

X doll'd up

written by dentira7



SCOUNDREL SKULL PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS:

A STORY BY DENKIRA7

X dilled up



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DISCLAIMER: The following work contains adult themes. All characters participating in sexual acts are over the age of 18.

X-dolled up

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

"Again with this thing? How many times a day do they need to advertise?" the annoyed mother complained, as she and her family were having lunch in front of the T.V. Her husband and son simply continued enjoying their soup, although both were sneaking glances at the commercial. The announcer's voice was full of enthusiasm:

"The new LoveLee X-dolls are here! Pre-order yours now and be the first to enjoy the luxury of owning your very own pleasure model, a full time servant, ready to fulfill any of your heart's desires! With new advanced A.I., state of the art design and the most realistic feel to date! With a 10 year warranty, you can be sure you'll enjoy your little love-doll for a loooong time. Get your X-doll now, for only 990\$".

"Tsk, tsk, these things are so crude" the mother shook her head, disapprovingly. She was in her mid-forties, and though she was keeping her shape pretty well, the first signs of aging were impossible to ignore. Wrinkles, loose-skin, the usual nemeses. These things, these fuck-dolls, only added to some of her growing insecurities.

Michael, a calm, introverted young guy, in his last year of high-school, had almost shoved his face in the soup, trying to disguise his blushing. Ever since he had seen these sex-dolls advertised, he wanted one. But neither his wallet, nor his courage to ask for one, was enough. He hadn't had any girlfriends yet, something which inflated his sexual frustrations.

"What's your problem? Just don't buy one" the father chimed in with a chuckle. "They are dangerous, too!" his wife continued, showing her clear disdain. "I read on the paper that one of them went all crazy and attacked its owner". The father shook his head. "Well, there are safety guidelines for a reason. They warn people to turn them off, if they're malfunctioning. This guy had it coming. Such complex technology must be handled with caution" he said with a high-brow air in his voice.

"And what about the young people? These things will turn them into an antisocial mess" she voiced her concerns, with her own boy in mind. "I think you're overreacting a bit" the father said, the son just switching his eyes back and forth between his parents. "It's not like these things can compare to a real person. It's not that big of a deal, anymore. It's just like a... glorified sex toy. Besides, many households have one, nowadays..."

Silence followed, along with the clicking of cutlery on plates, as the woman looked down at her soup, swirling her spoon with a worried look on her face.

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It's a boring morning. She hates boring mornings. On top of that, she's still hangover from last night's party. At least her trusted cup of coffee in hand, with two spoons of sugar, helps. "God i love coffee" Riley, a journalist for a popular online newspaper, thinks, looking at her laptop screen with a blank stare. She often browses the internet, not just for news, but for the odd article that could spark an interest for a story. She has written lots of successful ones in her run with this media firm, called "The Scoop" always tackling bold and cool, yet interesting subjects, giving her a reputation of this undercover, down n' dirty reporter. But lately, she has fallen into a slump.

The girl doesn't appear like your traditional 9' o clock news presenter. She's never worn a suit jacket in her life, usually wearing her favorite draping types of clothing. Skirts paired with leggings and comfy sweaters and blouses. A nose ring decorates her right nostril, and her fully-pink dyed hair is cut in a stylish short, wavy bob, about an inch from her delicate shoulders. Her petite, 5'4" frame compliments her athletic, lean body-type. There is not much in the ass or tits department, but the girl's pretty face and slim physique more than make up for that. Not that she particularly cared about sex-appeal. Being an out-spoken feminist and equal rights activist, the girl had much more important things to hang her self-esteem and self-respect on, like her creative personality and her hard work.

As she sips her first cup of many to come, the 26 year-old Korean-American is approached by her editor, a guy in his late 30s. He looked like the first image the name Brad brings up in someone's head.

"Good morning, Brad, anything?" Riley raises her head from the poof chair she is sitting on. "Hello Miss Huang" he said fake-formally, working with Riley for years. Despite the fact, Riley never felt too close to him and sometimes even felt uneasy, especially during the company parties. There was an incident where Brad was a little too flirty with her, enabled by alcohol. An H.R. complaint was filed and apologies were made, though the whole thing was stashed away and quickly forgotten in the company circles. Riley had an idea, but she didn't know quite how much this man lusted after her.

"I have a story for you" he says. "It'd better not be some third country whore-house shit again" she replies, remembering what she'd been through to get that story. "No, no...It's far easier than that" he reassures her. "I want a story about these new sex robots, the x-dolls" he says to her. "Come ooon, not

this misogynist shit! Plus, this thing is so viral, everyone's got their hands on it" the young woman whines, trying to find an excuse to avoid the topic.

"And you're gonna put all of them to shame! We need your pen on this. It's too hot to ignore. We'll seem out of touch if we do otherwise. Anyway, i know you'll ace it" her editor unnecessarily places his hand on her shoulder, before leaving. "Great, another boring, mainstream bullshit" she rolls her eyes.

Reluctantly, Riley Huang began searching for interesting facts about this recently unknown, up-and-coming company. Within the last couple of years, "LoveLee" an enterprise previously occupied in the field of sex toy manufacturing, made a big hit with a series of robot sex dolls. With the rise of such technology, it was only a matter of time before someone got there and met the market's demand.

And boy, had they made a splash! Besides exhibiting incredibly advanced A.I, the dolls moved in an astonishingly realistic way and even more importantly, "felt" extremely realistic, a feature the company advertised the shit out of.

Of course, not everyone was excited about this new product. Feminist and other organizations often spoke against the "degrading substitutes of female sexuality" and there was even a marching protest by various groups trying to call for a boycott of the product, but the market didn't care. The demand was there, and so, capitalism supplied. The fad was spreading to more and more demographics. Men of all ages had started to show much interest in these dolls, especially in the west, where the past shame for using a sex toy was wearing off for both men and women. This seemed like the next evolution in this field.

Riley kept scrolling through the internet, coming up with some pictures of the product. It didn't look like anything she had seen before. At first glance, the "x-dolls" appearance only resembled a female human in the shape and contours of their form, and not at all their presentation. Each doll was covered with a shiny, smooth layer of latex in all kinds of colors, the entire surface of their skin covered by the material, besides a few crucial details.

These of course, were the three orifices, simulating a woman's mouth, pussy and asshole, available to the customers, made from generously wide, round holes – to fit any users "member". The entrance of each hole was made from a soft plastic ring, which led into the "simulation" of female genitalia, mouth and anuses. The three fuck-holes were all plugged with phallic plugs in some pictures, though in others you could see them fully exposed. Riley saw one graphic display of a doll with her crotch secreting what she could only assume was some self-produced lube the machine was discharging.

The whole face in general lacked any endearing characteristics you might find on an actual person. Manufacturers had learned the lesson with the previous attempts falling into the uncanny valley, so these dolls had a completely flat, featureless face, and an oval, smooth head a nose, lips, eyes or any hair. No one would have any illusions that they were having sex with a real person, just a utilitarian human-like object, a highly efficient cum-dumpster, something much more fun and interactive than simply jerking off into a sock. Only distinguishable features in this blank canvas of a head were the two oval-shaped covers softly jutting out, where a person's ears would normally be – probably some receptors there - and two small smoothed out, rectangular handles, also attached on the side of the doll's head, the handle's ends on either side of the previously mentioned caps.

“Ughh” Riley cringed, realizing the handles' utility. “As if men can't just have a girl take their dicks in her mouth” she mumbled, disgusted by the sometimes ape-like approach of men towards sex. “They have to stick it in and go to town on it like it's a workout exercise”. It was things like that which made Riley glad she was a lesbian. The dolls had one more pair of handles, this one just above their hips, presumably for rigorous pounding from the doggy-style position. Taking a big sigh, the Asian-American girl persevered in her “research” browsing more pictures.

While the dolls seem to be available in many different heights and sizes, they all had some pretty large boobs to go with big, juicy asses and a slim waist, giving all of them a stereotypical hourglass figure. “As If women can't have any other body-type” Riley sighed getting more offended the more she looked at them. The reporter chuckled, when she noticed that even the robot, sex dolls, had been “forced” into some 6-inch platform heels, the shoe essentially fused with another layer of latex that looked like a thigh-high stocking, only discernable from the first layer from its slightly darker color. The same darker hue of the doll's uniformed color could also be found on the three round entry-points of their fuck-holes, like subtle pointers of were to “stick it in”. That same color was also on the doll's handles, on their areolas and nipples, as well as on a rigid neck collar, that every doll wore. This slight esthetic change was a pleasant break from the overall monotone colors. "Do these dolls even walk?" Riley wondered seeing these tall shoes, continuing to browse.

The dolls' hands did not resemble much a human's, basically shaped like tall donuts, with a pretty suggestive hole in the middle. The inside of that hole had a different texture than the simple latex coating of the outside. It had soft, round bulbs all across the hole's rim. The doll's hands looked like two small flesh-lights. Like two scientifically perfected hand-job devices.

In for a penny, in for a pound, thought Riley, going down the rabbit hole. She even started reading some product reviews, feeling already soiled in her soul from all this stupidity. "Eh, it was a slow day at the office, anyway" she thought to herself.

There was a common thread, as all customers were gloating about how close to a human's the doll's holes felt, some in enthusiastic detail.

- The artificial saliva and ...moisture in the doll's sex holes was amazing! It made everything slide in effortlessly, while also feeling super tight. 5/5 stars!
- The touch sensors on these things are like nothing else. I love how responsive they are to my spanks. Also very fluid mechanics. Moves like the real thing. 5/5 stars!
- Takes a few days for the program to auto-learn so it's a bit laggy, but after that it runs smooth as silk. Perfectly satisfied. 5/5 stars.
- It even has simulated breathing, which I found very neat! 5/5 stars!

Their realistic texture was a big hit with a lot of customers. In every advert, LoveLee went on and on about how their latest silicone made for the best simulation of human-skin to date. Besides feeling great to the touch (or more accurately, the grope of its owners), the dolls appeared to have a new generation A.I system. Riley dug out a couple of articles on the subject, mentioning a wide system of electrical neurons that inhabited the doll's interior, allowing it to react in real time to any touch, spank or pinch the users felt like giving it. The A.I system gave the X-dolls the opportunity to follow a large number of remotely administered commands, with tremendously realistic movement of their limbs and body. Nothing like the glitchy, slow and stiff movements of the past. These robots moved like the real thing!

Riley also noticed the very adamant disclaimer of the company regarding warranties and maintenance of their dolls. It appeared that these dolls, as technologically advanced as they were, required similar amounts of care. They actually had their own station that came with each doll, a small box that cleaned out the doll. Riley found warning disclaimers in many ad campaigns, always reading the fine lettering.

"Due to the incredibly sensitive nature of the X-doll's inner circuitry, proper cleaning of your x-doll model is vital, especially at the head part which is very close to product's delicate CPU. We do NOT offer warranty or returns to any products exhibiting damage caused by poor hygiene".

"I bet these things we'll require cleaning..." Riley made a face of disgust at the thought of what these things would be filled with.

The cute Asian girl had spent the past hour and a half, looking at descriptions, photos and videos of the modern equivalent to the blow-up doll. "What am I doing with my life?" she mumbled moved on to more of a background/history check of the company, looking for its origin story, she couldn't find

anything out of the ordinary. Rich person....made a big company....boring.... boring....boring... Riley was trying to figure out from which angle to tackle this story.

She got it! "LoveLee female share-holders" she typed into the search bar. A female's perspective on this new phenomenon would be interesting, especially if said woman was to benefit from the sales of such a controversial product. But the results that came up were not what Riley had in mind. They mostly showed male shareholders, or other videos of the company, discussing the "female" anatomy of the dolls.

Riley "turned" virtual page after virtual page of her search results, trying to find even a single woman who'd made money from this. She was about to give up for now and go for her second coffee cup of the day, when on page 6 of the search results, Riley saw a news article that picked her interest. It had the pictures of two women, both rather beautiful, executive, career type women. The first was a blonde with straight hair just above her shoulders. She looked very Caucasian, probably German or Scandinavian. The other was a brunette woman of Hispanic origin, with longer wavy hair. They both appeared to be around their mid to late 30s. Both were dressed in slick business suits, posing formally, with a dignified smile for the camera. The headline read:

Board Members of sex-toy Company go missing on skiing trip

The article was two months old. It gave little information, other than two of the board members of the company, Mara Schultz, and Loressa Canillo, had gone missing at a joint skiing trip, and that the authorities had failed to find any sign of them.

Riley was more disappointed than actually sad for the two women, who she was sure had lived a rich, privileged life until then. Her plans for a story focusing on a woman's perspective on the whole sex-doll phenomenon had hit a wall. She phoned the company headquarters. A female voice was heard from the other end of the line, speaking in a polite tone:

-LoveLee headquarters, how can i help you?

-Hello, my name is Riley Huang, i am a reporter for the "Scoop" i was wondering if there were any news regarding the missing board members, Miss Schultz and Miss Canillo.

There was a relatively long pause for such a straight-forward question, on the other end of the line. Then the sweet, formal voice replied:

-I'm sorry; there hasn't been any update on their disappearance.

-Are there any other female share-holders or board members i can arrange an interview with? I'm writing a story on the company's new sex-dolls.

-I'm afraid not. Only some cleaning staff and secretaries.

The phone call didn't help at all. Riley searched the company's website, their social media, anything to find more about the missing women. To her surprise, there wasn't even a mention of their accident, on any official company media. Not even an obituary, nothing. It was as if the women's lives didn't matter all that much. Everywhere she looked, Riley run into promotion campaigns for the new ex5 products. "That is weird" Riley thought. Digging further, Riley spotted that the date the new models were set to go in stores, was just 3 days after the alleged skiing accident.

Riley kept browsing other aspects of the company. She watched some videos of the company's founder and owner Gordon Lee, giving interviews. "Maybe i can get an interview" she thought for a plan B, but she realized that would be pretty difficult. The 45 year old English-man was too busy, giving only a handful of interviews in all these years. She continued her research.

More company background...more ads... "Boring....boring...." she muttered. All the while, a single thought was stuck on her head. It was a stupid thought, but the reporter just couldn't shake it off. She often had these hunches, call it intuition, or something else, but it always helped her through her stories, and her investigative work. Something inside her told her, that these two incidents, the disappearance, and the launch of the new sex-dolls, were somehow connected. The call on the headquarters and her search hadn't scratched that itch, whatsoever.

She wanted to look it up, but first, she had to start her article somewhere. A depiction of her experiences at the "Ex5 Live Demonstration" would be a decent start.

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Hundreds of people have gathered at the expo. Electronic music was blasting from the speakers. Beautiful women, in skimpy dresses with the company's logo, were serving soda and beer to the public. It consisted of mostly men, of many age groups. A lot of teenagers were eagerly waiting with their phones at hand, ready to record the any "spicy" detail of the exhibition. There were some tech savvy

guys there, too, but mostly average Joes, trying to see what all the fuss was about. Riley didn't need her pink hair to stick out like a sore thumb. She stood as close to the railings set in front of the stage. She was kind of nervous, not really sure why. She had been in actually dangerous places, throughout her travels. However, this felt unnerving.

After a while, a suit-and-tie dressed man, came on stage, with a broad smile. Already positioned behind him on center stage, was a metal stand, with something attached on it, covered by red, long veil. The outline resembled a limp, human form. "Hello and welcome to our presentation of the new ex5, X-doll model!" the presenter cheered the last words of his sentence, which were followed by excited applause and "Woooooos". Riley watched, with unease and discomfort. She already didn't like this man's televangelist type of charisma. There was a projector screen on the side, so everyone could see him clearly.

"We're here, to show you all the new, exciting features of this ground-breaking technology. Because we at LoveLee, are not just about sex, we are about...innovation" the man said with a pompous tone. Riley scanned the impatient faces of the people around her. They were her to see a sex-robot, nothing else.

"So, without further ado, i bring to you, the new Ex5 pleasure doll!!!" The veil was pulled, and the crowd gasped in excitement. There was a bright red, lifeless doll, propped up on the stand, her latex exterior extra shiny from both the stage lights pointing and the plenty of oil rubbed on it. As if the doll's appearance wasn't tantalizing enough, it was propped on its stand in a rather provocative position. Besides the tiny seat she was sitting on, her legs were spread wide open, held by semi-circular holders under her knees. The rest of her feet dangled in the air. Her arms were also propped on either side, on two more holders underneath the inside of her elbows.

The doll appeared to have ideal measurements for an adult woman. If it wasn't the 36-24-36 "ideal" supermodel stereotype, it looked pretty darn close. Her breasts were large and stood at full attention, two proud G cups, drawing the eyes on the darker shade of red that made up her areola and nipples. Her waist was so slim you could swear that some pelvic bones were visible from the sides and her hips and buttocks would easily pass the "jiggle" test, being more than a handful.

Riley felt the robot looked like a futuristic, obscene, latex marionette. To top everything off, the doll was wearing some 7-inch "gangbang-me" platform pumps, on her dangling feet. If someone would be able to balance on such obscenely tall shoes, it'd better be a robot, Riley winced. With its head slumped over on the side, the robot was obviously non-functioning at this stage.

"This is Lucy!" the man arbitrarily named the sex-toy. "You can name them however you want, or not at all! I just do it for fun" he gave a seller's smirk, before continuing. This man gave Riley the creeps. If this wasn't her work, Riley would have left by bow. But she was always professional. She had to see this surreal exhibition through.

"Let's say we get home from a tough day at work, and we wanna... loosen up a little bit. First thing we gotta do is turn Lucy on, using her controller" he showed the device to the audience. It looked like a small T.V controller, with 9 or 10 buttons on it. "We press the "on" button, and Lucy comes to life!" he said with a punchable smile, pressing the button at the same time.

Riley watched with rising interest as the doll's head, flashed a small light in the shape of a beautiful horizontal line-spark, at the height where her eyes would normally be, if she had a human head. The spark was followed by the calligraphic logo of the company "LoveLee" being briefly displayed on the same spot, before turning off. This interface was behind the latex cover of the doll's head, but its light was easily visible to the user.

Finally, a soft dot of a white light glowed on the left side of the doll's head, where one's temple might be, with a head like that. This light remained glowing, signaling that the doll had been turned on.

Riley and everyone else watched as the doll slowly raised its head up from its slumped position. With small movements, almost hesitantly, the sex robot raised itself from its stand, and stood kneeling on the stage-floor, with her legs spread wide and her arms both placed together behind the small of her back, in a box shape. The doll's body language was the panicle of sexual submission. Gasps of enthusiasm were followed by light applause. People were on the edge of their feet.

"Now, as i've said, we're tired, we don't have to actually go to Lucy, so we want her to come to us" the presenter said. "We simply press the "call" button, holding it in place until Lucy comes to us" he did as he explained. Riley saw the doll tense up, as if the command of the remote reached its antenna, or whatever it was using. Presumably the remote signal of the controller.

Immediately, the doll went into all fours and begun sensually crawling across the stage, towards the general direction of the man, the small dot of a light on the side of her head now flashing on and off. Her movements where the embodiment of sex-appeal, slow, seductive, with hips swaying, breasts and buttocks propped out, waist bent. It looked like the doll was really asking for it. "I guess truly no one can walk in these shoes" thought Riley at the doll's refrain from walking on those obscene heels.

Joking aside, the reporter had to admit, this android was surprisingly accurate, following the controller's signal, it stopped, about a meter away from where the man was standing. When it did so, it obtained the same waiting position she had taken at the start of her function.

The audience gasped once more and clapped with enthusiasm! The presenter smiled satisfied, with the knowledge that there was still more to see. "Now that Lucy is by our side, we can order her to do

whatever we like! Simply choose one of the default positions from the controller, or insert your very own shortlist of commands, via our website's database" he advertised the company's site. "Sooo, we have our...banana over here" he said while taking an actual fruit, a particularly long and girthy one, from a tiny table near him. Most of the crowd chuckled at the crude joke. The lesbian girl shook her head, disappointed at the state of this incredibly heteronormative society.

Holding the fruit firmly in hand, the man said. "We simply press the "blow-A" button, which will instruct Lucy to obtain the A position and prepare for oral pleasure. Upon pressing the button, the android softly twitched its body like before, again presumably from the signal running through its receptors. It wasted no time propping itself on its heels, with its knees bent, and its legs spread wide open, into a deep, graphic squat. Any woman, who'd actually assume this position, would have her vagina in full display. This was the case for the robot, too, its plugged "pleasure-holes" visible to the audience. The arms were placed behind the back, unused until further instruction. "There are also blow-B and blow-C for different positions during oral" the presenter explained. "All we have to do is unscrew Lucy's mouth-plug, and she is already dripping and ready to enjoy her banana!" the man winked at the crowd.

He was right. After a couple of full rotations of the plug, by the round ring that also housed a chain connected to her collar, the plug was unscrewed and removed, forming a string of artificial saliva linking the phallic plug to the sex-doll's oral cavity. The doll didn't flinch an inch. "As you can see, the Ex5 are always fully lubricated for maximum comfort and the best feeling. Lucy is always drooling for you" the image he was painting seemed to already produce stiffness in some audience members. Riley wanted to puke, with all the chauvinist idiots around her.

"Simply press the start button and Lucy will get to work" he pressed a big button at the top of the remote. The doll, could not really turn its head, with that strict collar around its neck, but shifted its whole body to face towards the large banana. "It's receptors scan the room the for remote's location, so you can either move yourself, or leave everything up to her" the man bragged, as the doll moved her artificial mouth over the banana and started fellating, moving her head in and out, all while keeping her assigned posture. She swallowed all 6-inches of the curved phallus almost entirely, before moving her lipless, hole of a mouth back, then repeating.

The crowd watched, mesmerized. "We can always take matters into our own hands, by the easy handles on Lucy's head" the man pointed out. "If we want Lucy to go slower or faster, we simply press the up or down arrows on our remote" he demonstrated, the doll magically slowing down the pace of her sucking, as soon as a button was pressed. "Respectively, if she's not fast enough..." he pressed another button and everyone watched "Lucy" go to town on the lube-coated banana at a steady but fast tempo.

Riley hated to admit it, but part of her was amazed. Technology had really come a long way. If only humans put the same effort into solving the world's problems, that they did in building a fuck-robot. The

announcer showcased the sex robot's talents, leaving it face-fuck the phallic fruit for a couple of minutes, while explaining other technical issues.

The presenter continued the show by lecturing the audience on the amazing new features of the Ex5 model, all while the doll kept fellating a banana at 140 BPMs. After about three minutes of continuous facefucking, the doll seemed to be slowing down a bit. It was all part of the showcase, though.

"Sometimes, our dolls might seem to underperform, not match the level we assigned on the remote. This can happen from time to time, due to the large amounts of power required and the delicate circuitry of their system. But that's no reason to worry!" he explained. "Simply press the "energy boost" button" he pointed to a larger button with a thunder sign on it, "and the doll's power supply will send an additional boost of power to counter the shortage.

Riley watched along with the crowd, as the man pressed the button. The beeping light on the side of the doll's head flashed again brighter, and the doll suddenly picked up the pace on her oral pleasure of the phallic fruit in his hand. More applause and cheering followed. "Simply remove the banana whenever you want and the doll knows to stop" he said, ending that demonstration. "To accommodate all of our customers, you can adjust the diameter of all three holes using this handy little screw point, at the side of each hole" the man gestured at a small, discreet round screw at the left side of the girl's "mouth-hole".

"Finally, we want Lucy to show us her other assets, let's say we want her to be a little more seductive. "Again, through our handy device, we can select any number of positions, which can segue right into pleasurable encounters with her". He pushed a button signaled "present-A". The doll, still in its previous pose, moved, Riley noticed somewhat slower this time, into all fours, lowering her head to touch the stage-floor, her arms folded on the sides of her chest, and her ass perked up as high as possible. The two plugs of the girl's crotch, meant to signify an artificial pussy and rim-hole, were highlighted by their pitch black color that contrasted the otherwise red model. With that position, they were in full view of whoever stood behind it.

"Again, we hold down the button until our dolly assumes the position we want her in, not just once, but continuously, until the command has been completed" the presenter made clear. "Otherwise the command might not register properly with the doll's CPU".

Riley watched the doll sway her ass left and right, teasing whoever her owner was. "We can't solve world hunger, but we can make a robot shake its ass" the devout feminist sighed, talking to herself. She felt so triggered by the notion that all these complicated, delicate anatomy of a woman's sexual organs, could be just replicated with two plugged up holes.

"I don't like that pose Lucy, let's try another one" the presenter spoke as if speaking to an actual person. With each new button, the doll obediently assumed a different pose. All of them graphic, all of them

something a human would need to be significantly charmed into assuming. On her back with her legs wide, then standing up and bending over towards the ground. Her movements seemed all the more delayed.

The presenter said once more, "no worries we just push the energy boost to wake her up a bit..." but before he actually pressed it, everyone watched with worrying eyes the doll suddenly seize her expected programming, and start approach him, crawling on her knees. If body language applied to robots, too, this one's movements seemed hostile! Riley thought it sounded crazy, but it appeared as if the doll was trying to attack him!

The startled man pressed the biggest button on the remote, a round red one with the word "OFF" on it. At once, the doll fell dead on the stage, its power shut off. The light beaming from its "temple" also was off, now. The man composed himself and cleared his throat. "That's an excellent way to talk about the most important safety parameter of the Ex5" he spoke more seriously now, as if lecturing the audience.

"We're dealing with a highly sophisticated A.I., but with any groundbreaking innovation, come a few risks. In the event, that your model is malfunctioning, if the doll is not responding to your *exact* commands, you must immediately turn them off. That lets the system cool down. We recommend at least a 5 hour shut-down after such events. We advise for your own health and wellbeing, to comply with the safety manual". The audience was still shocked by what had just occurred. No one wanted to be murdered by a short-circuited sex robot. Everyone listened closely to the safety warning.

With the limp doll being placed back in its hanger-like case, the presenter proceeded to the final part of the presentation, concerning maintenance. "It is very important that you keep the interiors of your x-doll clean and well-preserved, both for your hygienic health, but also very importantly, to avoid damages to the doll's sensitive circuitry and central computer" he specified, pointing to a necessary "peripheral" gadget of the doll. It looked like a cube with a transparent little door and clear, plastic tubes sticking from inside of it.

"The doll needs to be turned on to be washed, otherwise the internal sucking mechanism won't function and the doll won't be cleaned. With this inner-sucking function the detergent is absorbed and distributed properly inside the doll. Ideally, you should wash your doll every day after use. Simply load your washing machine according to the instructions, hook the tubes on and press the "cleaning" button" he said showing a button with a water droplet on it. The crowd struggled to focus on this educational portion of the presentation, with the doll being inactive now.

"Equally important is to maintain your doll's battery life, by charging it often. The fuller the battery, the better your x-doll will function" the man continued, his finger pointing to the mini-usb port, on the side of the doll's head.

Riley was too preoccupied with her thoughts to pay attention to the presenter, anymore. That robot, how it had suddenly turned on that man, it rubbed her the wrong way. Was it just because this product was sexist and offensive to any woman? Why had she felt this kind of weird empathy towards a piece of plastic and wires wrapped in latex? "That's stupid. It's just a robot" she said out loud to herself, as she was leaving the presentation before it had concluded, with a weird feeling in her stomach. One she couldn't explain.

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During the following days, Riley tried contacting the company to arrange an interview with the C.E.O, Gordon Lee, but she was turned down every time. Not disheartened, Riley shifted her efforts towards getting an appointment to visit the factory, and get a behind the scenes look at how the dolls were actually made. That would certainly make for an interesting story.

But again, she run into a wall. "I'm sorry Miss Huang, the company does not allow entrance into the production facilities. Our manufacturing process has to remain a secret from possible competitors. I'm sure you can understand" was the basic gist of every phone call she had, whether it was with a secretary, or a production manager, or even an engineer. They weren't even granting her a single interview with any production crew! At this point, Riley was getting frustrated. "Why is this company so secretive?!" They weren't even disclosing personnel names, related to the doll-making factory.

She also gave an occasional check for an update on the two missing board members. No sign of them, either. From what it looked like, they were currently underneath six feet of snow, covered under some avalanche. No bodies had been discovered.

Fed up with seeing dead-end after dead-end, Riley decided it was time to rely on her ol' investigative skills. It was always what got her in trouble in these report missions, and it was usually what separated her from any other run-of-the-mill journalists.

Finally! It had cost her two days of writing, but it was worth it, because she had a name:

Wallace Gregory –Head of the Micro-technology Department

He would have something interesting to say about the doll-making process. Offer an insightful look.

On a rather cold night, Riley dressed warm, in her favorite fluffy jacket. No pen or notebook, or any other journalistic gadget. Riley had all the questions long ago filed in her mind. Just a simple audio recorder for the authenticity of the answers would do. She searched the street names and numbers briefly until she found her man. There was a small residence in a quiet, suburban neighborhood. That must be it, she gathered from her research.

She pressed the bell-button. A bearded man opened the door, just slightly enough to see who was on the other end. "Hi, my name is Riley Huang, i work at the Scoop, do you have time to answer a few questions about your work at LoveLee? It's really fascinating" she said with the same charismatic smile that had opened so many doors in the past for her.

"I'm sorry, no interviews" the man simple said with a cold tone. "Ok ehm, do you know anything about the disappearance of Miss Schultz and Miss Canillo? Surely you must have known them" Riley tried changing the subject to something this guy might answer. At least maybe he knew something about that.

But if the man looked in no mood for chatting when he opened the door, this question sealed his decision. "Died in a ski accident" the man said in a hurry, right as his door shut with a passive aggressive thud, inches from Riley's nose.

Riley stood watching the door for a couple of seconds, processing what had just happened. Then, it hit her. "Died in a ski accident" the phrase rang in her brain. "Not...missing, but died" she thought. Was it just an assumption? There were two months since the disappearance. But the man seemed anxious, startled by the question, Riley noticed. Why would that be the case? And why wouldn't anyone talk to her about these two women, or anything about the company, in that matter?

This was getting frustrating. Riley walked away from the house, in a really bad mood. "Something stinks in all this" was all she could think.

It's a late night at the Scoop's offices. Riley stays balanced on her swivel chair, which has tilted dangerously backwards, with her boot-wearing feet on the desk. How she's still keeping balance on that old chair and not face-planting on the floor, is a miracle of nature and physics. Riley remains silent, waiting for nothing, looking at the laptop screen. She occasionally texts silly memes to her girlfriend, Caroline, a cute black girl with fire-red, long dreadlocks and lots of face piercings.

But that's all to dodge her problem. She's disappointed at the minimum progress of her story. Only a historical introduction of the sex doll, and some observations from the presentation, comprise her story so far. A few days have passed since her unfruitful visit at Mr. Gregory's place.

Most workers of "The Scoop" are either already home, or packing their stuff and putting on their jackets. "Don't die from overworking, Riley. I need someone to tease around here" a friendly guy waved at her. "G'night Lars, i won't" she said with an intimate, bored tone. The office is suddenly very quiet. Only the buzzing from Riley's desk lamp - which should have been replaced years ago, but somehow, it's still there - is heard in the room.

Riiiiiiiiing

Riley's cell phone screen lights up. The caller I.D writes "LoveLee". Riley's eyes wake up. "He...hello? Riley Huang, the Scoop" she answers, caught off guard. "Good evening Miss Huang, excuse the late call. Mister Lee has agreed to meet with you for 40 minutes, tomorrow at 9, at the company's facility" the secretary's voice informed. "Great...thank you very much...ehm...i'll be there" Riley said, the call ending as suddenly as it begun. She kept staring at her phone, dumbfounded at this sudden change of event. Finally, she had something of substance.

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With already one coffee cup out of the way, Riley stepped out of the taxi, and made her way towards the gates of the LoveLee headquarters. She tried to dress as formally as she could, not an easy task for her. She had gone for a dark-green, buttoned shirt and blue jeans, instead of her usual skirts and loose tops. Her favorite sneakers, though, remained as they were. Riley despised heels, especially the tall, "executive" ones.

Located in a suburban area, just 20 minutes of downtown, the LoveLee headquarters certainly caught the eye. There was a tall skyscraper type of building, where the company's offices were, and behind it, a lower and much wider facility, housing the construction, research and storage areas.

Behind the metal gates she spotted a huge, grey building, nothing fancy architecture wise. If you didn't have a clue, you might even assume this was some kind of military base, with all the security outside.

The two guards scanned her I.D card, and gave her the ok to go through. She still had about a 50 meter walk towards the actual facility. The ground was all gravel, occasionally a wind would pick up dust on the empty, desert-like exterior. There were a lot of parked trucks, presumable for distribution of the product to the stores. Riley finally reached the heavy door, heavier than any door she'd probably seen.

"Good morning, i have an interview appointment with Mister Lee" Riley spoke into the speaker next to the door. After a few moments, the door's buzzer went off, granting entry to the young reporter. She reached the reception, where a young receptionist, gave her instructions to Mister Lee's office. "4th floor, second door to the left" she repeated to herself.

Finally, she was outside his office. A finely carved, wooden double door, laid ahead of her. There was one of these old-timey, metal knocking balls, on one side, carved in the shape of hand. They made a rather loud clank, despite the girl knocking as softly as she could. "Come in" she heard a man's voice after a couple of knocks. With some difficulty, the small woman slid the door open.

On the other end, was a very English, very small man, around his 40s, looking at her from behind his desk. His hair was starting to grey on the sides. His eyes had a calm power about them. "You must be Miss Huang" he said to the Asian girl. "Yes...pleasure to meet you" she gave him a strong hand-shake. "Are you ready for the interview?" Riley always had a dynamic, no bullshit response to any powerful figures. She had sat down with gangsters and CIA agents. This man could not intimidate her.

"Yes, of course, my dear" he responded kindly in a very posh, British accent. "I have about 30 minutes, so i hope this will be adequate" he informed the girl with a smile. "Great" she replied, taking the seat she was offered, before turning on the small recorder and putting it on the desk.

"Your sex dolls exhibit lots of culturally feminine traits, like the exaggerated curves and the tall heels. But there are also minimal face-features and the outer look does not resemble a human at all. Why is that?" she started with a soft-ball question. "Well, our research on previous sex dolls showed that people feel weird when using a sex-toy that resembles a human too much. We opted going for more of the fetishistic aspects of appearance, like the shoes or, of course, a woman's shapely figure" he responded.

"Do you feel that the way the dolls follow precise commands and obtain strict positions, is designed to give men the opportunity to dominate something, even if not human?" Riley skipped the preliminary, going straight for the spicy questions. The man smirked, acknowledging the provocative question. "Well, sex is in a lot of ways, about dominance. So, i discounting it completely would lessen the experience" he said, a question he expected to come up at some point. "Also, what would be the alternative? A robot with its own tastes and initiative? We prefer to make our product cater to our customer's tastes. So we made them to like whatever our customer likes..." he said poignantly.

"Are you worried that your sex dolls are a negative influence on young men, who are learning about sex through them? A silent servant who never says no to anything is hardly realistic..." she kept on the pressure, always keeping a calm and collected appearance. "I don't believe that will be a problem" Gordon Lee answered with ease. "You see..." the man paused for a bit of dramatic effect, leaning a bit closer towards his interviewer. "These dolls...they're NOT real people" he stated. "And everyone who

uses them knows that. Our dolls have a clear 18+ age requirement. We offer an experience, not sexual education. I'm sure you are a smart woman, Miss Huang, you wouldn't blame a violent video-game for a school shooting, so why blame our products?"

It was obvious he was well prepared for anything Riley could throw at him. She was started to gear up, thinking of a quick, witty response to keep him on his toes.

"Any comments on the disappearance of Miss Schultz and Miss Canillo? From what i understand, they were the only female members on the company's board" Riley just wouldn't feel good about herself, if she didn't try that question. Mister Lee appeared pondering, his upbeat mood shifting. "It is deeply saddening what happened to Mara and Loressa" he said with a respectful, mourning sigh. "Their contribution to this company was immeasurable. They had an insight that few people had in this business".

Riley knew bullshit when she saw it. As charismatic as this man was, and he was, he didn't seem sincere to her. "Then why hasn't your company made a single official announcement on their disappearance?"

Before the girl could even finish her sentence, she was interrupted by the sound of a cell-phone. "Excuse me for a moment" the man picked it up, apologizing. Riley stood there, trying to keep her cool. He was obviously dodging the answer. This interview could be going better.

"I'm terribly sorry, Miss Huang, it appears i am needed at once. Business matters...you see" he simply said with an apologetic grimace. "But...we're only 15 minutes in..." the pretty reporter was left dumbfounded. "I understand you must have more questions" mister Lee replied. "Please, feel free to arrange another appointment with my secretary, he said with a welcoming, open-arms gesture. As he rose from his expensive office chair, Riley spotted how short he truly was. Riley was not a tall girl at any group of people, but she still was an inch taller than this man.

With an obvious frown, the girl had no choice, but to follow Mister Lee out of his office. "Good day Miss Huang" he bid her farewell as he disappeared in a lively pace on the maze of cream-white corridors.

Riley shut there, alone, taken aback. She was fuming. The interview was botched and too short for a full story. What's more, she knew she had hit a vein with that board member question, but that phone call

had ruined everything. He could just be doing some trick to avoid answering. As she paced on the corridors of the building, she spotted a door, with a big sign on it, which read:

PROCESSING LAB

DO NOT ENTER WITHOUT AUTHORISATION

A rush filled Riley's mind. The kind she had, whenever adventure knocked on the metaphorical door. This actual one might just be the break she was hoping for! She glanced left and right. No one else was present in the corridor. She tried the handle, but the door was locked. "No biggie" she muttered, getting a wire from her jean's pocket. She always carried one on her, just in case. Checking once more to see that there weren't any witnesses, she easily picked the lock, like she had done countless times in the past. With a click the door was unlocked.

Strangely, she stepped into a very dim lighted area. Only the fire-safety lights above each door were illuminated. From the distance of a few of them, Riley realized the room was much larger than appearing at first glance. She slowly stepped forward.

Quiet filled the room, only the slight buzz of the power generators humming. There was no one present in the room. The factory was inactive, at least at this hour of the day. As her eyes adjusted to the scarce light, Riley spotted a metallic conveyor belt, about 5 feet wide. The more her eyes followed its path, she saw how tremendously long it was, twisting and turning multiple times throughout the already vast space, taking up most of the large room. Across the conveyor belt's length were lots and lots of high-tech devices and robotic arms with laser-sensor "eyes".

"This must be the production line" she surmised, her phone flashing as she photographed what could prove some juicy exclusive content. As she made her way towards the other side of the room, Riley's ears picked some faint, indistinguishable sound. It was much more irregular than your standard machine noise. "What is that?" she followed the source of the sound. The noise was getting louder, until Riley realized it was coming from a set of double-doors, one of many spamming the factory. She reached her hands and pushed them slowly.

A hall was in front of her, with plenty of single doors left and right. But it was now clear these noises came from the first door on the girl's left. They sounded...human, like someone moaning! Riley pressed down the handle. The door was unlocked. The girl's heart was pumping!

What the young reporter saw next made her phone drop on the floor with a plastic sound. In front of her, spanning the entire space of this large storage room, were over a hundred captured, gagged, struggling women! Each one was trapped on a rectangular, metal frame, with her wrists and ankles uncomfortably stretched towards each corner in a relentless spread-eagle position. Though each frame was identical in size, to compensate for the girls' different sizes and shapes, the steel cuffs of each limb were linked to chains that fed through the bulky, hollow walls of the frame. The chain's tension could be adjusted with a single button, to fully immobilize each woman completely taut. The frames were stacked on top of each other, by the four cylindrical bases on its corner. Despite laying a few inches from each other, the women's bodies never touched. Such was the strictness of their bondage. Most stacks of helpless damsels were almost reaching the ceiling.

All the women, ranging from 18 to 40 years old, were still clothed, be it in a business-suit and skirt, their casual clothes, a sexy night-out outfit, or even their getting ready for bed shirt and panties combo. There was even a young girl in a tennis outfit, probably snapped right after her practice.

One thing was evident. All these women were beautiful, some truly gorgeous. There were definitely some models among the group, probably responding to the wrong modeling gig. Escorts and other prostitutes that attracted the wrong clientele. There were your "aspiring actresses" too, trying their luck at the wrong audition. And of course, many, many, next-door, natural beauties, hand-plucked out of this world, just to be turned into a latex sex-doll.

Call it bad luck, call it fate, or just call their beauty a curse in disguise. It didn't make a difference. The company's "scouting" crew, had picked these women to make "LoveLee" enterprises profitable.

"What the fuck is going on? What are all these woman doing here?" Riley's mind was racing. Suddenly, the horrific realization of what these women were intended for, crept into her mind. Suddenly, all her doubts and worries started making sense!

All women were gagged with some large, red ball-gags, preventing them from communicating anything intelligent to their potential rescuer. As soon as they spotted Riley's presence, they all renewed their struggling attempts, moaning and pleading for her to release them. Multiple pairs of desperate eyes were now on her. Riley had frozen in shock. With adrenaline hitting red, she didn't know whether to snap some photos first, or help the restrained women.

She snapped herself out of the weird trance, "Ssshhh, be quiet" she approached one of the restrained women, a beautiful, slender white girl. She was lying spread-eagle at the top of a pile that was only 5 girls high, so Riley could actually look down at her restrained form. She was around 30, with her short brown hair in a straight bob cut. She was wearing an elegant, red dress, going down her ankles, with a

cut that showed a bit of skin on her right thigh. She had spent last night at a cocktail party, but had never made it back home.

As much as Riley tried freeing her, her little hands were of no match to the metal bindings that kept this woman (and every other one) restrained. There were tools that were needed to unlock or unscrew these restraints. And Riley had none.

"I'm trying my best, ok?!" Riley responded in a annoyed whisper to the gagged woman, who for some reason intensified her gagged screams. "Jesus, what else do you want?" she said, seeing the woman's eye widen with great tension. She then noticed the captive woman was not looking at her, but at something behind her. Before she could fully turn to see what that was, she felt something hard hit her on the back of the head and then everything went dark.

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Riley's head was aching so much. As she opened her eyes, she could faintly make up three shadowy, male figures standing in front of her. They appear to be at a 90 degree angle, since the girl was currently lying on the floor. The person in the middle was pretty small, while the ones on either side, huge and wide. "Mmmhmm..." she instinctively tried pleading for help, but realized her mouth was filled with a similar ball-gag to those she'd seen earlier. Her words never translated into anything.

"Well, i guess my answers were not sufficient, Miss Huang" the shadow in the middle stepped closer, and Riley recognized the unmistakable English accent. Her vision cleared up, she could see Gordon Lee standing with a couple of bulky guards, on each side.

"FFFfk mmm" the girl replied with a muffled curse word. "Tch, tch, what manners. You were so much more respectable during our little chat" the man looked down at the woman, whose arms had been hastily wrapped behind her back with plenty of duct tape going around her chest. Same deal with her wrists, her ankles and her knees, all tied together.

"What should we do with her boss? Junk yard?" one of the buff men, asked. "Mmmmm" his boss pondered, skeptical. "Junk yard" was a not very discreet code, but simply the destination of people who mysteriously disappeared of the face of the earth, after having learned some not so flattering things about Mister Lee's dealings. "She's cute; maybe we can add her to the "collection"..." he said, running his eyes up and down the girl's body. "Sure thing, boss" the guards said, as one of them picked the girl up, on his shoulder.

As Riley tried in vain to fight off the two brutes, moaning and flailing her fused legs, she could see Mister Lee already walking away and disappearing into the darkness of the facility. A small needle pierced in

one motion first her tight jeans, then her cute panties, then her butt-cheek, and the bound girl fell limp on his shoulder.

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Before she even opened her eyes, Riley's ears were bombarded with an unsettling chorus of feminine screams, cries and pleadings, which echoed on the tall ceiling of the factory warehouse. Unlike before, these were not distorted by any gag, but were free. As she slowly opened her eyes, strong lights were pointing down at her, almost blinding her with their power. The production center was now fully lit in all its glory. Riley tried to move, but found it impossible. She was tightly bound on a metal frame, while lying on the conveyor belt she had seen earlier. She immediately sensed a complete lack of clothing on her body.

Riley tilted her head forward and from to side, to get a better scope of her predicament. There were now people walking busily past them or micromanaging machinery, none of them paying any attention to them. They were mostly dressed in factory jumpsuits. Most bound women were targeting their pleas for rescue towards whoever was passing by at any given time. It was almost comical how every single person that walked by was bombarded with calls for help, only to completely ignore every single one.

"HEEEEEEEEEELP" Riley instinctively joined, screaming and groaning as she pointlessly started pulling against metal with her dainty arms. As if all the women in line with her weren't doing the exact same thing. In front of her on the conveyor belt's queue was a pretty, 19-year-old Italian girl, with long dark hair, who was desperately mumbling in her first language, begging for someone to save her. She was a college student in the U.S, but her studies would end abruptly. Behind her, a 24 year black woman, was groaning with each pull she exerted on her steel bonds. She was walking back home from her boyfriend's apartment, when a mysterious van stopped right next to her, and she was swooped inside before she could do anything.

The ruckus of about a hundred scared, captive women was slightly covered by the production line roaring into life. Motors running, hydraulic pumps whistling, the buzzing sound of automated parts moving. Everything was ready for the automated process to begin.

Riley felt the frame she was tethered on moving along with her. She tilted her head backwards to look of what laid ahead, but before she could even process what was lying in her path, the conveyor belt stopped and with lightning speed, a metal bar with a U-shaped dent rotated over her neck, perfectly

pinning down, for a needle to be plunged into Riley's neck, through a preemptively designed hole on this temporary collar. As soon as it pierced skin, the syringe emptied a small dosage of liquid into Riley's neck.

The girl tried screaming as soon as she registered the threatening device approach her.

"HEEEEEHhhhhh...hhhhh..." almost instantly, the girl's lively voice was rendered into a weak, pathetic hiss, as soon as the drug reached her throat. The drug she'd just been administered petrified her vocal chords and rendered them useless for life.

With the horrific shock and panic of what had just happened to her, the girl didn't even register the second similar dented bar move this time over her forehead, where another needle pierced her left temple through a similar hole, this time with a powerful, topical anesthetic.

Each poor woman would be moved along the belt for a distance, then stop for the next stage of the "production process" then move along to the next one. It was chilling to hear how one by one, each pleading yelp was silenced, as each woman's voice was surgically removed from them, until only the machine's sounds were left in the huge facility, drowning out all the futile struggling of skin against metal. The production process was moving swiftly, efficiently, and with no regard for its human raw materials.

The women's struggles, which had already increased once the belt started moving, were now frenzied. A room full of terrified, wide-eyed, mute women, experiencing the closest thing to a panic attack.

The cute, Asian girl's frame stopped, once more. Riley was now twisting and turning her body away from whatever was about to come at her, but she wasn't the first, nor would she be the last to attempt that. The sides of the conveyor belt at this particular point housed a hollow metal casing, from which suddenly sprang two metal bars from either side, looking like metal crutches. They both clasped at the girl's chest, securing it just long enough for a couple of needles to zip horizontally over the defenseless girl the move vertically down and pierce her breasts under the areolae, before disappearing just as fast.

Riley let out a painful cry, which not even she heard, despite utilizing all her lungs' strength, she uttered the same guttural hiss as before. In a couple of hours, she wouldn't even be able to utter even that.

As soon as her breasts were assaulted, identical restricting "pads" clamped onto the girl's pelvis, for two more needles, this time so thick you could see their actual hole, to pierce the sides of her waist and strangely enough suck what felt like Riley's insides out of her! The violating feeling was so strong, Riley didn't even register the third needle that penetrated her lower abdomen and injected her with another

drug. The girl was simply too distraught to process all these attacks. She only had enough time to experience them.

Finally, her frame was snapped into a right angle via two joints at its sides, forcing her legs to point up at the ceiling, and two more needles to inject her now exposed asscheeks with something.

This whole tryphobic nightmare took about 5 seconds in total, as each unit stepped in just as the previous one was leaving. Just like those videos of pharmaceutical factories with the automated rows of syringes working in rhythm one after the other.

The helpless girl could only writhe and sob, feeling like the voodoo doll of a hurt, angry divorcee. The sensors of the robotic appendages had no problem recognizing their targets. What was worse was that Riley had no clue what these people were doing to her.

The syringes on her breasts and ass administered a dense serum that worked wonders in fusing with fat tissue and multiplying it, similar to a cancerous shell, though with a finite state. It was definitely unhealthy, if not toxic. FDA would never approve it for plastic surgery, but with already unwilling participants, the company could use it without a care.

The needles on her waist were being used to remove any fat the girl might have in her belly area. A lightning fast liposuction. Riley was very skinny, so that process lasted for only a fraction of a second. But for other more fully figured women, it took one or two seconds. The needle above her pubic bone had injected yet another poisonous drug into the girl's uterus, rendering her sterile for life.

All the obvious criminal activity aside, it was insulting to witness all these genuinely stunning women, having their natural beauty destroyed, just to fit the stereotypical shallow bimbo look, that of big boobs, round ass, tiny waist. Riley never had any cleavage to show off, but she would, very soon, coupled with a juicy behind, like those whores she often eye-rollingly scrolled past on social media. Her waist was already pretty tiny, but somehow, 1kg of fat was still removed. She'd make up for it in other areas...

Of course, all these modifications were precisely programmed by the automated process. Each doll's measurements and therefore, "enhancements" were calculated in nanoseconds by the sensors measuring each subject's height and current key measurements. Chest, waist, hips. There were line graphs and equations for all these details, pinpointing the exact specification of each x-doll model. For example, a 5'11" tall woman with D cup breasts and 43-34-45 measurements would have her body morphed into a 50-25-50 figure with H cups, achieved with plenty of "lipo" and balance of the growth drug injected on her curves.

On the other hand, a smaller “subject” of a height of 5’4”, with B cup breasts, and 30-26-33 inch measurements, would “receive” an E cup bra size, with a 44 inch chest, a 22-inch waist, and 44 inch hips, always fitting a more extreme version of the perfect hourglass shape. This last example depicted Riley’s current and future measurements. The formula was simple. Whatever the woman’s body size, height and shape, they would all end up having a waist that was half the circumference of their hips and chest. A perfect, sharp hourglass shape.

The process was really streamlined. While the various dolls had different sizes, they would all be a heterosexual man's wet dream, providing all the cushion for the pushin’, while remaining slim and completely fat-free in the abdomen area.

The cocktail-dress girl, that Riley had tried to free prior to her capture, was 4 spots in front of her in the conveyor belt’s line, fighting to get free. Her pretty, brown hair, were mysteriously absent, though, the poor woman being completely bald. Not even her eyebrows had been left intact. She had 2.5 kilos of fat unwillingly sucked from her belly, shrinking her waist by 4 inches and her C cups had been “upgraded” to Gs. Like Riley, she wasn’t having a very good time.

Riley soon passed by the processing stage the cocktail-girl had just finished, where a wide, red laser was, spamming a line from one side of the belt to the other. As she slowly passed through it, Riley felt a heat wave where the rays made contact with her, starting from her head, as the laser’s rays traced downwards, her face, her torso, down to her pubic mount and finally past her feet. Any and all hair that was in the girl’s body, from her fun, pink hair to her cute eyebrows, her naturally colored, dark pubic hair, and any slightest natural fuzz in her soft skin, was zapped dead and fell off. A strong blast of air followed, blowing the pink tufts of the girl’s removed hair off the platform.

The young Asian girl was always proud of not shaving "down there" for anyone, always going against preconceived notions of what a woman “should” do to be considered attractive to men. Her generous, curly bush was proof of that. That bush was gone in an instant, the laser killing all hair follicles down there for good. Her bald, eyebrowless expression of despair was very telling.

Half a dozen tubes sprang from different angles, all suddenly shooting cold, soapy water on the girl’s body. Being clean was essentially for the “coating” to better stick, later on. The hairless, drenched girl was just as quickly air-dried, as the conveyor belt past by a huge, powerful fan that blew a stream of extremely hot air on her for about 30 seconds.

Before Riley could recoup from the sudden cold-to-hot torment, the belt's "waist-huggers" were once again holding her, and two devices like nail-guns approached her. They pressed against the girl's hips, in perfect symmetry and pierced into the girl's tender flesh!

Riley let out an inaudible scream. She had just been pierced with four nail-like devices, 7 millimeters deep into their hips. Each nail was comprised of little metallic hairs, which naturally would branch out when pulled, keeping the nail well-lodged underneath the girl's flesh. Two screw-holes were visible on the surface of either side of her hips.

Riley had raised her head to see what the hell had just been "installed" on her, but her head was suddenly pinned down by another metal forehead-strap. At the corner of her eyes, she saw a medical drill, already buzzing towards her. It passed through the same hole on her head-strap that the injection had anesthetized earlier. The reason was now becoming obvious, as the terrified girl could not fully see, but could very much feel, her temple being drilled, deep into her skull! Any wounds being immediately catheterized by the same machine as it made its way through the helpless girl's temple.

The drill was actually a thick, rapidly spinning needle, which upon penetrating the bone installed a tiny microchip in the girl's actual brain! As soon as the needle retrieved back, another appendage connected two naked cable wires to the chip, both graphically poking just out of the girl's temple hole. In this fever-dream state, Riley felt like she was being turned into a cyborg. She wasn't that far off.

Another thin, robotic limb probed the girl's face and via a long, thin appendage inserted a weird rubber-coated, closed metal ring, 1 centimeter in length, past her lips. The machine's "advances" were so unyielding Riley did not even have time to think to purse her lips and avoid the invasion. In any case it was so relentless she'd probably break her teeth trying to block it. The ring was small like a piece of candy at first, but when the holder/bar rotated with a flashing motion, that same tip opened up like a revolving fan, forming a metal ring, its diameter increasing the more the bar span around its axis with a quick "zip" sound, until the ring synched itself, finding resistance against Riley's teeth, on her now, spread open jaw. The ring's surface was dented in a C-shape, functioning much like a mouth-guard as well as a gag, obstructing the wearer's teeth, as they nested in its little valley. They perfectly hid the woman's teeth, gums, lips or other 'telling signs' of a living, breathing person.

As much as Riley tried to close her jaw, the obstacle was immovable. On the outside, the ring also housed a metal wire that run along it. A pointy screw was driven by another appendage through the side of Riley's cheek, right where that wire ended, and a second robohand attached them by wrapping the wire's end a couple of times around the screw. The droplets of blood were disregarded completely by the soulless machine. A mouth-agape Riley now had a screw sticking about an inch up off her cheek.

Riley made out a mask being propped right above her face. With another neck-restraining bar coming down to keep her steady, Riley had no way to avoid the mask coming down to perfectly seal over her entire face, cutting away all light. This front half of this artificial head was completely featureless, just a smooth, oval shaped vacuum of characteristics, except for a rather large round hole, right where the girl's mouth was located, along with another tiny hole, coming to perfectly meet the screw, which was now on the same level as the mask. The mask ended vertically with the girl's ears, a semicircular gap leaving them uncovered.

As soon as the mask was pressed against her face, Riley felt two small tubes lined up at the mask, to find their way inside her nostrils. The outer lining of these small tubes had a strong medical adhesive, to avoid removal. Attached to the mask, each nostril tube then moved in opposite directions of the girl's face, ending at the sides of the mask.

Simultaneously, through a small gap at the middle of the conveyor belt, perfectly aligned under Riley's head, the bottom half of the mask came to perfectly lock with the front half. While the mask was made of hard PVC, the 6 sliding locking mechanisms all around the inner surface of the two halves were stainless steel, meaning it would take much more than pulling to remove it. The back half also left a mirroring semicircle of gap, forming a perfect circle where the girl's ears were located.

Riley's claustrophobia was kicking in big time. Her head was pretty much encased. Despite the nostril tubes allowing her to breath freely, she felt like she was suffocating. The inner side of the mask was lined with some mold-like, moisture absorbing padding, making contact with every inch of the girl's face and filling every gap.

Not all of the mask's inner lining was made of padding, though. A visor, with projectors both on the inside and outside, was lined on the inside of the mask and was now nesting over Riley's eyes.

Now unable to see any upcoming assaults, Riley was too late to even react when she felt two things being roughly pushed inside her ears by opposite working machinery. They felt like those malleable playdoh-like earplugs. What she couldn't tell at the moment was the material was also incredibly adhesive, sticking to the inside of her ear canal in seconds. With her ears effectively plugged, Riley had lost one more sense. Things were getting scarier by the second.

That same second, a pair of plastic, mesh, round ear-covers, was pressed over her ears and electroglued by more worker robots. They looked very similar to air-vents of an electrical device, explaining the air flowing from them. No one would be able to decipher it was actually exhale of a breathing human. The left ear cover housed a little red light-bulb and a USB port, both of which were swiftly connected to the two loose wires sticking out of Riley's temple.

Riley was, very justifiably, freaking out. "This is crazy, this can't be happening" was all she could think, everything happening so fast, so diligently.

Blind to the incoming assaults, and without even able to hear the wiring sounds of cold, steel prods working on her, Riley felt her vagina and anus being simultaneously assaulted. It felt like an extremely invasive medical exam. Identical rings like the one that occupied her mouth were rudely inserted via the same spinning bars, 1 centimeter deep into the girl's anus and vagina. Even though the tips were lubricated, Riley did not feel any more comfortable during the penetration.

A moment after penetrating the girl's holes, they uncomfortably stretched the entrance of her asshole and pussy, via the rotation of their bar-holders. The final girth of these rings was still generous, though more cautious than the one residing in her mouth. Still, it gave her sex holes some stretching. Over an inch in diameter. These holes stretching limits were more malleable than the mouth one, and besides, the size of all three would be ultimately determined by the customer. Riley let out a painful groan, which was of course, inaudible due to her vocal chords rendered useless. She tried pushing the things out with her sphincter and Kegel muscles, but the rings didn't budge, especially when similarly threaded 1-cm long cylinders came to meet the hole-stretchers and were fitted together.

Similarly with her mouth hole, two screws came to be drilled through the tender flesh of the girl's crotch, one on the left outer labia, one right underneath it, right beside her asshole, both keeping with the mouth design. The two incoming prods actually made their way inside the poor girl's gaping holes, in order to attach the ring wires to the screw.

The girl now had three very obvious, round pointers to each possible sex-hole. These were the ends of the cylindrical devices last inserted in her orifices. Each one made of soft plastic – to avoid chafing the customers. The eyes were drawn to them by their shiny, contrasting, silver color. The three rings were basically outlining the doll's "entrance points".

As soon as each of the woman's cavities was gaping open and inviting, three round plugs with male threading, matching the female threading on their "entrances" were simultaneously moved into position and screwed by three spinning bars that screwed the plugs into place. Just like the holes themselves, their plugs could be adjusted via a similar rotatable mechanism, to properly seal the used hole securely.

The poor girl could only wince at each indignity. Her ordeal was too degrading, too inhumane to even process. She and every other helpless woman was a mess of nerve-endings, silent cries, and partially unprocessed flesh. The last part was being taken care off.

The heartless production machine continued its assigned task, disregarding all the captured women's obvious disdain for what was taking place. The captive women's struggling protests didn't even register with the protocol's plans. Just like anything else in this process, it was quick, efficient and mechanical. As "tender" as a car factory was on the frame it was shaping into a car, so were these machines, just on living, breathing objects.

It wasn't more than 4 minutes since the conveyor belt was put into motion, but for Riley, it felt like an eternity of despair. Lost in all the fear and pain, she had little time to notice how much her breasts had swollen. The drug had already some obvious results. She used to have a small, cute pair of tits, but now, each one was a good handful. When her transformation would be complete, she'd have two juicy jugs that would jiggle very lively with her movement. Her waist was thin enough that a man could wrap his hands around more than half of it. Her ass was jingling with each strain she exerted on the metal frame, as it was suspended in the air with her. Riley could never "twerk" before, but now she would definitely have the booty for it. With these alterations to her body, the girl was quickly approaching the final stages of her enforced transformation.

The belt made its way on one of the only two parts requiring human intervention, as two workers, a man and woman, were standing on either side of the belt, both with a big box near them, full of soda can sized cylinders.

Riley felt –without her sight to help her- these cylinders being placed on her wrist-cuffed hands, each tube about as long as her grip was wide. The man and woman worked in unison, carefully but assertively folding the girl's fingers over the cylinder, wearing thick, protecting gloves. The reason was to avoid any contact with the industrially powerful glue that coated the outside of these cylinders. Once Riley curled her fingers around them, she could not remove them at all!

Riley shook her hands in the tiny space her cuffs allowed her wrists. Her sense of touch had also been taken away. The two workers continued unobstructed, fitting the girl with a pair of grey, soft mittens over her ineffectual hands. The mittens' design was that so they fitted perfectly around the cylinder, leaving a smooth, snug and straight hole, between the girl's artificial grasp. This hole was lined with a soft rubbery material, very reminiscent of a flesh-light. Both Riley's hands had been turned into readily available pocket-pussies. The porous material could produce some lubricating moisture, produced by the girl squeezing the cylinder with her grip, a sponge-like effect. On the inside of these mittens were specially designed motion trackers.

The girl looked like these action figures, whose hands were constantly ready to hold a sword, or a gun. Her own accessories would be more of the flesh variety, though.

It was time for the actual exterior part of the doll, and probably the most time-consuming part of the process, clocking in at a whopping 110-120 seconds. This section was the creation of their latex skin-suits. One by one, the captured damsels were passed underneath a metal arch, with multiple spray canisters from many angles.

It was a form of liquid, breathable latex, manufactured exclusively by the LoveLee corporation, as was the microchip recently installed in Riley's brain. Riley could not see that the Italian college-girl in front of her in the queue, but the sprayers had just finished covering her entire naked body with a cyan colored liquid. Everything, from her pinky-toe to the tip of her masked head was now a light blue color, some droplets of liquid latex staining the platform beneath her. Spread-eagle like the rest, the 19-year-old could only attempt to endure the procedure. Her mittens got the same treatment as the rest of her body.

Riley's turn was on. The steam whistles of the sprays were loud, but nothing reached her ears. The young journalist suddenly felt a hot wave, resembling almost a gas, though it liquefied the moment it made contact with her skin. It was scarily hot for a moment, like dripping hot wax all over your body, though just like wax, the pain left just as quickly as it had arrived, once the latex solidified on her skin. The apparatus work fast, spraying the pinned girl's body with a cool purple color. No spot was left without treatment, from her full breasts, to her behind, and any other less sexualized inch of her skin. Riley never felt the heat on her face, though, the PVC frame of her mask protecting her from that. On another vacant portion of the belt, this one as wide as a person, the doll's underside was also meticulously sprayed the lively purple color.

A second, thinner spray approached the girl's areolae, locating them with the parameters of its algorithm, and sprayed a darker shade of purple, accentuating their appearance.

The "paint" dripped from her slightly elevated frame onto the belt, as Riley was taken into the last couple of stages of a truly life-altering journey. It was strange how a person could change so much in just a hundred feet of "road". Riley felt the liquid was quickly hardening around her body.

She hoped it could be peeled off, after her inevitable rescue. She would get rescued. Right? Someone would be alerted by her absence! Her coworkers, from the "Scoop" would see she missed work. Her mind raced. Brad! Her editor, he knew she was covering the x-dolls for her article. He'd alert the authorities to her rescue. In her blank vision, her thoughts travelled to her family, to her lovely girlfriend. Would she see them ever again?

A couple of more apparatuses approached the latex covered damsel, from both sides. Two small, dark purple handles, were electrically screwed by the machine on Riley's head-cover, on the sides of the girl's head, the mask already possessing threaded receptors.

Two more handles approached the sides of her recently shrunken waist. The internal female threads were waiting for their pairing, as the handles were screwed neatly in place. Riley could now be tossed around easier than an actual ragdoll.

As the latex on Riley's body cooled from the room temperature, the material dried onto the skin, fusing itself with the girl's epidermis. In a few seconds, separating the shiny latex from her flesh would become near impossible. Certainly impossible without life-threatening injury. The drop in its temperature also caused the latex solution to shrink, which made it press tightly, hugging each curve and valley of the girl's body intensely, thus outlining her body perfectly, from her perked up nipples and her ribs, to her shoulder blades and even her belly-button. The claustrophobic feeling return, as though the skin suit was suffocating her, but there was no real danger, other than the psychological scarring, of course.

The latex shined under the factory lights, appearing already polished. The X-doll's glossy look would attract even more customers than its features already would. It would feel so soft and smooth to the touch, not to mention the fun texture.

In the last few meters of the conveyor belt's journey, Riley was fitted with a stiff, PVC collar. Just like her headpiece, it was fitted in two halves, locked together, just like her mask, as they were pressed from the sides of the girl's neck. It would keep the woman from moving her head in any direction, keeping it securely forward.

Two more workers were "waiting" for the dollified Riley, to dress her nude feet with a pair of darker purple, 7-inch platform-heeled boots, the same shade as the girl's collar and nipples. The boots were fused seamlessly with the latex thigh-high stockings that were fed through the girl's ankle cuffs, and pulled up as high as they could go, reaching high up Riley's thighs, where they snapped on with a satisfying "whipping" sound. The inner seams at the edges of the stockings had the same industrial glue so that they could be removed. Inside the tall heels of these slutty shoes, were installed two more motion trackers, like the ones on the girl's mittens.

The last apparatus on the end of the factory line was a robotic limp with a laser on its end. It moved over the front of the girl's right thigh, right over where her stocking/boots ended. The laser started tracing the latex-covered spot, creating a barcode of each product with dark purple lines. The merchandise now had its own unique ID mark.

Riley felt her transported frame stop, this time nothing was happening, even after the first couple of anticipating seconds. Her trip across the conveyor belt had come to an end.

One by one, all captive, modified women joined her at the end of the line. They all looked like shiny latex, mannequins. But unlike the very vague appearance of a mannequin, these were much more extravagant.

With their plump tits, ultra-slim waists and bubbly asses, they presented a distorted image of what femininity meant, to some people. Riley would definitely hate how she looked at the moment. She was the furthest thing from an eye-candy bimbo you could imagine, always putting minimal makeup and dressing for herself, rather than to please others. But now, her body exemplified this exact stereotype. Her latex "exterior" just completed her new identity, a novelty version of a utilitarian cum-dumpster.

lovelee enterprises

It's a sunny morning at the LoveLee headquarters. The daily boardroom meeting is taking place, in this beautiful room with glass walls looking all 14 floors down at a marvelous backdrop of the city. At the head of the long table, which currently hosts all 18 members, sits Mr. Gordon Lee, with a satisfied smile on his face.

The satisfaction comes, not only from the good news he just heard, regarding the boost in the sales of the new Ex5 models, but also from the feeling of his balls having been drained a few minutes ago.

"To conclude, the sales increase is projected to reach 8%, from the current 5%, until the end of the month" a younger guy finished reading his report. He was dressed in a sharp suit and tie, as were all the men in the room. "That's great news, Robinson" mister Lee commented. "Mara and Loressa must be so proud of our accomplishment. The company didn't have these kinds of numbers even during their run" he said. "I would ask for a few words from them, but i can see how that's difficult..." he said with meaning. During his words, Miss Schultz and Miss Canillo were both very busy, sucking off two more board members, "more" being the key word, as they were usually used by everyone during the morning meetings for a quick valve-release.

Both mute, deafened and blind women were encased in a latex prison, Miss Schultz in a white one and miss Canillo in an black one, both sparkling with shine. They were kneeling underneath the long conference table, at the men's feet, tastefully hidden from the view of anyone who was none the wiser.

After all, they are not barbarians at this company! Decorum was always important for the status of such a prestigious company.

As the meeting progressed, the only two females in the conference room kept working the erections waiting to be “dealt with” poking through unzipped, expensive trousers.

Even if Mara and Loressa could hear their former boss as clear as a bell, no one expected any executive input from them, anymore. Unless you counted the occasional slurping sounds their sucking mouths produced while milking semen, a useful comment.

At first, they were right along for the ride, with a morbidly obese paycheck to keep them occupied. But, as time passed, that damn conscience started bugging them, and they began second-guessing the ethics of the company’s new course. When the management suspected the two women might be in for a sudden resignation, they got ahead of them by sending their masked minions to pay them a visit in the middle of the night. They had been the boardroom's unofficial "stress-relievers" ever since.

lovelee enterprises

Michael was sitting in front of his desk, alone in his one-room dorm. His university was good enough for each student to have their own space. The young man, in his first year of college, tried to study for his assignment, but after half an hour, he had kind of given up, and was now swirling on his desk chair aimlessly. His eyes mechanically drifted towards a particular closet in his room. It was tall, but very narrow, like a locker, used previously for storing whatever things didn’t particularly belong anywhere. “I hope it has some battery left” he thought. He often forgot to charge it, but it hadn’t given him much trouble since he had acquired it.

He opened the closet to find his sex-toy stashed haphazardly inside, almost falling on him as he opened the door. It was propped against the closet’s wall but also weirdly standing, due to the small room it had to occupy. He kicked the doll’s knee, pushing it back inside the closet. The life-size doll did not react at all, standing limp in front of him, her sapphire-blue latex exterior not as shiny as when he first got it. It could use some cleaning, but Michael didn’t care much. At least he cleaned the interior enough.

He took the remote that was lying on the closet’s bottom, next to the doll. He pressed the ON button, looking to procrastinate a bit, before giving studying another try. A small bulb lit up on the side of the doll’s head.

A young woman, around 30, opened her eyes, being woken up from her slumber by a small tickling spark of electricity on her left temple. She always woke up like this, with the feeling like someone was rudely poking at the side of her bald head, her beautiful brown hair, not anymore growing into the straight bob cut she always styled them in. Despite sleep cycles that sometimes spanned days, the woman's slumber was usually dreamless. But today she could have sworn she had dreamt of herself dancing, wearing that red dress her fiancé had bought her. It looked so good on her.

As soon as her senses returned, the darkness encasing her was interrupted by abrupt light, a pixelated image, flashed right before her, like any other time, via a screen not further than a couple of centimeters from her eyes. It displayed the "default" position the customer had inputted, in other words the stance that the doll had to acquire at the start of its function. The simplistic animation of a woman appeared, squatting deep down, with her legs spread and her hands placed behind her head.

It wasn't the first time the woman was seeing this animation. In fact, she was seeing it every time she was being "turned on".

That phrase had dual meaning in this instance, as every waking moment the woman was feeling an unstoppable sense of arousal. Never a rhyme or reason was needed, besides the fact that she was conscious. Unlike the usual sexual triggers of fantasy, stimulating visuals, or the manual stimulation of another person's (or her own) touch, this feeling had been purely manufactured, thanks to the microchip installed in the woman's brain. Its technology stimulated her cerebellum to the maximum, a part of the brain which controlled a person's arousal response.

Triggering this intense biological reaction, caused the subject's mouth-glans to salivate 60% more than usual, providing more lube for oral pleasure. Similarly, the subject's vagina got intensely wet with its natural lubricant and the anus was impressively relaxed and accommodating, due to the artificially induced arousal. The subject could thus "accept" almost any advances the customer might wish.

Everything felt out of the woman's control. And it was. As simply as flicking a switch on and off, she could become horny in a heartbeat and cease to be just as quickly, when she was "turned off". It was a teasing, irritating feeling, but having no way to avoid it, the young woman had befriended the idea of her permanent arousal, making it the norm for her.

The woman, whose name was once Sarah – though she wasn't referred as such anymore – recognized the message being displayed through the visor. This was just one of many such positions she had been "asked" to acquire. The universal language of miming helped any language barriers. All positions were very sexual and degrading in nature, ranging from your simply doggy-style position, perfected with a

perky ass, bent waist and pushed tits, to more subservient waiting positions, graphically exposing ones etc.

As soon as she was “on” the woman tried to move quickly, as quickly as her impairments allowed her. She felt narrow, enclosed space around her, something she had figured was some form of storing space. She felt a sore ache on her right knee, which she didn’t have time to address. She crawled out on all fours, since it was almost impossible to walk in those 7-inch platform heels. In the past, she had tried dislodging the high-thigh boots, but her ineffectual hands didn’t help her at all. Between all the instructive pain and the “down time” there were very few precious seconds each day for any initiatives of free will.

The woman was just beginning to squat when she felt a sudden, strong electric shock, course through her entire body, again seemingly starting from her left temple. The woman had definitely felt that pain before, but despite the countless times she had suffered through it, it was still agonizing.

She cursed internally, as she fought through the pain to assume the humiliating, stripper-like position. She was too late for the 3 second countdown, which had begun the moment the “ON” button was pushed and she awoke. It was her window of time to obey an administered command, before the shocking mechanism would activate. It was a very effective motivator for her to act quickly and promptly.

The latex-encased woman stood squatting on the floor, trying to ignore the burning sensation on her muscles. Whoever was using her usually didn’t waste much time before “getting things going”. She was at least thankful for that. Even though she’d never seen his face, and would never do so, the woman had familiarized herself thoroughly with the feeling of his erect cock and the taste of his cum, as well as his very gropey hands, mainly on her enlarged tits and juicy bottom.

Michael lowered his sweatpants, as he unscrewed the lid on the doll’s head. A string of the doll’s mouth-lube, followed the cap as he pulled it out, then tossed it on the dusty floor, with little care. It would explain the gross feeling on Sarah’s tongue, later. He pressed another button, with the icon of a tongue on it.

Sarah now felt the shock immediately. Any commands like that had no waiting time, for their completion. As long as it was pressed, the woman was getting shocked, until there was no more need to be pressed.

The doll shivered for a fraction of a second, something Michael assumed was her antenna receiving the remote’s signal, then swiftly stuck its tongue out, waiting for something to lick. As soon as it made contact with the college kid’s nut-sack, she started slurping at it with enthusiasm. Michael loved this function of his doll, and used it generously, whether on her penis, balls, or corn-hole, the doll seemed to only need to make contact with a surface, for its tongue to be triggered into action.

Simultaneously, the young man took the doll's hand from behind her head, and simply passed his youthful erection through it. The orifice on the doll's hand was tight enough that it hugged his dick tightly, but the material was very soft so that it always slipped through without effort.

Again, some form of sensor in the doll's programming seemed to be kicking in, as it started moving her tube-like hand up and down his cock. The woman squeezed her hand, so that her grip became more slippery from the exerted moisture. Coupled with the feeling of his balls being stimulated, Michael was feeling great. The gift his parents had bought him for getting into university had already made up for its cost, big time.

Sarah then felt her 11-years-younger owner change holes, moving it from her hand to her O-shaped mouth. Sarah felt him invade her throat with little consideration. It wasn't the first or last time she was being used like that. The man pressed one of two buttons, with arrows pointing at opposite directions. Sarah felt a number appear on screen, reading "100 BPM". At the same time, a small electric pulse, nothing painful but rather informative, started beating through the girl's entire body, like a second heart-beat.

Sarah had painfully learned that the tempo she was feeling and seeing, was the pace she had to move, whether that was her head, her hips, or her hands. She started fucking her face on the young man's dick, trying her best to match the pulse she was feeling. The number in front of her changed with each click of the remote. 101, 102, 103, 104, 105. It stopped on 108. The woman now worked faster, working full strokes of her throat on the man's penis. Sarah tried to suppress her gag reflex, which had admittedly gotten quite the training over the past few months. Her neck was hurting, her thighs were on fire from the squat. But she did her best. As much as all these things hurt, getting "nerve-shocked" would suck much more.

That happened A LOT during the first days since she was "purchased". Shock after shock after shock. Any attempt at trying to communicate with whoever was unknowingly keeping her hostage, resulted in more zaps, her random waves or refusal to obey misunderstood. Taken for bugs in the system, and the shocks were simply troubleshooting. Minimizing the dreaded torture quickly became the number one priority in Sarah's agenda, since trying to escape or pleading for mercy had proved so fruitless.

Michael was initially a bit annoyed that the doll's appeared very "laggy" during the first days, her response time and accuracy worse than he anticipated. It sometimes was straight up unresponsive, appearing to shiver in place and even stumbling to move away, towards random directions! But the manual clearly stated that all this was normal and that it'd take at least a couple of weeks of usage, for the doll's programming to perfectly synch up to each command, and its performance to go into full gear.

And the manual was right, so Michael was a more than satisfied customer. All the software or hardware imperfections seemed to have been ironed out, with repeated usage.

Sarah was getting tired, her sucking now out of synch with the electric pulse. Her feet were killing her in these tall hells, which she had even once tried to use as a weapon, only to be shocked by a frightened Michael for a very, very long time. She winced silently, without a voice to whimper with, as another shock of the “energy boost” trigger instructed her to pick things up. And so she did, hoping this would end soon.

Thankfully, it did. Sarah tried catching her breath, as her anonymous user retrieved his saliva-glistening cock from the round hole on the lower half of her vacant face. She treasured the few seconds of her break, until the small dot-light at the side of her head flashed again and the woman’s visor projected an arrow, pointing straight and to the left. On the lower right corner of her projector, was always the smaller image of that pixelated woman, shown now crawling on all fours in an alluring manner. She had seen this little logo flash countless times, and she had learned to imitate it very well.

The latex-trapped woman began crawling towards her assigned direction, all the while electricity coursing through her body. Every movement the x-dolls had to make, would have to be with a seductive, hip-swaying kitty-crawl, even if that meant they were getting shocked more for taking longer to get there. The motion trackers installed in her latex-jerk-mittens, as well as her fetish boots, measured their speeds at all times. If Sarah was moving any of her limbs quicker than she ought to (say, cheating on her sexy kitty-crawl, or more importantly making a run for her life, or charging an unsuspecting customer), the smart sensors would pick this change of speed and turn off the subject’s cognitive neural center, effectively knocking them out at once.

Sarah continued moving like a stripper moving towards her stage’s edge, trying to work through the sizzling pain throughout her body. After what she deemed was a few yards of movement, she felt with her donut-like to find her wooden frame of her owner’s bed. After bumping her head a few times, she had learned from experience to be wary of her surroundings, even in blindness.

When she reached the bed and smoothly climbed on it, another image popped before her eyes, this time of the little woman in all fours, with her ass high and her back bent. She assumed it without any complaints. This sex position was almost dignified, in comparison to some others. During her recent stay here, she had practiced and learned countless sex positions that only the lowest of street-whores could know, all for the customer’s guaranteed satisfaction. There was a big variety of positions that could be imported into the remote via online downloading. Despite not being an avid gym goer, she had learned to mimic every one of these degrading positions, certain muscles burning with strain during the process - but not as bad as the burning her synapses received while getting fried by her chip.

Sarah felt someone moving behind her, then her anal plug being removed. She hated how open her ass constantly was. These fucking rings that spread all her holes, they made her feel so vulnerable, so exposed. She felt him enter her stretched rosebud, only after her had passed the 1cm long cylinder inside her rectum. Her asshole was almost as inviting, though, eager to welcome his cock with sexual anticipation.

Sarah had dozed off for a second, but when she felt yet another momentary shock coming from the thunder button, she was snapped back into action, moving her hips onto the young man's cock, plunging herself on it with intensity. Her large rubbery breasts swayed back and forth as she fucked herself on Michael's dick. They never had such leverage on them before her enforced operation, but Sarah eventually got used to them, as well as her other "enhanced" features. A voluptuous rump that jiggled with every spank, and a waist thinner than any diet or exercise could ever grant her. Sarah hated her new "assets" even if they'd drive some shallow assholes wild. She liked her body, just how it was. They had taken that away from her.

Michael enjoyed himself, a juicy latex ass bumping against his pelvis at 108 BPMs. That artificial flesh-light felt amazing. The young man was still a virgin, being a junior in college, but if this was even close to how a human cunt felt, it was great! The young man, with his hands propped on the doll's round ass, pressed another button. This was, for lack of a better word, a "clench" command, indicated by the icon of a circle, with little arrows pointing inwards from all directions. This triggered the doll's vaginal and anal muscles to tighten their grasp around a cock. The reflex was activated against the doll's own devices, via a targeted shock on the girl's pelvis, causing a knee-jerk type of reaction, due to the involuntary contraction of the muscles. It was like an involuntary Kegel on her asshole and pussy.

Sarah felt herself grip onto her owner's cock with her asshole, whether she wanted to do or not. With the pressure on his shaft increasing, so did his pleasure. The family gift was serving its purpose pretty well.

Sarah then felt her pelvis being taken hold off, but not by her actual hips. Rather, by the ergonomic handles, attached on her sides. Michael liked the feature, as it offered him great leverage. It felt more comfortable and he could thrust much harder this way, which felt amazing. Sarah winced with every cervix-deep penetration, even though there was the pleasure she got from this stranger's cock ramming inside her ass, was difficult to deny.

The realization of that things now seemed more mundane, more normal...in a twisted, fucked up way, was very hard to comprehend, at first. But as weeks progressed, and the resignation the woman experienced, about an escape that would never come, gave way to what her life would be from now on. All humans crave a purpose. What would hers be? Evidently, it was pleasuring others, one man, to be precise. Sarah accepted that role, because it was the only one on the table. Especially in the last couple

of months, she had this strange feeling of actually WANTING to be good at her “job” probably a Pavlovian response to the thousands of shocks she had gotten whenever she lacked that motivation.

Still to her utter shame, Sarah was starting to anticipate the moments she would be used. It was getting increasingly harder to shake off that "vacant" feeling in her holes, which while gaping, seemed to be always begging for something to fill them. The desire to be sexually gratified was palpable, even though the way through this gratification was completely non-consensual. Filling a void was what Sarah had to do, so it was a fitting metaphor for someone looking for a new reason to live. Strangely enough, her only direct interference with the outside world, was with her owner’s penis, wherever it might penetrate her. Everything else found a wall of PVC, latex and darkness.

Being fucked was preferable to this abyss she was usually sunken in, or the world of electrifying pain that guided her every action, the later intertwined with plenty of frustrating stimulation. But what the chip was doing to her biology was never enough to get her off on its own! That’s were that faceless dick came in frame. Sarah wanted it inside her, and was catching herself waiting for when her owner would order her on all fours, or to straddle him cowgirl style. She worried whether her neurologically enforced lust had caused her to lose her mind, and truly become what she was now being advertised as. A mindless sex doll.

Michael was close to climax, as he kept ramming his shiny, latex sex toy from behind. Sarah also felt close to coming, something she still hadn’t succeeded in, despite her recent valiant efforts. During her first months in captivity, her mind was never in the right place for such a deeply personal and intimate thing. Rightly so. She was trying to alert someone to her rescue, not look how to get off. She was frightened and inconsolably sad.

But time cures, even the toughest of outcomes. Sarah had passed the grieving stage of her predicament, into the adapting stage. If orgasms were all the woman could look forward, she might as well go and get them! But she had to do so in her owner’s terms, not hers. Riding his dick with her huge jugs being painfully squeezed? Exhaustingly squatting up and down a hard shaft? Having her cervix or her rectum pounded with battering ram force from behind? It would have to be one of these. Sarah’s lovemaking in her previous life, had sprinkles of roughness, but was mostly sensual, rather than dirty. Her fiancé was a considerate lover, and she liked that.

Now, she had been conditioned to appreciate being abused like the latex ragdoll that she very much was. She just wanted to come, to earn that feeling, even under these tough circumstances. She had done well enough to deserve at least that, hadn’t she?! Her pussy was spasming with building up sexual energy, as her ass was getting a good fucking. She was close, reaaaally close!

As the young college kid thrust inside her ass, faster and harder, he triggered the “clenching” function on his remote, once again. Sarah’s whole body tensed up, and as her asshole squeezed hard on the boy’s sliding cock, Sarah came hard, twitching inside her latex “packaging”. Seconds later, she felt a familiar warm load, shooting deep within her ass canal.

Air was blowing rapidly from the doll’s “ear-vents”. “Wow, it’s overheating” Michael mumbled to himself as he put his hands on the warm round mesh covers. “I need to charge it more often...”

Sarah then felt the plug on her asshole being screwed back on, sealing in the young man’s load. It was just another one of these degrading insults that Sarah had almost gotten used to.

“Finally! I did it! That was amazing...” was all Sarah could think, as she remained there, ass up high, on all fours, on Michael’s bed. Lost in her cum-drunk state, she didn’t even register a hand, fidgeting with something on the left side of her head, where a USB-port was. Michael finally found the right side of the charger, its other end already plugged in wall socket. Sarah was still absorbed in the ecstasy she had just experienced, when she felt the small piece of metal being plunged 1 centimeter deep into her temple. A light underneath the charging port flashed, and Sarah felt a familiar buzzing sensation, this time not torturous, maybe a little irritating, for someone not used to it. But the woman very much was.

Her user, her owner, thought this was keeping her battery alive. He was charging something, just not a battery. It was the microchip installed in the poor woman’s brain. Leaving it for many days uncharged, would actually give the woman a chance of escape, of freedom, since the chip’s energy source would be depleted. Without the electrical signal of the remote being transferred, the latex-encased woman would actually be free of its paralyzing effects. But alas, Sarah was never that lucky. The chip was always working properly, doing its job of controlling her, of shaping her to perfectly comply with a functioning x-doll’s specifications.

A battery icon was now flashing on the girl’s head, where eyes would be on a person. It was on 17%, but the battery was flashing with a thunder icon, meaning the number would soon rise.

Sarah didn’t dare move and scare her owner into shocking her, still on a doggy-style position, her hands nesting underneath her massive chest, her blank face lying on the mattress. She had no way to see him take out his remote and press the OFF button on it. With a warning or delay, the blue latex doll dropped completely limp on the bed, deactivated. Sarah’s brain had been knocked out by the microchip inside her temple, deactivating the brain synapses responsible for keeping the woman’s senses going. It was entirely up to the young man’s sexual appetite (and boredom), when Sarah would awake again.

With his toy charging up, Michael jumped on his desk, in front of his PC, grabbed a different kind of controller, a gaming one, and continued procrastinating.

5 MONTHS AGO

Brad Lewett was relaxing at the living room of his moderately lavish place, on a quiet Sunday afternoon. Being a senior editor at an indie media agency wasn't the most profitable position someone could have, but it did have its perks.

He checked the updates on the Scoop's website. The traffic was good, and the new stories were satisfying. One about a new hip drug that was sweeping the underground, one about an up and coming transgender singer. Miss Huang, was as usual, late on her deadlines. It was over a week since he'd last heard from her, but it wasn't unusual in this field. There were no punching cards or hours of operation in this company and reporters would often go days without a sign, diving into research for stories.

As he sipped his coffee, the 38 year old man heard the doorbell ring. He let the coffee mug on the table and answered the door. To his surprise, there was nobody there, but a large, rectangular plastic crate. It looked wide enough to fit a lying person inside. Its contents were obscured by the paper wrapping around it.

The man turned his on either side of the hall. Whoever had left this outside his door, seemed in a hurry to leave. Curious, he dragged the strange package inside and closed the door.

Scratching his short but fuzzy beard, Brad thought there was only one way to learn more and so, he started ripping the wrapping from the box. What he saw left him puzzled. It was a purple-colored X-doll, packaged neatly inside the clear plastic display, like a Barbie doll. And just like a Barbie doll, her limbs and torso were attached to a frame, by coils of hard plastic wire, around her ankles, knees, wrists, elbows, neck, chest and waist. The box had the LoveLee company logo on the bottom right corner, along with the word "X-DOLL" in big letters and underneath the model, "Ex5 edition". The doll laid still and unresponsive, inside its box. Next to it was the dolls controller, along with a charger and a user's manual.

Brad opened the doll to take a better look. He scratched his head. Had he made some drunken online order, he had forgotten about? Was this some teasing joke-gift from his buddies? He took a box-cutter and tore through the plastic cover. The doll's latex coating shined brightly, with the help of the room's lights. The faceless sex-mannequin was relatively small in stature, but her tits certainly weren't, sticking proudly out her chest. The doll's tiny waist made her hips and ass look even wider and fuller than they already where.

Brad's attention was shifted from the sex toy, towards a folder, securely tapped on the inside of the doll's package. It looked kind of thick, like there wasn't just documents sealed inside. He tore it off and opened. It was a letter, along with 100.000\$ in cash! The editor could not believe his eyes. This was getting weirder by the second.

He picked up the letter. It looked brief; the official stamp of the LoveLee Company could be seen on the upper left corner. Brad read each word carefully:

Dear Mister Lewett,

Please accept this gift from all of us at LoveLee Enterprises. As a man of your important position, we'd like to thank you for the service you offer society. Journalism is a sacred institution we have a massive respect for. It is the hope of our company that an honest, transparent relationship can be establishment with all representatives of the press.

Your young reporter did an excellent job covering our companies' practices and what we stand for. Her passionate spirit and pursuit for the truth is nothing sort of admirable. For that, we wanted to return her to her supervisor, in the best condition possible. We hope that she keeps satisfying you, just as we satisfy our customers.

All the best

Signed,

Gordon Lee, CEO

The man read the letter two more times, making sure he understood what its shocking implication was. Lovelee had their tentacles sprawled on many different directions, managing to dig up Mister Lewett's H.R. infraction against Miss Huang from a few years past.

The man eyed the letter, then the doll, back and forth for more than a whole minute. He recalled how secretive the girl was always about her active projects. She probably hadn't even told anyone about what she was currently working on for her next story. A smile of disbelief started to reflexively form on his face. He couldn't believe his luck.

lovelee enterprises

A week had passed since that unexpected gift. Brad got A LOT of use out of his new fun toy during that time, often skipping office hours in order to stay at home and enjoy it. He had tossed it inside its washer a few minutes ago. It went with question that the doll's insides had been thoroughly "dirtied" with the man's testicle-juice since yesterday and he wanted to freshen it up before using it again.

Riley writhed and jerked, at least as much as the confines of the small cube she was squeezed in allowed. Her knees were folded and reached up to her head, and her arms were crossing over, her donut-hands locked onto handy gate-clip operate holders, at the side walls of the tiny space. Curled as she was, she was sitting on a single bar. The bar painfully split her crotch, and was located as away from the box's bottom as it was comfortable for two tubes to pass through the two holes on the bar and inside the girl's pussy and asshole. From both of these, hot, soapy water was being sprayed deep into the girl's insides, with considerable force nonetheless, in order to perfectly clean those dirty, dirty holes of theirs. The procedure was invasive, at the very least. After 30 minutes of that, the soapy enema would be sucked back into the machine, which would then flash the doll's filth into the house's drain pipes.

The doll's holes might have been always adjustable in diameter, but so were all the plugging accessories, meaning her plugs, tube-attachments, etc. could be made to perfectly seal with a few turns of a screw-nob. When it came to cleaning, this perfect seal made sure nothing ever spilled out of the doll's holes. No cleanup needed on this washer. It was so easy and practical!

Riley's "face-hole" was also connected to the machine's pipeline. Though despite what people believe that blue, fizzy, thick liquid was not actually soap, but in fact, the nutrition the girl needed to survive. It was also being pumped down her gullet, at a slower pace than the other two plugs, but arguably, just as invasive.

It was the reason Lovelee's IT department did not accept warranties for dolls that were deemed to have "malfunctioned due to lack of hygiene". This responsibility fell in the hands of the users. Riley's gurgling protests were completely mute, without functional vocal chords. Her minimal struggling inside her tight encasing, did not really register to anything more than a soft rumble, which could be easily interpreted as the lifeless thing's turbulence from all the liquids powerfully forcing their way inside it.

Riley gobbled down her force-fed meal, which tasted as blunt as her eye-sight. She had tried closing her throat, in an attempt to starve herself, either to death or to create an opportunity of escape, she was still unsure of. But with this feeding tube shoved past her uvula, it didn't matter at all what she was doing. The liquid was basically shot right into her esophagus.

Riley had been raped so many times since she was brought into this stranger house. She assumed it was another pathetic loner who couldn't get a real woman to fuck him, and so he resorted to what he thought, was a plastic replica of one. Whoever this asshole was that had bought her, he was extremely rough and mean in his "lovemaking". Degrading, too, not missing opportunities to hurt or humiliate the doll with his remote controlled inputs. Riley often thought if he actually fucked people this way, and who in their right mind would volunteer to sleep with him. He gave her the impression of a perverted sociopath, who wanted to abuse women, but not fall on the wrong side of the law.

The young lesbian hadn't felt a penis in any way since her college years, where she was still experimenting with her sexuality, but Riley had been hurled back on that horse in full swing. She definitely was not looking to return to her dick-riding habits. The shocks that rattled her whole body and brain were simply too awful to handle. No matter how many times she placed her mittened hands together in a pleading gesture, or tried to adopt any behavior that might appear human, she got repeatedly zapped for her transgressions. Her utter helplessness and inability to communicate her peril was driving her furiously mad! It was like this person refused to even humor this robot sex doll, even for a second!

Little did she know that unlike any other powerless woman who had tried that, this particular product owner would never let her go, even if she got back her voice and outright told him her predicament.

Brad stole glances through the clear door of the washer, at his tortured little doll. He couldn't wait to fuck her again.

Just then, he heard a knock at the door. Opening it, he furrowed his brow at the sight. "Hi Caroline, what can I do for you?" he spoke, puzzled but polite to Riley's girlfriend. "Hi Brad, can I come in?" the black girl asked with a sad, worried look. "Sure" the man showed her in.

"Riley is not returning my phone calls, I'm worried about her..." the young girl said, scratching her long, red dreadlocked hair, whilst seated on the couch. "Have you seen her or talked to her recently?" she asked Brad. "No, I have not...you know how she gets when she's working." he tried comforting her. "Yeah, but it's like the earth opened up and swallowed her. I've even gone to her house and there's not a sign of her"

"I'm sure she'll appear sooner or later, I bet she'd feel embarrassed if we blew her cover with alerting authorities without a reason..." Brad speculated. "One more day..." the girl got up, disappointed at another dead end. "...And I'm going to the cops".

As she stood, Caroline's eyes fell on the purple, latex sex robot, currently squeezed inside its washing machine. "Ewww, really, Brad? A sex robot?" the girl made a face of contempt and disgust. These dolls seemed so offensively crude to her.

“What, you don’t like her?” Brad drove the needle deeper with a remark of fake-confusion. “Their just...give me the creeps, how can you fuck something that’s not alive?” she replied. “I don’t see you complaining about your dildos...” Brad chuckled at his sentence. He escorted Caroline towards the front door, the girl still shaking her head on the way out. “Bye” Brad borderline slammed the door behind her.

The washer had finished its program. His shiny, purple latex doll was ready for another round. Her artificial skin glistened under the ceiling lights of the man’s living room. He always took care of it, rubbing its exterior clean with a wet sponge and dusting it regularly. He didn’t like having these little details lessening his experience.

Brad opened the little see-through door, disconnecting the three tubes from his toy and stashing everything neatly away. He then pressed a button on his sex toy’s remote. Riley’s body shivered from head to toe, it was a shiver that was almost too subtle to notice. She started crawling on all fours towards the man’s direction, silently cursing her fate, feeling completely humiliated at the way she was instructed to move. Ass always perked up, hips swaying, moving seductively like a sexy little kitten and all while getting agonizingly shocked. No one ever got horny from a crazily stomping sex doll.

It was what her monitor displayed, so it was what she needed to do. She had tried moving faster to her assigned spot a couple of times, only to discover the limits of her actions, being zapped unconscious by her microchip. The hard PVC of her cage-mask protected her from any unwanted head injuries, everytime she comically dropped on the floor like a latex sack of potatoes.

Like probably any other unfortunate dollified woman, Riley had also tried making a stealthy escape attempt, blindly feeling the walls for an exit door, one time when Brad had left her there in the living room. She had realized she might be online, after a few minutes had passed without any additional orders, and so she gave it a go, rising to her precariously tall heels and pathetically looking for a way out.

But Lovelee’s technology wouldn’t just let its product “mime” their way to freedom. The motion trackers inside their heels and mittens again came in handy. Because they constantly monitored the four limbs’ position, they could be easily triggered by a naughty x-doll breaking her assigned posture, be that a stationary, waiting stance or a sex-ready, fuck-me-daddy pose. Once triggered, the doll had a total of three seconds to return to her assigned position, (with a relative scrutiny as to her exact coordinates corresponding to said position) otherwise it was “lights out” thanks to her brain’s microchip connected wirelessly to the motion trackers. It was another fail-safe system designed to ensure client safety.

Finally, Riley felt the continuous shocks seize, as she assumed the desired posture to where she assumed was the chubby, disgusting master of her fate. Kneeling with folded knees, her body forward and her head on the floor, hands folded in front of her, like worshipping a deity she never believed in. A deity that was now looking down at her clothed only in a wife-beater and socks, nothing else. His humble subject's waist was bent as far as it went, and her ass almost pointed to the ceiling. Riley felt the slightest room's breeze on her unplugged holes, left there from her recent wash-up. To her ultimate embarrassment, she could also feel her pussy licking her own, natural lubrication, reminding her of her constantly spiked libido. She hated how horny she always felt.

The man pressed another button, and Riley swiftly changed her posture, raising her torso, spreading her legs and bringing her useless arms behind her back. The man put his thumb and index on the small nob on the side of the doll's mouth-hole. He screwed it clock-wise a couple of times, stretching Riley's already staining jaw to an even more welcoming hole. Riley could simply stand and accept how wide her master wanted her mouth-hole to be, internally cursing him out, with her saliva-dripping tongue barely picking out the exit.

The man then shoved his erect member inside the round hole, forcing his average sized cock deeper with the practical head-handles he was grabbing onto. Riley's throat was literally being used like a flesh-light, face-fucking her with no regard, and she did nothing to stop it. She dreaded being shocked again, opting to suffocate on the man's cock for as long as he wished. Her moist cavity coated the largely unwashed sex organ with saliva, helping it reach down her throat with more ease and her tongue rubbed against it with little agency. It was a perfect glory hole.

Brad removed his dick after a while, his doll's "air-vents" appearing to work over time to keep the robot functioning. He took a sit on his comfy sofa and pressed another button on his control. With no break available, Riley saw an image of the same pixelated woman adopting a reverse cowgirl position. The shocking that coursed through her body a moment later, left her no choice but to follow suit.

Brad helped take "a seat" on him, guiding her heeled, pretty legs to sit on either side of his hips, as the girl unwillingly, but very actively, straddled him, both facing the same direction. His cock slid inside her dripping pussy with ridiculous ease. He turned up the pace to 115 BPMs, and then laid back and let his toy do the rest. Riley bounced up and down on the man's shaft at the lively pace instructed, working her thighs hard, her unnaturally huge breasts bouncing along with her. She sometimes tried to think of Caroline during sex, as a way to maybe soften the blow of being raped in this aphrodisiacal frenzy. To maybe experience some positive feelings, to relieve some of her sexual frustration. It didn't help much. Caroline was tender and embracing, sweet and beautiful. She made Riley climax all the time, with her tongue, her fingers and many other ways. Riley couldn't fathom a way to orgasm in her current scenario. Being repeatedly abused while being slammed by a sperm-slinging cock weirdly did not do it for her.

What she was currently a part of was not sex. It was simply a function she was programmed to carry through with. Like a mindless robot. A utilitarian machine. A brainless sex-doll.

Riley felt her unnamed, faceless owner reach behind her and grab her big tits with both hands, squeezing them tightly, while also holding her slim, latex body with his arms, pressing his body on her latex-covered back. He was close. Really close. Riley was getting tired, 115 BPMs is not easy for more than 5 minutes.

A beeping red light flashed on the side of the girl's head and Riley, still in the man's appalling embrace, felt her pussy involuntarily twitch and spasm into a tight grip around the pounding cock. Seconds later, she experienced the increasingly familiar feeling of a warm, thick fluid, oozing from her, once petite, sex-hole.

Brad pulled the doll back with him as he laid his back on the sofa's backrest. His arms remained wrapped around her, one underneath her too-big-for-her-body jugs, one over them. It was an almost loving embrace, his cock remaining inside the doll.

The man leaned slightly, where the doll's ears were. "I enjoyed that Miss Huang. I hope you did, too". The doll did not respond, nor listened to his words. It simply stood in his arms, waiting for the next command.