

“If you would just follow me through here,” Mr. Davison instructs me while hastily walking through a doorway. I do my best to keep up and not to seem like a nuisance. What I’ve seen today was quite a show. So many lifelike statues that you wouldn’t believe this guy is in his thirties. He really is quite talented; his works can look so real you swear they’re going to jump you any moment like you’re in a horror movie. This place is a damn maze too; I nearly lost Mr. Davison more than once.

It’s incredible to think that I won the contest. There must’ve been hundreds of thousands of people writing in, but in the end, I seem to be the only one who was invited for a tour. Honestly, I’m not that excited about art and sculpturing. I just sent in the little slip I found in the box out of boredom, really. Still, even as the philistine I am, I’ve heard of Kyle Davison before. He’s the Banksy of our time, as popular as he is elusive. At least that’s what I thought, before he appeared before me personally. The contest said the prize would be a tour through a gallery of his works, but nothing about him being the tour guide.

“Please, take a seat,” he directs me further when we step into the next room. A dead end, it appears. Seems like we reached the end of the gallery. What’s next?

Mr. Davison speaks up again. “Alright then, Donald... can I call you Don?” he inquires, and I nod my head. I hate being called Donald. “Great, you can call me Kyle, too. The last part of the tour includes a more personal touch. A live demonstration of my skills, making a statue of none other than yourself.”

I’m stunned. I never figured the tour would be this extensive. Behind him is a large rectangular block of a plastic-looking substance, but somewhat soft. Maybe silicone? I was never too knowledgeable about chemistry or art, but I always imagined sculptors use stone, marble, wood, that kind of material. Apparently the practice has come quite a way since then.

Not losing any time, Kyle goes right at it. I’m sitting here on my chair, feeling bad that this guy has to work his ass off while I’m relaxing and staring at him. It’s obvious though that he really enjoys what he does. His movements are so smooth and energetic, his steps around the emerging statue clearly filled with joy. Though I don’t understand his job, nor have any interest in it, it’s inspirational to see somebody work with such enthusiasm, no matter the field. Hell, the technique alone is incredible to see even for a layman. I don’t need to be an expert to notice that he is *damn* fast, and I can’t really see the quality suffering for it at all.

After a while, decent progress has been made. Kyle has worked up a serious sweat and announces a short break. He more than deserves one, and I take the opportunity to examine how far he got. First of all, I’m curious about the material, so I give it a careful prod. I don’t know exactly how silicone feels, but I’d imagine this is it. Pretty tough, but still much more pliable than simple plastic. It does have a skin-like feel, more so than any other material that comes to mind.

The attention to detail is just as amazing. Madame Tussauds ain’t got shit on this. It’s almost eerie how lifelike it is, I can totally recognise myself in this. Kyle’s done the head and shoulders so far. The rest is probably going to go a bit faster, since he’s probably doing more detail for the face than for the rest of the body.

“Impressive, huh?” Kyle announces himself coming back into the room with a half-empty cup of coffee in his hand. He chuckles, “After tirelessly training my whole life, it better be, I suppose.”

“It’s amazing, Mr. Davison, it looks just like me, it’s almost scary!”

“I told you to call me Kyle,” he smiles. “But yes, that’s the idea. Wanna continue?”

“Sure, you’re the boss,” I respond, finally loosening up a bit. He may be a celebrity, but his secrecy apparently helps keeping him down to earth.

Now that the body has to be sculpted, Kyle looks rather uncomfortable when he asks me to undress. Hastily, he adds that I can keep on my underwear, and that this is strictly for the sculpture. I hadn’t taken it the wrong way, I get why he asks. With no hesitation, I strip down to my underwear and sit down again. He seems relieved that I wasn’t offended and gets right back to work. As I expected, progress looks to go so much faster once the profile is done. In almost no time, “Sculpture Me” has arms and a torso.

When Kyle gets to the crotch, things get weird. I was wondering what he’d do once he gets there, if I’m honest. After he was worried how I’d take a prompt to strip, I figured he’d just sculpt my underwear. He doesn’t. In fact, he’s rather generous. What’s more, he notices my inquisitive, puzzled expression.

“Hey, never heard of ‘too big’ before, have you?” he jokes. “I like it the way the Greeks did it, not ashamed of their bodies unlike others of their time. Aligning too closely with their style got me into a lot of trouble with one particularly sensitive client though,” Kyle laughs. “Thought I was making fun of him and stormed right out of the gallery. I felt a little bad, so I donated the statue to a nearby urologist, who’s now displaying the thing in his waiting room. Tells me his patients never felt less insecure about their size and thanks me profusely for relieving him of those kinds of conversations. So now the guy’s miniature junk makes hundreds of guys a year feel more confident. I never received a ‘thank you’ letter from him, not even after I posted the image on his social media,” Kyle looks contemplatively into the distance, rubbing his chin cartoonishly.

I’m really cracking up at that story. It’s quite amazing how he can tell a story like that and still not slow down his sculpting in the least. Before long, he’s at the knees, shins, and eventually the toenails. Kyle finishes with a flourish, emphasising the last cut garishly.

“Et voilà!” he shouts with sarcastic exaggeration. I clap, half-serious, half-joining in the joke. His speed and precision were truly remarkable. Still smiling, Kyle walks over to me and shakes my hand.

“Thank you for the applause, my friend,” he says, “we’re not quite done though.” I don’t really get what he means, so I just wait for him to continue. “I like to give statues I modelled after people a personal touch.” He takes out some pincers. “I know it sounds creepy, but can I pluck out one hair? Just one. It’s become a weird ritual of mine to attach something personal to them. Makes them feel more connected to their model.” He’s right, it is fucking weird. Still, I’d probably have been more surprised if an artist like him *didn’t* have some fucked up eccentric rituals. Reluctantly, I motion for him to just pick one out. It doesn’t hurt much, and Kyle goes to stick the hair into the back of the statue’s head.

“Perfect. Thank you once more for your cooperation. Now we can have some fun.” That sounds a lot better. Anything to get past that awkward episode. My underpants feel hot, like they’re made of thick wool or something. I shift in my chair a little, which doesn’t really help. Who cares, Kyle is moving on to something else, this could be interesting.

“I was sent this new material,” he explains while fetching a huge bowl of some sort of goo. “It’s quite extraordinary. With this,” he draws a handful of goo upwards, leaving a long trail of the viscous substance dripping down, “I can make fine adjustments – or even severe ones – after a statue was finished. Its nature eludes me, since I’m no chemist, but it’s great to goof around with. We deserve that after a hard day’s work, don’t we?” he smiles. “How about a manicure, hmm?”

Not waiting for an answer, he scoops up a little fluid and applies it to the statue’s fingernails. It dries incredibly fast! In no time at all, my alter ego has French nails, making me laugh. Fascinatingly, I can’t even tell that it was applied afterwards, the material really integrates well with the silicone. My underwear gets ever more rebellious, but I try to focus on Kyle’s antics.

“Those hips look awfully lonely, don’t they? Can’t have that,” he goes on, this time grabbing so much of the mysterious substance that he almost spills some. Violently, he piles goo on the statue’s hips, and even goes back for a second serving. I can’t contain my laughter anymore, he looks so funny, the way he does it. Plus, my silicone self could now birth triplets all at the same time, by the looks of it. Kyle still doesn’t have enough.

“Now that’s just plain ridiculous,” he comments. “That behind is much too flat for hips like that. And those thighs! Ridiculous, I tell you.” He’s right back at it, enhancing the ass and thighs just like he did the hips a moment ago. My statue is now comically split between average, skinny white guy up top and trophy wife sexpot down below. This guy’s an artist for a reason, clearly. All of a sudden, the chair feels really tight. The armrests are digging into my sides uncomfortably. At least my clothes finally stopped itching so badly, but it’s got cold below my waist.

Looking down, I freeze, and not due to low temperature. Not only am I naked, my hips are lavishly expanding and devouring the armrests, bulging out below them. My mind is racing, until I test my theory with my fingertips. Sure enough, I’ve received the same manicure that statue has.

“What?” Kyle responds to my reaction, “You wanted impressive, and that’s what you got.” He fixes me with an assessing gaze. “There’s still room for improvement though. Those nails are pretty, but they could use some colour.” Hidden by something in front of it, Kyle bows down and picks up a little bottle of nail polish that I hadn’t seen. Watching my reaction, he unscrews the top and starts painting the fingernails. First the left hand gets its index and middle finger done. Apprehensively, I look down at my own hand, and sure enough, the nails of my left index and middle finger slowly turn hot pink.

Panicked, I snap and just run. Just get distance between myself and this psycho. He’s using some kind of optical illusion or whatever and I don’t find it funny. Optical illusion... didn’t my hips feel very real when they just got stuck on the chair?

Contemplating reality won’t get me anywhere now, I can start majoring in Philosophy later. First of all, I got to get myself out of this asylum. I pass countless statues that I’ve seen before, all of them looking even more alive than when I saw them the first time. Along the many hallways, monitors spring to life. I wondered what they were for, guessing that they would be running dull trivia during normal business hours. Apparently, they’ve got more uses.

“Where are you going, dear?” the creepy voices of Kyle reverberate and echo out of the sea of TVs surrounding me, spread throughout the whole gallery. “Are you lost, perhaps? Of course

you are. How could you know the way if you don't know yourself?" For some reason, he starts speaking in these odd riddles.

With that confusing comment, he steps to the side, revealing the statue once more. This time, it has gained the most prominent feminine feature to display openly. Huge tits, jutting out from its chest.

Or rather from *my* chest, I correct myself, because I know what awaits me. Even through walls of concrete, I'm not safe from the effects, as my budding breasts announce to me. They grow and grow, pleasurable electric energy tingling through them, reaching the infamous DD cup easily, if not some more. When they finally stop expanding, settling into a perfect – for a slut – teardrop, the grating voice returns from the endless number of TV speakers.

"Not bad... though far from complete. Let's see," he announces ominously. Kyle bows down again, then holds something in his hands. It's not the goo, it's clearly solid, like he picked up two pieces of silicone he cut out of the rectangular block earlier. Taking one of his instruments, he makes two very obvious incisions on the underside of my—*NO*, the statue's breasts. Expertly, he inserts the silicone pieces he fetched into the cuts he just made and sows the tissue—I mean, the material back together.

In a moment's notice, the electric feeling is back. While my chest balloons outwards, it most noticeably expands *upwards*. The teardrop becomes a volleyball, and feeling my underboob – I can't deny it's mine now – reveals pretty obvious surgical scars. Almost crying, this shock motivates me to run further. I took a left turn, not even thinking about where to go. It would be pointless anyway, I didn't pay attention to any of the paths we took. I have no idea how many rooms and paths there are even, nor whether I've seen all of them. Jesus, I'm sweating heavily, even though I didn't run very far. Clearly a combination of my new honey thighs – beautiful placement of mostly fat and little muscle, just like my chest – and the animal fear. But it reveals something else when I run fingers over my forehead, grazing my hairline; or lack thereof.

"I'm bald?" it escapes my mouth, and another reflective TV surface at another crossroads confirms it. Fuelling my apprehension, it turns on at just that moment. My hands are still resting on my hairless head when Kyle's face pops up, looking at the camera, and perhaps even at me.

"Another lost child, just as I thought. All too common nowadays. It is a tragedy, truly. But worry not, for I am here to guide you. And many of my wards to guide you too." Finished with his ominous riddles, he plants a blonde wig on the head of the statue. Did he see me worrying about my hair then, or was it pure coincidence?

I can't ponder the question further, because I'm startled from behind. Two hands suddenly grab my new breasts tightly. For no comprehensive reason, pleasure builds up, stunning me where I stand.

"Why Dolly run?" a husky, breathy voice asks right next to my ear. "Dolly so pretty. Me much prettier dolly than Dolly." The voice trails off into laboured breathing as if in constant, debilitating arousal. Its loss of concentration allows me to turn around, which gives me another one of my many shocks this afternoon.

Before me stands an absolutely grotesque human being, if... *she* can be called that. While she does have a peculiar style of dressing and ruining herself with plastic surgery, this is by no means subjective criticism of her physique and sense of fashion. Rather, her eyes seem completely empty, flaring up only when the hand below her clubbing dress causes loud

squelching noises. Her thick lips are losing trails of drool when she's going at it, too. Nothing about this "person" seems human, even the way she speaks sounds artificial and pre-programmed.

"Dolly come back," she grunts in her deep cougar voice, unexpectedly grabbing me by the dick. She leads me through the hallways like I'm on a leash, and I can tell we're going back to see Kyle, that lunatic. Speaking of lunacy, I can also tell my arms are getting thinner, almost like twigs. My hair is now platinum blonde and already falling into my face. It's probably reached my chin some time ago. Even with my new, lithe arms and mounting libido, I do my best to slap her around a little and actually succeed in freeing myself.

Immediately, I run in the opposite direction. By now, I know what my fate is, but that doesn't mean I have to surrender to it just yet. Frantic, I don't even stop for junctions anymore. I just instinctively pick a direction, vaguely keeping track of where I'm going in relation to where I started, but not much more.

At some point though, at another crossroads, my lack of exercise catches up to me. It's not that I gave up quickly; I must've been sprinting for fifteen minutes straight, all with my new jiggly, half-finished body. Turns out it's not easy running with a plastic F cup. The real problem is that I'm plain not getting anywhere though. Row after row of weird statues paint the scenery, all completely immobile and yet surreal observers of my escape attempt.

An attempt it may remain, because I hear a stupid, low-pitched laugh behind me that would make my body hair stand up in fear, if I still had any. Reflexively, I run to the right, to see another identical fuckdoll blocking my path. Turning around to the path that would lead me left from where I came tells me I'm boxed in. Desperate, I slam into the one in front of me, only for her to grab me around my thin waist and take my soft, compliant new body down with her. Before I can even think of standing back up, I feel a wet finger invading my sphincter, while similarly moist lips suck onto mine. God, hers look so garish in their typical neon pink, with so much gloss you'd think they're actual shined plastic.

Four hands lift us upwards, yet never disconnect us. At this point, I can't resist anyway. I can feel my very real libido taking over, especially when the dolly in front of me realises she still has a free hand to stroke my cock. In this formation of fucking, we slowly start moving, the click of the dollies' heels barely audible over the slurping and squelching of juicy, juiced up body parts. To my displeasure, though unsurprisingly, we find ourselves face-to-face with Kyle moments later. I got turned around in the maze. I never would have made it out anyway.

The realisation coincides with Kyle going back to work on my body via proxy. He inserted his pincers into my – the statue's – ear and plucks out something pink. Don't feel different. The dollies are still working away at me, but I notice the statue's got their same lips... hey, mine feel different, now that I think about it! Guess I've got a pair of matching love pillows on my face. Hold on, Kyle's pincers are moving again! This time they're holding something before putting it into my ears. It's almost childish to say, and betrays the despair of the situation, but it's an almost cartoonish little model of a cock and testicles.

That bit of silliness takes some of the edge off, weirdly. At least I still have my own equipment in that regard. Then again, the outline in Kyle's pants seems much more attractive than my puny three inch tool. My mouth salivates. Great, of all times, now I get hungry. Kyle moves back and forth, pushing more cocks in my head. Now and then, some more pink stuff is taken out.

Two dollies detach from me, leaving the one who I'd tried to assault earlier. Doesn't matter, she's more than enough to take care of my two inch pecker and virgin boypussy. Turns out the other two dollies aren't gone for long either. One is currently holding my right foot, doing my nails, how nice! My feet are really slim and elegant-looking, I should show them off more. The other is whirling around my face with a brush, currently going over my eyes. Is that eye shadow? Pretty sure it is... yeah, definitely. Wow, she's taking a *long* time to do that! Guess she's really doing her best to make me pretty. My heart gets all warm and fuzzy! Meanwhile, I still got three fingers up my cute butt, which is nice, though they don't even come near my g-spot. Nothing does it like a huge meat rod, but I don't wanna be rude to the dolly.

It easily takes a few minutes until I can open my eyes again. When I do, they feel almost heavy with make-up. It's most comfortable to keep them half-closed, I notice. Some mascara is already flying over my eyelashes before I even opened them. I must look so sexy right now... The dolly that did my toenails finished up too and is now flicking my clit. *God*, that feels so good!

"Definitely too much on there," I hear Kyle's mumbling interrupt the action.

Kyle... my thoughts go back to the faint outline of his junk against his pants. Drool almost runs down the sides of my mouth, but I slurp it back in. Might need it for later.

Damn, the toenail dolly is doing such a good job at licking my pussy I can't concentrate on a single thought for more than three seconds. I gotta ask her for tips. Oh yay, my mascara is done! Now my make-up dolly is going all over the place with brushes, foundation, and all that important stuff that holds me together. With my eyes unencumbered, I look over to Kyle, desperate for his attention.

He's lost in working on my body, which I really don't want to disturb him at. But his bulge is still so present, so much the centre of attention in the entire room. My lips purse, pushing outwards in a hopeful dream of reaching his iron-like rod. Kyle's just staring at his work, hardly moving. How can he be so concentrated on that! I'm already the perfect dolly, why won't he notice me? I disconnect my lips from the dolly I was so mean to.

"Dolly," I manage to breathe in my husky voice, "Dolly horny."

It's all Dolly could get out, but it's enough to catch Kyle's attention. His gaze is fixed onto Dolly's beach ball tits, causing her to orgasm immediately. The other dollies don't let off for a second, working more on Dolly's sexy body. After an orgasm, Dolly's quite sensitive, and she's not even allowed a break. Good. Kyle starts walking over. Will... will he fuck Dolly? Dolly's lips are now wide open, like she's sucking tasty dick, but she's really just letting out deep moans, grunting like a silly animal. Dolly is such a silly dolly! Oopsie, Kyle is stopping right there.

"What is your name, child?" Kyle asks.

"Dolly," Dolly says.

"What are your priorities?" he asks more stupid questions.

This one makes Dolly's head hurt too. Not knowing what to say, Dolly just moans and keeps getting herself fucked real nice. Kyle looks happy with that, which gives Dolly a big tingle in her pussy.

"What do you want, Dolly?" he wants to know. Ooh, Dolly knows the answer to this one!

“Cock!” Dolly chirps. Dolly already feels soooo good, she can’t stop singing “Cock! Cock! Cooooock! Dolly love cock!” with deep breaths while she’s pounded by the tongues and fingers of the other nice dollies.

Everything goes dark. All feelings fade. Kyle’s hands move to his belt and his pants drop. The other dollies continue working on Dolly for a few seconds, knowing their Master’s orders, but can’t help gaze in the same direction Dolly is. Now the underwear goes down and the bulge is finally not hidden any longer.

Before Dolly can even process what’s happening, she jumps forward. Dolly and the other dollies are fighting for Master’s cock, but in the end, Dolly wins and gets to go first. Just gripping the base gives Dolly another orgasm. Looking up at Master with big, beautiful eyes, he nods and Dolly knows she’s allowed to suck now.

Using Dolly’s enhanced lips, she pushes her hand right off the shaft, gulping Master down entirely. Other dollies move around and do stuff, but Dolly doesn’t care, Dolly has cock! Still shaking from orgasm, Dolly draws her twitching lips up and down Master’s huge length, tasting his yummy sweat and pre-cum. Master worked hard today. Now Dolly work hard...

Whoa, if Dolly sucks really hard and then opens her fat lips, Master’s cock makes funny popping sounds! Teehee, this is fun! Uh oh, Master looks down at Dolly with mean face. Dolly goes back to sucking real quick to make Master feel good again. And now Dolly feels good again too. Ooh, Master is pushing against Dolly’s clitty with his foot. Dolly wish he never stop.

Dolly grunt super loud into Master’s dick. Dolly sound so slutty! Master now grip Dolly’s head and push into her doll throat real hard, and it feels even gooder... Master drop all his yummy cummy into Dolly’s tummy and she explode into orgasm. Hoo, everything go black... Dolly feel so *good*...

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Dolly stand still. Dolly not told to move, so Dolly not move. Dolly so pretty. Master dress Dolly in cute pink outfit showing lots of doll boob and butt. Also give Dolly such pretty shoes. Really show off Dolly legs. Was long ago that Dolly pussy was used.

Dolly startled. Dolly hear Master’s voice! Master tell Dolly to move, so Dolly move. Stranger walk through dollhouse. Dollhouse only have Master and dollies. Dollhouse only have one Master. So stranger must be dolly! Dolly have lots of fun and sex, so Dolly goes to new dolly to play.

Ew, new dolly is so ugly. New dolly have a cock too, so Dolly get down to suck. New dolly really like. Dolly make new dolly so pretty. Dolly make new dolly just like Dolly. Other dollies come too. Master must have told other dollies to make new dolly pretty too. Oops, dolly already cum down Dolly’s throat! Stranger ready to be dolly. Stranger must be dolly.