

# Living Figurines

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## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

"I'm sorry. I just don't like you that way." Matt had heard a variation of those words a few times in his life. As many as the times he tried to approach a girl. The girl looked at him awkwardly saddened as she said those words. They always did. He wasn't that unattractive, just chubby. But he could never seem cool around girls and most nights ended up with him on the couch, watching anime and movies, or playing video-games. "All these stuck up sluts!" Matt thought to himself. He was fed up with women. Finally, they would pay for rejecting him.

He was 28 years old and still a virgin. But he was handy with a lot of things, especially building mechanical devices. He was also a fanatic collector of anime figurines. His room was full of them, placed carefully all over his shelf. Most of them were of cute anime heroine's dressed in sexy, futuristic outfits. Matt liked looking at them. They had a calming effect on him. Those characters, seemed perfect in his eyes, they never said mean things to him, or made fun of him. And they always looked beautiful and full of life. An idea popped in his head.

The first victim was a girl, who went to the same painting class he had attended for a while. She was a little younger than him, redhead, and her voluptuous breasts would almost pop out of her t-shirt. He found her after the class and stalked her until she walked into an empty alleyway. She never saw him come behind her and putting his arm around her neck in a chokehold. She fell unconscious in his arms after a short, silent fight.

The second one was a tall, skinny brunette that worked at the fast-food Matt often ate at. After learning from his previous victim, he had some ether soaked rag with him this time, and pressed it tightly over her face, as she was returning home from work.

The last one was a young blonde, not over twenty-years old. Unfortunately for her, she delivered a package that Matt had ordered online. He pulled her inside his house and before she could react or call for help, he banged her head on the wall, knocking her out.

All three girls were now lying naked, on three separate tables, filling almost his entire single room apartment. What room was left was filled with tools, manuals and hard plastic stocks. He had drugged them, as to not be disturbed during the procedure. He took their measurements diligently, as they stood there motionless, presented to him. The life size figurines, Matt would build for each girl had parts, that needed to be assembled in the right order, and he wanted to do this right. After finishing with measuring, he strapped each girl on the table by her wrists and ankles and gagged their mouths with some duct tape. He then, got to work on their new "skins".

The parts looked like the plastic that kids toys were made out of, but in reality, it was a much stronger mix, that would not bend or break from human strength. The inside of it, was covered with padding, not only designed for heat absorption through a cooling mechanism, but also consisting of electric stimulants, so their muscles wouldn't become atrophied. All the wires came to a single output, which would be tucked next to their "cleaning tube". The parts were interconnected and had joints on their knees and waist, but also on the shoulders, elbows, wrists and even the fingers. All of these could be screwed in place. That would make the mannequins take any position Matt wanted, and by the simple turn of a special screw, become totally inanimate.

Of course, it took days for every piece to be completed. The girls couldn't be left drugged for so long, so Matt had to inject them with nutritious serum until he was finished. His apartment wasn't the most soundproof, so he had the girl's mouths packed with some of the leftover industrial foam. That didn't stop them from trying to call for help, though. They often struggled and banged on their tables, until Matt would come and fill their nostrils with hot pepper sauce, which he conveniently had put inside a nasal spray can. That would always put the brakes on their rebellious spirits, as it burned like hell and made them writhe in pain for a good half hour.

After about 10 days of hard work, the costumes were ready to host their unwilling inhabitants. Matt drugged the girls once more, so he would work undistracted. He started from the legs, fitting each girl's feet in, then worked his way up, placing their fingers through, plugging all three holes with tubes and covering their whole body, until the mask was lined up and secured of their face (After their gags were removed). At the end, all three girls were completely encased.

Every part was made from two halves that fitted over each other and much like a car belt (with a female and male part) locked securely with a loud click. An added screwing mechanism insured the parts would stay together. Matt screws each part extra tight, taking pride in his handiwork. No human could escape this prison of their own will.

When he finally finished, the girls looked so cute! Matt moved them into the position he liked best for each, like human puppets. It was a bit hard, carrying them, in addition with the weight of their plastic prison, but Matt had done much more difficult tasks, adding up to this. He placed each in a corner of the single room of his house, where there were electrical sockets for their padding to function.

At last they were displayed appropriately. The three unlucky girls were now forever encased, each in a figure resembling a popular fictional character, at least popular in the geeky realms the young man loved so much. The redhead was "turned" into a gleeful, black haired schoolgirl, with the traditional school uniform, pigtails and a bright smile, on her plastic face. The brunette was encased inside a kind of "Mecha" body suit, all red with lots of fake buttons. The blonde girl that was depicted there had a naughty smile, and winked her left eye. The last poor girl had the look of a sexy elf, with a kind of cloak dress and jewels on her neck and long blonde hair. In contrast with the other two, she looked more peaceful and neutral.

Each of them looked bizarre, with their big anime eyes and their fake expressions. The plastic heads trapped the girls in complete darkness, and the special soundproof padding inside them blocked all sound. Matt had made sure the padding on each part was thick enough to be in contact with every part of their bodies, so they couldn't wiggle inside their "suits". Same with their fake heads, the padding there was anatomically designed to press against their faces, eyes, head, etc. Two small tubes inside their nostrils led to two tiny holes, to avoid asphyxiation. It was certain that the girls would feel every inch of their new "skin-suits".

But Matt's favorite features were others. Large, steel vibrators were attached to each torso, and, once they were locked in place, the painful phalluses sat snugly, deep inside their orifices. A tube forced inside their urethras would collect the only litter the girls made into a small container, which Matt had hidden on the each statue's base. Since the girls didn't defecate because of their exclusively liquid diet, only detachable part was a long, thick penis gag, connected to their head pieces. It sat right on their gag reflex, and would torment them constantly. Matt would only detach it once a day, to feed and water his dolls, sometimes adding their own piss into their meals.

When the girls came to their senses, they all screamed hysterically, realizing they were incapable of seeing, speaking, hearing, or even moving! Matt couldn't hear a sound of their pitiful moans, unless he stuck his ear right on the mask's surface. The padding worked really well. Likewise, the slightest jerk

that their struggling caused on their figurine “shell” was only visible if someone paid very close attention. Matt was a great mechanic, and these anime dolls were his greatest creation.

His room now had come to life, even though from someone else's perspective, it was as quiet and dull as before. The three dolls, propped at three corners of Matt's living room, kept him company during his T.V. marathons or video-game all-nighters. The constant buzz of the vibrators was easily muffled by the noise coming from Matt's PC. But that didn't mean the three captured girls weren't feeling it. They tormented them relentlessly, feeding of Matt's wall socket. It would spike his electric bill a bit, but it was definitely worth it.

Each of them was attached onto bases that kept them from falling and kept their legs secured. The "schoolgirl" was placed in a charming, laid back stance, with her one hand on her waist and the other up against her chest and shoulder. The "Mecha-girl" had one hand pointing forwards, doing a victory symbol, with the other hand on her waist, too. The last girl, the "elf princess" had her hands together on her chest and her head raised a bit upwards, in a kind of praying position.

As the days became weeks and the weeks turned to months, the girls slowly begun losing their minds. The sensory deprivation, in addition with the never-ending stimulation, and the permanent bondage, drove them insane, unable to make a simple coherent thought. Matt would sometimes knock on them, to try and get some response. Other times, he would close the electricity on the cooling padding, and listen for the whines of overheating coming from inside his dolls. Not that it mattered. No one could save them. The few people that went in and out of Matt's home, looked at them as another unreasonable purchase from an obsessive fan-boy, and didn't give it a second thought. They certainly didn't know when someone was inches away from discovering them. The earplugs on top of the mask padding made it impossible.

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Five years had passed. Matt has just closed the door on the pizza delivery guy, and returns to his computer chair. He takes another look at his favorite dolls. He has a lot, up on his desk and half his bookcase. They are just like when he first took them. Same size, same pose. If any of the girls were destined for another growth spurt, that was certainly put off, now.

They once had aspirations and a life of their own. But now, Matt wondered if there was even a person inside that cell, if he had fried their brains, along with their genitals. They were simply lost in a sea of darkness and unwanted pleasure. Untouched, unseen, unheard and without a hint of affection or even lust from their captor.

A bunch of decorative dolls.