

The Boutique

by Evil Dolly

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Celeste crossed the threshold, stepping out of the oppressive summer heat into the cool, perfumed air of the new boutique. She was greeted by two scantily clad mannequins on either side of the door. Her attention was drawn to their faces, and was taken aback at how lifelike they seemed. Their eyes and lips glistened, their feminine faces almost glowing despite the impossibly perfect chiseled contours. They gave her an uneasy sensation of being watched, and she quickly turned away.

There were only a few people milling about in the store. Celeste's school had let out early because of the heat (the air conditioners were broken again), and not many places were crowded at this hour on a week day. She had heard about this place from her friends, who told her about all the wonderful things here, making her jealous. She passed through this first room with walls lined with expensive evening gowns and formals; a glance at one of the price tags told her she shouldn't get herself worked up over them. The next room suited her more. It was overflowing with lingerie. Bras, panties, negligees, babydolls, and teddies of all kinds were hanging from the walls, arranged on tables, and piled deep in baskets. Smiling, she ran her fingers over the silky feminine finery. She wished she could try each and every one of them on. "Oh, these are cool," she said, holding up a pair of fuchsia french panties. Over its waistband another pair of the strangely lifelike mannequins caught her eye. One of them, standing in a provocative stance, was wearing old-fashioned bloomers. They were emerald green, silken and loose, fastening tightly at the waist and again at the knees. It wore a matching bustier. Layers of ruffles cascaded from the knees. The second mannequin wore a teddy of the same style as the other, with the ruffles attached to the hips. She wondered what those bloomers would feel like to wear, but didn't think they'd be very practical.

The second mannequin was down on one knee, with an arm hooked around the standing one's waist and a cheek pressing against its hip. Celeste smiled to herself at the homo-erotic positions of the mannequins, wondering who had positioned them so. She had just recently come to terms with her own

homosexuality and enjoyed seeing things such as this in everyday surroundings. It made her feel less alone. She had never had a lover of either sex, and wearing sexy lingerie such as these made her feel, well, more appealing. To herself, anyway. And it never hurt to have nice intimates to wear, just in case. She clutched the fuchsia panties in her hand and went to explore the rest of the store.

"This place is huge," Celeste mused as she passed through several other rooms of clothes. One of the rooms seemed to be the foundations department, featuring mainly hourglass Victorian corsets and girdles of all kinds. In the back of the section was another peculiar, corset-clad mannequin with a waist that must have been 15 inches around, at the most. Celeste ended up in the shoe department. There were hundreds of styles of shoes: a plethora of pumps, flats, boots, spike heels, and others. At the rear of this department was a doorway labeled "Leather" in feminine script.

Upon entering the dimly lit room, Celeste saw that the walls were lined with mannequins posing different articles of leather and vinyl clothes. She meandered through the racks of clothes, tentatively touching the merchandise. Leather always gave her a slightly, oh, animalistic sensation. She had started browsing through a rack in curiosity when she got the eerie feeling that she was being watched. She turned around to find a mannequin staring-- no, *appearing* to stare at her. This one was of a youthful brunette, sitting on a pedestal, with her elbows resting on her knees and her knees spread wide apart. Tight-laced, stiletto heeled boots encased her legs almost to the hips. Gloves of matching leather covered her arms from fingertips to armpit. She wore a pair of small, black leather panties and a studded bra. Her face and skin were so realistic that Celeste faltered and wondered for a moment if it was a real girl sitting there.

"Hello?" she asked, then immediately blushed and self-consciously looked about to see if anyone had come into the room. No, she was still alone. She slowly reached out and caressed the mannequin's shoulder. It was just cool, hard plastic. Celeste shook her head, admonishing herself for her anxiousness, and returned to the racks. Still, she felt even more uneasy; the feeling of being watched didn't go away. In fact, it got stronger. She hurriedly hustled out of the room, sparing one last glance at the strange mannequins. In her haste, she blundered into a rack of crinkly petticoats, nearly knocking it over. She steadied herself and the rack, and took in her new surroundings. Wedding gowns? This room was a flood of white lace. Several less frightening mannequins were standing in the windows, holding dried bouquets in their hands. They were

shrouded in yards of tight, lacy clothing. It made Celeste almost wish she was straight, so she could wear one of these at a real wedding. She started to poke through the bridesmaid's gowns on the wall when she heard, "Can I help you?"

Celeste let out a squeak and spun around, startled after having spent so much time in silence. In the doorway stood, arms crossed, a mature woman appearing to be in her late thirties, with thick, raven hair pulled into a tight french braid. She wore a loose, pearl-colored silk blouse, a long, black skirt that in no way hid the curves of her legs, and a cameo around her throat. Celeste could see the dark outline of an old-fashioned conical bra which forced her breasts into points that pressed enticingly against the blouse. "You seem a little young to be getting married," she said.

Celeste realized that she hadn't answered the woman's first question and felt a blush form on her cheeks. "Uh, no," she stammered, "I'm not. I mean, I'm not getting married...I'm just, uh, looking." She silently berated herself for sounding so stupid.

"Ah, I see," replied the woman simply. She smiled, dropped her arms to her sides, and walked towards Celeste. "I'm Deirdre. I own the store. If there is anything I can help you find...?"

Celeste just fidgeted. She was suddenly entranced by how Deirdre's bra-narrowed breasts made an angular tent of her blouse after she uncrossed her arms, and how it all shimmered lightly as she walked. "Oh! You're the owner? I-I'm Celeste," she said. *Oh, God, why did I tell her my name? Why would she care?* She felt more blood rush to her face. To her face, and other places.

Deirdre continued to advance, trapping Celeste in a corner. "I'm very pleased to meet you, Celeste. I see you've found something, already," she said, gesturing to Celeste's hand. Celeste looked down to see the fuchsia panties that she had crumpled into a small ball in her palm. Deirdre gracefully took another few steps closer. "And I'm sure you look positively darling in them," she purred.

Celeste's gaze flickered to the floor on either side of Deirdre, unable to look in her eyes and too embarrassed to look at her body. *Oh gosh, oh heck, she thought, is she... is she coming on to me? Does she think... is she interested in me? She couldn't be... could she? How could she know I'm gay? God, is it that obvious?* Celeste felt blood pounding in her ears. Was this the moment she'd been fearing and desiring for one third of her entire, short life? "Why, thank y--"

Before she got her sentence out, Deirdre was caressing Celeste's cheek,

tucking loose blonde ringlets behind her ear. "I would like to see you in them. Very much," she smiled warmly. Celeste shook her head gently, not in denial, but rather in disbelief. Her mouth was gaping. Deirdre shook her head, mirroring Celeste. "No? You don't want me to see you in them?"

"Yes!" blurted Celeste. "I mean no.. er, I mean...uh. You mean, now?"

Deirdre laughed. It was a gently, lilting laugh which made Celeste's knees weak. "No, dear, not now," she smiled. "But, I would like to see you. Later. Say, midnight tonight, perhaps?" She stepped closer still, so that Celeste was overcome by the fragrance of her perfume and bodily odors. Celeste swooned and pressed herself against the wall for support. Her face felt like it was on fire. She could hardly bring herself to look in the woman's eyes, but she didn't want to offend her.

"Yes," she managed. "Please, I'd like to. I-I'd really like to..." She trailed off. Could this really be happening? She had fantasized about this moment for so long, and now it was happening! She was ecstatic. She was overwhelmed. She was going to faint. Deirdre helped the girl stay on her feet. "You're new at this, I can tell. But that's okay. I'll take care of you, very good care of you. For a very long time. Come back tonight, but don't tell anyone, and I mean anyone, that you're coming here. I could get in serious trouble because of your age, dear. And we don't want that." She smoothed Celeste's hair back once more, then motioned to her to the crumpled panties in her white-knuckled fist. "Keep those as a gift. I expect to see them on you later tonight, dear. Go on, now," she said as she ushered the girl out of the room.

Celeste wandered in a daze through the unexplored departments and out to her car. She had never been this excited in her life! She clutched the wheel for a minute, calming herself enough to remember how to drive. After spreading the panties reverently on the passenger's seat, she started home.....

Twelve hours later Celeste was pulling up in the same parking lot, with butterflies on a rampage in her stomach. She had laid in bed most of the day, too excited to sleep, dreaming of what would finally happen that night. She couldn't concentrate on her homework, her gaze constantly going to the panties she had laid on top of her dresser. They made her shiver with anticipation. She gave up on the homework, deciding that punishment, detention, anything was worth going out that night. Her parents questioned her sudden loss of appetite, but didn't get anything out of her. She spent the remaining hours after supper shaving, cleaning, perfuming, fixing her hair, and making herself up. She put on

a loose, white, summer skirt and a pink cotton blouse. And, of course, the panties. She snuck out of the house at a quarter 'til twelve, still disbelieving that this could possibly be happening. It was so unlike her. So illicit. So exciting!

The Boutique was unlit, save for the displays which contained mannequins. She knocked on the door and waited for a minute. There was no answer. She walked around the building and looked for another-- *Ah! There it is.* A back entrance. She rapped loudly on the small door, and was answered with the sound of locks being unsnapped. The door swung open, revealing Deirdre, wearing the same clothes she had been wearing earlier. "My, my, don't we look utterly adorable?" Deirdre said, taking Celeste by her shoulder and turning her around. "Your body is perfect, my dear."

Celeste blushed and thanked her profusely. Deirdre would have none of it and led the girl by the hand through a series of hallways cluttered with boxes and scraps of clothing. "Where are we going?" she asked.

"To my workshop," answered Deirdre. A moment passed. "If you're curious as to how I knew you had, ah, preferences such as you do, lets just say I have a sixth sense about these things."

Celeste blushed. That was exactly what she had been wondering. She wondered if she was that transparent or if Deirdre was simply very intuitive. She allowed herself to be led, which was for the better, since she didn't think she could stand on her own. Deirdre took her into a room with long tables on either side, clothes hanging from racks and covering every inch of the floor, wigs for the mannequins scattered about, and some of the mannequins themselves laying on the tables. A naked one was sitting on the edge of a table, and Celeste marveled at the anatomical detail of its nude form. "I dress them in here," explained Deirdre. "I take great pleasure in dressing them." She ran her hand up the girl's back, making it arch. "Yes, they are realistic, and very expensive. Too realistic sometimes; they frighten some customers away. Like they did to you in the leather department. And yes, I was watching you then."

Celeste's blush deepened and she suddenly felt very self conscious. "I'm.. I'm sorry I'm not saying much. I just...can't think of anything...to say..." she stammered, luxuriating in the feel of the woman's hand sliding up and down her back.

"That's quite all right, dear," said Deirdre, "I understand. I prefer it this way. I like silence, so you don't have to say a word." She soothed the girl with her carefully modulated voice, then leaned and kissed her cheek gently. "I hope

you're ready for this, it might not be quite what you expected. I have to go get something I left in the other room. I'll be right back." She released the girl and sauntered out of the room.

Celeste sighed softly and rolled her head back. "Ooooh, this is a dream." She dabbed the perspiration from her face and neck while watching Deirdre leave. Curious about the mannequin, she stepped up to it, feeling bolder, and let her hand rest on one of its ample breasts. It was cool and hard, but strangely soft. And the detail! The nipple was ringed with perfectly crafted areola. Her fingertips ran across the nipple and almost jerked her hand back. It felt warm and soft... so real! She pinched the rubbery nipple hard, and smiled at her own foolishness. She wished she could see if its vagina was just as realistic, but unfortunately its legs were clamped too tightly together. When she looked back at the nipple she had squeezed, she let out a little gasp. The nipple hadn't been that size a few seconds ago. It looked... it had gotten erect! What was going on here? Then she heard Deirdre clearing her throat. She twirled around, embarrassed, to find Deirdre dangling a pair of thick, leather restraints from one finger, smiling a strange smile.

Celeste stared at the restraints as Deirdre approached her. "Um.. I don't know about that. I don't think I'm into that," she said, slightly afraid.

"Aw, come on," said Deirdre with a grin. "Play with me. Turn around."

Celeste trembled, thoughts racing through her mind. She was so starved for physical affection, so desperate to learn about sex in real life, and this woman was so beautiful. It might be kinda fun. She turned around. Deirdre took her hands and crossed her wrists behind her back, locking the restraints on. Her hands slid down over Celeste's buttocks. "You're mine now. Forever."

Celeste could do nothing but swallow loudly and watch Deirdre as she punched a code into a small keypad in the wall. At the far side of the room, a section of the floor slid away, revealing a staircase descending into darkness. Celeste sensed that something was not right here at all, but before she could lodge a protest, Deirdre was pulling her towards the trapdoor. When she reached the bottom, she was assaulted by a wave of strange odors that made her instantly uneasy. She heard the door sliding shut above her and then the room lit up. It wasn't a small room, but it was stuffy and windowless, giving her a claustrophobic feeling. On the tables were devices she couldn't identify, but she could identify the multitude of whips decorating the walls. At the back of the room were two semi-circular metal plates hanging from chains. She didn't know

what they were, but they frightened her anyway. Below them was what appeared to be a concrete funnel sunk into the floor with a steel-grated drain at the bottom. On the other wall was a clear vat with strange attachments, full of a bluish, viscous liquid. Below it was a wooden plank with leather straps. Several video cameras were aimed at it. Deirdre pushed her from behind. Celeste balked.

“Oh, come now, don’t be like that. If you’re a bad girl I’ll have to whip you.”

“What is all this? What are you going to do? Oh God, please don’t hurt me!” Celeste’s eyes were wide with fear. She dug her heels in. Without warning she heard a loud crack and felt pain cut into the back of her thighs. She was too startled to scream; her breath was knocked out of her. She stumbled a few steps but was caught by Deirdre’s surprisingly strong arms. Celeste saw a hideous whip in Deirdre’s hands.

“See? Now if you don’t move, I’ll whip you ‘til your blood runs down your legs. I wouldn’t enjoy it, but I’ll do it, if you make me.” Her tone was light, almost conversational, and very calm. Terrified, Celeste allowed herself to be pushed to the hanging plates, tears running down her cheeks. She whimpered softly, begging Deirdre not to hurt her. Deirdre made no response other than to turn Celeste around, standing her above the drain. She then pressed one of the metal plates against the front of Celeste’s neck, and then slid the opposite plate against the back of her neck, locking them together like horizontal metal stocks. The chains pulled the stocks higher, forcing her to stand on her tiptoes lest she choke. There were two smaller holes on either side of the neck hole, for her hands. Celeste’s breath was coming in short little gasps. Deirdre stood in front of the girl and started smoothing Celeste’s hair away from her face. “Don’t worry, little doll, I’m not going to hurt you. I’d never do that. Your body is just too perfect to damage. My doll, my little doll...”

“Please,” Celeste sobbed, “let me go. I won’t tell anyone, just don’t hurt me. Let me go, please, just let me go.”

“I can’t do that, doll. I said I won’t hurt you, but I will never let you go,” Deirdre said. Celeste started to protest, but Deirdre silenced her. “Don’t give me that old ‘You Won’t Get Away With This’ speech. I’ve heard it from all my other dolls, and I have never been caught. Yes, I’ve done this before, many times. I’ve already contacted some associates of mine who have taken your car. By tomorrow morning it will have been taken apart and sold off. If you had told

anyone you were coming here, I would have known." She tapped her forehead. "I'm explaining this to you because I want you to know exactly what I'm going to do to you." She wiped the tears from Celeste's cheeks.

Celeste felt anger flare. "You've done this before? You trapped me! You lured me here... I-I trusted you! Wh-what are you going to do to me? Where are the other girls? Why me? I liked you! I...wore those panties for you."

"Aww, that's so sweet. Poor dear. I do sympathize with you. I don't hate you, or any of the other girls. I love you all very much, which is why I'm devoted to preserving the beauty of your youth forever," she smiled innocently. "And where are the others, you ask? Why, you've already seen them. Hundreds of people see them every day and never even suspect," she said and started massaging the girl's breasts lovingly, playing with her nipples through the thin material of her blouse. Celeste closed her eyes, trying to keep from concentrating on the sensations that Deirdre's fingers were forcing her to feel. Deirdre smirked, "Your breasts are lovely, doll, but I would prefer them much, much firmer."

Deirdre's words about the other girls sunk in, and Celeste shuddered. *Were those mannequins...? No, that was impossible! Wasn't it? Were those really the girls? What had she done to them? Were they dead? Is she going to kill me and stuff me? She remembered the drain right below her...to catch her blood like in some butcher shop?* She started to hyperventilate. Deirdre laughed and pressed her hand to the girl's crotch. Celeste gasped and tried to squirm away. No one but her doctor had ever touched her there. She was horrified that her body was enjoying being touched by this madwoman. This beautiful madwoman... "No!" she shouted and clamped her thighs together. "Don't touch me! Let me go! Let me--"

She was silenced as Deirdre took two large pills out a drawer and forced them between Celeste's lips. Her strong, cool hand clamped over Celeste's nose and mouth, holding her head back painfully in the stocks. Her other hand massaged Celeste's throat, coaxing her to swallow like some animal. Celeste whimpered and squirm, trying to pull back, but the stocks held her firmly in place. She tried to suck air in through Deirdre's fingers, but it was sealed off completely. The pills tasted sweet, like candy, so she hoped they weren't dangerous. She swallowed them with some difficulty. Relaxing, she expected Deirdre to take her hands away, but they clamped her face even harder. When Celeste realized Deirdre wasn't letting go, she let out a muffled scream and tried to jerk her head back and forth. Her lungs ached for air. Deirdre's innocently

smiling face was the last thing she saw when her vision swam and she blacked out. When Celeste came to, she saw Celeste stirring an amber liquid in a beaker.

"Ah, there you are," Deirdre said, without having looked up. "Never been smothered before? Well, you'll get used to it. I love the panic it causes in my girls. No matter how many times I do it, they still panic before they go under. I prefer the quiet, and you were making far too much noise." She funneled the contents of the beaker into a large syringe. Celeste's eyes widened. She felt emotionally numb, drained of her earlier fury from the brief suffocation. She was, however, still quite able to feel fear.

Deirdre walked back to the girl and removed the restraints from the girl's hands. Celeste rubbed her bruised wrists and Deirdre started unbuttoning her blouse. When Celeste raised her hands to fend off Deirdre, she got them painfully smacked. Her blouse slid off her shoulders was pulled from her arms. Her bra followed. She felt humiliation to her deep red. She sobbed quietly in helplessness, avoiding looking at Deirdre. How could she still find the woman so attractive?

"Because I'm making you feel it," said Deirdre, answering the girl's thoughts. "I'm in your head now, and you can't get me out." She ran her fingernails in sensual circles around Celeste's breasts, spiraling upwards to her erect nipples. Celeste's hands clenched into defiant fists, which Deirdre forced into the stocks and locked them securely into place.

Deirdre retrieved the syringe and held it up for Celeste to see. Celeste pulled against the stocks. "Is that...drugs?" she whispered. "Please, please don't drug me, no, no, no..."

Deirdre smirked. "You're so delightfully pitiful. No, this isn't a drug. It's a localized solvent. It will keep choice parts of you soft and pliable. Fleshy." She took Celeste's right breast and pushed the needle deep into the tip of her nipple. Celeste screamed as she felt the cold, metal burrowing her thick, sensitive flesh. The terrible flare of pain was followed by a freezing sensation creeping into her nipple and through her breast. It felt as though her nipple was going to burst open.

Overcome with fear and pain, she lost control and started to scream hysterically. She kicked out blindly at Deirdre. Alarmed, Deirdre held Celeste's head firmly and gazed into her eyes. Celeste felt calm wash over her. *It's not fair, she thought, I want to go crazy, I can't take this, I don't want to be here! I don't want to know what she's going to do to me. Please let me faint, die... something! Don't make me*

stay sane. Oh, her face is still so beautiful, how can I be attracted to her?

Deirdre embraced Celeste and pressed against her. She kissed her forehead, cheeks, eyelids, murmuring and soothing her. Once the girl closed her eyes and relaxed, quite against her will, she pushed the needle into her other nipple. She cried out, stiffened, then swooned in a faint.

“Shhh. Almost finished with this, my doll,” Deirdre said and eased down her body. Celeste felt the woman’s cool fingers slide up her thighs and hook her panties. She was too scared of getting whipped to resist. Her nipples had stopped hurting. They just felt numb. When her skirt dropped to her feet and was taken away she started to cry again from the humiliation of being completely naked before Deirdre. She felt her hips thrust forward against her will when Deirdre’s fingers invaded her pink vaginal folds. Deirdre didn’t linger, though. She quickly stuck the needle just below the girl’s clitoris and injected the rest of the fluid. Celeste jerked back and screamed, but Deirdre had already finished. She got up and walked behind Celeste. She held her breath, waiting for the icy coldness that was spreading through her crotch and womb to turn to numbness.

Celeste started to get nauseated. She heard water running behind her. She thought the cramps were from the stuff Deirdre injected in her, or maybe just the horror of what was going on. The feeling grew stronger, and her stomach hurt. Her mouth started watering and it reminded her of the times when she got sick as a child. She was sure she was going to--

“You should be feeling awfully sick right now, dear,” Deirdre said with clinical disinterest. “It’s from those pills I gave you earlier. You see, I have to purge your body of everything in your stomach and colon before I finish the process. It is messy, but necessary.” Celeste wasn’t paying attention. Deirdre unlocked Celeste’s hands from the stocks and refastened them behind her back, then released her neck. Celeste offered no resistance, tumbling immediately to her knees and bending over the drain in the floor.

A minute later Celeste had projected her day’s eating into the floor and was panting from the strain. Strings of drool dangled from her mouth. Deirdre took Celeste’s blouse and wiped the girl’s cheeks and mouth clean, then pushed her forward until her cheek was resting on the floor. Celeste felt terribly vulnerable in this position. Deirdre pressed an enema nozzle into Celeste’s anus, and Celeste tried to scoot away to avoid it. “No, no, not that...Oh, God...” she whimpered as she felt the hot water rush into her. It came so hard and fast that her bowels felt instantly bloated, and it kept coming. She’d never had an enema

before; it was so humiliating, feeling her insides invaded and stretched, deeper than any dildo could ever go.

She was so consumed by the enema that she hardly realized it when her bladder started evacuating its contents in a forceful stream. "Yes, the pills did that, too. Everything must come out, except what's in your small intestine. That will be fully absorbed soon after we're all done. You'll never have to bother with eating again." Deirdre's voice came from behind her.

Celeste swore she could feel her stomach stretching and going taut from the pressure inside her. Finally, it stopped, and the nozzle was rudely jerked from her rectum. An exhausting egress followed, washing into the drain. The cramps were painful and seemed to last forever. She shut her eyes, feeling so degraded from squatting, handcuffed, while her bowels emptied themselves against her will. When that was over, Deirdre wiped off Celeste's thighs with a piece of cloth. Celeste realized it was her skirt. She started to beg again, but she lacked the strength to speak. Her body was wracked with shudders. Deirdre cradled the girl in her arms, slowly maneuvering her towards the board encircled with video cameras. To Celeste's eyes, it had the appearance of some terrible torture device.

Celeste found her voice. "What are you going to do?" she croaked. "Stop...don't kill me. Don't kill me!" She thrashed, panic-stricken, in the woman's strong grip. She felt Deirdre's hand cup her pubic mound and the woman's presence invade her mind again. It felt as if all her anger and strength was being channeled into her clitoris. She suddenly became very aware of Deirdre's breath against her neck, her blouse-covered breasts pressing against her side, and her fingers inside her. She struggled and bucked, but every move seemed to further increase the heat in her sex. She thought she was going to orgasm, but when she was on the verge... it held, and kept building. She was panting hard, voicing breathless denials of her body's betrayal. How could this be happening? How could Deirdre's slightest touch excite her more than anything she'd ever known? But it was happening, and she couldn't stop it! *Get out of my mind*, she cried inside. *Get out, stop making me like this!*

As she was involved in this internal struggle, worn leather straps were fastened tight around her ankles and wrists, forcing her to stay on her hands and knees. "Stop... please... I can't take anymore," Celeste sobbed weakly.

Deirdre, who had been quietly chuckling to herself throughout the struggle, withdrew her hand from Celeste's crotch. "They always react the same,

my pet. They never realize I'm doing them a favor. You're never going to grow old, doll. You're mine now. You were born to be mine." She got up and walked to the rack of clothes, sorting through him. Celeste hung her head between her arms, not resigned to be killed or whatever this horrible woman wanted to do to her, but too weary to protest.

"Tired, dear?" Deirdre asked, again not looking up from her work. "It's awful how the body does that to itself. You won't ever have to worry about that again, my beautiful, precious doll." She turned around with a small corset in her hands. She knelt beside the girl and began to strap it tightly around her waist. "You see that?" She gestured to the cylinder of liquid. Celeste raised her head and looked to where she pointed.

Celeste saw a large, clear cylinder suspended about five feet from the ground. Air bubbles rose lazily through the thick fluid inside. Dangling from the underside of the cylinder were several lengths of rubber tubing.

"What's that?" She looked down to the ends of the tubes: one ended in a large nozzle, the other in what appeared to be lower-face mask. She grunted aloud as the corset continued to get tighter and tighter. Her body jerked as Deirdre yanked the strings and squeezed the air out of her.

"You'll find out soon enough, doll," said Deirdre as she went about turning on the video cameras. "I used to have to write down each girl's reaction to all this before cameras were invented. This is much easier. Since this process can only be done once, I like to record them so I can savor it again. Oh, don't start crying again. We're almost done! The corset is to make sure your waist stays nice and narrow. You won't be pliable enough in a few minutes to be able to wear one tighter. I know just where to put you." She arranged the sobbing girl's hair away from her face and took the mask in hand. "Any last words?"

Since before the invention of cameras? She really is crazy! She is going to kill me now, I know it! Celeste thought. *I don't want to die, please, God, don't make me die. Especially not like this.* She let out a heavy, tearful sob. She was so drained of emotion and strength. She knew at this point begging would be useless, but the instinct of self-preservation drove her to it anyway. "I swear I won't tell anyone," her voice hitched between sobs, "anyone at all. Don't kill me. I'll do anything, just don't... don't do whatever you're going to do. Please--!"

"Quiet," Deirdre interrupted, "we've already been through this. It's time." She pressed the mask to Celeste's face. She tried to pull away but the restraints held her in place. The tube continued through the inside of the mask and into

the girl's mouth, with pads to keep her tongue depressed and straps to keep her jaw firmly clamped on the tube. It tickled the back of her throat, making her gag. Straps were secured behind her head, sealing the mask. There were several small holes level with the bottom of her nose that allowed her to suck in what air she could. Making muffled whimpers, she watched Deirdre take the other tube and walk around behind her, and she realized where the other tube was going. She tried to keep the nozzle out, but with Deirdre's strength behind it, it slid easily past her sphincter with a brief flare of pain and embedded itself deeply inside. She thought she could feel it getting thicker inside her. The nozzle's inflatable rings on the inside and outside of her were being pumped full of air to hold it in place. Celeste screamed hoarsely into the mask, from the degradation and terror. Deirdre walked back in front of her. "Ready?" She asked, switching on the machine.

Celeste watched, cheeks moist with tears, as the fluid made its slow and deliberate way down the tube and approached the mask. Celeste couldn't help but to wonder what it was, what it would taste like. Would it hurt? She watched it until the stream disappeared into the mask and washed across her tongue. She let out a small squeak of alarm. To her surprise it tasted sweet and sugary, pleasant; almost like warm maple syrup. Before she could think on it more, her cheeks were filled to bulging and she had to swallow, only to have her mouth fill up again in seconds. In defiance she refused to swallow, making it spill from her lips and start filling up the mask, quickly rising to the level of the breathing holes and blocked her air. She hadn't thought about that! She choked and began to swallow furiously to lower the level. She heard Deirdre laugh and tell her to drink or drown. Since Celeste didn't know what it would do to her, she wasn't sure which was the preferable option. She choked again when she felt the liquid spilling from the end of the other nozzle. It was coming in at a faster rate than from her mouth tube. She felt the pressure building in her intestines, causing painful cramps.

"Yes, it hurts a little, doll, but it will be over soon, and you'll be much happier for it," Deirdre laid her hand on the girl's back, smiling. "Be still now. You want to know what it's doing in you? It's something special I learned to make a very long time ago. It's an ancient bit of alchemy. Think of it as sort of a protein that will be digested very quickly."

At this Celeste felt as if something popped inside her. The pressure continued to build and she felt as though she was going to explode. The fluid

reached much deeper than the enema had. *Ooooh, God, what's happening to me?*

Deirdre cleared her throat. "I'm telling you what's happening to you, if you'd listen. It will be spread through your entire body through your own digestive system, into your skin and muscles. It's a very fascinating process."

Celeste had swallowed over well over a gallon of the stuff, and she was feeling light-headed. After ten minutes passed, the flow finally slowed and came to a stop. Sweat drenched her body and she was trembling. Now that it had stopped and she felt her senses come back. Something was happening inside her! She found it was increasingly difficult to breathe and her skin was tingling all over.

Deirdre ran her fingers through Celeste's hair and unstrapped the mask. Celeste shook her head and worked her jaw when it came free. She tried to speak, but all that came out was a thick gurgle. Eyes wide, she looked around for Deirdre. The woman was behind her, withdrawing the nozzle, which made an audible pop when it came out. She looked down and saw that the board around her hands was ringed with a fuzzy down. She realized with horror that it was her arm hair. Her arms were bare! The tingling in her skin persisted, especially in her scalp. "Yes. That happens. When's the last time you saw a hairy doll?"

Deirdre tousled the girl's pubic hair, then moved around so that her breasts were staring Celeste in the face. She opened her hand before Celeste's eyes to show her the mass of curls which came from the girl's crotch. She took a breath and blew them in her face. Celeste flinched. She felt her heart flutter and it was taking more effort to breathe. Deirdre started to roughly brush Celeste's hair, painlessly taking hair off in clumps. Celeste, confronted by physical evidence of her change, panicked again. She thrashed her head, moaned, pulled hard on her restraints. Her muscles were slow in responding, which only added to her terror. Deirdre quickly finished removing the girl's hair and put it in aside. She clutched Celeste's smooth head to her breast to calm her down.

"Calm down, doll. There's nothing you can do about it now. But don't worry, you'll get your hair back. I'll make a nice wig out of it for you. The fluid will harden like an epoxy once it reaches everywhere inside you. You'll be beautiful," she said.

Celeste could feel her muscles getting stiffer, almost rigid. *Epoxy? This can't be happening to me, this has to be a nightmare! Why can't I wake up?*

Her cheek was pressed against the tent of silky cloth between Deirdre's breasts. She felt Deirdre's arms around the back of her head, nuzzling her deeper

into her cleavage. Deirdre's will filled her mind, inducing calm, keeping her from panicking.

Am I dying? It didn't seem so frightening now. Maybe she was just too tired to be scared anymore. Still, she didn't feel like she was dying. Her thoughts were still clear. Although much more slowly, her heart was still beating. Her lungs wouldn't respond to her commands to cry or speak, but they were still taking in air at a slow, steady pace. Her tear ducts still worked-- they wetted Deirdre's blouse. Her skin still tingled... it felt cooler. Her whole body felt cool. The more difficult it became for her to move, the stronger the sexual sensations became. She thought Deirdre was making her feel that, too. She was scared that, like quicksand, the more she fought it the faster it would overtake her. She tried to stay as still as possible.

After a few more minutes had passed, she had buried her face against Deirdre, who was holding Celeste's head tightly, rocking her gently and murmuring. Celeste found her tears had dried up. The only muscles she could move now were her vaginal muscles, which clenched from her unwelcome arousal. Her senses were being overpowered by the terror of her rigidity, the arousing urges in her body, and the strong scent of Deirdre's body and musky perfume. Deirdre untangled herself and looked into Celeste's eyes. They looked back, wide and pleading.

"Keep your eyes open, doll. Don't blink. That's right, keep looking at me. Shhh. I know how scared you are. You'll be fine. Just a few more seconds."

Celeste realized she couldn't close her eyes now no matter how hard she tried. She couldn't move anything! Her skin was stiff and taut. But she could still feel everything: the wood beneath her hands, the air around her newly bald body, the tender caress of Deirdre's hands, which now felt incredibly warm against Celeste's cool cheeks. Her mind finally refused to accept what was happening to its body and turned itself off. Celeste saw blackness closing around her vision, and then it closed in on her...

She was aware that she was conscious when she woke up, but it took a minute before her vision fully cleared. The fright she had felt had dissipated. She wondered if that ordeal had really happened to her. She could sense that she was propped against a table. Standing in her sleep? Nothing would respond when she tried to move. It wasn't as though she was restrained, but more like her limbs weren't a part of her body any more. She wasn't dead, after all.

Instead of opening her eyelids, which were already opened, it seemed as

though a dark cloud dissipated in front of her as she woke. She desperately wanted to rub her eyes. She found she couldn't move her eyes, but she could still focus on things straight ahead of her. She took in her surroundings.

She was standing in the upstairs dressing room. The trapdoor to that horrible, hidden room was open. And how did she get in a standing position from being on her hands and knees. Wasn't she completely stiff? And what was holding her up? And-

"It's amazing, isn't it?" came Deirdre's voice as she came up the stairs. She laughed, walking over to Celeste, holding a mirror and a cup. "You were out for quite some time. Which is just as well. It gave me a long time to work on you. And I know you're very thirsty."

This was true, Celeste's mouth was parched. How did Deirdre know all this?

"I can hear your thoughts, dear, that's how," Deirdre said and started to lift Celeste's chin up. "How else would I talk with my dolls? Here, I have some water for you, precious." She worked her nails between Celeste's full, plastic-hard lips and pried her jaws apart. "You see, you have no control over your body now, but I can still move your joints. They're pliable. You'll stay in any position I put you in," she chuckled to herself. "See?" She took Celeste's arm and slowly lifted it, then closed her hand over the girl's out-stretched fingers and squeezed. When she let go, Celeste's hand was clenched in a fist and her arm stayed in place. Deirdre put Celeste's arm back against her side, tilted her head back with a little effort, and tipped the cup to Celeste's lips. She felt the cool liquid trickling through her mouth and down her throat. Her throat wouldn't swallow, but the water was absorbed as if it were poured onto dry cotton. "You might have noticed you can't control your breathing. I can't risk any of my girls exhaling hard to get someone's attention. You don't need to eat anymore, either. The only food you need now is water. And my love."

She closed Celeste's mouth and held the mirror up for Celeste to see herself. She was beautiful! Her face was somehow different, though. Her face looked hard, of course, and angular... changed. Her skin was shiny and flawless. Not a single pore was to be seen. Her eyes were a different color than before. Perfectly shaped eyebrows and eyelashes were painted on to replace those which had fallen out. Her eyelids, cheeks, and lips were expertly made-up. She wore a wig which almost matched the natural color and style of her original hair, though much longer, hung all the way down to her waist. She didn't look like herself;

she looked older. An expression of subtle passion, even a hint of lust, was locked on her shiny, hardened features. She could feel the excitement bubbling up in her. What had Deirdre done to her mind that she was actually being excited by this? She looked so ... artificial. She looked like a mannequin.

"I had to sculpt your face a little. Not that your face wasn't pretty, but I couldn't risk anyone who knew you recognizing you while you're on display."

On display! Everyone is going to see me! What I've become! No one is going to know! And all those other girls out there. They went through the same thing I went through. The poor things, thought Celeste.

"Oh, they're happy, precious. And you will be, too. I did nothing to your mind. I wouldn't have picked you for this if I hadn't read in you, deep down, that you would enjoy this. You'll understand in time, doll. You'll understand," said Deirdre and cupped Celeste's firm breast. Her still-soft nipple became instantly erect, and sensations she'd never felt before coursed through her. Her inability to physically react only caused it to amplify. Deirdre ran her fingers down the girl's sides. She no longer wore the tight corset, yet she had retained the hourglass shape. She felt moisture leaking from her nether lips. Deirdre slipped her hand between Celeste's solidified thighs and slid her fingers into the girl's wetness. That part of her was still soft and alive. Suddenly the simple feel of the air on her skin caused excitement. Oh, how she wanted to control her body so she could feel herself, masturbate and relieve the tension. But there was nothing she could do! Deirdre stroked the girl's breast once more then left the room, leaving Celeste to alone with her passions.

A while later Deirdre returned with one of the teddies Celeste remembered seeing on one of the girls in the homo-erotic display in the lingerie department. It was the teddy that the kneeling mannequin (no, she thought, the kneeling *girl*) had been wearing. Deirdre slid the teddy up her shiny, smooth legs. Celeste felt electric tingles of excitement as it brushed against her legs and pressed against her crotch. Deirdre pulled the straps over her shoulders and teased the ruffles. The entire surface of her hardened skin was an erogenous zone. Lifting Celeste at the waist, she commented, "It's nice that my dolls are as light as this. You must only weigh thirty pounds, dear." She carried Celeste down the hall and through the maze of corridors into the store proper.

The heat and feel of Deirdre's clothes and body rubbing against her enticed her sensitive skin all the more. She was elevated to an almost euphoric state as tiny orgasms surged through her. She saw the other mannequins as she passed

by, now aware that they truly were gazing back at her. How did they feel about her? Were they glad to have another sister? Were they jealous? Or sympathetic? And did they have the same strong sexual feelings that she was having? A look at their rapturous, unmoving eyes gave her the answer. *Am I going to feel this excited for the rest of my life?*

They got to the lingerie room, and Deirdre arranged Celeste down on one knee beside the standing mannequin on the display. The shimmery teddy she was wearing caressed her nipples, vaginal lips, and her super-sensitive skin. How long was she going to have to wear this? She'd only been wearing it for a few minutes and the feel of it was already driving her wild. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all. Not from the sex standpoint, anyway.

Deirdre pressed Celeste's cheek against the other mannequin's smooth, silk-clad thigh. One of her hands was placed on the front of the girl's thigh, above the knee, and the other hand was hooked around the back of the upper thigh. Celeste's fingers touched the crux at the very top of the other girl's inner thigh, hidden by the ruffles of lace so that no one would be able to see. Such intimate contact put Celeste's mind and body in a frenzy. Her nipples, unaffected by the fluid, became erect. Deirdre unsnapped the crotch of the other mannequin's bloomers, removed a pad from between her legs and replaced it with a new one. *Why does she still need that?* Celeste wondered. She then saw with amazement that it was soaked to dripping not with menstrual fluid, but with vaginal secretions.

"Can't have the mannequins on display staining their clothes, now can I?" smiled Deirdre. "The other girls say hello, Celeste. They're happy to have you among them." She patted Celeste's head. "See you tomorrow, doll." Then she looked up at the standing mannequin and stroked her cheek affectionately, fingernails clicking against her hard skin. "And goodnight to you, too, Brenda," she whispered to her, then slowly left the room, turning out the lights.

Celeste clung to Brenda's firm thigh. Her fingertips could feel moisture and the heat radiating from the other mannequin's fleshy crotch. She let herself drift in the stimulation of her new body, and her new life.