

Angelica's Precious Dolls

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

A handsome man in his early 40s, dressed in an immaculate, stripped suit, is relaxing on a high-end cafeteria. Sitting with his legs elegantly crossed, he is calmly sipping his espresso while reading the Financial Times. After all, a man's fortune withstands only due to his perseverance. And Mr. Baummer has amassed quite the fortune.

"Daddy, I'm booooooored. Can we go for ice-cream?" his little 8-year old daughter, Angelica, a tiny angel with bright, blonde hair asks in that voice she knows will get her what she wants. The man puts down the paper, looking at his daughter with a soft smile. "We can get ice-cream here" he replies. He never missed a chance to spoil his only child.

"Okay!" Angelica's face sparks with joy and she goes back to playing with her two dolls, two pretty, cute Barbie-type girls, dressed in some equally pretty dresses. The girl holds one doll in each hand, bobbing them up and down as she made them talk to each other. "I really like your hair" Angelica role-played the first doll, as if she was complementing the opposite doll. "Thank you very much. I like your shoes" the second doll replied courteously. Imitating her environment, the little girl had watched grown-ups flatter each other copiously. It didn't yet register whether this was sincere or not.

As she brings her dolls to life, Angelica speaks in a normal, maybe even a loud volume. Most kids might whisper or keep their voice lower when playing in public. A mixture of self-consciousness and their parents shushing them would probably make them shyer than normal. But little Angelica doesn't have any of these hang-ups. Despite the cafeteria being half-full, she's playing like she's in her own room, alone, undisturbed. She's been raised to know that the world is her oyster. Born into such wealthy, that oyster probably has her daddy's name on it.

"How can I help you?" a kind young waitress approaches Mr. Baummer shortly after being called. She is very cute with her light-brown ponytailed hair and her formal waitress-outfit, a dark-brown, collared buttoned shirt and a black apron around her waist, half-covering her skirt, which reaches down to a respectful knee-high level. She has kind and soft facial features. Her right ear is full of

ear-ring holes, earrings she has obviously removed to fit the luxurious dress-code of her workplace. The 21-year old girl is paying through college with this fancy waitress-gig.

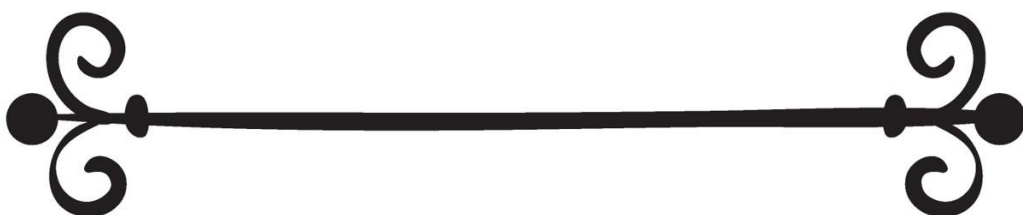
“Justine, we would like your finest chocolate-chip ice cream. With extra strawberry syrup” the man responds promptly with a warm smile, stealing glances towards his daughter’s excited grin. He knows the waitress’ name by the little tag on her chest. He has already some familiarity, since Justine was the one who brought him his coffee.

“Is that for you?” the waitress smiles at Angelica while putting down the order. “Yes” Angelica replies, nodding with the same confidence she had whilst playing earlier. “You know what?” the beautiful waitress says mock-secretively, bending towards Angelica with her hands on her knees. “Chocolate-chip is my favorite ice cream” she half-whispers to the little girl, being cute with her.

“Daddy, can I play with her?” the girl asks her father as soon as Justine is walking away from their table and out of ear-shot. “Sweetie...again? Don’t you have enough to play with?” her father scratches his perfectly groomed scruff, appearing inconvenienced. “But I really like this one! Please daddy, pleaaaaaaaaaaaaaase...” Angelica pleads to her father with that unbeatable childish charm. “Your mother won’t be happy, but aalright. But you aren’t getting any other gifts until Christmas” the man concedes once again. It is always tough to say “no” to those eyes.

Justine is the last one left in the cafeteria, closing shop. It’s 10 at night and she wants nothing more than to get off these work-clothes, have a nice shower and drop to bed like a bag of bricks. She closes all the lights and locks the front door. The streets are rather empty. Still in her buttoned shirt, with her apron and the mandatory short heels stashed inside her casual shoulder-strap bag, Justine starts walking towards home, now in some much comfier sneakers.

As she passes by a short alley, Justine fails to notice the two masked figures looming in the darkness. In an instant, four hands violently grab the girl, one of which smothering her mouth. “MM!” the girl is swiftly pulled backwards and into the dark alleyway and her smothered scream drowns as quickly as she is vanished from sight.



TWO YEARS LATER

“Aylaaaaaaaaa!” a frustrated young Latina woman’s footsteps got louder and louder as she stomped her way into the living room. “Did you go through my message history again!?” she asked her sister, who was sitting on the couch, searching the ad-column of today’s paper. “Nooo, I would never do that Cleo!” the 3-years-junior Ayla replied, though her naughty, guilty smile gave her away instantly. “I just wanted to know how the date went with Jordan. You didn’t tell me anything yesterday!” the pretty, redheaded girl made up a shitty excuse. “It went fine...DON’T look at my laptop again” the 26-year-old sister shook her finger threateningly, before walking towards her kitchen to pour herself some water.

From a young age, Ayla Vazquez was always a curious little snoop. Her charm was the only thing that sometimes saved her when her shenanigans inevitably caught up to her. Cleo knew she wouldn’t change her sister now. The countless times she had tried before had not worked.

“Jesus, all these job offers suck! They pay horribly and the hours are gruesome...” Ayla sighed, tossing the paper on the couch next to her. The 23-year-old Latina girl, dressed in a pair of cozy, cotton shorts and an old t-shirt cut into a crop top, scratched her head nervously, making her beautiful, long locks of dyed red hair tussle. It was now three months since the store she was working the registry at closed down. The girl was strapped for cash and her sister could not support her any longer.

“I’m leaving. You better have three job interviews by the time I’m back” Cleo warned her, more to motivate her than anything else. The door was closed and Ayla was left home alone. As she took another sip of orange juice straight from the carton, the girl’s eyes fell on an ad she hadn’t spotted earlier, amongst the scattered papers:

Babysitter needed for 10-year-old girl. Must have prior experience and work at flexible hours. 8-10 hour shifts every day.

Ayla dismissed it, until she saw the amount being offered. It was good. No, it was reaaaaaaally good. Ayla remembered babysitting for her aunt and others constantly during high-school. She could pull this off! The girl checked the address given in the ad. This was the fancy part of the city, up in the lush, green hills. Only celebrities and crazy-rich people lived there. “Worth a shot...” she said and dialed the phone number.

“Good morning Miss... Vazquez, is it?” a 39-year-old Caucasian woman, with perfectly styled, long, blonde hair and a posh, uppity-rich vibe opened the door, greeting the girl with a wide, toothy, superficial smile. “Yes, I’m here for the babysitting ad” Ayla put her best foot forward, appearing as kind, good-natured and determined as she could. She had prettied herself up, but not in any sexualized way (she wasn’t a dummy). Though she loved her tiny jean shorts and cropped tops, she was now dressed in a plain, navy-blue dress, with jewel-style shoulders. Her usually free-to-flow red hair was caught up in a cute bun. Ayla looked up at the blonde woman, who was dressed in a suit-and-skirt, as if she would love the house to close some million-dollar deal soon enough. “Melina Baummer, of Baummer industries” the woman offered a formal handshake while also name-dropping her famous status. “Please...” she gestured inside, escorting the girl inside a hall as big as Ayla’s apartment.

Ayla was struck by the luxury and wealth exhibited on each square foot, from the golden details on the mirror to the dustless, shiny wooden floors. It was one of these houses that you were embarrassed to step foot on. As Ayla walked behind Melina, she noticed how the woman walked with the straight posture and stride of a fashion model, her heels gracefully clicking with each step. She looked like she was a model just a few years ago, with a pretty face and a perfectly slim and skinny body; she possessed the aura of a model. Taller than Ayla, too, who slim as she was, had more booty in her meat and more curves in her “arsenal” of attractive goodies.

The end of the hall led to an even larger living room. It was huge and wonderfully lit by sunlight passing through multiple wide roof-windows. Extravagant chandeliers were hanging from the tall ceilings, the house flaunting a combination of aristocratic eccentricity with the most modern of technological advances, like the huge 10k TV that was installed inside the wall and could “pop-out” with the press of a button. A classically dressed maid, a Caucasian brunette woman in her mid-thirties, was puffing up the pillows of the long, leather couch, placing them back on in just the right way. Her black outfit which each white apron and cap was striving to be a more modern, less cheesy version of the french-maid stereotype. Though Ayla could not see many differences from the original.

“Christen, my dear, go fetch our guest some orangeade or perhaps a cup of coffee... tea?” the woman turned to Ayla, furring her brow inquisitively while keeping a stern, restrained smile, as if not to cause her face to wrinkle. “Just a glass of water would be fine, thank you” Ayla timidly raised her palm, up close to her chest. “Nonsense, go prepare the usual” Melina ordered her maid, who made a small bow and after a “yes ma’am” went straight for the kitchen.

Melina took a seat on a leather sofa chair, offering Ayla a seat on the couch, diagonally to hers. “Our previous babysitter went off to college, so we need somebody to be very hands-on and committed with our Angelica” Melina informed the girl.

“I understand, I’m willing to put in the work” Ayla replied diplomatically. They went over Ayla’s resume, that is to say, Melina silently reading it and occasionally nodding to herself, while Ayla sat awkwardly, waiting, with her legs clenched together in this overwhelmingly foreign space, her arms

resting coyly on her thighs. The tense silence was only interrupted briefly when Christen, the maid, brought out a silver tray full of cake-slices, orange juice, coffee, tea and butter cookies. Ayla took a slice simply from not wanting to appear rude.

"Normally, my husband would be here to confirm this with me, but he has an important appointment at Wall Street..." Melina spoke, sliding in a brag, "...but your resume is very adequate. You start tomorrow at 2:00 P.M.". Melina announced the girl's hiring on the spot. "Uh, thank you very much!" Ayla was taking aback by the sudden news. "Here, follow me to meet Angelica" Melina stood up and the girl followed her once again.

The two passed through many corridors of the house, all as luxurious and spotless as the rest of the house. They finally reached a corridor, which from the sudden color-scheme change, belonged strictly to a pampered 10-year-old girl. The walls were painted a soft pink, with beautiful rainbows and stars and hearts drawn every which direction. There were 4 doors, 2 on either side of the corridor, and one 5th door on the end of it. All rooms specifically destined for little Angelica. Though Melina knocked on the first door to her left, the girl's main bedroom.

"Angelica, dear... there's someone I'd like you to meet" Melina spoke from the other side of the door, weirdly respecting her pre-pubescent daughter's privacy. "Ok..." the little girl's voice was simply heard from the other side.

As the door opened, Ayla saw a scene similar to what the corridor had prepared her for. The bedroom was decorated like an actual princess's would. Soft pink paint on the walls, beautiful puffy curtains, furniture and mirrors fit for a princess quarters and a bed as enchanting as sleeping beauty's. Even though the little girl was almost half of Ayla's size, her bed was twice as large as the college-girl's. Her vast room was scattered with all sorts of past gifts, most of them too ludicrous to be gifted to a 10-year-old girl.

Ayla's eyes fell on the utterly fancy beauty room on one corner, also scaled down for a child. It was complete with countless make-up sets, bulb-lit mirrors and millions of little hair-bands and scrunchies, brushes etc. It looked much more professional than any 10-year-old would care for.

Angelica, in a pretty red dress covered with margaritas was drawing with her crayons on an angled board that would best fit an architect or a graphic designer, if it wasn't scaled down for the little girl's needs. She was seated on a finely carved wooden chair and her eyes did not rise from her "work", not appearing to pay attention to her mother and this stranger. "Honey, this is Ayla, she'll be taking care of you while mommy and daddy or off" Melina spoke to her daughter in a honey-sweet voice, nothing like the one she used to address Ayla.

"I don't want a new babysitter" Angelica said in a stubborn-tone, keeping her focus on her crayon-drawing. "Hi! What are you drawing there?" Ayla knelt on the floor so that her eye-level was the

same as the girl's. "It's a castle on the clouds" Angelica responded, still not looking up at Ayla. "That's beautiful!" Ayla replied. "I always wanted to be a princess in a castle, at the highest tower" Ayla played into what the girl obviously liked. "I AM a princess" Angelica turned to look at Ayla with an examining expression. A few silent beats followed, as Ayla felt she was being x-rayed from head to toes. "I like you, you can babysit me" Angelica announced, returning back to her drawing.

Ayla smiled, relieved. She had gotten the gig! This pampered rich girl seemed quirky, but to be honest, aren't all little girls a little weird? Things would be juuust fine.



Behind the closed door at the far end of little Angelica's corridor, a cute, little tea party was in order. Calming classical music played from the room's speakers. A white round table with a flower-painted table-cloth sat on the center of the room. On it was an intricate porcelain tea-set, with tiny little cups, a round tea pot and a milk kettle nearby. All had beautiful flower-embossment carved on their surface.

Four beautiful dolls were seated around the table, with Angelica going around "serving" each one. Each doll was dressed in a beautiful, vintage dress, reminiscent of past decades, but very fitting for a child's doll toy. Floral dresses with puffy sleeves, or sleeveless polka dresses, all had feminine, wide skirts and either a cute ribbon with a big bow, a band or a belt around a tight, slim waist, one that any pretty doll should possess.

Some dolls had frilly ankle-high shoes that peaked above dainty, girly Mary-Jane type heels with cute ribbons on the instep, their colors mostly black or dark-toned to their dress's color. Other dolls wore thigh-high stockings, each ending with yet another ribbon-bow at the front of the thigh. Though under the modest length of their dresses, it was indiscernible whether the dolls undergarments were modest pantyhose or naughty stockings. What was visible was the soft nylon fabric, which was entirely opaque, obstructing the skin from view. These were a child's toys after all! While the frilly socks were white, the stockings were expertly color-coordinated with the doll's outfit.

Pretty bows or flowers decorated perfectly brushed and air-sprayed hair, with hair-styles that matched the dresses' retro aesthetic. The dolls' faces had a similar femme look, with heavily blushed, rosy cheeks, intensely red lips and overly powdered white faces, along with long, feminine eyelashes and cute, soft mascara. Finally, era-matching necklaces and ear-rings adored their body, completing their timeless look.

But there was something...odd, something particular about this specific child's tea party. First, all dolls were life-sized, spanning heights between 5 and 6 feet. Secondly, these party "guests" were less than willing participants. But how could a doll possess will?

"Aaand here is your tea, Polly" Angelica walked over and filled the last cup with imaginary tea, addressing the much larger than her "doll". The reason for this size difference was that the doll's body actually belonged to a 17-year-old young girl, who went (or rather used to go) to the same school building as young Angelica.

Polly had caught the girl's eye during many recesses. Angelica always admired the older schoolmate's cool demeanor and her cute look. Polly was one of the popular high-schoolers, a charismatic girl with a lot of friends and a lot of romantic prospects. The white girl had a kind of hipster and Goth mix of styles, opting for a lot of dark loose blouses with short jeans and net

stockings, along with her signature pair of big round and slim sunglasses. To Angelica's eyes, she was like a goddess! Though the girl was too shy to actually ever talk to her, she wasn't that shy about asking her daddy to gift Polly to her as a present. The rich family always had the means to make someone "disappear" from the face of the earth, no questions asked or traces left.

Polly was walking home from some private chemistry lessons, when she was jumped by two shadowy figures and chloroformed, before being tossed inside a dark van.

Like the other women seated around her, the life-sized, motionless doll was sitting on a white, wooden chair with floral shapes artfully sculpted on the arms and legs of the chair. The armrests of the chair were carved into a U-shape across their length, so that the girl's arms and hands could "nest" on them with ease and not fall off.

The young woman was dressed in a red polka dress with small, white dots all over it and a wide, black silk ribbon tied snugly at the waist, with a huge bow on one side. Black slim straps sprang from the black edges of the dress' respectable cleavage to meet the petite woman's shoulders. Polly's blonde, rather short hair had been straightened and styled in a vintage bob cut, a dotted Alice-band with a big bow on top, decorating them.

The girl's expression was a frozen, deadpan mask. Her glossed lips stuck in an expressionless, soft pout and her eyebrows equally immobile. Polly's green eyes were very much the only thing appearing alive on her, drawing even more attention to them via the long fake eyelashes decorating them. They were the only window into the woman's mental state, one that was very much distressed. The eyes were nervously stuck on the tiny girl that was "serving" her, while periodically glancing towards the other 3 dolls, who were equally helpless and stiff as her.

"Thank you very much, Angelica! What a wonderful day for a tea party!" Angelica's voice doubled for the mute Polly in a posh, delightful tone, whilst the girl picked up the girl's brainless hand and waved it in a gesturing motion. Just like the others, Polly's 4 fingers were irreversibly fused together into a single, straight appendage, only the thumb naturally "posed" nearby. In any case, all fingers were stuck and immobile, into the classic look that all plastic dolls' hands had. A graceful, open-palmed, neutral gesture.

"Well, be sure to tell everyone at school how much fun you had" Angelica said, having assigned to her doll traits of the actual woman. Angelica loved both being a part of her dolls' company, as well as voicing her dollies. Though her "dialogue" made her sound very excited, Polly was less than thrilled to be in this room. The young woman had been imprisoned in Angelica's special play-room for the past 18 months, with no release date in sight.

Next to her was seated a 26-year-old hottie of tanned complexion and fully straight, silky black hair. She normally let them drape down her full-figured breasts from either side of her shoulders, but now they were perfectly brushed straight lines, laid behind her back. A blue dotted, short-sleeved polka dress with buttons on either side, adored her slim, hourglass physique. Though her body was stiff as a board, her eyes betrayed how terrified she was of her predicament.

This petrified “babe” used to Mr. Baummer’s personal secretary. Courtney was the superficial type of gal, her appearance being the driving factor of her career’s success. With “enhanced” lips, amplified tits and with her middle-eastern bumpy nose operated on and turned into a cute, little “Los Angeles kind” of button-nose, Courtney had secured the secretary gig with little effort, wooing Angelica’s dad with her “typing skills”. She usually roamed the office in some flattering bodycon dresses or skin-tight leather pants, testing the limits of the workplace’s dress code. And always, always in tall stiletto heels.

Angelica had seen her the few times daddy had taken her along to his offices and Courtney was very playful and kind to her, always chatting the little girl up. The kid was mesmerized by the tall (5’11”) and elegant woman’s beauty. She did have proportions almost matching the ones on her Barbie dolls. It was after her 4th office visit that Angelica was enthralled with the young woman and she “requested her” to her father. He happily obliged, knowing there were 100 more girls like her out there, waiting to take Courtney’s gig. The next day, Courtney was nowhere to be found around the office, but a new secretary ad was already in place...

“How was your weekend, Miss Secretary?” Angelica inquired the voiceless young woman. Despite owning her for the past 10 months, she had never bothered to learn the woman’s actual name, so her doll’s name was assigned based on what Angelica already called her before her “transformation”. Courtney looked at the young girl with the same mask of a face all dolls had, her eyes betraying her unease. She could do nothing but observe as the little girl moved over her side of the table and placed her hand on the top of the seated woman’s head.

“It was lovely, Angelica! I typed some letters for your daddy” Angelica voiced Courtney with the same slow, steadily thrilled voice as before, bobbing the woman’s head slightly up and down while the woman “talked”. It was both charming and off-putting how Angelica needed to be standing up and moving around the table to maneuver her adult-sized dolls, but she didn’t mind. She was having so much fun!

While the incapacitated women did not have a way of showing it, their ears worked just fine, in contrast to the rest of their body. Still, they had no way of actually responding to Angelica.

Moving along the round table, a beautiful, young black-girl was seated in an identically strict posture, next to Courtney. She had gorgeous, puffy and curly brown hair of a brown color, similar to her skin's complexion. The afro-like hair was caught into two sweet, pigtail-balls with green bow ribbons. The girl was dressed in a beautiful, dark-green, pleated-skirt dress, with short sleeves. A cream colored band hugged the waist and a matching big butterfly bow was stitched on the top of the chest, below and sideways of the dress' collar. The girl's voluptuous booty and C-cup breasts were gracefully outlined by the dress, especially sewn to her exact measurements (as were all the others).

The 19-year-old girl was (until recently) Angelica's babysitter, Mckenzie. The kind, casually-styled girl had been taking care of little Angelica for the past two years, but when she informed that she would need to end her employment to go study electrical engineering in college, Angelica was heart-broken. She didn't want Mckenzie to leave. She wanted to play with her forever! And so, Mckenzie never attended her first college semester, instead "staying" with Angelica indefinitely.

"Mckenzie, do you want to play with me later this afternoon?" Angelica extended a formal invitation to her newest dolly, her affect matching the tea party's royal vibe. The girl did not appear to have the ability to even moan through her glued lips, resorting to rapid, nervous breathing through her pretty nose. She did NOT want to have a play-date with Angelica. "Yes, that would be splendid! Is 8 o'clock ok with you?" the paralyzed woman replied through Angelica's voice, despite the young woman's eyes expressing a different sentiment.

Angelica then moved the black girl's ineffectual hand towards the tea-cup in front of her, before pretend-picking it up (Angelica having to use both hands to raise both the cup and the hand, since the girl's fingers did not bend or moved in any way) and bringing it to her bright-red, painted, closed lips. Mckenzie could only watch her useless body being manipulated against her will. After the imaginary sip, the tea-cup was placed back on the table. "Yes, 8 o'clock sounds great!" Angelica replied to essentially her own inquiry.

Throughout the kid's theatrics, Christen, the house-maid, had been stoically watching from the corner of the playroom, standing attentive with her hands locked in front of her apron. Appearing more like a guard than a participant, the adult's presence in the child's play-time was necessary in case anything "went wrong" with the kid's living toys, or if her young mistress needed her to manipulate the heavy dolls in some way her tiny muscles could not.

Despite the already dreading situation, there was an added element to the unfortunate girl's unpleasant predicament, one that was not visible with a naked eye. In order for a doll's hips and buttocks to remain firmly on their seat, and not slide off, their chairs possessed an added feature. Springing vertically from the center of the seat, painted the same milky white as the rest of the chair, was a 2-inch-wide, 4-inch tall, wooden phallus, its "head" rounded out for easier "access".

Each woman was being crudely penetrated in her seat, throughout the duration of this “tea party”, thanks to their unconventional panties, which featured a slit under their crotch.

Furthermore, through a battery stuck on the underside of each seat, the wooden phalluses vibrated full of life, constantly stimulating the women’s vaginal canals without their consent. The sensation was a continuous torture, especially after the first couple of forceful orgasms. All four women around the table were being “sucked dry”, helpless to stop this onslaught of orgasmic sensations.

Of course, none of this graphic violation was apparent, everything hidden underneath the dolls’ stylish, knee-high dresses. The dolls simply appeared to maintain good sitting posture, just like a posh “guest” of Angelica’s ought to. Humiliating as this “practice” was, it was similar to the nooks on a doll’s body, used for attaching things to hold (like a gun or a sword) or used to prop the doll securely somewhere. Only in this case, the nooks were the young women’s cunts and the securing point, the wooden cock filling them up.

As for the soft vibrations, Angelica had been informed it was useful to “recharge” her dolls energy so that they were more fun to play with! Taking her parents’ information at face-value, the little girl never questioned this process, every time her dolls were made to “assume their seats”. In addition, little Angelica never questioned the moisture her dolls “left behind” each time they got up from their seats.

Courtney appeared to be panting hastily through her slender nose and her big D-cupped chest heaved as her body unwillingly reached the 4th climax during the course of this tea party. She squinted her long-lashed eyes, the only body part she had any control over, as she orgasmed, while keeping the stiffness of a statue. Angelica did not even acknowledge her doll’s reaction, continuing her little role-play.

But there was one more doll seated at Angelica’s table. A 23-year-old, light-brown-haired lass, a slim, pretty girl in a white, princess-like dress, with puffy sleeves, and a long, flowy skirt. The dress had strawberries spread sporadically across the soft, delicate fabric, giving it a more playful and girly aura. The modest bust of the dress had a pattern reminiscent of a big bow, right under the girl’s perky, B-cup breasts.

It was Justine, the smiling waitress of Mr. Baummer’s fancy café-spot. Her beautiful hair was not in a ponytail, as when Angelica had first met her, but brushed into a more old-timey style, the hairlocks being more curled as they reached the girl’s shoulders. A big, single red rose adorned Justine’s head, over her left ear.

Though she appeared as part of this tea-party as any other dollified woman, Justine did not seem to draw much attention from Angelica as the other three did. The little girl did not even address her or give her any “lines” whatsoever.

She used to be very much “into her” when Justine had first “arrived”, spending lots of time “chatting” with her, dressing her up, drawing on her face, doing all these carefree things that kids did with their dolls. Justine was a lot of fun.

But after the first few exciting months, the cute doll’s novelty started wearing off. Two years after being “gifted” Justine, Angelica appeared to be utterly bored with this doll. The young dollified woman could only daintily sit in her chair and watch as this fancy get-together commenced in front of her.

Justine had seen her fair share of previous dollified girls, girls that were there when she “arrived”, simply vanish from one day to the next. The clever college-girl had noted how these were usually the dolls that the young psychopath seemed to be losing interest at. That thought kept the immobilized woman terrified, creating a weird combination with her sky-high arousal, as pleasantries kept being exchanged between the pre-pubescent host and her other guests.



Ayla and Angelica were relaxing on the same couch the girl had been interviewed on that first day. The two were enjoying Angelica's favorite cartoon show, about a superhero princess; a more modern version of She-Ra. They seemed very comfortable with each other's presence.

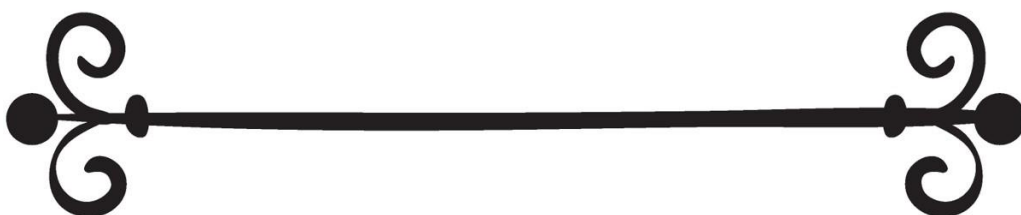
It wasn't like that at the beginning, but well into her 2nd week as the girl's babysitter, Ayla had settled in pretty nicely, having gotten to know the "little princess" as she became used to calling her. Sure, she often seemed to have grown on a different planet than the college-girl, because she had. Born into such wealth would change Ayla, too. But she could be as cute, playful and charming as any other girl her age. Angelica herself had grown to liking her newest care-taker, putting down most of the snobby "walls" she was always putting up with strangers.

"Your chocolate milkshake, Miss Angelica" Christen approached the duo, with a metal tray simply presenting a glass of the delicious drink. The girl grabbed it with both hands, not dignifying a "thank you" or anything else. Christen gave the little girl the most forced of smiles, before promptly leaving the girl's sight, as soon as her duties were complete.

It wasn't the first time that Ayla had noticed that the maid was rather apprehensive of the little girl. She was never particularly sweet or playful with the 10-year-old, as if she was somehow scared of her. What for? Ayla wondered again and again. Surely the woman wouldn't get fired from a simple complaint from the kid, no matter how spoiled Angelica might have been. And besides, Christen was excellent at her job!

After the cartoon show was over, Ayla and Angelica moved towards the girl's drawing room for some finger-painting. As they reached the girly sugar-high that was the girl's corridor, Ayla's eyes couldn't help but fall on the lone door at the end of the corridor. It had quickly caught her attention since her first days in the Baummer household, she it was the only door of the five to have a special, card-screening lock. Her naturally "itchy" curiosity was rising ever since.

"Can I ask you...what's in that door?" Ayla asked with a cheerful tone, masking the prying nature of her question. "This is where I keep my special dolls. They are safe in there" Angelica replied honestly, without really missing a beat. "Oh..." Ayla furrowed her brows, not quite understanding what the girl's answer meant. That high-security for some sort of collectable dolls? She contemplated a follow-up question, but Angelica had already grabbed her hand and led her inside the drawing room. Angelica loved finger-painting with Ayla.



17 MONTHS PRIOR TO AYLA'S HIRING

Inside Angelica's special playroom, the atmosphere was rather peaceful, serene. It usually was, since the little girl was playing by herself, or rather, appeared to be. But she was not alone. Her favorite doll was there with her. She has had "favorites" all the time, and they alternated fast. But now THIS WAS Angelica's favorite doll.

The little blonde girl was painting her doll's nails a soft pink. The polish matched nicely with the large roses that covered the doll's lighter-colored dress, a wide silk belt hugging her slim waist. The silent, motionless damsel in distress was a 20-year-old gorgeous slim girl, with milk-chocolate complexion and pretty, wavy, dark-brown hair, caught in a pink hair-band.

As beautiful as the young woman was, she was also a celebrity, which made her particularly tricky to "acquire". But Melina and her husband, Marlon, agreed that the trouble was ultimately worth it, because it made their precious Angelica extremely happy.

Young Naomi was the star of a Disney/Nickelodeon type of kids' show, one that Angelica was obsessed with. She was even more obsessed with Naomi, though. And how could she not, the girl was sooo pretty and charming! In the little girl's impressionable eyes, it was Naomi herself (not even her character, named Bridgette) that appeared so likeable and cool, having all sorts of (scripted) witty comebacks and a loving gang of friends. Angelica wanted the TV screen to suck her in and transport her to this TV show's world, just to spend time with Bridgette.

Countless times she had let her parents know how fun it would be if Bridgette was home to play with her and hang out. It went without saying that when Angelica first laid eyes on the "prepped-up" girl brought to her inside a ribbon-tied doll-box, she could not contain her joy! She was playing with her Bridgette doll nonstop for the past 3 months, same as the time since the young actress' "mysterious disappearance".

Poor Naomi did not seem to object to her manicure, simply eyeing her obsessive fan with cautious eyes. It was a good thing the girl's body was not externally reacting to her orgasms, otherwise Naomi might have messed up her nail-painting the couple of times she unwillingly climaxed by her vibrating seat.

She had no power to object to anything Angelica decided for her. The little girl was often clumsy and careless when it came to playing with her dolls, her mind aloof. When it came to taking care and being appreciative of her valuable belongings, Angelica's busy, Wall-street parents had not

taught her much. So a lot of girls often ended up with bruises or bumps from being carelessly played with.

Angelica had an adult-size beauty stand at her special room, similar to the one in her bed-room, but she was previously drawing alongside her doll and was too bored to move her over. The two were sitting side-by-side, at the girl's round table, which was littered with scattered drawn papers and colored pencils. A cylindrical pencil holder was right in front of Naomi and to Angelica left side on the table. About a dozen more colored pencils were sticking out from the holder, pointed-side up.

"Great!" now let's do your other hand, Angelica said satisfied, holding the woman's useless Barbie-hand. Her nail-painting skills were far from perfect, Naomi having some pink splashes on the skin around her nails. The TV-star wasn't able to critique her manicure in any way, simply eyeing her tiny captor.

As Angelica jumped of her chair in order to move to the other side, she accidentally bumped Naomi's chair, causing the girl's inanimate torso to jerk and lose its balance. Before she could react in any way, Angelica saw Naomi's upper body bent forward at the waist, without any external force stopping the fall but gravity itself. As her head free-fell right onto the pencil holder, her face was wedged into an upright pencil, deeply penetrating her eye!

It all happened in a split second. Angelica was lost for words, at the sight of this incident. Christen, the house-maid, rushed to the table, standing too many strides away from the scene to prevent it.

She roughly grabbed the back of Naomi's head by her pretty hair and lifted it off the table. Her left eye was a huge, bloody mess. Utterly destroyed by the sharp point of the pencil. Blood was gushing out in copious, disgusting amounts, the pencil being buried half-way through the woman's socket. The poor girl's body was in pure shock. Though it was still very much limp, with her arms now dangling off the edge of the table and her head still dangling by Christen's grip, someone could spot the faintest twitching, occurring throughout the young woman's body, an alarming sign. From the rapid eye-movements of her one functional eye, and the quick breathing coming from her nose, it was very apparent that she was not doing great.

"Noooooooooo! I don't waaaant heeer like that!" little Angelica started crying, frightened by the graphic sight. The maid shoved the pencil-eyed girl back on her seat, trying to compose herself, but failing. She had her tiny mistress balling her eyes out and a parental gift that looked positively ruined. In more ones than that one, she had a bloody fucking mess in her hands.

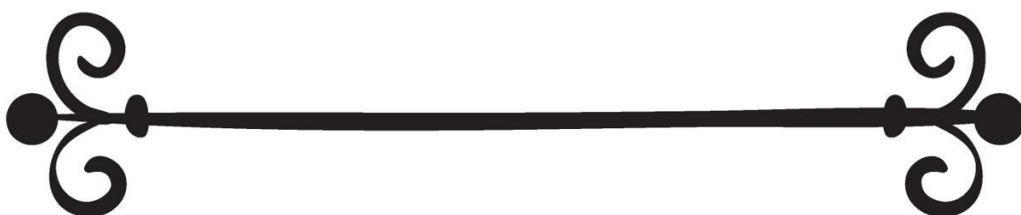
"She's uglyyyyyyy! I don't wanna play with her anymooooore!" Angelica cried out, only seeming to care about the doll's pertinence to her play-time. Though it was not the first time one of the girl's

dolls had “broken”, either deliberately or by accident, it was never that gory. The pencil was still lodged in Naomi’s socket. Lost in the chaotic moment, Christen hadn’t even thought to pull it out.

With blood spilling from a mangled eye-socket onto the poor girl’s pretty rose dress and with the kid’s crying only getting louder and louder, the adult maid made an instinctive decision, moving behind the seated doll, putting her hands on either side of her head. Naomi only had time to widen her one, good eye, before the woman sharply snapped her neck with one fierce, twisting motion and a loud cracking sound.

A tense, silent beat lingered. “That’s why I tell you to be careful when playing with your dolls!” Christen yelled at the little kid, maybe for the 1st time since her employment at the manor. “Don’t yell at me!” Angelica had no words to defend herself, now out of tears. “I’ll take care of this. Go to your room!” Christen said with as confident of a voice as she could muster and the little girl run off the room, distressed. The black actress girl was exactly where she’d been left off, her arms dangling lifelessly off her chair. Her beautiful retro dress and spotless make-up visually clashed with the bloody pencil in her left eye and her crudely bent neck. Her right eye was looking blankly into nothing. The slow hum of the wooden cock, still vibrating inside her cunt, was the only sound in the kid’s room.

Christen let out a long sigh, left to clean up Miss Angelica’s mess.



Ayla tried to ignore the burning questions her mind was cultivating about Angelica's over-protected room. The one time she had brought up the topic with Christen, the resident maid, she had brushed over the girl's inquiry, mumbling a vague response about safe-guarding valuables. Ayla's life experience told her that being indiscreet yielded bad results for her, most of the time. On top of that, she had a great-paying gig, babysitting little Angelica. Jeopardizing it to satisfy her dumb curiosity would be stupid!

"Everything alright, Ayla?" Mr. and Mrs. Baummer asked the girl, who greeted them in the living room. The couple had just returned from a dinner party. "Yes, we played all sorts of board games and she was a very behaved young lady" Ayla sent with a smile, while both adult women looked towards Angelica, who was eating a bowl of honey cereal, watching some cartoons with eyes glued on the large screen.

"Splendid" Melina replied, handing the girl a wax-sealed envelope with the week's payment. Just like the previous ones, you could tell from touching it that this envelope was thicker than most. "Thank you" Ayla took it as gracefully and discreetly as she could. "We played everywhere..." the pretty Latina girl referred again to her day with Angelica "...except the room on the end of the hall. It was locked..." Ayla shyly broached the subject.

"Yes, this room is off limits" Mrs. Baummer cut the girl off with another restrained, fake smile. "I see... Angelica must have some pretty cool toys there..." Ayla remembered the little girl's response. "Best to not meddle with your employer's privacy, Miss Vazquez..." Marlon stepped in and although he had the same superficial smile, his tone was much more hostile than his wife's. "Oh...I'm sorry" Ayla felt the couple's stare burning her skin. "Have a good night" she quickly disengaged from the awkward encounter, speed-walking towards the exit, without turning to look back.



“Did you enjoy the horse-races today, Justine?” Angelica spoke in place of Courtney, daddy’s former secretary, since the hot chick’s lips were rather literally sealed. Angelica remembered that Miss Secretary had a deeper voice (back when she had one), so she tried emulating that during her “performance”.

“Yes, Miss Secretary” came the rather monotone, bored “response” from Justine. Both dolls were standing next to each other, their bodies propped not facing each other, but rather at a right angle, like two actresses at a play. The only reason their limb bodies were not dropping on Angelica’s floor like two pretty-dressed, sacks of potatoes, was that their frames were hitched and controlled by an elastic, maneuverable, metal contraption, built for exactly this purpose.

Each device consisted of a round base where two bendable metal bars, like thicker shower hoses, but much stronger, sprang from on either side, ending in a C-shaped metal holder, which when combined, wrapped snugly around the doll’s waist, holding it securely from toppling over. A stiff metal bar was then attached on a nook formed by the two locked halves of the waist-stock, at the lower spine of the doll, running up her back and keeping a strict upright posture.

Currently Justine’s arms were sort of propped in front of her, bend at a right angle at the elbows, like the first pose a little kid manipulates a doll’s arms to be like. Courtney’s were much more “active”, moved by the little girl more frequently during this play-time. A two-step ladder was nearby, since the little girl often had trouble puppeteering her large (for her) dolls.

The final optional “appendage” was the one the girls dreaded the most. The round base had a smaller round nook in its center, where a straight metal bar of adjustable length could be attached. Its smoothed out edge was perfect for penetration. Since the waist-stock was more equipped to secure the doll’s horizontal movement than the vertical one, the last bar-dildo had that purpose. Once shoved deep into the girl’s natural “hanging-point”, the bar’s length was locked in place, securing the doll into a tall proud stance. The batteries inside the device’s round base kept the central bar vibrating and the dolls wet throughout the play-date.

The dialogue between the two dolls was quickly getting stale. Angelica was not having the most thrilling time. “I want you to get me McKenzie down” the little blonde girl finally turned and said to her stand-by maid. “I don’t like her anymore” her frowned eyes fell on Justine, the petrified woman unable to do anything in retort. “I will, Miss Angelica, but what’s wrong with this one?” Christen replied courteously as always to her pre-teen boss. “Nothing...” Angelica sighed, not in the mood to further explain herself.

As the maid left the room, stepping into the small hall that was linked to Angelica’s playroom, the little girl took her stool-ladder and placed it behind Justine. The young waitress tried keeping her scared eyes on the little girl, but it was impossible with her head frozen stiff forwards and Angelica right behind her. The little girl climbed the two steps, now being taller than the average-height Justine. Justine was huffing copiously through her cute nose, her eyes darting panicky from side to side; she knew something bad was going on.

Angelica then wrapped the whole length of both her arms tightly around the frozen girl's head and with the drive of her whole torso, twisted her whole tiny body, bringing Justine's head and neck with it. A loud crack was heard, signaling Justine's snapped neck. Courtney silently watched, immobile and horrified, as Justine's body sunk only about a centimeter deeper into her "propping mechanism" and her arms lost their stiff pose and dropped limp. While her fixed, cute, red-painted pout was still there, the unlucky waitress' long-lashed eyes were rolled up towards the back of her head, her irises still visible. Blood was dripping from both the woman's ears.

"What the...?" the maid dropped Mckenzie from her arms to the floor, as she witnessed the girl standing behind Justine, whose head looked ranged like a chicken's, facing far behind her shoulder than physically possible. "It was an accident..." Angelica said with a grim tone, not even stepping off the ladder to follow her lie. The clever girl knew well that mom and dad would not get her a new dolly if she had plenty to play with. Now she was one doll short...

"Right, Christen?..." Angelica's voice lingered, expecting cooperation. It was eerie how confidently the 10-year-old girl was insinuating these threats. "Yes, Miss...a...an accident" Christen responded timidly. There was always an underlying threat of one day Angelica liking her maid "too much" and making her parents turn her into another one of her dolls. If there was someone who knew to be terrified of Angelica, it was Christen.

"Great!" Angelica's ominous tone turned back to a cheerful one. She then watched her –still numb– maid disconnect Justine's dead body from the stand, and promptly replace it with an equally frightened "Mckenzie doll".

"Yeyyyyy! Mckenzie is here!" Angelica cheered with renewed spirit, now in the mood for some more doll-play.

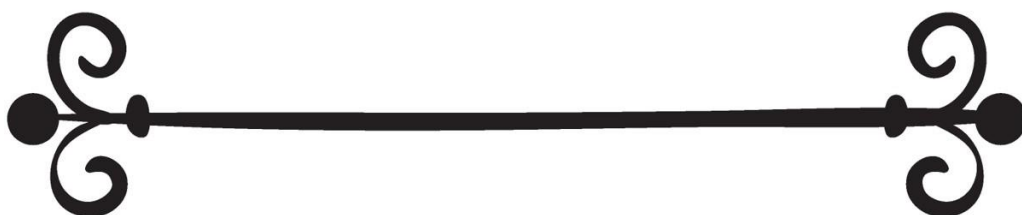


Ayla's sister, Cleo had just gotten her master's degree and the 4-membered family had big plans to celebrate. A dinner at an expensive restaurant at the other side of town. The fancy establishment was far beyond appropriate for their average income, but this was a special night for Cleo's accomplishment. Everyone was dressed at their best as they waited in line for their reserved table to empty, at the restaurant's lobby.

Just then, Ayla spotted a company of three lavishly dressed and bejeweled women enter the lobby. They blended right in with the extravagant air the place exuded. Ayla spotted the brunette of the group, appearing familiar. The connection took her a few more seconds, as the three women straddled in front of Ayla's family like they owned the place. With completely different assertiveness and air to her steps, under this vastly different attire, Ayla recognized the brunette woman as Christen, the Baummers' house-maid! Everything, from the woman's fancy hats and her thick fur-coat to her luxury-branded accessories screamed wealth. To Ayla, she looked like nothing like she did at home.

Christen walked up to the maître d' at the reception, whispering a couple of words on his ear. Without hesitating, Christen and her company passed through, essentially cutting through the queue with a privileged regular's arrogance. "What the...?" Cleo wanted to complain about the incident, but the rest of her family calmed her down. Ayla never mentioned her acquaintance with this rude woman. Though she was taken aback but how heavily her maid-gig was paying. Sure, the Baummer's were wealthy, but she also was getting a paycheck from them, and she wouldn't set foot in this restaurant for another decade. Why was Christen being paid so handsomely? A memory of the woman, entering the mysterious 5th room with a keycard of her own, raised more questions about the woman's role in the house, and what this damn door contained.

"To Cleo!" Ayla's trail of rabbit-hole descending thought was cut as her father raised his glass to her sister. "To Cleo" Ayla added with a smile, trying to shake her mind off this conspiracy-conjuring.



Marlon Baummer stepped into his family house. He was moody; a big deal that would have made him millions had fallen through. He tossed his dark-brown leather suitcase on the first place he saw that wasn't the floor. Walking into the living room whilst unloosening his tie, he witnessed an odd quiet. "Melinaaa" he called out for his wife. "She and Miss Angelica have gone for a picnic trip, sir" the loyal house-maid came to inform him a few seconds later. "I see" he nodded and Christen returned to her work in the kitchen.

The handsome businessman paced through the huge house. It appeared even larger, without any kids' playful screaming filling the space or busy heels clacking from room to room. Marlon reached Angelica's part of the house, standing in her empty, colorful corridor. His eyes were drawn to the door on the end of the hall. He had a way of getting some of this work stress off of him.

Pulling out a soft, light-blue colored card from his pocket, he waved it in front of the handle's sensor. The light turned green and the man entered his daughter's special room.

Angelica's favorite play-room had an innocent peace to it, sunlight passing through the cyan-colored drapes of her huge window and illuminating the room in a similar hue. On the opposite corner of the room, a black girl in a pretty, dark-green dress, or more accurately, had been left on, a giant pile of scattered plush-bears, toys and big, fluffy pillows. Her top half was supported by something soft, while her beautiful legs, were on the clean floor, covered in cream-colored nylon that matched her bow and belt-ribbon.

It was Mckenzie, Angelica's recently replaced babysitter. The girl's arms and legs looked to be randomly placed like a hastily tossed ragdoll, without any power over its limbs. Unable to twitch, let alone carry the girl's body. Angelica had probably left her like this the moment she stopped playing with her. Marlon looked around the room. All the other dolls were nowhere to be seen, already put away by the tidying Christen.

Marlon closed the door and locked it manually from the inside, before approaching the young girl, whose eyes were now worryingly stuck on him. She had only been Angelica's toy for about a couple of months. She didn't know what all the others had already learned about the girl's father...

The familiar man, more than twice her age, her previous employer, knelt in front of her and started undoing his belt and tossing his suit on the floor, with absolute no sensuality, foreplay or wooing. Mckenzie could only stare up at him with fearful, wet eyes. As much as she was screaming to her body to move, it was betraying her, remaining completely useless. Still wordless, Marlon reached under the girl's knee-long dress until he found the girl's matching, cream-colored pair of panties. Little Angelica did not know the "birds and the bees" story just yet, though she had probably snuck a peak under her dollies' dresses, if anything out of sheer curiosity.

Marlon lifted the dead-weight girl's firm left leg and bended it at the knee, as he pulled the underwear down. The young girl's leg appeared so tantalizingly half-covered with the contrasting light-colored nylon, which ended at the girl's dark, juicy thigh. The panties were finally pulled through the Mary-Jane heel beautifying the girl's frilly-socked foot. They were then propped up around the girl's right thigh and left there, McKenzie resembling a needy slut who couldn't be bothered to put her underwear away.

Marlon could have fucked her through the even sluttier slit in the girl's underwear, but he wanted to see the girl's cunt, to fully enjoy it with all his senses. Many where the nights were he wondered how it tasted, especially during those hot, summer days when McKenzie would wear these suspender shorts that showed off her pretty legs, or these light sundresses that exposed her dainty shoulders. Now, he had all of her.

The pretty black girl with the gorgeous puffy hair was panting through her nose, though all anyone could see was the same, bland doll expression, her lips far from quivering, her voice dead, her hands not stopping anything, posing gracefully lifeless on either side of her.

The man pulled the skirt of McKenzie's dress up and out of his way, finally revealing the woman's youthful, supple cunt. It was completely hairless down there. Dolls don't have body hair do they? Not caring about his place on the floor, Marlon spread the helpless woman's perfect, brown legs and climbed over her, entering her with a raging hard-on and immediately thrusting away.

Soft, rhythmic shuffling sounds were heard as the man filled the dollified woman's cunt with his cock. Melina was a beautiful woman and all, but this, this was a nice little novelty, one which the rich, powerful man appreciated. There weren't any of Angelica's pretty little gifts that he hadn't repeatedly violated. Being able to bang most chicks thanks to his wallet's thickness alone, Marlon was not an easily amused person. This pure, raw sense of power he had over these girls was intoxicating! Though his wife was suspecting this obscene behavior, she turned a blind eye, not wanting to dig in further. Known or not, this was a secret that these helpless women would take to the grave with them. Angelica did not need to know how daddy also "played" with her dolls.

McKenzie's eyes desperately shifted around the room, anywhere else but the grunting man over her vulnerable body. The poor girl was searching for a mental-escape, a "happy place". She closed them tightly, her long eyelashes giving her already girly face more femme vibes. The man roughly groped her breasts over the demure dress' fabric, digging his fingers on the girl's tender jugs. He wasn't gonna bother with removing the whole dress. Even through the fabric, McKenzie inaudibly yelped out in pain.

The young girl tried to ignore the pleasurable feeling her rough fucking was bringing her. Even with only 2 months, living in this haze of arousal had already conditioned her body to search the next

climax, the next morsel of release. As much as she hated to admit it, her otherwise traumatic rape was bringing her sexual joy, along with tremendous shame.

As stiff as the girl's skeleton was, her body was so soft and smooth and her pussy gripped his cock just right, as Marlon slid in and out with his own pace, McKenzie's cunt wet like a slip-and-slide, as if she was waiting for him. He sloppily kissed the girl's unresponsive face and then her neck. McKenzie could only stare up at Angelica's ceiling. Like all of Angelica's dolls, the girl was nicely clean and perfumed. As he accelerated his ramming speed up his docile victim, Marlon leaned closer and grabbed the girl's head for leverage, his hands awkwardly pawing the girl's frozen, but soft face, half-smothering the cute girl, while also roughly pinning her head down. Actual sex-dolls were receiving less objectifying treatment than the poor girl, who simply had to endure this added degradation.

After about a minute of high-speed "pumping", Marlon pulled out of the 19-year-old black pussy and with a couple of more hand-strokes ejaculated hard on McKenzie's unflinching face. The young girl wanted to die, though all that was visible externally was her pitiful, sad eyes, now surrounded by the man's dripping semen.

"Shit..." the man, coming out his lust-rage state, mumbled as he took a handkerchief from his pants and started wiping the cum of the girl's face. She definitely could not be seen in that state. Once that was dealt with, he lifted the (seemingly) lifeless doll's left leg and placed her panties back on, cleaning up the "scene" of his misdoing.

"Good job...fucking whore" he said giving the defenseless girl's cheek a mock-congratulating double-slap, hard enough to turn McKenzie's face over to one side of her plushy/pillow bed. Buckling his belt back around his trousers and tossing his suit over his shoulder, Marlon departed, leaving Angelica's doll on her plushy-pile, not bothering to prop her body in any way, left used and discarded. As the room's door closed, tears begun to form in the girl's eyes, as her face rested sideways, looking towards the sunlit window outside.



It was a lazy afternoon. 3 PM. Angelica was practically snoozing on Ayla's shoulder, as the sugar-high from the girl's after-lunch treat had worn off. Mr. and Mrs. Baummer were off at a stockholder meeting. So the large manor was occupied by only the two of them and Christen, the house-maid. Ayla scratched the base of her long, wavy red locks, as she got off the couch, tossing a blanket over the little girl. A little longer and she'd fall asleep too. There wasn't anything to do really, when Ayla was "inactive" like that. All her coloring markers and the games they were playing with earlier were already back in their spot, all nice and orderly.

Ayla opened the fridge, pouring some of her favorite orange juice. The Baummer's had the good stuff, nothing like the cheap brand Ayla was used to drinking. With her head tilted back, still downing the refreshing drink, Ayla spotted from the corner of her eye Christen, carrying a laundry basket full with some very pretty, albeit out-of-fashion dresses, towards Angelica's rooms. Not acknowledging her, the young Southern-American peeked over the doorway, seeing the unsuspecting maid take a keycard from her apron's front pocket and enter the "off-limits" room at the far end!

The curious bug had bitten her again, this time hard. Ayla HAD to know what was up.

The older maid was dusting some of the countless furniture of the house, as Ayla approached her casually. "Christen can I ask youwhoaa!" the girl lost her footing, a step before reaching the maid, and practically fell onto her. "Watch it!" Christen instinctively grabbed the girl, looking more annoyed than helpful. "I'm so sorry, I tripped" Ayla apologized. "Can you remind me the washer setting? Ayla got chocolate on her dress again" the girl shrugged. "Tsk, tsk" Christen scoffed, half-heartedly answering Ayla's question. "Thanks!" the young girl replied with a smile and turned around.

Ayla observed for a couple of minutes, making sure that the woman was busy with tidying up Mr. Baummer home office. It was at least 3 rooms over where she was heading. Ayla pulled the keycard from her sleeve, artfully nicked from Christen apron a few moments ago. It was a pity most of the girl's snooping skills were deemed illegal by society.

With Angelica sound asleep, Ayla made her way silently through the princess-y corridor. Her heart pounded like a drum as she checked behind her shoulder one last time, before swiping the keycard over the censor. The little button turned green, granting her access. That familiar, mischievous thrill was rushing through her body!

At first glance, the room appeared like another one of Angelica's palace-like "quarters". Girly-toned colors on the walls, frilly drapes and countless plush toys, all perfectly organized on each corner of the room, surely not by the wealthy kid. An elaborate beauty stand on one side and a large, table-clothed table on the other with all kinds of accessories for any "occasion" Angelica

wanted to role-play. Almost a whole wall contained a glass-door closet, with all sorts of feminine clothes and accessories. Against one wall was a series metal contraptions; each built onto a round base. Two metal bars arched towards each other formed an oval-shaped hole, then a vertical metal bar sprang from the base's center, reaching about the same height as the previous part. From one side of the oval ring, another metal bar, this one slightly curved, moved upwards. Tried as she might, Ayla could not pinpoint what this series of metal mechanisms were for.

Besides that, Ayla was not seeing something truly out of the ordinary, not having noticed the "detail" of the room's white wooden chairs. As she stepped a few feet into the room, she noticed that one corner of the room led to a small hallway. The girl silently made her way towards it. There was nothing in particular in this hall, but the entire one wall was actually a closet, its slide-door rather tall, almost reaching the ceiling. Without a second thought, Ayla slid the door open. What she saw next made her hand clasp over her mouth to silence her gasp.

Pinned against the inner wall of the closet, via numerous U-shaped metal bars that operated like stocks, were 3 young women, all dressed in some adorable, old-school, dresses, the rest of their look matching that style. Each woman was positioned in a plain, doll-standing pose, with each arm down by her side. Stocks encircled their wrists, their ankles, their waist and their neck. The women's cute Mary-Jane shoes were barely in contact with a narrow wooden platform, only slightly wider than their shoes' length. The reason for that being that a vertical metal bar was moving up from the platform on their feet and disappearing between their dress-covered thighs. It looked as if this thing was propping their bodies upright, since their legs were awfully straight, not slouching or bending at the knees whatsoever.

The shocked-speechless girl took half a step closer. These were definitely not overly-realistic dolls. These were real people!

Ayla noticed that all the women had the same unchanging expression, one of a demure, indifference, like a geisha, but their eyes were the only thing that seemed to be working, as all three pairs fell instantly on Ayla with a newfound urgency and desperation. "Can...can you talk?" the gradually panicking girl asked randomly one girl, a hot, brown girl with looong straight black hair. The frozen girl could only raise her wide eyes upwards, signaling a "negative".

Instinctively trying to free one, a young black girl in a dark-green dress, Ayla pulled on the metal over her wrist. To her surprise, it took no strength to remove it from its sheath. "What the..." Ayla saw that despite releasing the woman's arm, it simply dangled lifelessly. These women had absolutely no control over their own bodies!

As she lifted the skirt of the black girl's pristine, dark-green dress, Ayla witnessed where that metal bar ended. The answer was, within the young woman's sex, as was the case with the other

two girls! The bar's end disappeared through a slit at each woman's underwear. Ayla placed her hand on the thick phallus, not sure why, but upon touching it, she felt it was vibrating intensely! The girl could spot droplets of a clear liquid dripping down the top of the bar, just underneath the poor girl's pantie-covered crotch. It was the girl's sex juices, dripping down the metal pole. Who knows how long these women were being forcefully stimulated like this?

The snoopy babysitter found a dark switch inside the closet. Flicking it made the vibrations cease. The three displayed dolls were very thankful for that, even though they couldn't verbalize it.

Ayla turned her head towards the hall's exit, back into the room. Should she bolt for it and call the cops? She then turned to face the opposite direction, deeper towards the narrow hallway. Maybe there would be more answers there. The girl proceeded to dig deeper.

One room was a plain bathroom, the second door led to what looked like a storage/laundry room. Ayla opened a fridge which only contained numerous containers of a strange, clear liquid. On the wide corner of the room, Ayla spotted a 5-by-3 foot wide, metal rectangular container.

As she removed the bar-handle and lifted the lid, a putrid smell entered Ayla's nostrils. Inside, piled one over the other, tossed like garbage, where the dead bodies of numerous women, over 10 in number. A salt-like powder was sprinkled over the pile, as a way to halt decomposing. Each doll's state and ragdoll "pose" showed a complete disregard for their dignity. Dainty Mary-Jane heels were poking out from within the corpse pile, legs were sprawled in ways that no lady ever should, beautifully dressed female bodies were buried beneath others. Heart-shaped, pouty lips making contact with another doll's leg or dress, or shoe, long, feminine eyelashes unblinking, with no flirt recipient. Shapely female forms discarded and lifeless. A juxtaposition of beauty and death. While they all possessed the same doll-like make-up and outfits, their eyes looked straight ahead where they were facing and their necks were graphically twisted and bent in ways that no living human could.

The sight was a macabre hill of "retired" dolls, a toy graveyard. There was Yomo, a cute, skinny Japanese girl with short black hair, whom Angelica had caught a glimpse of one day at the mall. She begged her daddy to gift her the pretty girl right then and there. Next to her, equally sprawled was Miss Madison, Angelica's favorite kindergarten teacher, a 32-year-old, full-curved woman with long curly brown hair. Angelica could not depart from the kind teacher after she left for elementary, so the Baumanns had their "staff" pay Miss Madison an after-dark visit. Underneath the teacher's body, bent at awkwardly at the waist was Ava, a beautiful ginger-haired girl in her mid-20s, once working as a cashier at the deli Angelica's parents frequented. The little girl had seen the charming woman many times during shopping trips with her mom or dad and she was captivated by the girl's big, blue eyes and warm smile. And thus, Ava inexplicably disappeared one day, as had all the other women piled around her. A disfigured, one-eyed Naomi was also half-visible somewhere.

On the top of this pile was a young, Caucasian woman, with light-brown hair adored by a red rose. Her body, covered by a girly white dress with cute strawberries on it, was slopped in the curvature

of the body-pile underneath it. Her neck was snapped in the middle, now parallel to her shoulder. It was Justine, Angelica's ice-cream waitress.

Ayla stepped back from the container, with slow, numb steps, but with her eyes stuck on this horrible sight. Whatever she was looking to find in this room was nothing like this horror hellscape! As her mind was racing with options of what she could do, Ayla felt an elbow make swift contact with the back of her head, before she lost the floor from under her feet. Her knocked out form slammed on the floor to reveal Christen, the maid, standing behind her with a cold expression.

"Looks like we found the replacement..." she mumbled.



“How is she coming along?” Melina asked the doctor, as both stood over the metal morgue table where a naked, unconscious Ayla was laid on. The modified medical room, one of the many spare ones in the mansion, looked rather sterile and blank. “Peachy!” the 40-something year old woman replied, with her focus still on her young subject. “Finished with the paralyzer, the vocal chords and the mouth-guard” the woman listed.

Each thing she was referring to was detrimental to Ayla’s physical autonomy. The “paralyzer” was a rather unique drug that was injected along the subject’s spine, their legs and arms, causing the muscles and bones of the body to stiffen up. In addition, it damaged the part of the brain responsible for any type of movement, rendering someone worse a stiff, but maneuverable paraplegic, a true human doll. The girl’s vocal chords were snipped internally, to avoid an ugly scar on her neck. The mouth-guard the doctor was speaking off was a round ring of rubber-coated metal wire, which was surgically glued along the subject’s front teeth. Connected to a wind-up key behind the subject’s left ear, meant that the whole device could maneuver the subject’s jaw with a simple turn of the little crank, from collapsing the ring onto itself (for a fully closed mouth) to a round ring-shape, creating an O-faced expression.

With Melina nonchalantly overseeing the “procedure”, holding her hands behind her back, the female doctor, using a wide hand-brush, lathered up Ayla’s hands. The brush was coated with the same surgical glue that had fused all the previous doll’s hands into this plain, straight-fingered gesture. Ayla remained unresponsive throughout her handling.

“Ok, I’ll take a break until this settles” the woman said as she removed her latex gloves. Melina escorted her out of the room, before closing the door behind her.

A few uneventful, still seconds followed, in the room only populated by an unconscious Ayla. Then, the girl’s eyes snapped open! She had gained her senses while her captors were still discussing her transformation, but kept “playing dead”. Her eyes shifted around the room, her head not working. She was indeed alone. Immediately Ayla started spreading the fingers of her right hand as widely as possible and weakly shuffling her right arm to get as much of the glue off as she could. Though she could feel most of her body betraying her “commands”, for some reason she had some mobility on her right arm and her right leg, albeit weak and heavy. The drug, though numbing them, had not fully disabled these limbs. Ayla remembered back to how doctors always told her that her blood type was incredibly rare. She didn’t know if this had anything to do with her luck, if one could call her situation “lucky”.

Her mind raced. If her captors figured out she wasn’t fully paralyzed, they might try to inject her again, or worse. She had to play along to this mad puppet-show. She tried forming a word. Nope. Her voice was truly gone. Her jaw was also sealed shut, unable to open. The left side of her face still hurt from the dental operation. “Calm down Ayla...you’ll find a way out of this...” the young Latina girl tried reassuring herself. As she heard footsteps approaching from outside, Ayla quickly placed her hands and body in their original pose.

“Looks like little Miss Snoopy woke up!” Melina looked down Ayla with a snide expression. Ayla tried to return a mean, hateful look towards Melina, but with her brows paralyzed a lot was lost in translation. “Time to pretty you up” she said, pushing the girl’s wheeled table over to a walk-in closet with hundreds of doll-appropriate clothes. Christen was already waiting for them here. Ayla wouldn’t mind owning all these lovely clothes, if only she could keep her freedom, too.

While Melina browsed through the seemingly endless collection, Christen rubbed some jell over the girl’s naturally colored, dark-brown little bush. No dolls could ever have hair down there. Ayla kept herself from moving her hand with all her willpower. It only took a couple of minutes for the drug to work and every single pussy-hair to fall down, never to grow back. Christen wiped them off the immobile girl’s crotch with cold indifference. Just doing her job.

At last, Melina picked a gorgeous dark-yellow, plad dress with black lines. It had short sleeves, a nice collar above a row of black buttons going through the middle and a wide black belt around the waist. The color really brought out Ayla’s beautiful red hair.

Ayla could not help but feel utterly humiliated, feeling her body being manipulated against her will into these clothes by the two women. A white pair of frilly socks adored her feet, matching her slit panties and bra. Finally, the dress was placed on her, along with a pair of black Mary-Jane heels.

Then Ayla was placed on a salon chair and her intentionally messy, hipster-cut red hair was re-styled into a 50s style haircut; her hair had been combed upwards on the front, then a pretty black ribbon adored the top of her head, before her long, red locks were puffed up with lots of hairspray, making her hair very wavy and thick as they travelled down her shoulders and ample chest. The last one was rather nicely “presented” by the spot-on tightness of the dress’s bust.

Ayla once again fought the urge to fight back her captors and give away her only hope of getting out of this. Her eyes simply traced the women’s work on her, cautiously and apprehensively. The two women worked quickly, as Christen was finishing the girl’s yellow-polish manicure and her matching pedicure, Melina glued the fake eyelashes onto the girl’s real ones, using the same life-long lasting glue. “What’s a doll for if she’s not pretty, right Ayla?” Melina spoke to the girl while putting make-up on her, the two now up-close and at eye-level. Ayla could feel the blonde ex-model’s breathe on her, able to say and do nothing as Melina traced the bright red lipstick over her stuck lips. Her only form of expression seemed to be to flatter those long, feminine lashes and that was about it.

Some rouge and mascara later, Ayla’s face was nothing like she would ever “prep” herself for a night-out. The young woman had no idea, that all of Melina beauty kit was especially designed to be irremovable at any circumstances, unless Ayla was willing to scrape her skin off, along with her make-up.

Some old-fashioned golden oval earrings were placed on her ears for the “finisher”. Ayla was ready to be presented to Angelica!

“Honeyyyyyyyy! Come here please!” Melina called Angelica over, currently sitting at the living room couch with a satisfied smile. “Not now mooom, I’m drawing!” the inconsiderate little brat responded from her room. “I got you a surpriiiiise!” Melina said the magic word. Sure enough, excited little running feet were heard galloping from a distance.

“Oh my god! A new doll!?” Angelica said in disbelief. Her eyes shifted from her mother to the human-sized vertical doll-box, with the classic clear-plastic window on the front, displaying Ayla in her new look. Angelica run over to her gift. “It’s Ayla!” she turned to exclaim to her mom with enthusiasm. “Me and your father saw how much you were enjoying your time with her, with thought you’d like to play with her...indefinitely” Melina expositied, though Angelica was only half-listening, looking up at her new doll with awe. Ayla’s eyes looked down at the young girl who was watching cartoons with her not more than 24 hours ago. The little girl appeared to be lacking any moral compass for this situation. She didn’t look the least bit upset that her babysitter had been turned into a speechless, motionless living doll. On the contrary.

Ayla was, as expected, the center of attention during Angelica’s play-time that day. She became much more closely acquainted with the degrading, invasive device she had spotted earlier, the one used to “prop up” all of Angelica’s living dolls.

The helpless Latina was introduced to all of Angelica’s dolls one by one. Mckenzie, Courtney and Polly all exchanged a look of sad pity with her, both for her capture as well as for their hopes of escape evaporating. Angelica did not seem that sad, making her dollies “shake” each other’s stiff, non-functioning hands and exchange compliments. The young girl was basically mimicking her socialite parents’ behavior.

Ayla tried to take her mind off the painfully full feeling inside her cunt and the mind-melting arousal brought to her by this thing, as she was sneaking looks towards the maid, who was watching little Miss Angelica’s play-date the whole time. There was no way Ayla could orchestrate an escape attempt with the adult present in the room. It was already difficult enough not having most of her mobility.

Ayla spent the whole afternoon with Angelica, albeit in a different setting than she’d like. Though the girl had a slight Ecuadorian accent in her American English, little Angelica did not go through

the trouble of emulating that during her “voice-over” of Ayla. Angelica often gestured with her new doll’s arms, puppeteering the helpless Ayla to her will.

Ayla hated the sensation of having her limbs and head being moved against her will, and not having any say or power to avoid it. Being independent from your own body was a nightmare in it of itself. As much as the dolls mentally screamed to their bodies to gain control of it, they simply never responded. Ayla’s right hand and leg could also be manipulated at will, despite the young girl still possessing some power over them, power she hid away for dear life.

When the sun had long since disappeared from the horizon, and Angelica’s bed-time was approaching, Ayla found herself filling one of the empty place-holders on Angelica’s special closet rack, the one where she had first laid eyes on the three other unfortunate damsels. Ayla could only stare at Christen, who inserted the dreaded metal bar up the girl’s already sore pussy. She didn’t leave the slightest “slack” the thing almost lifting the girl off the ground by her cervix. Ayla could not deny its presence, both in length as well as girth. “Fucking bitch!” Ayla internally cursed the maid for this cruel treatment.

Despite the obvious power difference, there wasn’t any apparent malice or sadistic enjoyment in the Caucasian 35-year-old woman’s face. Christen was just doing her job as specified, nothing more, nothing less. Once upon a time she could even admit to feel the slightest sympathy for them. But the world is a cruel place and Christen was simply looking out of herself. She was on a winning team, one that paid handsomely, too.

Regarding inhumane treatments though, there was more where that came from. Using a slide ladder to reach their slightly elevated location, the house-maid reached behind Ayla’s left ear and turned the wind-up key clockwise. Ayla then felt her mouth gradually cranked open with each rotation of the key, until it was gaping open.

“It’s time for your daily meal, Ayla. It’s so you’ll remain healthy and strong!” Angelica joyfully explained to the worried, metal-pinned doll, observing the process behind Christen. Without a word, Christen shoved a small rubber tube down the girl’s defenseless throat, the tube connected to a plastic bottle with a thick, white-yellow liquid. She fed it past the girl’s gag-reflex, down her esophagus. The maid did not have all day to wait until each doll decided they were hungry. While Ayla’s throat spasmed from the sudden invasion, no sound or movement was apparent externally. The maid then lifted the paralyzed girl’s chin up and squeezed the sports-bottle, its contents quickly travelling through the tube and down the girl’s “hatch”. Ayla would fur her brows pleadingly, if she had any control over them. Being force-fed was awful.

The concoction was especially made to nurture Angelica’s dollies, without ever them needing to use the potty. After the terrible few seconds, the tube was retrieved from Ayla’s gullet and the

process was repeated to the other “waiting” dolls. The sensation had not gotten any more pleasant after the 10th or 100th time.

Finally, once all dollies had been fed, Christen flicked the switch on the sidewall of the closet, and a low hum begun emanating from the 4 cock-bars stuck up the girls’ cunts. All four of them involuntarily rolled their eyes at the sudden, intense stimulation, though the rest of their faces remained an emotionless mask. An uncanny sight. Ayla and the rest of the dolls were in for a night of little sleep and plenty of forced orgasms.

“Goodnight Ayla! Can’t wait to play together again tomorrow!” Ayla waved her hand excitedly while the heavy slide door flew by Ayla, sealing her and the rest of the “vibrated” doll collection in lust-filled darkness.



Flashing back in time over the same operating room that Ayla was in; the same female doctor was bent over a different naked “subject”, a dark-haired, tiny-framed Taiwanese girl, no larger than 5 feet. Unlike Ayla, the conscious girl had her wrists and ankles loosely chained, signifying she still had some ability to move. The poor thing had countless red dots all over her body, all a result of the doctor’s testing. Using an electric zapper, the doctor could gauge the ability of a body part to move, but zapping it. So far, the Asian cunt twitched every-time she was shocked, lightly rattling her chains.

The reason for this testing was the paralyzing drug’s lackluster performance. While it worked great at the beginning, it exhibited signs of ineffectiveness after the first month of administering. Dolls slowly gained some, albeit pathetic, movement, the drug appearing to be wearing off. A second dosage would surely be fatal, the first already equal to a dense steroid-cocktail for elephants, so a different route needed to be found. The doctor had tried all sorts of routes, dosing the poor guinea pig with numerous drug combinations. In a rather “stab-in-the-dark” move she had dosed the poor Asian girl with a generous dosage of aphrodisiacs. The naked, limp patient could only silently look up at the woman, lying on the cold table with her pussy visibly moist and her nipples sharp as nails. The aphrodisiac had done its part.

“Let’s see...” she said, more jaded than excited, and zapped the girl’s wrists. No movement. “Hmm” the doctor tilted her head, moving up to the girl’s forearm. Still, it was dead as a corpse’s. Same with the elbow and the upper arm. “YES!” the doctor exclaimed. Everywhere she shocked the girl, there was absolutely no response. She had found the secret to keeping these bitches “dolloed” indefinitely. Frequent sexual stimulation!



Ayla spent her next couple of nights on that dehumanizing closet with her less-than-chatty, new company. Her nights consisted of little sleep and plenty of unwanted orgasms. In the intervals between wishing she had no sexual organs, Ayla couldn't stop blaming herself for not giving her family more details about her employer. Little did she know that the traces of her disappearance had already been covered by the Baummer's...staff, which orchestrated a fiery car accident from which the girl's DNA would be retrieved.

The woman's right side was still somewhat functional, but for how long? Ayla needed to find a way out and soon.

It was morning. Angelica was off at elementary school. Knowing Melina would go out with her girlfriends after work, Marlon approached his daughter's doll room once more. It was much tidier than the last time. The place did not have hastily tossed toys laying around. After all, Angelica didn't take her dolls out until after lunch.

He moved straight for the doll closet. He had a specific doll in mind. One he hadn't "tried out" yet. All three "veteran-dolls" looked down at him with a terrified, wide-eyed look from their display. Ayla's eyes were filled with a defiant hatred instead. That changed when she saw the man removed her stocks and pick her vulnerable body up in his arms, carrying her like a bride. While the gesture appeared romantic, the man's intentions were far from that.

Marlon brought out the metal "doll-hanger" and quickly fixed the increasingly more panicked Ayla onto it. The metal "hip-lifter" was left alone. Marlon had different plans than exchanging pleasantries with Ayla. He then pushed the metal back-brace forwards, so that Ayla's body was bent at the waist at a full right angle. The red-haired girl's arms dangled useless towards the floor. Knowing what was about to happen made it ever harder for Ayla to restrain her urge to fight back with the moving half of her body.

Marlon lifted the doll's yellow-plaid dress, revealing her white, girly panties. They even had a little black bow on the front, not that it was visible from Marlon's angle. The man appeared less hurried than with McKenzie, savoring the time to place his hands on each of Ayla's full-formed asscheeks, over the delicate cotton. Ayla mentally winced, anticipating her rape with pretty much the same blank expression she now possessed for everything. The man then lowered her white panties down to her thighs, the fabric stretching as it wrapped around the girl's half-spread legs.

With her head stuck facing the polished wooden floors, Ayla did not have a clear view of her abuser behind her. But she did feel his throbbing cock, rubbing against her now nude, round ass, moving from one cheek to another. She felt the man's pre-cum stain her right "cheek" as he wiped his cockhead against it. The man then gave Ayla's ass a couple of dick-slaps for good measure. "Pleaaaaase, I don't want to be raped!" Ayla prayed to a vague, higher power. She wasn't really into religion, but her current options were limited.

Her prayers were not heard though, as moments later she felt the man 6-incher dig its way inside her cunt. Marlon always enjoyed how the dolls' cock-sheaths always came pre-lubed, thanks to the countless hours of prior "warm-up". Marlon thrust deep inside the yellow-dressed doll again and again, the waist-holders making sure the girl would not "pull-away" from his advances.

Ayla had been relegated to a sex ragdoll, her body softly jerking along with the pounding she was getting, her arms swaying back and forth like pendulums, a few inches off the floor. Her face-mask hid her true distress. The red-haired Latina could not believe she wasn't doing anything to stop this man. Sure, trying to fight him off with a weak hand and a weak leg would not prove smart, only doom her chances. But still, having some agency during your own rape and not doing anything, hurt the girl's soul.

"I have to stay strong. The time will come. Just be patient" Ayla told herself over and over like a mantra, mentally drowning the sound of the man's hips violently slamming against her cheeks, as he kept ramming his rod inside her.

The girl's aspirational speech was interrupted by the sudden click of the door's handle. Flustered, Marlon turned his head to see Melina, standing at the room's entrance. Strangely enough, her reaction was not one of shock, or betrayal, or even disgust. Rather, the 39-year-old blonde ex-model appeared calm, content even.

"I...I can explain..." Marlon hastily fumbled with his trousers, trying to physically distance himself from the doll he was just using to drain his balls. Ayla remained as immobile as ever in her compromising position; her pussy was still agape from Marlon's "widening" and her exposed crotch in full view of the married couple.

Melina simply placed her finger in front of her lips while her stiletto heels clicked as she approached her husband and his living sex toy. She was dressed in a shirt-and-skirt outfit of a light, pastel purple color. There wasn't ever an occasion Melina wasn't dressed like a fashionable, sexy vixen. Her expression was still a riddle, even as she stood opposite her husband, right in front of the helpless girl's head. "I wanna play with the dolls too..." she said to him with a light smirk. She then grabbed the zipper on this side of her high-waist, knee-long pencil skirt and pulled it down until the skirt dropped around her ankles. It seemed Miss Baummer had done some thinking regarding her husband's...habits.

Marlon then watched astounded as his wife pulled her knickers off, leaving only her – now unbuttoned - shirt, bra and heels on. Looking at her husband with an utterly suggestive look of sheer determination and dominance, the woman pushed the metal bar running along Ayla's spine just down enough so that the poor girl's head was positioned right in front of the woman's naked crotch. A gorgeous, small wavy tuft of blonde hair decorated the woman's mons pubis, visible along with her hairless sex. Ayla was now propped in an utterly whorish stance, her knees were locked straight, her waist very bent to flaunt her ass up and her face ready to "munch" on some pussy. Despite being in the most vulnerable position, Ayla was still the most dressed between the 3 people in the room. But her pretty yellow-plaid dress was doing little to aid her in this moment.

Marlon started stroking his cock, seeing his smokeshow of a wife crank Ayla's neck backwards as far as it went, the back of the college-girl's head almost hitting the metal spine-bar. Ayla's eyes were now inches away from the woman's naked cunt. As much as she wanted it, there was no turning her face away from this fate. Melina then reached the girl's fiery locks of hair and grabbed the little metal wind-up key sticking out from behind Ayla's ear. She started turning it with no grace, Ayla feeling her jaw once more stretch manually until Melina was satisfied with the blank-faced, 50s-dressed doll that was looking ready to orally serve her. Ayla's tongue worked just fine, since disabling it would mean the dolls wouldn't be able to swallow; not the most graceful look.

The young, dollified woman eyed her former employer with dread. As much as her crudely bent neck hurt, she had no way to bring it back to a less straining position. "You got some nice tits, bit a shame to not share them..." Melina talked to the voiceless girl, unbuttoning the top three buttons of her dress and pulling down the white, virginal bra out of the way, so that Ayla's C-cups jugs were pressed out and sticking out through her dress, propped further up by the bra's wiring where they stood. She then placed the girl's ineffective, dangling arms up behind the girl's back, propping them in a stiff, box-shape. The girl wanted nothing more than to cause the older woman a very painful, untimely death.

"Bon a petit" said Melina, moving a step closer and shoving her crotch against Ayla's tethered face, smothering her with her cunt. Meanwhile, the sight was arousing enough for Marlon's erection to return with full blast, and he inserted it, this time in the pin-up sex doll's backdoor, which was "winking at him" due to the sudden air-deprivation. "I don't care how many of you inanimate whores I'll have to run through, so you better put that tongue to work if you wanna breathe" Melina notified the suffocating Ayla, whose pretty, long-lashed eyes were barely peeking over the woman's pubic mount to reach Melina's.

With a rock-hard cock "mining" its way deeper and deeper within her shitter and with a meaty, needy pussy taking away her air, Ayla got to "work", sticking her poor tongue through her gaping, red lips and wiggling it aimlessly around, hoping to hit a "good nerve" with Melissa. It would be difficult if she hadn't, since Melina had pondered this fantasy for some time. The poor, statuesque babysitter's tongue traced Melina's clit, then the top part of her hole and nervously flapped around her cunt-lips, all in the same breath. Melina felt pretty good, roughly gripping Ayla's red hair with both hands, venting the intensity of her sexual pleasure.

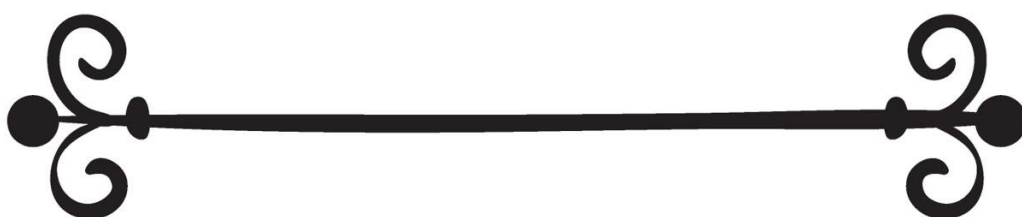
Ayla needed some oxygen and quick! The overwhelming torment Ayla was experiencing caused her to instinctively jerk her "free" hand for a few centimeters! "Oh no!" she thought, afraid that her cover had been blown. But the couple was too absorbed in their sexual bliss to notice the slight movement of their toy. Either that or they regarded it as nothing more than the inanimate object's response to Marlon's rhythmic pounding.

Finally, Melina let her pin-up, Ecuadorian doll get some air, momentarily pulling her crotch away from the moist doll's face. Ayla shot daggers through her eyes, panting through her internal ring-gag. She didn't have much time to compose herself, because Melina swiftly clamped her pussy over her petrified face once more, ready for round 2...

Ayla had never pleased a woman, but the survival instinct is a great tutor. Ayla's "freed" tits swayed in rhythm with the anal pounding she was getting. Her voice unable to transfer her screams and moans. "Yes...yes...yes" Melina mumbled as her child's toy pleased her sex. She was approaching the end. Ayla then felt a different end in her backside, as Marlon ejaculated powerfully inside her asshole. Ayla simply felt the hot sticky liquid coat her rectum, though Melina hadn't climaxed yet, so Ayla wasn't breathing yet. That happened a few moments later. Ayla was certain her dainty nose had broken from how hard blondie was pressing her face against her cooch.

The married couple panted softly, coming down from this exhilarating moment. "I need to clean her..." Marlon said, coming back to reality. "No need. Christeeeen!" Melina called out, making sure to put her clothes back on. "Yes...Miss..." a stunned maid entered the room, seeing a doll with cum guzzling from her asshole and pussy juice dripping down her chin. "Clean the doll up before Angelica comes back. Thoroughly" Melina left no room for interpretation, before exiting the room with her husband.

It appeared as though all Ayla was gonna get for her "troubles" was an anal enema, a vaginal douche and a thorough face-scrub. The maid cursed herself for this extra work, her eyes falling on the trail of Marlon's semen, which coming from the doll's balloon-knot had now reached her inner thigh and was dripping further downwards.



“...So I don’t know how to approach Marcus. All he does is play basketball and talk about silly things like videogames” Angelica spoke, with phrasing too mature for her young age, as she brushed Ayla’s hair again and again. The Latina girl was seated on Angelica’s beauty stand, specifically made for her dolls, looking at her owner who was standing on a stool behind her, through the mirror.

Ayla never had her hair brushed for so long. It could have been 40 minutes, all filled with Angelica talking to her friend/doll about her 5th grade, romantic endeavors. Of course, the pretty doll never came back with any advice or poignant comment. She was a great listener, though.

Ayla’s past few days in the Baummer household were...bizarre, as one could safely assume. The opportunity the girl was searching for its passing minute, had not yet arise. All she could do was keep her few functioning muscles active throughout the night, opening and closing her palm and flexing her leg and arm muscles.

Half of her day consisted of being forcefully rod-fucked to completion inside Angelica’s special closet, along with her doll “girlfriends”. Around early afternoon, was when Angelica would get their dolls out to play. Not all though, some didn’t have Ayla’s “luck” and remained in the closet, sometimes for the rest of the day! Ayla didn’t know if it was good to get “chosen” to play with, but the visual stimulus was a good alternative to the closet’s darkness. Simply doing anything else than staying mounted on that frame seemed pleasant! Ayla also figured that if she wasn’t getting played with she couldn’t escape, either. So, spending time with Angelica was the lesser of the two evils.

The practically 24-hour hornyness was as frustrating as it was mind-numbing. Ayla felt as if her brain was being fried by this never-ending arousal and this cycle of orgasm and built up, orgasm and built up. At times, she needed to remind herself that this, this life, was not what it was supposed to be, funny enough! Helplessness breeds jadedness and jadedness leads to inactivity.

Despite all the other dolls sharing Ayla’s sentiment, their utter and complete helplessness over their looong “stay” had made any hope vanish from their hearts. Though they couldn’t really communicate with Ayla, their eyes screamed hopelessness, especially Courtney’s and Polly’s, who had spent much longer time as Angelica’s playthings. The seemed detached from reality in a way, experiencing whatever was happening to them with little to no mental presence.

The four girls were like silent martyrs, each understanding the other’s misery intuitively, each able to offer too little of comfort to the other.

“Are you listening to me, Ayla?” Angelica seemed offended, as the girl’s eyelashes flickered and her body internally spasmed and twitched as yet another orgasm took a hold of her. Ayla found that with each successive climax, it was getting more difficult to “hold back” the incoming wave of enforced pleasure.

More importantly, each progressing night, she noted that her already limited mobility was getting weaker and weaker, as if her body's sexual release was boosting the paralyzing drug's effect. She needed to act soon, before her escape window closed, forever.

Ayla widened her eyes as soon as she heard her little owner's comment, trying to communicate that all her attention was there. Displeasing Angelica seemed like a bad idea at any case. "Anyway... my class will go to the movies on Saturday, so I'll see him there" Angelica plotted her romantic strategy, still brushing the hell out of Ayla's red locks.



Marlon had gone far out with this one. But why not treat himself? Things were going great! Business was blooming. His sex life with his wife was reinvigorated, after their latest “play” session. His daughter was doing great in school and in life. In this often hectic daily life, focused on amassing capital with no apparent end in sight, sometimes the best thing someone could do was stop and smell the flowers.

And Marlon had four beautiful flowers kneeling in a semicircle around him. There was a tall and curvy Middle-Eastern flower in a demure blue polka dress, which classed with the flower’s superficially, bimbo appearance. A dark, African flower in a dark-green pleated dress, its wide hips visible under the curve of her dress. A white, blonde flower in a red polka dress, still not fully “bloomed” yet at 17 years, the youngest of this bouquet, with a face as cute as it was beautiful, accentuated by its short, blonde hair. A true pin-up Lolita. Finally, an astounding South-American flower with beautiful red hair that reminded of shin and a body that begged for it, dressed in a yellow, plad dress, that was simply asking to be torn to shreds.

Melina was nowhere around the house today and neither was Angelica. Marlon would enjoy these “flowers” by himself. The four dolls had all been positioned into humiliating posture, sexually inviting positions that were difficult to be misinterpreted. Each doll, facing the standing man, was kneeling with legs as spread as possible, folded at the knees. Their finger-fused hands were capping the underside of their exposed breasts, naked due to the wardrobe “malfunction” Marlon had inflicted. Courtney and Aila’s torso buttons had been undone and their bras pulled down from the straps and Polly’s shoulder straps had been pulled aside, to let her dress similarly reveal her youthful tits.

As for the slight issue with Mckenzie’s dress, which did not have straps or buttons, Marlon simply pulled the whole thing off the girl’s body, leaving the young black girl only in her cream-colored stockings, girly black heels and ineffectual bra. The frozen pin-up girls’ fancy jewellery did not help conceal their nakedness at all. All of them already had the crank key behind their left ear fully rotated, so that four tongues were helplessly poking through four round, lipsticked pairs of lips. Four pairs of eyes were looking up at the man with increasing distress.

Marlon himself had fully undressed. There was no hurry and he wanted to enjoy this as comfortably as possible. Despite being in his early 40s, his physique was well maintained and even toned. Taking his time, he turned to the first sex-doll on his left, Polly. The petrified girl could only trace the man’s finger with her worried eyes, a finger which was inserted inside her gaping mouth. With fearful eyes looking up Marlon, Polly started licking the finger without even being ordered to, hoping to appease him, to get on his good side. “You’d think my daughter would have snapped your pretty neck by now. It seems so long ago since i brought you home” the man addressed the underage girl who was still moistening his index finger. He wasn’t dumb to his daughter’s spoiled

“tantrums” towards her toys. Polly had no voice to reply, simply being a good, useful doll to her “buyer”. All the other 3 dolls could only pretend-flaunt their tits and wait for their turn.

Marlon then grabbed a hold of his cock, equally as stiff as his living sex-toys, and with little warning or romance, shoved it past Polly’s O-shaped lips.

Glugh* *glugh* *glugh

The fleshy rod slid in and out of Polly’s throat with wet, rhythmic sounds. The girl’s voice box might have been ruined beyond fixing, but still, the air straining to find its way in her lungs produced sounds as Marlon’s cock “interfered” with it. The man placed an open hand on the doll’s pristinely styled blonde hair, keeping this ball-draining statue steadier as he mouth-fucked it.

After this nice appetizer, the man pulled his dick through Polly’s with a nice *POP*. “Miss Secretary” was up next, kneeling beside Polly. Mr. Baummer had already received Courtney’s oral gifts on a few occasions, those late-night shifts at the office when most people have called it a night. He always found it hot whenever the young secretary sucked him off under his desk. There wasn’t any courtship or power-play necessary. Little slut did it rather willingly. No HR or MeToo shenanigans there.

But Marlon had to admit, fucking the cunt’s mouth in her helpless, frozen and above all, unwilling state was even better. He tweaked the “setting” on the doll’s mouth-hole. Its width was a little too large. He kept the cock inside the distressed woman’s lips, until her lips hugged his cock just snug enough. Now she would suck him properly, without even needing to actively do anything. Marlon got to facefucking the middle-eastern bombshell more “lively”, with small intervals of sticking the whole 6-inch length of his cock past those blowjob lips and keeping it there for a few seconds, just to see the fear and panic in the woman’s eyes. Only when they would tear up and become slightly red, would he let the doll breathe some, before continuing.

Soon enough, Mckenzie followed, being next in this dreadful line. Marlon rubbed the length of his cock, coated with lots of thick saliva “harvested” from Polly and Courtney’s throats, against the dark-skinned doll’s face, making a mess out of it, from his cockhead prodding the girl’s long eyelashes, down to his sweaty, drool-stained ball-sack pressed against the girl’s chin. “Don’t worry, I didn’t ruin your make-up” the man chuckled, knowing well the doll’s beautification was irremovable. After this little “foreplay” he prodded his pre-lubed cock down Mckenzie’s throat, giving the girl a good “sloshy” mouth-filling.

Marlon was enjoying this tremendously. So much so that he had to catch himself before ejaculating. There was one pretty fuck-hole he hadn’t felt yet. Not ever! It would be the perfect finisher. Marlon pushed Mckenzie’s vacuum-sealed lips off his cock with another satisfying “pop”. His push was a little too strong, causing the statuesque girl to topple backwards and free-fall on the

floor, hitting her back and her head rather hard. “Hahaha” Marlon burst into laughter. He found it so comical, the way the woman did nothing to stop her fall and was now staring up the ceiling with an O-faced expression, still cupping her tits and with her folded knees now pointing to the ceiling, her thighs still tantalizingly spread.

Marlon didn’t bother picking the human toy up, instead moving on to a miserable dollified Ayla, kneeling a few inches over. Misery only mirrored in her eyes, since the only thing her body language screamed was “fuck my face and come on my titties daddy!” Marlon looked down with contempt towards his vulnerable sex toy, looking back at him with rebellious, mean eyes, though her mouth remained fully inviting of his cock. The man slightly tilted the defenseless girl’s chin up, so that her face was at a 45 degree. He then placed his shaven balls onto the round opening of Ayla’s mouth.

“Lick, if you know what’s good for you” Marlon seemed determined to wipe that mean look of his doll’s eyes. With a tear leaving the girl’s eye, Ayla reluctantly stuck her tongue against the man’s balls, as they were half-submerged inside the little wet pit that was her mouth. The man hand-stroke his cock, which was almost poking the inanimate woman’s eye. He didn’t seem to mind his knuckles inadvertently catching the poor girl’s face every once in a while. Ayla didn’t seem to complain, nor did she move out of the way. She appeared to guzzle her cock like a good doll.

With his balls “dipped” to satisfaction, Marlon placed his throbbing erection past the round tunnel of Ayla’s heart-shaped, “fuck-me” lips. They weren’t fooling anyone with their demure innocence. The Latina’s mouth felt terrific! So wet and hot and pleasurable and her lips were so soft as they appeared to yearn for Marlon’s cum with how tightly they squeezed around his shaft. Chick should have been sucking cock for a living, never mind college! Well, she’s gonna be doing one of those things, Marlon thought. Ayla took her force-feeding of cock with the same enthusiasm she was taking her daily meals. None whatsoever.

Plop* plop* plop

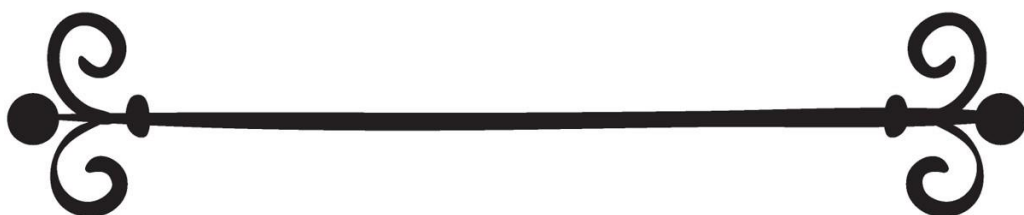
Ayla’s whore-lips sang around the man’s dick as it tickled her uvula, smacking around it with each rough thrust. Ayla wanted nothing more than to grab the man’s balls with her “working” hand and squeeze them until they burst. But all her patience and perseverance would have been for nothing. So she kept her right hand where the left one was, too. Vaguely propping her breast up for her master’s viewing pleasure. Ultimately, his balls would “burst”, albeit in a different way.

Finally, said master was approaching the end. Marlon retrieved his erection, holding the head of his cock just outside of Ayla’s round fuck-hole. Giving his member a few more intense strokes, he caused the first “string” of his thick load to fly straight into the woman’s mouth, the second following right behind “getting” her on her nose and her eyelash, the third, “weaker” one, re-

coating Ayla's face with different "white stuff" than the doll's heavily applied make-up powder. Marlon did not omit to clean every last drop of his semen on Ayla's face, pressing his still swollen cock-head against the unflinching doll's forehead and nose and "painting" his semen on there.

He then got dressed without the slightest haste and exited the room, locking the door behind him and leaving the four dollified girls just as he'd propped them. Presenting their naked tits and their moist face-holes to him, or rather to the empty spot where he was moments ago. The four petrified women exchanged miserably side-looks due to their non-turning heads.

Ayla could only cringe at the feeling of the already-room-temperature semen running down her face from various starting points, not to mention the taste of it. As much as the girl hated her, Ayla hoped Christen would be here sooner rather than latter to clean her up.



Miss Vazquez was nearing a week in the Baummer's household. Unbeknownst to her, her funeral had taken place yesterday, her family and relatives crying over a casket containing the "crispy" remains of what they thought was her, but was actually a body "borrowed" from a morgue.

Meanwhile, Ayla was having a tender one-on-one with her beloved friend/owner Angelica. "Here Ayla, taste the cookies I made!" the girl moved a plastic, chocolate-chip cookie up to the woman's heart-shaped lips. She did a little poke, simulating the doll's action of biting into it, since Ayla's locked lips could not actually open to accept the cookie. "Good huh?" Angelica nodded and Ayla responded the only way she could, blinking her long-lashed eyes, keeping the same frozen pout. She had noticed that her constantly cum-drunk, slowed-down brain took an extra second to process any question or sentence. Her enforced arousal always kept only half of her mind present, keeping her in this torturous haze of stimulation. Stimulation happily handed by the "deflowering" white wooden chair she was sitting on.

The two "besties", as Angelica called her Ayla-doll, were sitting close to each other at the girl's round table. The table was full with all kinds of things Angelica occupied herself for the past hour they've been playing together. Papers of drawings, pencils and markers, scissors and some star-shaped and heart-shaped paper cut-outs, fake tea and biscuits, hair brushes and nail polish. Angelica was having a blast! Despite Ayla's 3 orgasms in the same timeframe, she wasn't having that much fun. The cheerful, old-timey classical music being played from Angelica's radio only seem to mock her further.

It was an unusual time for doll-playing. 11 at night. Way past the curfew assigned to the 10-year-old girl by her parents, which were currently absent from the premises, out on a dinner date. But alas, the house-maid could only offer so much push-back to the girl's "insistent" wishes to keep playing with Ayla, so while the other three dolls were already put off for the night, stashed in their closet, the maid was begrudgingly watching over little Princess' play-time from the room's door. The play-room was dimly lit, only a desk lamp on Angelica's tea table and a floor lamp at the corner of the room being on, giving the room a certain tranquility and peace.

"Did I tell you about Marcus...?" Angelica said with a bragging, satisfied look on her face. She had let go of the fake cookies and was now "making a tattoo" on the outside of Ayla's palm using her alcohol markers, whilst chatting her up. The crude drawing was a heart with a unicorn inside of it. Ayla would have preferred a professional "tattooing" her, but she had bigger issues to worry about.

"We are boyfriend and girlfriend now" the little girl announced to her dollified friend, who could only look back at Angelica.

"I'm going to the bathroom" Christen announced with little care whether the little brat had heard her, before exiting the room. Ayla immediately clocked the adult leaving. It was now only her and Angelica in this room. With her parents gone, this might be her only chance of escape. Angelica kept blabbing on and on about herself, looking down at her "artwork" on the girl's right hand, her half-mobile hand. She definitely did not pay attention to her doll's elevated heart-rate and cautious eyes.

Eyes that darted one more time across the empty room.

This was it. She couldn't delay anymore. Christen could be back at any second.

With a deep breath that might as well have been a battle cry, Ayla used all her strength to swing her "half-tattooed" arm hard towards the unsuspecting Angelica. The force toppled the girl's chair backwards, taking the girl with it, along with countless of other arts-and-crafts tools that were on the table. Simultaneously with her attack, Ayla then pushed with her right leg enough that her own chair tipped over. Ayla's fell along with Angelica's both landing together.

Angelica was too dizzy to react for a couple of seconds, enough time for Ayla to crawl over the smaller girl's body. Just before the girl started to scream, Ayla managed to get her right hand over the little girl's face, smothering her. "Mmfff! MMMmm!" The little girl struggled, but Ayla was pinning her down securely with her own body weight. The girl's yelps drowned under Ayla's hand, as the redhead was sealing Angelica's nose and mouth with her hand, holding on for dear life! If Ayla's body was not crushing one of Angelica's arms, the little girl would likely be able to pull Ayla's hand away from her face. But with only one hand free, Ayla was no match, even with at her weak, half-disabled state.

"Mmmmm...mmm!" the little girl's struggles became weaker and weaker, as her oxygen run out. Angelica was staring up at the same frozen mask her doll always had. In the context of her current peril, Ayla's expressionless face appeared psychotic. But Ayla was simply fighting for her life. "There's no other way! There's no other way!" the young Latina kept screaming to herself. A couple of more slams of the girl's pristine little shoes against the floor, then her twitching stopped. The room was filled with sudden motionlessness. Only the uplifting classical music was heard in the room. Angelica lied dead, half of her body buried under Ayla's.

"Alright young lady, time to put your toy aw..." Christen's words while opening the door froze, as she witnessed the scene before her. Her young mistress was lying lifeless on the floor, in a mess of pencils, markers and colored papers, her dead eyes fixed towards the ceiling, her breathless mouth half-agape. Her yellow-dressed, pin-up doll was laying limply right beside her, her face buried on the dead girl's chest. Ayla's right hand was also obscured, buried between Angelica's and Ayla's sides. The doll's pose was as lifeless and scattered as her dead owner's, limbs pointing every which way.

“OH MY GOD! ANGELICA!” The maid rushed over to the girl’s side. She slapped the girl, then shook her, all in a vain attempt to wake her up. Nothing worked. “Youuu...” Christen’s eyes turned to the motionless doll, lying right beside Angelica.

As soon as the maid angrily turned the doll’s body to face hers, the sharp end of a pair of scissors was plunged on the side of her neck! Ayla had snuck it in her hidden grasp before the maid had entered the room. “Guuuuuugghrrlll!” wet gurgles came out of the stunned maid’s mouth as blood spewed out of the side of her neck with the force of a sprinkler. The maid’s wide, shocked eyes met Ayla’s, which possessed a determined survivor’s focus. Ayla kept the tension on her tight grasp of the scissors’ plastic handle so much so that the veins were popping on her right arm. Christen remained still, as if suspended by the make-shift blade. Her hands instinctively reached for the wide puncture wound, but a moment later, the woman plopped lifelessly on the floor, a small pool of blood quickly forming around her neck.

Ayla’s exhausted, close-mouthed panting was the only thing heard in the pink, princess-like play-room, except of course for the tedious operatic soundtrack. Adrenaline was pumping high. Without wasting time, the girl started slithering her way across the floor, her pretty yellow-black dress lightly stained with Christen’s blood. She had to actually prop her own head to face forwards, but she had already pulled off tougher challenges. She took about a minute to reach the door, having to pull her entire body weight along the floor with only an arm and a leg. Thankfully Christen had left it half-open.

She dragged herself through Angelica’s girly hallway, each time forcing herself to not stop to rest. She reached the main living room. The silence here was deafening. Ayla slammed her open palm once more against the fine, stone floors, to pull her mostly dead weight forward. The distance to the front entrance was about 15 meters. To the floored woman, they felt like a vast desert. With her muscles burning, Ayla persevered, ignoring her body’s strain.

She finally reached the door and propping herself on her one good leg, pulled the handle down. Ayla then continued slithering her way against the Baummer’s rough pathway, making her troubled way down its two steps, crawling her way to freedom, under the dark, moonlit sky.

