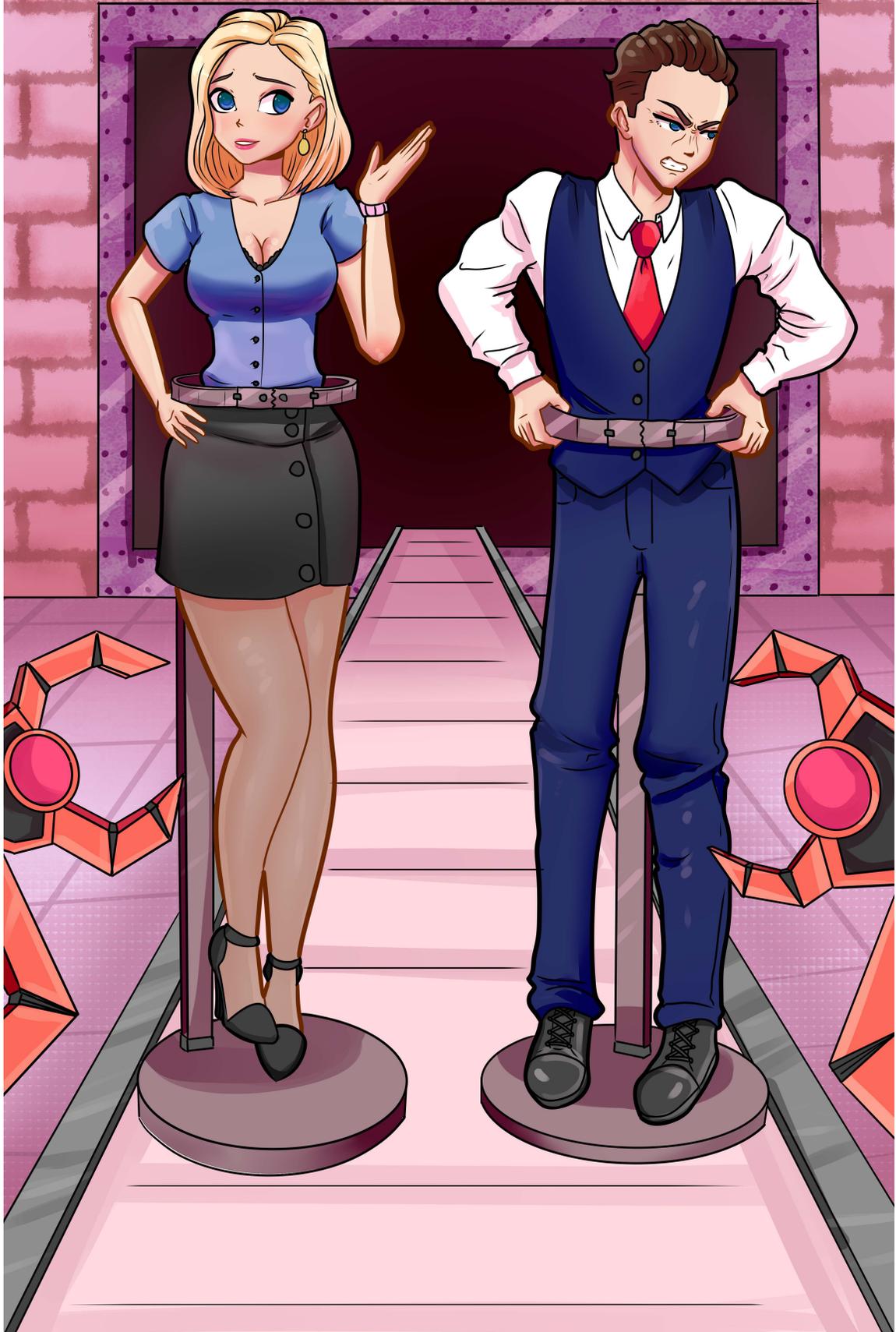


DARLING DOLLS.



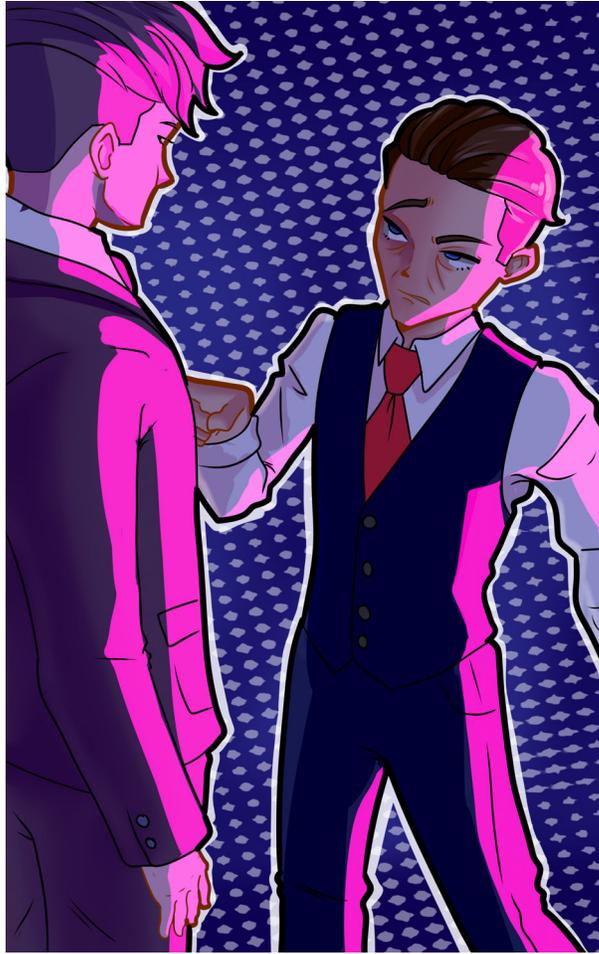
Ethan tapped his fingers on his desk, nervous for the upcoming meeting and gazed at the back of his office door. He could see his name Ethan Turner etched into the glass on the other side; he had been working for the Darling Dolls factory for fifteen years. Started out working on the line back when all they did was make the twelve inch poseable dolls. He had been the one to suggest they make bigger dolls, remembering the over three foot tall Barbie his sister had in the nineties. The idea had been picked up and part of the factory was retooled and shortly after when the site manager retired he earned the old man's office. Years later the larger dolls had been a hit on the market and the entire factory had been fitted to produce the larger dolls. Now though the owners of Darling Dolls had sold everything to the heartless company Mega Corp. They had come in and let go of sixty percent of the work force and changed the entire production floor for a more automated approach. That was the way of the future Ethan supposed, but firing so many people at once put a bad taste in his mouth and that was before he had found out that they would no longer be making close to life size dolls for kids, but now they were in the life size adult market. Sex dolls, from family friendly to sex dolls.

Ethan didn't consider himself some prude, he had been to a few adult stores with a girlfriend or two over the years, but a sex doll was a bit much. It didn't matter that he was single at thirty four and had been that way for every year of his thirties so far, he would get something like that and now he worked for a company that made them. Heck, he was in charge of the manufacturing, unless of course that changed with the meeting from the person Mega Corp hired to run everything now. The first phone call he had with James Davis was fine, but that was the only time he could say such a thing. The man was a massive jerk and had come for his first visit, Ethan was happy to show him around and introduce him to some of his best workers. That was the day he let those same workers know that they would no longer be needing most of their services any more. No individual meetings, just calling it out from the rafters above the production floor to check the break room for the new and slimmed down roster. "No need for the riff raff, slimmer and more profitable. Right Turner?" His words calling the people he had worked alongside with for years echoed in his mind as he stared at the back of his own office door.

When the production floor was nearly completed for the upgrades he had even brought his son Ryan with him. James had boasted about how he was turning this unprofitable plant into a gold mine and promised his son who looked to be barely in his twenties one of the first models when the place was up and running. The young man seemed to be a better person than his father who kept asking questions like how big of tits did he want his model to have. That visit was his last and since then the relationship between himself and Mr Davis as he now suddenly insisted he be called had gone downhill when the asshole canceled his vacation that had been on the books for months, saying "Production is going to pick up any day now and you need to be there ready for it." He wanted to tell the man where he could shove it, but he did need the job. Though as he sat here waiting now he thought it might have been better if he had. Not jumping when he said so and saying how high with a smile on his face seemed like a grave sin to the Mega Corp suit. James was supposed to come to the office just before five, but even as his plane was delayed he insisted Ethan stay at the office till he arrived and now it was almost midnight. The man was

already on property and would be up here any minute. Getting up from his desk Ethan started for the door, he was going to wait for him here, but things were bad enough between them and if the man didn't have it in his mind to fire him, why give him another reason. Stepping out of his office Ethan was able to see the man dressed in his typical suit and tie, for the first time his shirt was untucked and his jacket was nowhere in sight.

"Turner! There you are!" The man yelled out with a slur in his speech. "Great, I stayed at work seven extra hours and he showed up drunk." Ethan whispered to himself. Getting closer, James clapped his hand onto Ethan's shoulders. He had to look up to meet Ethan's eyes, being significantly shorter at his five foot seven, compared to Ethan's six foot height. "Look buddy, I know it is late." Ethan could smell the alcohol on the man's breath and it was repulsive. "But you see I had to come here in person to tell you. I'm sorry but word came down that we wont need you anymore. You are important and I would come all the way out here just to fire someone, I liked you bud." That was a load of shit, he came here just to fire people on his first visit, but if he had to go he wanted to make sure what was left of his people were taken care of. "Okay, but who is going to replace me. Maybe I can give you a few recommendations from the other employees." James held up his hand and waved it forward a bit like he was saying to hold on. "None of that will be necessary, I'm thinking about offering the position to my son. Ryan, you remember him right? Best damn kid, me and him don't get along great. But when I get him a job like this he wont have a choice to talk to me or not. Genius right?"



Ethan had held out hope, but it seemed this wasn't something personal or even a directive from up top if he was going to replace him with his son. This wasn't even the normal nepotism, he was doing it to manipulate his own kin and bragging about it to the man he was going to make suffer for it. Rubbing his hand over his mouth Ethan felt his blood boiling the idea of pushing him off the railing flashed in his mind from pure rage and his calculating mind knew the cameras wouldn't even pick it up. They had taken down the old security system earlier this week and because of a delay in parts the new system wouldn't be online till the middle of next week. That wasn't him though, he could never kiss a person, he wasn't even sure if he could live with himself if he did it in self defense. "Great, yeah that will get him to love you." Ethan replied with heavy sarcasm in his voice. "Let me get a few things from my office and I will give you the keys to lock up." Turning to head back into his office Ethan stopped looking at the frosted glass of his

door with his name etched into it, he was going to miss this place, or well miss what it used to be. "No need for that, I need..." James paused to belch. "You to show me everything about this place and how it runs real quick. You have been paying attention to the training and test runs right?"

Closing his eyes Ethan felt a headache coming on strong. There was no way to show him how everything worked real quick, and definitely not with him drunk like he was. "Come on, don't act like that with your back to me being all silent. Turn around Turner. Hahah." The inebriated man laughed at his own joke. Shifting his body to face him, Ethan just glared at him for a second. "No, I don't think I will show you. Go fuck yourself Jim." Ethan said using the most informal version of his name he could just to add in an extra little dig. If this large piece of shit was going to fire him he sure as hell wasn't going to waste more of his time. It wasn't like he was paid by the hour, staying here and wasting his time wasn't going to earn him anything. He could see the shorter man's face turning red with anger as he thrust his finger forward in his direction. "Fuck me? No, fuck you Turner! Can't be bothered to ever show me any respect, we are not friends. I am your boss, where did you ever get off using my first name. Now you are going to fucking show me the process or that check HR has for a two months severance isn't ever going to make it to your account!" Two months of pay, Ethan had to bite his tongue hearing that. If he was going to be jobless he would really need that money. "I see that shut you up, now why don't you apologize and do what you are told like a good worker." Nodding to himself Ethan gave a forced smile as he looked into his soon to be ex-boss's blue eyes. "I spoke too harshly, I apologize for my outburst. Let me show you how things work here."

With James turning to head down the stairs Ethan stared daggers into his back as he called out over his shoulder. "Good, I knew you were a pussy Turner. You just needed to be shown your place." That same thought went through his mind, and he raised both his hands ready to act on the impulse when things suddenly got chaotic. The drunk man missed a step and reached for the railing and missed. Ethan rushed forward on instinct to grab him as he went over the railing and was able to clasp his hand around his boss's wrist. Ethan was tall, but he had a wiry frame and struggled to hold onto the man as he leaned over the railing himself. "Don't let go!" James screamed looking up with pure terror in his eyes. Struggling to pull him up, Ethan felt his grip loosening as the scared man struggled. "Stop struggling and grab something to help yourself up!" His words must have fallen on deaf ears, because the only reply that came was more yelling. "Pull me the fuck up or I swear you will regret it!" Not letting his anger get the better of him Ethan wrapped his free arm around the metal banister for an anchor so he could pull the man up, but it was for not. The sound of tearing fabric could be heard and a second later all Ethan held was a torn white button up shirt that smelled of alcohol.



Looking over the edge, Ethan saw James laying face down at the start of the conveyor belt with one of the doll base forms laying on top of him. He wasn't sure how the man fell, but however he landed he seemed to have knocked one of the base doll frames from its pedestal. He could only imagine that it hurt like hell to have hit it hard enough to knock it free, those things were made so that products wouldn't be lost or stolen before the doll went into packaging. "Oh thank god." Ethan said seeing the man stir down below and recalled how drunk drivers often walk away from car accidents and figured this must be something similar. Down below James shifted and pushed the industrial plastic humanoid form off of him before he rolled onto his back and looked up at the ceiling. His eyes locked onto Turner's brown eyes, the younger man was so full of shit that even his eyes showed it, the shit couldn't even be bothered to pull him up after he slipped. Grabbing the arm of the doll frame he held onto it's forearm and pivoted the hand at the wrist joint to wave up to him. The stupid shit waved back nervously, what he didn't know was the he was waving goodbye to his severance, he wouldn't be getting a penny. James's mind was sluggish, but he could clearly feel the pain in his body from the fall and was glad he was made of such hardy stock. Heck the doll frame didn't look to be damaged, just another reason he supposed that Mega Corp bought out the doll factory. They had the patent on the posable doll that they could put little motors in and program certain responses. The kids dolls were

amazing, but too pricey for a toy market. Adults would pay top dollar though for a sex doll that could be posed or moved on its own.

The sound of quick footsteps on the metal stairs caused James to decide to pull himself up to his feet. He pushed the doll frame out of his way and put a hand on the pedestal to help himself up, but as he got up he heard a metallic click. Looking down he slumped his head forward and let out a sigh as he saw the metal band made to hold the doll clasped around his waist. "Turner, get this thing the fuck off me. Your ass is already in trouble, let's not make things worse." Ethan's jaw dropped at what he just heard the man say. He had tried to save his life and this is how he acted. "Don't bother struggling, that thing isn't going to let go that way, honestly not sure how you got the doll out of there in the first place. Let me go up to the control room to unlock it." Ethan shook his head in disbelief as he made his way back up the stairs. "You better hurry the fuck up unless you want me to tell the police you pushed me." Ethan stopped in his tracks and looked back to the man in shock. "Get moving!" Tightening his jaw, Ethan ran his fingers through his blonde hair and started back up the steps. Coming into the control room he looked at the screens and powered up the production floor so he could open the clasp. He could still hear him yelling something below, but couldn't make out his words other than a few curse words through his drunken angry screams. A twisted thought came to his mind and instead of freeing the belligerent man his fingers went over to the configuration controls and loaded the profile his boss James Davis had sent over for his son's doll. Ryan had called him personally to ask him to not send the thing, but the file still sat in the system. Loading the profile Ethan was going to start the production of the doll that James himself had named Jasmine Davis.

James struggled in the grip of the machine, angry at the circumstance and when he saw Turner approaching he hated the man for his incompetence at not being able to get him out. "Are you stupid? Why the fuck haven't you unlocked this stupid machine yet? I can tell you powered everything up, so what the fuck is the problem?" Rubbing the back of his neck Ethan tried to look sheepish. He was going to get his revenge on this prick, but wanted to make sure he didn't get screwed in the process. "Well here is the thing, it wont unlock." The drunk man's voice raised in volume enough that it would have echoed in the area if it wasn't for the sound of the machinery coming to life. "What the fuck do you mean it wont unlock!?" Ethan held up both hands in mock surrender. "Just one of those system bugs I guess, no one ever tried to unlock a pedestal at the start of the production line when it was occupied before. Only thing I can think of is getting the pedestal to the end of the production line and it will open on it's own. Unfortunately that would mean we have to move you along the conveyor belt." Ethan could see his boss's eyes look along the production line at the assembly process and start to bug out. "Hey, hey don't worry about all of that. In the control booth I can opt out a doll from any of the steps to help customize the final product." James for his part felt panic rise in him as he looked out and the thought of the machine trying to turn him into some sex doll, but that all vanished when he heard about the control systems. "I'm not some fucking doll, why don't you get your ass up there so we can get this over with. You wouldn't believe how much pain I'm in right now." Nodding Ethan did his best to contain his smile. "You know Brian from the first shift who you fired left some of his pain meds behind when security escorted him out. You want some to help

with the pain? Isn't like he is around to use them."

Climbing up onto the production line, Ethan put four pills into the shorter man's hand after he went to get the pills. "Two muscle relaxers and two pain meds, should do the trick." Standing there waiting while his boss dry swallowed the pills, Ethan continued. "Okay, I just need to hook your onto the pedestal and we can get this underway." James didn't struggle when his arm was moved, that was until the machine clamped down around his wrist. "What.. what the hell?" He looked the blonde man in the eye who was now looking at him sternly. "Every doll has to be secured for the process to work correctly, now stop fighting." James was even more confused, but that kinda made sense and a moment later both his arms were held. "Okay like I promised I am going to get you through all of this, and along the way I will even tell you what each step does like you wanted. Though I'm a little worried about you fucking me..." Reaching into James's pocket Ethan pulled out his phone. "You are going to leave a message with HR, tell them that you have decided to double my severance considering how much I have helped with this transition." When he saw the restrained man's face start to turn red he quickly added the other option. "If you don't I will leave you here like this for everyone to find you tomorrow and per company policy when an accident happens you will be given a drug test. You can say whatever you want about me, but I will deny it and the test will show you have unprescribed drugs in your system." Ethan shook the two pill bottles he had in his hand to add emphasis.



It took a few tries to get James to leave the correct message with HR, thank god for the retry feature to overwrite your last message, in the end he was more than happy his now captive was willing to do what he said. Ethan wasn't going to lie to himself, having power over this man felt good. He hit the reply button option to hear the message one last time before deciding if it was exactly what he wanted. "Hey listen Heather, or whoever gets this message in the morning. This is James Davis and I'm here with Ethan Turner. He has shown me around tonight after my flight came in late, he has been a real good sport about all of this and after some consideration I don't think any of this would have gone nearly as smoothly without him. Instead of two months severance, let's make it four. It is the least we can do for all his years of service." It took three tries for that message and that was after they had gotten the words down right, between the alcohol and the onset of the drugs it was the best Ethan was going to get. Hoping down, Ethan smiled up at the man who still looked angry even if he was no longer all there. "Okay, time to get Jasmine ready."

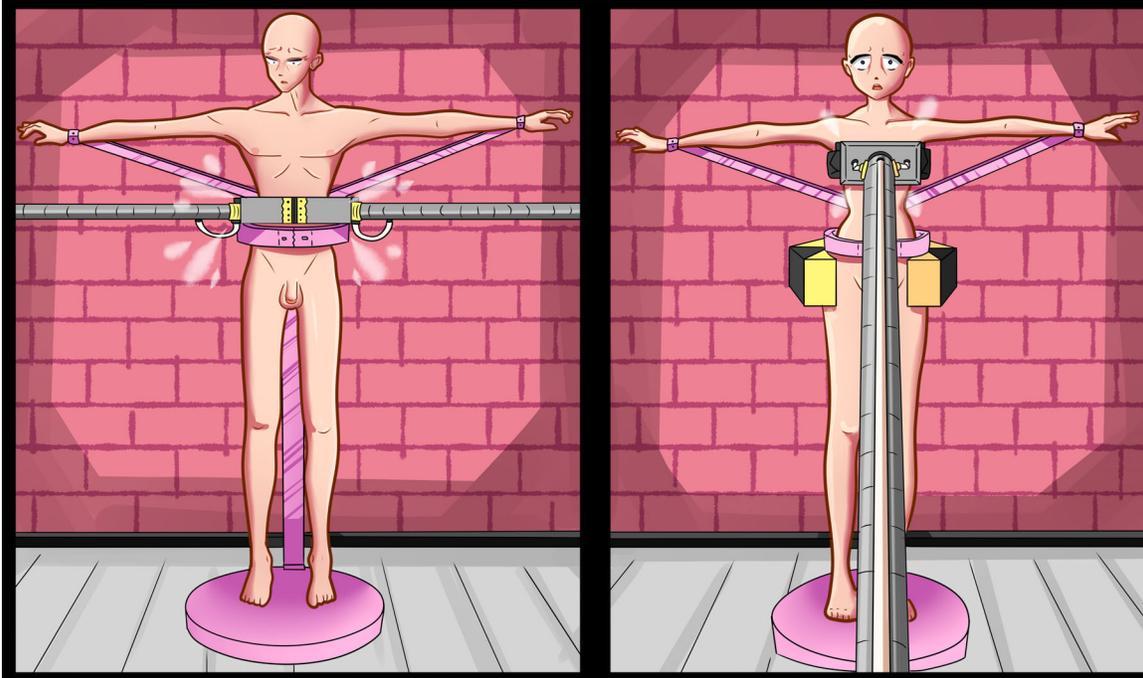
“Wha?” His mind felt fuzzy and he swore the asshole had called him Jasmine. Was he making a reference to the doll order he put in for his son? Was he trying to imply something? He paid for the thing, that wasn't leverage he could hold over him. But once he got out of this if he thought a voice mail to HR was going to save him, he had a big surprise. “Heheheh” James laughed to himself alone on the floor. His laugh was cut off as he was jostled when the conveyor belt started to move. James heard his subordinates' voice come in over a loudspeaker that was normally used to get someone's attention on the line; it was more than loud enough to be heard over the machinery. “The first step in preparing a doll is the cleaning process, the chemical bath will take care of anything that gets on the doll frame. It is mostly safe for humans, so long as your skin isn't exposed to it for too long I suppose. I did lose the hair on the back of my hand when I stupidly felt the liquid when it was put in a month ago. Still no sign of it coming back, so I would recommend you close your eyes and hold your breath. Who knows what would happen if you tried to drink it.” A vat of liquid opened up ahead of James, the overhead lights gave it a slightly orange glint to the clear liquid and he started to struggle. “Turner... What are you doing!? Opt out! Opt out!” The pedestal slowly sank into the vat and James had little choice other than to go in with it. He kicked his feet and tried to hold them up above the surface, but it was fruitless as the device he was locked onto sank further in. What was that idiot doing!? Did he fuck up the opt out process? James thought as he held his head up, straining to fight the inevitable. He only had the presence of mind to take a lung full of air as the liquid splashed over his face. The delayed reaction caused some of what felt like a caustic substance to go down his throat and on pure reaction his body tried to cough it up, but when he did so he was already submerged. With his coughing more of the chemical went down his throat and he could feel it burning there as much as he could feel it on his skin.

As soon as his head came back up from under the surface of the acid-like chemical, James vomited up the fluid as he coughed. Each breath of air felt cold and wonderful even as the lingering burning inside of him continued. “Looks like the chemical bath has left you as naked as the day you were born.” James's eyes burned from his ordeal, but he could see the mocking voice wasn't lying. His pants were gone and so was every ounce of hair he could see on his body. “W...” He tried to cry out, but his throat was too hoarse for anything to really come out, but he did let out a sound of surprise as he was brought under an overhead shower to rinse off any remaining chemicals. The water was freezing on his bare skin and he opened his mouth to cry out and it was almost instantly filled with the freezing water. James may have hated it, but the cold water going down his throat and into his eyes was the best thing that could have happened with what else had just been done. James hadn't had time to recover from the freezing shower when a vice-like device came in from either side and started to squeeze him to death.

His skin was still prickled like goose flesh from the cold when all the air in his lung was expelled from his body and he thought “I don't want to die like this.” But as quickly as it came the vice retracted, leaving him still not able to properly catch his breath. The freedom from being crushed only lasted a few seconds before it came again. After trying to gasp for air when it retracted once more did James hear the loud speaker come on again. “That was a waist sizer for the dolls, looks like it had to recalibrate and try a second time so you could have the right

dimensions input for the Jasmine doll.” James looked down to see a white material around his midsection that compressed him in a way no man should. He was vaguely aware of some pain as it squeezed him into a more hourglass like figure, but it was numbed from everything running in his system. “Fun fact, all the doll frames are unisex and processes like the one you just went through help customize the doll to their owners specifications, well for special orders like yours Jasmine. I imagine we will... fuck here I am talking like I will be working here after tonight. I suppose Darling Dolls will have plenty of cookie cutter options once they are fully up and running.” Even if his sore throat would let him yell out to Turner, James didn’t think he could get enough air right now with this thing around him to manage more than a whisper.

“You know I think this could have been more fun for me if the assembly line was fully up and running, that way you could witness what was about to happen to you before it did, but you will have to settle for my commentary.” The conveyor belt moved to the next section that had six or seven different appendages that looked perfect for a torture robot for a sci-fi movie. Two pairs of arms moved forward and swung at his chest, it felt like they body checked him with a thick sludge covered sponge. “Ahhhhh!” James cried out as he felt something jam hard into his anus. It felt like he was being split in half as he felt a massive pressure in his ass. A second later the pressure was gone, but it had left something inside of his ass and he swore he could feel the cold air actually going into him as it went by. James wasn’t sure he would have had time to focus on anything, even if his mind didn’t feel like it was full of cotton as he felt the sludge-covered sponge feeling on each of his asscheeks. “This is where the dolls start to take shape, you now have some small breasts attached to your chest and are more fitting rear end. Don’t worry they will be increased to your specifications in a second. Oh and I bet that was a surprise to feel something push inside of you. That is a type of open butt plug or cock tunnel if you will and that one is hold on what option did you pick? Ah, here it is ribbed internals for his pleasure.”



Pulling on the locking devices on his wrists James tried to pull free, not only did they not budge he could feel the sway of the white looking fleshy breasts on his chest. He let out a whimper as the arms returned, pressing into the ass and breast attachments, filling them with some thick slurry looking goop. When they pulled away his tormentor's voice came back and he mentally swore he was not going to just fire this man but have him thrown in jail for life. "A nice size ass for Jasmine, plenty for my son to hold onto I think you have here in the notes and double D breasts. Wow you are going to be a well endowed girl. Oh speaking of girls, looks like it is time for the system to give you your genders sexual organ. It would be funny to put a normal sized dick over your tiny one, but it doesn't look like you made Jasmine a transgender doll." No, no, no, no NO! James thought as another arm pressed against his genitals, it felt like someone was grabbing him by his balls and squeezing, the pain wasn't intense but it was still there. When the arm pulled away the grip like feeling still remained and to be able to get a look at what happened James had to swing his legs and waist out so he could see past the cleavage. What he saw was a smooth crotch with a slit, he now had a pussy. The entire thing was as white as his breasts, ass cheeks and waist, but if it wasn't for the color they would look real.

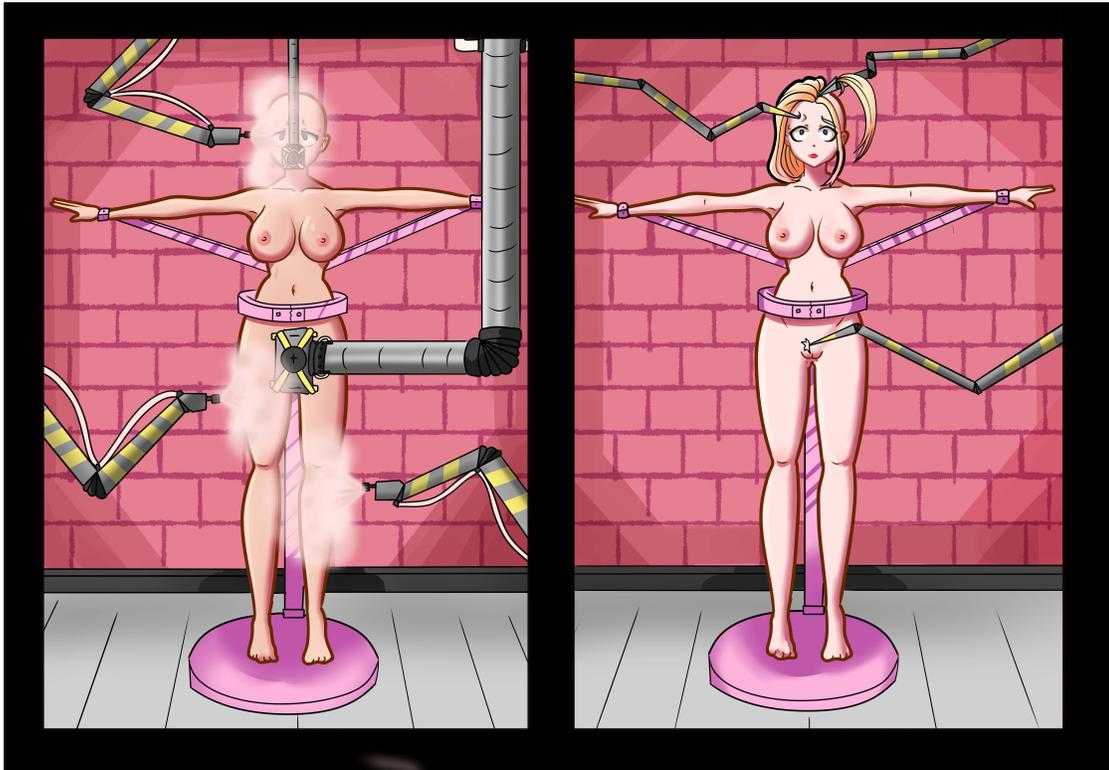
The next section of the process had arms moving around adding thin plastic plates around James's body. He felt like he was being choked slightly, but no worse than putting on a tie when some of the pieces came to clasp around his throat. With each one it became harder and harder to move, not that he couldn't. It was just more difficult. He was struggling to move his arms, legs and jaw when suddenly he couldn't move at all. He opened his eyes wide in terror when his tormentors voice came back. "These are the control plates, or posable plates. It lets a doll's owner lock sections to pose their doll. Don't worry they will only be locked momentarily, things have to be just right for the next process to look right. The motors in the joins of the doll frame

would give out sooner if they had to lock in multiple positions, so one of our old engineers came up with these.”

The trek through the torture stopped, the conveyor belt didn't pull him to the next stop and he made a silent prayer of thanks that Turner had stopped this. “The next step is the SynSkin application. According to the manual the stuff is almost like real skin, hell it feels like real skin from what I could tell. Did you know Mega Crop is researching the stuff to be used for burn victims for skin grafts. Was interesting as hell to me and kinda sad it is being used on sex dolls, but I figure you already have skin. So no need to add another layer, I wouldn't want to dull your sense of touch. Well, I would skip this, but you would look awful with those plates like that. Imagine if we could have skipped the plates all together then we could also skip this step. So we will not be opting out of this one, see just like I told you we could do.” He was doing all of this on purpose, if he had any doubt before he knew it now and it only made James thrash about more as he was pulled ahead again. All his thrashing did was cause his body to move in the tiniest way thanks to the locked plates. Moving up to another vat and arms. James felt himself being dipped inside. Unlike last time this one was quick and he was immediately brought into a small chamber full of heat lamps that made him feel like a hamburger at a fast food joint. “What we need to do is make sure you have the right skin tone. Looks like you are going to have a pale pallor. I would close your eyes and mouth if I were you.” Unlike last time with the vat of chemicals James listened as he was brought between several pairs of arms that looked like they were mechanical spray painters. He could feel the wet sticky substance cover his body and made sure to clamp his mouth and eyes shut as it moved over his face and bald head. It felt like it went on forever and he wondered how many coats of paint was this thing doing. “Look at you, it looks like you have hardly seen the light of day before. I have seen it do work on a few test dolls, but it is remarkable what that makeup can do. Your tan skin looks brand new and with the sealer you don't have to worry about it coming off. Huh... wonder if Mega Corp ever thought of using this for beauty treatments, I bet some girls would love to have skin that always looked the way they wanted. I would put in a suggestion, but I won't exactly be an employee for much longer.” Opening his eyes James was astonished to see his tan skin so pale. He had selected the skin tone thinking of that girl that played in Les Mis, Amanda something.

The machine started to move on again and didn't even bother to stop as the plate under the SynSkin unlocked and an arm came over pulling down his jaw and something was shoved in. “You are now the proud owner of what I'm sure you would call cock sucking lips. They have a natural red stain that will keep them looking wet and ready for... well you know.” Feeling with his tongue, James could feel the ridge of the lips inside his mouth, but no matter how much he pushed or prodded they didn't move. Though with his jaw unlocked he was free to move his jaw once again, though it was still harder to move than he would have thought. When the machine stopped him James felt something pressing onto his head and forehead and caught a brief sight of something blonde. “You are really really coming together Jasmine, you will have to tell me if blondes really do have more fun.” James couldn't look down with the plates locked but he could feel an arm pressing in just over his crotch and imagined he was now the proud owner of a blonde landing strip that he knew was in the setup for the doll he had ordered. The process was

almost over and once he got out of this locked position he would rip all of this off and end Turner. James was seething when he felt his jaw lock once again.



“You are looking good Jasmine, just need to get you dressed. The doll frames have eyes, and when your hair was getting done is when we would choose their eye color, but it seems your blue eyes match what you wanted for the doll. So good for you, no you don’t have to have your vision taken away for the contacts to be put in. They aren’t exactly made with human sight in mind after all.” Ethan had been enjoying watching from the control booth this entire time, a smile never leaving his face as he watched the transformation take place. James really did look like a beautiful woman as the machines dressed her. They added a blue garter belt, dark stockings were hooked to it before a pair of black panties with a little blue bow over the crotch. Next came a matching demi bra to contain her large bust. Her feet were placed into five inch spiked heels with ankle straps and Ethan couldn’t wait to see the now feminized man try to walk in them. For clothes she was given a short black skirt that had five large buttons vertically on it

to hold it closed and a blue satin cap sleeved blouse that had a plunging neckline. Watching Jasmine get dressed caused his own breath to come more rapidly as he got more and more turned on by the site. It didn't matter that he knew who it really was, Jasmine was sexy as hell and the more he looked at her the more he thought it was for the best he left this place after all. He glanced down at his own hardon before looking back to the show.

A face plate came down over Jasmine's face, when it came away she had long dark curled lashes with smokey eyes. The mines added large hoop earrings adding to the bimbo secretary look that had been ordered. He hadn't noticed when the machine worked on her hands, gone were his teeth bitten nails and instead Jasmine had long French tipped nails that Ethan could imagine running across his manhood. He gave a shutter before leaving his seat and started to head down to the production floor as the machine finished up by adding a barcode to the back of her neck so that she can be scanned for inventory and manipulated in the Darling Dolls App. When Ethan was able to stand in front of his feminized boss the man was being slid down into a box where new restraints were wrapped around his waist, wrists, ankles and neck to keep the doll still for transportation. These restraints were nothing more than zip ties, much easier to be broken than the pedestal that took James through the gauntlet, but with the plates locked he could do little more than make noise with his closed mouth and move his eyes. "See, told you at the end the pedestal would unlock. I gotta say James had really good taste for how a doll should come out. Jasmine you are looking hot. You are already paid for and I'm contemplating taking you home to fuck you. Fuck, truth be told it has crossed my mind to take you up to my office fuck you there. Never would have thought I would want to do something like that with a doll. But I'm also no thief so I just might have to ship you off to Mr. Davis's son. Ryan didn't seem interested in having a doll, he seemed like a good lad. Wouldn't it be funny that he rejects his Dad because he is a twat and then rejects Jasmine too. So you tell me Jasmine, who would you rather fuck you. Me, Ethan Turner ex-manager of Darling Dolls manufacturing or Ryan Davis, son of James Davis? Either way, I think you will learn your place."

