his face. "Timothy, thanks for bringing Tina along to us. I'll give you a buzz when she's ready to leave." He waited for the young man to leave, then turned to me. "Tina, I'm Doctor Steven Baker. It's doc or Steve in this office..." He offered his hand and I shook it.

“Hello, Doctor...”

“Come and meet my colleagues. He led me to the opposite side of the table to where the other two doctors were still standing, one of which I had met before. First though, he pointed at the young Japanese woman sitting on the end of a long leather sofa, on the far side of the room.

“Don’t take any notice of Akari, she’s studying for a presentation she’s going to be giving tomorrow.”

The girl, who had lovely long black hair, tumbling around her shoulders, looked up, gave me a smile and flashed her huge brown eyes, then returned her attention to the catalogue laying in her lap. I was struck by her beauty and calm presence, a trait of many Japanese people.

Doctor Baker gestured toward another beautiful Japanese, young woman, standing on the other side of the table. She was a little older than Akari, I judged, and wasn’t wearing any make-up. “Let me introduce you to Doctor Kyoko Sasaki, the granddaughter of our founder, Hiroto Sasaki.”

The young woman bowed, so I politely returned the gesture. I had seen her around the building several times, but it was an honour to finally get to meet the young woman. “Nice to meet you Doctor Sasaki.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Tina. Please call me Yoko when we’re in the R&D department.”

Steven pointed to the black doctor standing beside Yoko. “Finally, you already know Doctor Swan.”

“I do, we’ve met several times.”

Every member of staff had to have a rigorous medical ever six months so we could be covered by private medical insurance. I had my third, two weeks earlier and had been given the all clear. Some of the girls baulked at the thoroughness of the hour-long exam, including me. However, when the benefits of private treatment was explained fully, we begrudgingly accepted an uncomfortable ten minutes in a gynaecologist chair.

“Hello Tina...” He turned to Yoko. “This young lady is one of the fittest girls in the company.”

“That’s good to hear,” she responded. “Shall we proceed?”

Doctor Baker pulled the chair out beside his. “Sit, Tina and make yourself comfortable. The first thing on the agenda is a confidentiality agreement...” The middle-aged doctor placed a document on the table between his laptop and mine. “Are you okay signing to say that everything discussed in this meeting is confidential?”

The document was short and simple, so I had no reason to refuse. “Yes, that’s no problem.”

The doctor handed me a pen and I signed on the dotted line. “Thanks Tina. We can now discuss our full product range. Lift the screen on the laptop and we’ll begin.”

As soon as I raised it, the company’s logo, three bold letters ‘SKI’ encircled in an oval frame, appeared. The black letters were set on an orange background. Every product the firm made had a tiny reproduction of the logo on it, signifying it was of the highest quality.

“We’re going to begin with you, Tina,” Said Yoko, who was sitting directly opposite me. “What you will see on the screen is our personnel file and your medical records. All this information was either volunteered by you or documented during your medicals. Tap the space bar on your laptop.”

No sooner had I touched the bar, then documents started scrolling slowly up my screen.

“You can stop it anywhere if you want to take a look at anything,” Doctor Baker explained.

I stopped it when a familiar certificate came into view. “You have my birth certificate.”

“We do and many more items from your past. When you signed your contract, just over a year ago, you gave us permission to archive your past, just like every other employee in the company. Everything you see would have remained

locked until you applied for a promotion. That happened a month ago when we transferred you to QC. Ever since then, you have been on our radar.”

“Radar? You’ve been watching me?” I continued studying the wealth of information the company held on me.

“Monitoring, Tina. Wondering if you’d apply for the vacancy in R&D,” Yoko admitted.

“Why me? Did you know that I’ve been getting bored working on the production line?” The information pages came to a halt and the logo returned.

“Why you? Because you’re special, Tina. We’ll explain everything later.”

I didn’t quite know what to say. They knew more about me than I did about myself, but for what reason? Were the products they were developing so confidential that they had to shroud everything in several layers of secrecy,

Doctor Baker used the mouse to click on an icon on his laptop. The picture of a Sasaki Industries catalogue popped up on my screen. It was in Japanese so I couldn’t understand any of the information. “You can turn the pages with your mouse, Tina,” Yoko explained.

I turned the first page and unveiled pictures of a life-sized doll in various settings. I had seen them on the internet, but I didn’t know that Sasaki Industries manufactured them. “Oh, we make sex dolls,” I exclaimed.

“Tina, we call them Companion Dolls. CDs for short,” Yoko said with a trace of annoyance in her voice.

“But don’t men buy them for sex?” I asked in a light-hearted manner.

“Of course, but in the main, the buyer will treat the CD as a companion. He or she will give her a name and treat her like his partner. Some Japanese men have even married their dolls.”

“No, you’re joking, right?”

She looked at me sternly. “Tina, I never joke about such matters.”

“Oh, okay...”

I studied the pictures on the screen. The various scenes were all beautifully photographed, but a couple of the pictures were highly suggestive. One, in particular, where the Doll was dressed in a Japanese schoolgirl’s outfit and sitting with her thighs open. The short blue pleated skirt was pulled back to reveal a triangle of tight white panties and the definite outline of the doll’s fake labia.

However, most of the other pics showed her dressed in an assortment of clothes and wigs. The doll had a price tag of 150,000 yen. It sounded like an

eyewatering amount, but I didn't know the exchange rate so couldn't gauge. As I turned the pages, I discovered that the company made a dozen different Companion Dolls, each one more expensive than the previous one.

The final one sold for 299,000 yen and looked amazingly realistic. As I studied the doll's face in one of the close-ups, an icy sensation trickled down my backbone. I had seen the face before... I turned to look over my shoulder. Akari was still sitting on the Sofa. "Is that...?"

"Well spotted, Tina," Doctor Swan said, contributing to the conversation for the first time.

"She, er, it smiled at me."

"She does more than smile, Tina," Doctor Baker pointed out. "...but we've switched some of her functions off."

"Can I go and take a look at her?" I was calling it 'her' too!

"No, stay seated. I want you to introduce you to someone first."

Yoko got to her feet, crossed the office to a door, opened it and ushered a young lady in. She had only taken a couple of paces before I realized it was the young woman that Akari was modelled on.

Yoko grabbed a chair from the other table and brought it to the end of our table. The doll's doppelganger followed close behind. "Tina, let me introduce you to Akari. The real Akari."

I stood up as she bowed her head. I followed suit. "Nice to meet you, Akari. I'm amazed at how easily I was fooled by the CD."

"Don't be. Everyone is at first." Yoko positioned the chair and Akari sat down.

She seemed like a pleasant girl. About my height, 5'4", slim and large chested. Stunning good looks and long dark hair. She was wearing an identical outfit to the doll, the firm's female uniform – cream blouse and navy-blue pleated skirt. She wasn't wearing a bra, so my attention was drawn to the impression of her large, dark nipples pressing against the thin fabric of her blouse.

I glanced at the brochure on the screen. "The model is called Hinata. Weren't you tempted to call it by your name?"

The girl smiled just like the Doll had, then shook her head. "Unfortunately, one of the other Dolls has a similar name so we came up with that one."

"Tina, we've brought Hinata and Akari into the interview to illustrate how serious we are about involving you in the CD program," the pretty young doctor said with real enthusiasm. "We wanted you to see the beginning and the end of the product progression. There's a lot in between, but there's an opportunity for you to step up and become one of the group."

“Would I be on the design side or manufacturing?”

“Oh, Tina, I think you haven’t quite grasped what I’m saying. We want you to be our next model. We want it to have your perfect body and stunning face. We want you to be our next Companion Doll...”

Four ~ Intimate details.

There was silence around the table as they waited for my reaction. At first, I was too stunned to reply. Then, as it dawned on me that they were serious, my reply tumbled out.

“You can’t be serious? I haven’t got a perfect body and I’m not pretty like Akari. I’m... I’m out of shape... That’s ridiculous...” As I spluttered the words out, I looked from face to face and all I got was shaking heads and smiles.

“That’s utter nonsense, Tina, you’re too modest,” Yoko said. “You can’t compare yourself with Akari. She’s Japanese and her Doll appeals to a certain taste. We need an English beauty like you to appeal to a different section of the market.”

“No, I think you’re wrong. It’s a long time since a lad complimented me or my body. You’d probably only sell one doll if you made it in my likeness.”

The three doctors and Akari burst out laughing. “That is so not true, Tina,” the young woman said. “We have two European girls in our group and their dolls sell by the thousand.”

Yoko reached across the table and put her hand on mine. “Tina, listen to me. You have the opportunity to become a millionaire within five years, if you take the path Akari took...” she pointed across to the doll. “For every Hinata we sell, Akari earns one hundred pounds in royalty payments.”

I looked over my shoulder at the Doll. It was an amazing likeness. Then I thought about all the men that would play with a Doll that looked exactly like

me. Shoving their dicks into its holes and covering it with cum. Just thinking about it made me feel woozy.

I shook my head. “I’m sorry, I’d worry that I would see the Doll version of me in a sex shop window. Or, one of my friends would recognise me. That would be dreadful.”

Yoko squeezed my hand. “Tina, these Dolls are for the far east. We don’t sell them in Europe. There will never be one of our Dolls in a shop window in this country, of that I can assure you.”

“Which countries do you sell them in?”

“Japan, of course is our major market, over sixty percent of our sales. Then, China, followed by South Korea, Hong Kong, Singapore and many more.

“Can I take a look at Hinata?”

She released my hand. “Of course...” She turned to the Japanese youngster sitting beside me. “Go and sit next to the Doll, Akari, and show Tina some of her features.”

Once we were both on our feet, I followed her over to the sofa. Akari sat down beside the doll, removed the catalogue from her lap and arranged her own skirt and hair to look like the Doll’s.

“Tina, isn’t the likeness amazing?”

Akari sat stock still, aping the doll. I was amazed. “It is and I can see how a man could become attached to a Doll in your likeness.”

“Thank you, Tina. The Dolls are true companions. It’s an accepted lifestyle in Asia for a man or a woman to have a synthetic companion. You will often see them as passengers in cars. The Japanese government accepts that owning one has almost halved the suicide rate in Japan among males. So, whenever I look at Hinata, I don’t see a sex doll, I see a companion who makes men feel good about themselves.”

I was impressed. I had never considered the other benefits of owning a sex Doll. “They do have realistic sex bits though, don’t they?”

Akari reached down and parted her knees, then pulled the doll’s pleated skirt back, revealing a pair of pristine white cotton knickers. “Here, help me remove her panties.”

I felt embarrassed when Akari lifted the doll, expecting me to pull her panties down. I had to, so I reached down and worked them off her hips and ass, then down her legs. Once I was holding the flimsy item, Akari parted her thighs and leant the Doll back, thus revealing the whole of her sex. Weirdly the Doll smiled at me again and opened her eyes wider.

Akari saw my surprise. “The smile is triggered through her eyes. Sensors are on

the lookout for eye contact.” She looked down. “Her pussy is identical to mine. Let me show you.”

“No, no, you don’t have to...”

“It’s no trouble at all...”

She pulled her own skirt back then worked her identical white panties down herself, then handed the warm garment to me. Then, she posed like the Doll with her thighs widely spread.

Standing, while holding two pairs of panties and peering down at their pussies, I was shocked by the girl’s brazen attitude toward her own body. “Yes... er, yes I see.”

Hers and the Doll’s labia had a modest line of pink clitoral flesh, which was a darker colour than her plump major lips. Hinata also had identical minor flaps guarding her vagina. My first impression, looking at the doll’s sex, was that it was plumper and more prominent than normal, but a quick glance at Akari’s confirmed it was true to life.

“Surely it can’t feel the same when the man has sex with her, can it?”

She laughed. “We’ve had no complaints. All of Hinata’s holes are eight and a half inches deep. That’s deep enough for ninety-eight percent of men. And, the holes are as tight as the real thing, so if I was to guess, the experience for the guy

would be the same as if he was fucking me.”

“Do you want to touch them or try out her vagina?”

“Oh, no thanks. I believe you.” I was tempted and couldn’t believe I was interested in the fine detail of the doll’s sexual functions but incredibly, I was. “What about lubrication? Does the man have to provide it?”

“Not with Hinata. She has her own,” Akari said proudly. “Her vagina and throat automatically lubricate, but her anus doesn’t, just like the real thing. Look in the gusset of her panties and compare them with mine.”

“Um...” I was almost too embarrassed to look, but I did and sure enough there was a similar amount of discharge.

“It’s one of their kinks, sniffing panties. If you try, you’ll discover she has an identical scent to me.” Seeing I was passing on that point, Akari pulled the Doll’s mouth open and showed me her impressive teeth. “Hinata also has a realistic tongue.” she pointed out.

“Are her breasts the same as yours?”

“Good question...” She sat back and adopted the same pose as the Doll again. “Have a feel and tell me what you think.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, go on. Compare our tits.”

I leant over and squeezed the Doll’s, then squeezed Akari’s. They were large and firm, while their nipples were hard and chunky “That is amazing, they are identical.”

I lowered my voice. “Will this Doll really make you a millionaire one day, Akari?”

“I’m a quarter of the way there already, after only one year. The company has shifted two thousand nine hundred Hinata Dolls in the last thirteen months and they have orders for another two hundred.”

“Do you think a Doll in my likeness will sell in Japan and China?”

“Yes, definitely. The company is offering you a once in a lifetime opportunity.”

Akari’s frank revelations of her earnings increased my interest in the company’s offer. “Will my Doll have the same features as yours?”

“SKI. are developing more advanced Dolls and yours will have more features than mine, I’m sure.”

The three doctors were on their feet and crossing the room to the tall glass showcase, so I stood up straight. Sure enough, they beckoned us over, so we went and joined them and gathered around the display case sitting on the carpet. There was only one item inside, on the base, a circular black disk that looked like an ice hockey puck.

Doctor Baker was holding a remote controller suggesting that the glass case had a special function. “Tina, I want to show you this device. It’s called an Ion-Particle-Constructor. IPC for short. Its function is to build a 3D image of a person’s body using ions. We use it at the early stages of developing a new Doll. It gives us the first impression of what that person’s Doll would look like.”

“What, like a hologram?” I suggested.

“Yes, like a hologram but with more substance.” Yoko explained. “What you’re going to see are ion maps of three female bodies, Akari’s, mine and yours.”

“What? How can a device like this know what my body looks like?”

“When you went through the sanitizer in the changing rooms, ion particles in the mist settled on your body, long enough for this device to map your exact shape.”

I was staggered by his explanation. “I can’t believe it...”

“Tina, technology is coming on in leaps and bounds. Let me show you Akari’s ion map.” He fiddled with the controller then paused. “It takes a few seconds...”

The sparkly particles I had seen in the ‘shower’ cubicle began to swirl around inside the cabinet. At first, it formed a shape like a pillar from the floor to the top. Then slowly, the shape of a female started to form until it had turned into a 3D image of Akari’s body. Even as I stared at the futuristic event, happening right before my eyes, the sparkling body took on a clearer definition until all the stray particles had joined the main body shape.

I would not have believed it was possible if I wasn’t witnessing it with my own eyes. What with the Corona virus changing the way we lived and now watching a device produce a 3D copy of a human form, my world was truly spinning on its axis...

Five ~ Decision time.

I was thrilled and shocked in equal measure, for the 3D image was a replica of Akari's naked body. Having achieved the likeness, the image began to slowly rotate. The sparkling gold ions weren't as solid as real skin, but every detail of the girl's body and intimate parts were on display for all to see. The image reminded me of the girl painted gold in the film 'Goldfinger', only less solid.

"Oh," I gasped in surprise when the image suddenly lost definition and collapsed into the black disk on the base.

"I'm just flipping through the maps to give you an idea of the technology at play here," doctor Baker explained.

The next one was Doctor Sasaki who didn't seem embarrassed when her 3D image solidified within the glass cabinet. She was petite compared to Akari. Her breasts and ass were smaller. Her shoulders were narrower and they sloped a little. Her legs were thinner and her shape straighter. Neither 3D image had any body hair.

I was embarrassed to be looking at naked figures of two women who stood either side of me, because every detail of their intimate parts was brought into sharp relief. "Why are they both bald?" I asked to deflect my thoughts away from Yoko's lewd image.

"The computer is programmed that way, Tina. The purpose of the device is to see if an applicant is suitable to enter the program. The program has other uses. The computer has mapped every member of staff on this floor as part of their advanced health care packages. We issue them with healthy diet options and monitor their progress in getting into a fitter shape."

The image of Yoko disappeared and was replaced with another pillar of ions. I held my breath as the 3D figure took shape. Yes, it was me with my hands out as if I was leaning against a wall. I felt my face flush as my 3D image started to rotate. Doctor Swan had seen me naked, so my embarrassment was due to Doctor Baker being present.

It was if I was looking at myself through someone else's eyes. I stood there stunned by the sight of my golden apparition. I was surprised at how similar Akari's and my figure were. If thousands of men craved to buy the young Japanese woman's likeness, then there was definitely hope for me.

"Tina, when you stepped into the cubical in the changing rooms, a copy formed in here," Doctor Sasaki explained. "We were watching and decided that you, out of all the applicants, have what we're looking for. You have the perfect body for our next model, which is why we're offering you a very generous five-year contract."

"I don't know what to say..."

"Then say nothing for the moment. Come over to the bar and I'll get you a drink. Yoko can prepare the paperwork for you to examine while we chat."

Doctor Baker led me across to the drinks bar and poured me a glass of orange drink. He knew from my file that I was interested in marketing and brought it up while I sipped my drink at the bar. We talked about the courses I had taken at the college I attended and how I coped on my own after my mother passed away when I was fifteen.

I liked Doctor Baker and he filled me with confidence and reassured me that the company had my best interests at heart. I never knew my father, which was one of the reasons, I assumed, that I was attracted to older men, like Doctor Baker.

“Once you’ve made your fortune, Tina, in five years, you’ll be able to follow a career in marketing,” he said in a convincing manner.

“You seem convinced that a Doll in my image will sell well in Asia. What if it doesn’t?”

“It will and to put your mind at rest, we will guarantee you one hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year as a minimum salary. That starts from the moment your doll goes on the market.”

I almost fell off my stool. “Are you serious?”

“Yes, I am. That figure is written into the contract. Everything is conditional though, on you following the six steps we stipulate for each new member of our elite group of Doll girls. Come back to the table. I think Yoko is ready to go through the details with you.”

Yoko, who had left the room and returned, was sitting where Doctor Baker had been sitting. The laptops had been replaced by a file and what I assumed was the contract for me to read.

I sat down and waited while doctor Baker sat opposite me. Yoko gave me a smile. “Have a scan through the contract and you’ll see it’s straight forward and easy to read. We avoid legal jargon because it’s confusing and difficult to translate into Japanese.”

I started reading. In the time I had left my seat and returned after having a drink of orange, the contract had been printed with my name on it. The terms were extremely generous and the royalty payments of £100 for every doll sold, were written in clear terms, as were the guarantee salary sums. I would only be earning £3,000 a month until the Doll rolled off the production line, which would then rise to £10,000 a month.

I looked up. “Yoko, how many months will it be before my Doll goes into production?”

“Well, that depends on how quickly we can produce the prototype. We test the prototype for a month, then start production about two weeks later. It’s the run-up to producing the prototype that slows the process down. However, we are in the process of streamlining it, which is why we have produced the six-step format. Turn over and you can see the detail.

I flipped the page over and found that the whole sheet was given over to the six steps:

* * *

Step One ~ Hair removal, Testing the limits. Reaction recording.

Step Two ~ Modifications: Skin tone, cosmetic adjustments,

implanted posture technology.

Step Three ~ Posture training and 3D printing.

Step Four ~ Provide images for marketing analysis.

Step Five ~ Marketing and language training.

Step Six ~ Prototype assimilation and training.

* * *

There were some points that concerned me and very little explanation of each step. “Do I have to have my hair removed?”

“Yes. Your body must be smooth during the first phase. Once production starts you can grow it back. You will have the choice of as many wigs as you want during the process,” Doctor Baker assured me.

“Testing the limits, reaction recording? What does that entail?”

“Tina, it is vitally important that the Doll be as close to your body image as possible,” Yoko explained. “We intend to make her into an exact copy of you, with the same reactions to certain sexual stimuli. So, Doctor Swan will put you through a series of tests. The recordings we gain will be reproduced in the Doll. The tests are scientifically based and only SKI approved items will be used. And, for your piece of mind, Doctor Swan will conduct the tests in our laboratory just down the corridor. In fact, one reason why we’ve been able to streamline the process is that we can now carry out step one and two here in the R&D department.”

One thing from her explanation worried me. “Tests? Do they include penetrative tests?”

Doctor Baker, opposite me, took over from Yoko. “Yes, they do, Tina. It’s probably the hardest step for you, but we’ve brought in Doctor Swan to conduct them because of your familiarity with his examinations. We can assure you the tests will be conducted with the utmost consideration of your sensitivities.”

Although I wasn’t entirely comfortable submitting myself to being penetrated with SKI products, I could cope on a one-off basis. I re-read step two. “Skin tone. Do you want me to get a tan?”

“Tina, your skin is close to what is required, but it will have to be treated with a pigment wash. I would describe the shade as a light tan.”

Another glance down. “Cosmetic adjustments? What does that mean?”

“Tina, this is the most exciting step in the process,” Doctor Baker said with real enthusiasm. “Using laser technology, every minor blemish on your body will be eradicated. It’s a treatment that would normally cost tens of thousands of pounds at a private hospital. We have invested in the equipment and have our own laser specialist staff here. We also offer the treatment to the staff on this floor.”

“What if I like all my blemishes?”

“Tina be serious. Later on in the process, we make a 3D model of you so the prototype can be manufactured. It’s absolutely vital that the finished Doll has no imperfections to ensure we have no returns.”

The doctors were offering me free laser treatment. It seemed too good to be true. “What about implanted posture technology? What does that involve?”

Yoko touched the back of my neck, at the top of my backbone. “We implant a small chip just here. It’s an aid for product developing. The chip monitors your movements and transmits them to the prototype’s on-board computer. You’ll be able to sit down beside your Doll and make it move in sync with you. Hands, arms, fascial movements, eyes, mouth. You will be able to switch the functions off and on at the switch of a remote controller.”

“To be honest, I don’t like the idea of having an implant.”

“Tina, we promise you won’t feel it after a day or two. It has to be there during the trial phase so we can finetune the prototypes on-board computer. The Doll

has to learn your movements and it takes time to get everything just right.

I wasn't very happy, but it seemed a small price to pay for achieving a very futuristic product which will probably provide me with riches beyond my wildest dreams. Besides, I was interested in the technology and the benefits the advanced features would bring to the marketing campaign.

We skimmed through the other items on the list, all of which were self-explanatory. I finally moved onto the third page which was all about copyrighting my images and the Doll itself. I would also be paid additional amounts for every appearance I made in public to promote my Doll and its spinoffs, like quarter sized replicas and other toys.

I arrived at the page where I had to sign on the dotted line. Yoko held a pen out and I took it from her, but I didn't sign. "When do you want me to start on step one, doctor?"

"First thing tomorrow morning," Doctor Swan replied. "You can go home now and come in tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. Remember to observe social distancing."

"Yes, Tina," Yoko said. "We want you to stay a couple of days here, so we can get the first phase of the development out of the way."

"A couple of days?"

“Yes, we have living accommodation on the floor above this one. Most of the admin and R&D staff are sleeping here during the week to avoid the risk of catching the virus.”

“Shall I bring some clothes in?”

“Bring a change of clothing, but we will provide you with clothes while you’re in the department. Also, bring all your personal documents like your passport and driver’s licence.”

“Oh, why do I need those?”

“We’ll be moving you to Japan, later in the week, to meet my father and the production team. Oh, and we’ll provide you with clothes for the trip.”

“Wow, that’s exciting... Hang on, what about the airlines? I thought most flights were grounded.”

“A helicopter will take us to Heathrow and from there we will fly in the company’s private jet.”

“You’ll be coming with me?”

“Yes, Tina. I will be going with you everywhere, until your Doll is in production.

You and I are going to be a team and together we're going to produce the best Companion Doll in SKI's catalogue.

I was dizzy with the overload of information. "I don't know what to say..."

Yoko touched my hand. "Tina, we're all as excited as you are. Sign the contract and we'll see you in the morning. Make sure you get some rest. You're going to be a busy girl for the rest of the week."

I signed along the dotted line, then Yoko and Doctor Swan witnessed my signature.

Yoko put her hand on my shoulder and gently stroked the silk gown. "Soon, Tina, you're going to be so busy travelling around Asia promoting your Doll at live events and in sales meetings. In fact, you don't have any need for your tiny flat in Enfield anymore. Whenever you return to England, you'll have your own flat upstairs."

"Does that mean I can give my landlord notice?"

"Yes, absolutely. You're moving up in the world.

"What about my car? Can I park it here during the week?"

“Yes, in one of the reserved spots. I’ll leave instructions with security. Just tell them your name when you arrive at the gate, the guard will direct you to your spot.”

“Timothy will be along in a minute,” Dr Baker called out from his desk.

Moments later he appeared on a monitor above the door. It was time to go home and get my affairs in order...

Six ~ Taking the plunge.

Was I making the right move? I had only been in Quality Control a month, but I was thoroughly fed up with oiling dildos. Moving to the R&D department was going to cause a massive upheaval in my life, something I had been pining for in recent months. However, helping the company produce a sex Doll in my image was the last thing I expected to do.

Calling them Companion Dolls didn't disguise the fact that men brought them so they could have unlimited sex. However, the more I thought about what Akari said, about the Japanese suicide rate, the more I warmed to the idea of letting the company develop a CD in my image. Seeing the Hinata model and how life-like it was, convinced me I was making the right decision.

If I was going to be promoting them around Asia, I was worried about the reaction I'd get from men buying the Dolls. However, according to Yoko, the only time I was going to meet large groups of people was at special events and then I'd probably be on a stage well away from the crowd. Success depended on Asian men liking a life-size Doll that looked like me and in my opinion that was the biggest risk.

Thankfully, SKI were taking all the risks. I had a five-year contract and a guaranteed income of £3000 a month rising to £10,000, once the Doll was rolling off the production line. I ummed and ahed until I fell asleep. But there was no going back. I had signed the contract and given my landlord notice.

It was a furnished flat so all I had was clothes and bedding to pack. In the morning I loaded the car with all my things and set off for work. Knowing my landlord, he'd have a new tenant in the flat by the end of the week. The security guard let me into the private section of parking and directed me to my space. I didn't bump into any of my work colleagues because I was arriving an hour later than them.

I felt guilty not seeing my friends and telling them I was moving departments. Unfortunately, unnecessary visits were frowned on in the lockdown and I wouldn't have got past Stella Blunt. I sent them all messages and got some enthusiastic congratulations. Debbie told me not to overdose on dildos because it could damage my health. They were clearly under the impression I had gone from oiling fake silicone cocks to shagging them!

Jenny on reception was expecting me and directed me once again through the waiting rooms and sanitizer. There were no sparkly particles, just a dry mist to sterilize my body. I immersed from the second waiting room wearing the white outfit – cotton two piece and silk gown. And, because there was also a face mask in the tray, I was wearing that too.

Timothy was waiting, wearing a face mask, and led me to a small waiting room in the R&D department. He held the door open, waited for me to enter, then pointed at the other door in the room.

“Doctor Swan and Doctor Sasaki are in the Lab and they know you're here. Let me have your robe and take a seat. I'm sure they won't be a minute.”

I untied the belt and reluctantly handed the robe to him. He glanced up and down my body and gave me a smile. “Tina, you look beautiful in white.”

I was flattered by his comment and thanked him as he turned to leave. Left alone, I sat down facing the door in one of four comfortable seats. I was pleased when Yoko appeared and ushered me into the laboratory. It was a huge white room with at least a dozen pieces of complicated electronic machinery standing around. I could imagine them being hooked up to patients in the two hospital

beds at the far end of the room.

There were monitors, stands and trolleys laden with medical items, while the walls were decked out with glass cupboards full of medicines, bandages, and PPE. I hated hospitals and the room we entered had that feel about it. However, there were no patients or any sign of doctor Swan in the room.

Yoko steered me toward a white solid structure on wheels, which looked as if it was made of moulded plastic. It was a similar shape to the vaulting horse we jumped over at the senior academy I attended.

As we approached it, I saw that it had a padded top surface with undulations in the shape of a female torso. The young Japanese woman, who was wearing a white lab coat, pulled it away from the wall and steered it to one corner so that it was facing a mirror fastened to the wall.

She patted the top surface. “Tina, please remove your top and shorts and lay on there. Leave your mask on for now. While you’re getting comfortable, I’ll get a few things together and bring them over.”

I was relieved to be able to get undressed and climb on the moulded trolley without having an audience. I was dealing with a doctor who had seen a 3D image of my naked body, but I still felt embarrassed as I slipped the white top and shorts off.

After climbing on the ‘horse’, I discovered that my body was a good fit. The surface undulations, in the moulded plastic, seemed to be in the right places, especially for my ‘C’ cup tits. There were two holes strategically placed for my

nipples to poke through into the void beneath me.

I knew that the mould hadn't been made for me, but it sure felt like it had. The sides sloped away from the top, but the front and back were flat and vertical. I was conscious that my ass projected beyond the back edge by a couple of inches and my feet didn't quite reach the ground.

There was a small protrusion at the front, shaped to support my neck, obviously there to keep my head up and stop me from getting neck pain. Below that was a control panel with switches and gauges, suggesting the box-like structure I was lying on had many functions.

Yoko, pushing a trolley covered with a white cloth, parked it at the side, then turned her attention toward me. "Are you comfortable, Tina?"

"Yes, I am, thanks. How long will this take, Yoko?"

I could just see her reach under the top tray and remove a couple of white 'U' shape pieces of plastic.

"Tina, we need you to remain perfectly still for a couple of hours, so I'm going to fit these restraints. I'll do your arms first."

"Oh, no. I don't need those. Can't I just lay still...?"

She hunkered down by my right arm. “No, Tina. We need you to concentrate on the process and completely relax. It’s vital you remain still if we’re going to get the right data from the tests we are about to conduct.”

She steered my hand, so my wrist was against the plastic side, then pushed the small ‘U’ shape hoop into two holes on the structure. The hoop was padded and after several clicks it pinned my wrist to the side of the mobile bench. She repeated the process on my upper arm, just above my elbow. With my right arm completely disabled she moved around to my left arm and repeated the process.

Yoko removed yet another two hoops from the trolley and went to my right leg. “Raise your knee, Tina,” She helped to guide my thigh up the side of the box-like platform into a contour moulded into the plastic.

When my thigh was almost horizontal, she pushed the padded ‘U’ into the holes, capturing my upper thigh and pinning it against the plastic side. She fitted a smaller ‘U’ gripping my calf just above my ankle, high beneath my thigh. When she had secured my left leg, I was in a similar position to a motorcycle racing driver, low over the handlebars.

“We call this the ‘Horse’, Tina, and use it to road test items from our catalogue. It provides the most relaxing position for our trialists and enables us to collect accurate data on the quality and effectiveness of our products.” She slid a small hatch to the side, level with my tits and reaching in, pulled on my left nipple. “That’s good...” She pulled my nub, causing my areola to follow the nipple through the small hole.

“Ow,” I complained. “That hurts.”

“I’m going to attach a suction cap, Tina, and you’ll feel a little discomfort, but you’ll get used to the sensation.”

“What’s it for? Why are you doing that?”

“Don’t be naïve, Tina. The process will enlarge your nipples and make your areolas more prominent. “You must be aware the importance buyers put on large nipples. It’s one of the major selling features of our Dolls.”

When I felt Akari’s breast, I noticed she had hard chunky nipples, just like her Doll’s, but I assumed my Doll would have modest nipples like most European girls. I was wrong and could hardly kick up a fuss while she attached a device to each of nipples, inside the ‘horse’.

“All done,” she said closing the hatch.

She went to the panel on the front of the ‘horse’ and threw a switch. A buzzing beneath me coincided with a tingling in my nipples. Then, when she turned a dial, I instantly felt my nipples being aggressively sucked.

“How does that feel? I’ve set it at fifty percent for now...”

I could bare the sensation. I did like nipple play but what was happening was at the extreme end of the scale. “Um, okay, but how long will it go on?”

“We’ll see. I’ll switch it off while we’re doing other trials, but it all depends on how quickly your nipples take to achieve the optimum size.” She then moved down to the other end. “I’m going to examine your labia for a second, Tina. This won’t take a minute.”

With my thighs widely parted and raised, my ass cheeks were stretched, leaving my sex and anus totally exposed. Nimble fingers thumbed my major lips apart and pulled on my clitoral hood gently. Within seconds, as she teased my slippery folds, I could feel my pussy heat up and liquify.

In the mirror, all I could see was the top of her bowed head. Her fingers pulled squeezed and briefly slipped into my vaginal entrance. Her supposed examination of my labia felt more like she was masturbating me. I wasn’t complaining because she triggered a mild orgasm: and I would have been happy for her to continue until I had a full-blown climax.

My suspicions were confirmed when she took some samples of my juices with a plastic syringe and squirted the creamy substance into a tiny bottle. I felt like a lab rat, pinned to a board, being experimented on. The trouble was, the doctors had only just begun...

Seven ~ On the ‘Horse’.

Yoko drew up a chair and sat down facing me; then pulled the trolley nearer and removed the cloth covering. The tray was full of many scary items from syringes to stainless steel instruments I couldn't identify. However, I recognised hair clippers and shaving equipment, suggesting she was about to cut my hair off.

After easing my mask off, Yoko removed the first item from beneath the tray. The way she held the plastic strip up, suggested she was going to wrap it around my neck. "Tina, this collar is part of the recording system that will capture your natural responses to certain stimuli..."

Yoko slipped one end of the odd-looking collar under my chin and fed it around, then fastened the ends behind my neck. two strips were still hanging down, one either side. She pulled them together beneath the extension support and buckled it tightly, pinning my neck to the support.

"That's tight, Yoko," I complained.

"It has to be, Tina. There are two microphones in the collar, and a third in this extension piece. We don't want any movement while we're recording."

She held up a white mask, similar in shape to the one she had just removed from my face. However, when she turned it around, I saw that it looked more like a face gag, for it had a one-inch diameter ball protruding from the inside.

"Please, Doctor, I don't want to wear that. I don't like being pinned to this box and have things put in my mouth."

“Tina, this is not the time to be difficult. This ball contains a microphone and is essential to get the recordings we require. Now open your mouth, Tina. The sooner I fit this, the sooner step one will be completed.”

The solid mask had a thick metal jack at the bottom which slotted in a socket on the extension below my chin. I begrudgingly opened my mouth and allowed Yoko to slide the ball in until the padded mask was pushed tight up against my face. She secured to the main structure with a turn of a small knob, then flicked a switch on the control panel.

“Uggghhhh!” I complained when I felt the ball begin to grow and fill my mouth.

“Calm down, Tina, the latex ball is expanding to keep your head still. There’s a hole through the centre so you can breathe normally and drink fluids. Just relax and take it easy.”

“Urrrrrrrrr.” It began pressing down on my tongue, then the roof of my mouth, forcing my jaw to open wider.

A ping sounded below me, suggesting the machine had stopped pumping air. “All, done...” Yoko looked at her watch. “I’m going to give you ten minutes to relax and get used to the new sensations, then I’ll return with Doctor Swan and we’ll get the first step underway.”

Yoko remained seated until I got a grip. I couldn’t complain or signal my displeasure, so I took her advice and calmed down. I soon discovered that I

could breathe normally and that I was comfortable. As soon as she rose from her seat and left the room, I closed my eyes. Then, I tried my hardest to pretend I wasn't naked and that my sex wasn't out in the open, thrusting in the obscenest manner possible.

I finally managed to calm down, despite the pull on my nipples and being in a vulnerable, exposed position. Discovering I couldn't move a muscle and that my body was comfortable helped. To take my mind off what was involved in the first step, I tried to identify some of the equipment in the room. I concluded that Sasaki Industries were prepared for any eventuality and if they had the right doctors, they had the beds and equipment to carry out some serious operations.

When both doctors finally returned to the room, Doctor Swan went to a mobile piece of equipment, wheeled it over and parked it behind me. I could see his reaction to my naked ass and exposed sex in the mirror and noted that he was more interested in my nether region than the strange looking machine.

Yoko sat down facing me and gave me a smile. "We're going to start with clitoral stimulation, Tina. While Doctor Swan prepares the equipment, I'm going to cut your hair."

It was a nice way of saying 'Shave all your hair off until you're bald'. I had my hair cut short for several years when I was in my early teens so I thought I could cope with the loss. Doctor Sasaki worked methodically, chopping great chunks off, then using clippers to remove the rest. She finished by shaving my pate smooth.

When she left her seat to fetch a small vacuum cleaner, I saw the awful result of her handywork in the mirror. I didn't like my new image, but it was a small price to pay for the eventual success of the project.

After Yoko had used the vacuum cleaner and left her seat, Doctor Swan caught my eye in the mirror. “Tina, I’m going to apply lubrication to your labia and surrounding area. It will help to keep the area free of sores during the tests. Then, we’ll attach electrodes to your body and temples so we can monitor your reactions.”

I would have pointed out, if I could, that I had plenty of my own lubrication. Unfortunately, Yoko had dried my sex after her examination. I flinched when he casually placed his huge black hands on my bubble-like ass cheeks. He tested their firmness by giving them a good squeeze, then pulled them even further apart than they already were.

Seemingly satisfied he picked up a tub, opened it and after showing me a dollop of cream on his finger, began to smear it on my labia lips. He was gentle at first, but as his digits slipped and slid up and down, he pressed harder and was soon rubbing my clitoral flesh with some force.

I could tell from the expression on his face that he was getting carried away, maybe going beyond normal medical guidelines. He then took another dollop and smeared it on my perineum and around my anal whorl.

I squeezed my eyes shut when he slipped two fingers into my succulent entrance, twisted his fingers a couple of times, then withdrew them. He repeated the process in my rectum, then used tissue to dab the access away. I noted he stopped fingering my holes when the young Japanese doctor returned with a tray of small discs, suggesting once again, he was going further than he should.

While Doctor Sasaki attached electrodes to my smooth head and temples, Doctor

Swan stuck the small discs on my back, sides and thighs. Each one had a wire attached, which in turn was plugged into the monitoring device that stood tall at the side of the bench.

After wheeling another piece of equipment close to my ass, Doctor Swan fitted something on the front and then pushed the machine forward until part of it was pushing into my labia furrow.

“The attachment Dr Swan is fitting, Tina, simulates the actions of our most popular clitoral stimulator, the Pulse 2500. You may have come across them on the production line.”

I would have nodded, but I couldn't. I didn't own one, because I begrudged paying £70 when I was happy using my fingers. So, it was going to be a new experience for me.

“Tina, I'm switching your nipple suction off while we conduct the next three or four tests.”

When she flicked a switch, halting the machine, the growing ache building in my tits slowly began to fade. Then, when the clitoral stimulator was switched on, I forgot about my sore nipples. The Pulse 2500 was actually a cool bit of kit. The domed head vibrated, while the machine performed a zig-zag movement up and down my labia. It had only been on a minute and I was wishing I had bought one a long time ago.

“Tina, close your eyes and enjoy. Let yourself go and be vocal. We're recording every sound you make. In this phase it's your throaty sighs and nasal sounds that

we're after..."

She fell silent and left me to swim in a world of constant thrilling sensations that quickly built to an exciting climax. Whoever designed the motion of the machine that was simulating the vibrating wand, knew exactly what they were doing. I had never felt anything like it and wondered if the intensity the device produced would repeat every time I used one.

"Ahhhhhh," I sighed as I floated through a thoroughly intense and enjoyable experience. "Uhhhhh, ahhhhhh, urrrrrr." I deliberately tried to vary my response as much as I could with high, low and deep throaty sounds.

The machine slowed, bringing me down gently. "Tina, that was exactly what we wanted...". Yoko was studying the twin screens on the machine I was hooked up to. "...so much so, I think we can skip the other two devices and move onto the penetrative tests."

Looking up I saw Doctor Swan's face light up, suggesting he was going to oversee them.... If that was the case, I was in for a rough ride

Eight ~ Testing limits.

I waited anxiously while Doctor Swan prepared the machine by attaching a black dildo to the front fitting. It was larger than the one I used at home, but similar in size to my ex-boyfriend's. He deliberately fitted the attachment in view of the mirror so I could witness the size and shape of the object that was about to impale me.

"Tina, Doctor Swan has just fitted a replica of the Robust 800, our best-selling dildo," Yoko informed me. "I expect you've packed a few of those over the past year."

Again, I would have confirmed her assertion if I could because I was familiar with the popular toy. Little did I realize that one day a machine would be using one to shaft me while I lay pinned to a plastic horse! I had just come to terms with what was about to happen when I took a knock to my confidence. Doctor Sasaki, who was sitting facing me, stood up and excused herself saying she would return in an hour. I was desperately disappointed to be left alone with Doctor Swan, but I was powerless to influence events.

The grinning doctor didn't waste any time steering the machine until the tip of the realistically veined dildo was nudging the entrance to my quim. Then, he slowly pushed the machine forward until the fake cock was fully buried in my vagina and the attached rubber balls were pressed hard against my mons.

"Both dildos I'm going to use in the tests, Tina, are eight inches long. I see from the data that your limit is nine inches, so there will be no bruising in your cervix with this test." He patted my pert cheeks. "That's good news, kid."

At the time, I thought he was considering my feelings, but I changed my mind as

the trial proceeded.

“Tina, I’m going to start a couple of trial strokes to see if I need to adjust the angle of the thrusts. I hope you like black cocks because that’s all I’ll be using today.” He chuckled as the dildo began to move.

The solid invader slowly withdrew and returned four times in my moderately aroused quim. Dr Swan then brought the mechanism to a halt. To me, it felt like the perfect angle, but the doctor decided to adjust it a tad.

Having satisfied himself, he started the pistoning phallus again and although I couldn’t tell the difference, I appreciated his eye for detail. A quiver ran through my body as I reacted to the delicious sensations the firm cock produced, sliding back and forth in my young, tight quim.

“Ahhh,” I sighed in response to the powerful, deep thrusts.

Doctor Swan, standing at the side, watched the monitors on the other side of the ‘horse’. “You’re doing well, Tina,” he said before laying his hands on my back and stroking me like he would a puppy dog.

“Urrrrr,” I moaned loudly as the black, veined shaft slid back and forth, stretching my tender walls mercilessly and causing my succulent orifice to produce more lubrication.

A familiar hot, sparkly sensation spread out from my groin and slowly consumed

every fibre of my restrained body. “Uhhhhhrrrr,” I moaned in genuine delight.

“That’s what we want, Tina, to record your responses to a nice juicy fuck. Imagine it’s your black lover’s cock pounding his dick in the holes of your petite white body.” His hands continued to gently massage my body.

With my eyes closed, I tried to imagine what he suggested and found the thought highly arousing, so much so, the thrilling ride intensified. “Urrrrr, ahhhhh, errrrrrrr,” I groaned and sighed. I made every throaty sound in my repertoire, not deliberately, but because of the way my body was reacting to being so thoroughly shafted.

As the thrusts slowed, I suddenly realized the doctor was fondling my buttocks with his left hand, which was certainly not contributing to the test. His right hand, massaging my back gently was welcome but having fingers squeezing my cheeks and rubbing up and down my valley began to unsettle me.

“Tina, you have a lovely body and will make a superb Doll. I can’t wait to have you in my collection.” With that chilling thought, he returned to my rear end and pulled back the machine, thus withdrawing the realistically shaped dildo. My quim didn’t seem to want to release the intruder, but the weight of the machine finally provided enough force to withdraw the stout shaft with a loud ‘slurp’.

Having moved the machine to one side, he adjusted the dildo to a slight downward angle, then brought a low step-stool and placed it behind me. “Tina, instead of unleashing the Robust 800 in your tight pucker, I thought I’d give you a more comfortable ride. We need data on how your body reacts to the real thing and I’m quite happy to oblige.”

I was resigned to the doctor taking advantage of me. I had watched him in the mirror and seen the way he kept looking and touching my body. He stepped up on the stool, fiddled with his clothing then nudged the crown of his cock against my hot gaping entrance.

“Tina, your cunt is drooling. It’s gagging to be shafted again...” He easily penetrated me to the hilt, then placed his hands on the tops of my butt cheeks. “Oh yes. Virgin tight. I can feel you grip me, kid. I can’t wait to get your Doll so I can fuck it every night like this...” He started to rock back and forth, not as fast as the machine fucked me, but steadily enough.

The real thing was so different. For one thing, he gripped my hips and thudded his whole bodyweight against my posterior. For another he was longer and nudged my extremity with each thrust, and third, every time he lunged forward, his balls slapped against my mons.

I was still simmering after the first session, so it didn’t take many thrusts to take me back to the peaks of the first orgasm I experienced. “Uhhhhh, rrrrrr, earrrrr,” I gasped on cue for the microphones.

“Good girl. I think we’ve got plenty of happy vocals for the throat sounds. Now we need to get some less happy tones to complete the recordings. So, I’m going to move up a hole.”

With that, he eased his dick out of my quim and nudged the blunt end against my pucker. “Uhhhhhhh!” I protested as he forced his way past the obstinate muscle.

“Fantastic, Tina. I hope they make the Doll with virgin tight holes like yours...”

He continued driving his black cock into my rectum until he was tight up against my rounded ass cheeks, then continued where he left off in my quim.

“Uh, uh, uh,” I groaned with each thrust of his hips.

I wasn't enjoying the aggressive thuds against my posterior, possibly because I had only experience anal sex once before. However, as soon as the dull ache settled down, his shaft constantly thrusting deep inside me began to produce some pleasurable sensations. My grunts during the anal fuck were low and guttural, but pathetic compared to Doctor Swan's growls and grunts when he eventually emptied his balls into my deepest recess.

Once he had withdrawn and put the step away, he cleaned the dildo and removed it from the machine. I hoped he had finished testing my limits and recording my vocals for the Doll prototype. However, when he put the dildo in the cabinet, he removed another, much bigger one.

He placed one hand on my butt and raised the huge black veined dildo for me to see. “Tina, seeing as you've been such a good sport, I'm going to spare you a session on the machine with the ‘Monster Deluxe’ dildo. This big bad boy is SKI's premier dildo. You and your Doll are going to have to get used to it being thrust in your tight virgin vagina, so I'll ease it in by hand and let you get a feel for it.”

“Uggggg,” I complained when he inserted the first inch into my juicy entrance.

“That's a good start, Tina. You're nice and creamy so we're going to be able to do this; and remember, the more sounds we can capture, the more realistic the

Doll will sound.”

He exerted more pressure. “Ahhhhhh,” I groaned as the massive intruder inched its way deeper and deeper inside me.

It got to the point where the doctor had to start nudging it back and forth to make any progress. I groaned and growled throughout the impaling until the dildo could go no further.

“That’s fantastic and I didn’t have to use any lube. Yoko will be pleased. I’m going to fetch her and she can fill you in on where we go from here. Unfortunately, I have to return to my surgery for now, but let me reassure you that the doctors who will take over for the next step are the finest in their field.”

After giving my ass cheeks a final squeeze, he left me to ruminate on my situation. The first hour of the process had been arduous, so I was looking forward to having the mask, gag and dildo removed when Yoko returned.

Within minutes of Dr Swan leaving, the young Japanese doctor appeared, carrying a clipboard. She was accompanied by another young Japanese woman, also wearing a long white coat. The women were the same height and similar build and both were in their mid-twenties, I thought. Whereas both had neatly cut shoulder length hair, the newcomer was strikingly attractive and had applied a little make-up. She put Yoko in the shade, but I doubted if the young doctor was bothered.

They went straight to my rear end and examined my nether region. The women chatted together while examining my labia lips, which were wrapped around the

end of the black dildo. Fingers touched my misshapen lips and also gently touched my anus which hadn't had time to return to its former tight pucker state. Yoko used tissue to wipe around the stretched orifice, as if Doctor Swan had left a mess behind him.

Then, with the other girl, they removed all the electrodes stuck on my body and put them away in a box. The young women stood for a few minutes checking the data on the monitors, making notes on a clipboard and chatting about the information gleaned. After moving all the equipment back to the wall, they came and sat down facing me.

"Tina, this is Doctor Hatsu Konishi. She is one of the team who will be doing the modifications to your body and helping me with the later steps in the program."

"Hello, Tina. Everyone is excited about your project," she said without a trace of a Japanese accent.

Yoko glanced at her clipboard, then looked me in the eye. "Tina, we're extremely pleased with the way you responded to the three elements in step one. We've removed your hair, tested your limits and recorded your reactions to a variety of stimuli. We have everything he need for the Doll's basic responses during intercourse. Later, with coaching, we can add words and phrases in different languages. Doctor Konishi will explain the next step."

The pretty young woman had a more serious expression on her face. "Your Doll, Tina, is going to be our most advanced model yet. We plan to make two versions. One, a standard model, and the other a premier edition. The advanced Super-Doll will perform like a robot and be able to stand and walk. Its movements are going to be modelled on your behaviour and that's why our neurosurgeons need to insert a tiny computer into the base of your skull and

connect it to the relevant parts of your brain.”

Yoko saw the fear in my eyes. “Don’t worry, Tina. The operation will be carried out by a team of the finest neurosurgeons on the planet and after a couple of days you won’t even know the chips have been installed.”

“That’s true Tina. And, to make the whole process smother and quicker, your body modifications will be dealt with at the same time. When you wake up in a few days’ time, step two will be completed and you’ll be ready to move on to step three...”

Yoko reached over to the tray and picked up a syringe and a bottle of fluid, then pushed the needle through the foil lid. I lay staring, fixated on the fluid being drawn into the syringe. She tested it was free of air and then stood up.

“Tina, when you wake up, the most difficult part of the process will be behind you and a world of riches ahead...”

With dread gripping my whole body, the sharp pain from the needle in my butt cheek seemed to confirm my worst fears. SKI were planning to alter my body and turn me into a human prototype. I desperately hoped that the procedures weren’t life changing and that I’d have my life back once my Doll was rolling off the production line...

THE END of Part One.

Sample of Part Two.

Chapter One.

I was sitting on the sofa, all dressed up and nowhere to go. The room was large and filled with retro furniture from the previous century. There was an old record player and TV set sitting on a long sideboard. At the far end of the room stood a table and four chairs. The sofa I was sitting on was hard and had a high back, giving me good support.

Beside me sat my friend, Hinata. She had a smile on her face because our master had chosen her before he went to work. Her white cotton panties lay bunched on the floor where the doctor had dropped them after whisking them down and using her holes.

He had been in a hurry but remembered to sit her up and lean her against me before he rushed out of the door. Time meant nothing to me so when the door opened our master may well have forgotten something and returned to grab it.

That wasn't the case though because he was talking to someone and it was dark outside. When the men entered the room, they had huge grins on their faces and swayed about as though they were drunk.

“So it's true then, you old rogue...” The young black man stood beside our Master staring at the pair of us. “Is it just the two or have you got any more?”

“With these two I have seven all together, but these two fuck like the real thing. Do you want to try that one out?” He pointed at Hinata.

“Can I shag the other one?”

“No, she’s special.”

“What’s special about her?”

“She’s real and the other one’s just a Doll.”

“Uh? What the fuck? Real, what do you mean?”

“When the company finished with the girl, they gave her to me.”

The young man approached me. He leant over and touched my cheek. I sat and stared at his young startled face. “Fuck, man, you had me going there...”

“It’s true. Get your cock out and tell her to open her mouth.”

The young man must have been drunk because he did what the doctor suggested. He nudged my lips with the end of his black dick. “Open your mouth, girl,” he ordered.

“No, not like that you fuckwit,” the doctor said, moving forward to stand beside him. “You have to start every command with ‘Tina’.”

“For fuck’s sake. What a palaver just to bone a latex Doll.”

“I told you, she’s real...”

“Tina, open your mouth,” the lad said in n aggressive tone.

I could tell that the doctor wasn’t very happy. However. I complied as requested. After a brief hesitation he thrust his dick into my mouth until it nudged my soft palate.

“So, the Doll has one trick. That’s not very clever,” the young man crowed.

I saw the angry expression on my Master’s face, so I snapped my jaw shut.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhh! The young man’s screams echoed around the room, but they didn’t wake Hinata...”

I woke from my slumber slowly. The vivid dream was still with me, so after being dazzled by bright, white light, I closed my eyes and gave myself a moment to straighten my thoughts. There was pain, not unbearable, but a pain nevertheless. It was centred around the back of my head... Then I remembered

Yoko and the other doctor telling me about the computer chips...

My biggest fear was that they were going to fuck my brain and reduce me to a vegetable, but my thoughts were clear enough. I couldn't move my arms and legs because they were still pinned to the plastic horse. I could however move my fingers and toes, which was a huge relief. And, I no longer had the white rubber ball in my mouth, nor the mask over my face.

Thankful that a major hurdle was behind me, I gradually opened my eyes. As they adjusted to the light, I discovered that the 'horse' had been parked in a small hospital-like room. There was an empty bed with monitoring equipment on a stand at the side. The 'horse' I was attached to sat where a second bed might have stood.

At the end of the room, I was facing a wall mounted TV between two doors, one with a round window and the other marked 'Toilet'. Was I still in the main SKI building in Enfield or had they moved me to a hospital? I wondered. The mask, collar and neck support were gone and in their place was a padded extension piece enabled me to rest my head in comfort.

I turned my head to face the wall and was confronted with a small white rubber ball hanging from the ceiling. I set it swinging when I nudged it with my nose. A sign on the wall simply said: 'Pull cord for attendant'. I wasn't quite ready to face anyone, because I was starting to see and feel differences that I hadn't noticed before.

For a start, my skin was slightly darker. I could see the side of my arm and shoulders and the colour was even all the way down to my hand. I looked again and decided that they had evened up the colour, rather than darkened it. A mole had disappeared on my right arm, something I was glad about, but I wasn't sure

if everything they had changed was going to please me.

The sensations were more troubling. My pussy felt hot as though it was aroused. I liked it itching with desire but hated any unwanted sensations in that region. Then there were my tits. I couldn't see them, but my nipples were humming a merry tune. The sucking attachments were gone, so I decided I was feeling the results of the prolonged pull on my nubs.

Finally, there was my mouth. I ran my tongue around my teeth and decided they felt okay. However, something had changed and I couldn't put my finger on it. The sensation felt similar to when I had my teeth polished and the dentist had roughed my gums a little.

I decided I was ready to speak to someone. I grabbed the rubber ball with my mouth and pulled. A bell sounded and a red light lit up above the door. I waited anxiously for the door to open, for I was seconds away from finding out the full extent of the modifications...

THE END of the Sample

I hope you enjoyed the first part of this

New series and continue to read my work in the future.

Thanks, Amelia.

Email at - Amelia.stark@mail.com

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