

Down the Hallway - A Vignette

by Evil Dolly

houseoflostdolls@aol.com

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She stands before you, this Barbie, this Goddess. She must be artificial, for nothing natural could be this perfect. She is all artifice, all plastic, all synthetic. Supremely confident, she knows she is beautiful. What's more, she knows the effect her beauty is having upon you as you stand there at the entrance of the hallway. Something about her flawless beauty is intimidating, almost terrifying. She is smiling a picture perfect smile of contentedness, but whether she smiles because she is truly happy to see you or because the smile is permanently molded onto her lips is hard to say. It doesn't really matter; either way, the smile lightens your heart and makes you want to smile back at her, reflecting her apparent happiness. You want to, but all you can really do is stare, paralyzed, in awe. You realize that you're naked, and are unaware of how you got that way, or even how you came to find yourself in this hallway in the first place. It's so hard to remember... anything. It all has to be a dream... doesn't it?

She is wearing an elaborate, cascading gown of purple and pink latex. Through a slit at the bottom you can see her feet, arched into impossibly high heels. Despite the shoes, she stands with no effort at all, almost as if she's actually floating and just pretending to stand on the floor. The material of her gown glistens in the subdued light of the hallway. It's so shiny that you think your hand might come away wet if you touched it. You yearn to touch it. Not just to see what it feels like, but to see if she is, in fact, real and not some vision from a dream. Your hand reaches out... and she gracefully steps away, just out of reach. She continues to smile at you. Her arm raises and she extends her perfect, long-fingered hand. She beckons you to come closer. You step towards her, hardly aware that you're doing so. It's like a pull, deep in your belly, as if she is drawing closer with invisible strings. In this fashion, she leads you down the hallway.

Though her lips remain motionless, you could swear that she is speaking to you. There is a whisper, just on the edge of hearing. You can't make it out. That's not so important right now, though, as all your attention is focused on that perfect, plastic face, those lips, and those fascinating eyes that pierce right through you. Her glassy eyes seem to be staring at nothing, and yet they see everything about you at the same time. You hesitate as you realize that somehow, without even a word, she is peeling away your layers

and discovering all your hidden secrets. It's a little frightening to be exposed like this. You wonder where she could be leading you, and if it's wise to let yourself become so entranced by this beguiling being.

But her smile is just so inviting and so irresistible. With a tug of the invisible strings, she pulls you forward, and as she does, you feel your willpower collapse. It's such an incredible relief to feel your free will vanish. With a quiet sob to express your utter helplessness in her presence, you follow her down the long hallway. Whatever her intentions for you, it's out of your hands now. You are mesmerized by the patterns of light bouncing off her exquisitely glossy latex dress, which rustles and squeaks as she walks. Her movement is measured, slow, and inhumanly graceful. The constant whispering urges you onward. She is so beautiful, you think your heart might break just from looking at her too long. In the same way that eyes are blinded from staring at the sun, you think your mind could be burned out from staring too long at *her*.

She has brought you, at last, to a door at the end of the hallway. Her fingers brush against its surface with a plastic click and the door opens in response. She steps aside to allow you entrance, gracefully gesturing for you to enter. For the first time, you're able to pull your eyes away from her in order to take in the room. You pass her and step inside, gazing around in wonder.

Everything inside is shades of pink. What's more, everything inside is latex. You think you can hear the light, jewel tinkling of a music box coming from somewhere. Mixed within the aroma of latex are hints of sweet perfume, bubblegum, candy, strawberries, and everything that's sweet, pink, sticky. In the center of floor is a round, sunken pool. It's filled to the top with pink liquid latex. Your heart skips a beat as it dawns on you, with a mixture of excitement and fear, that you will not be able to leave this room unchanged—if you'll be able to leave it, at all.

You feel her presence behind you. She comes to your side and, with one firm, cool hand touching the small of your back with the gentlest of caresses, she points to the pool. Any ounce of willpower that still remained crumbles as you realize what she wants you to do. She wants you in the pool. It's what you want more than anything else the world. Even if you wanted to resist, you couldn't; what she wants you to do and what you want have so quickly become virtually the same.

You dip your toes into the pink latex to discover that it is warm. Warm and inviting. Your feet find a step and the latex is up to your knees. It's thicker than you thought, but not too thick. Just right. The next step brings it up to your thighs, tickling you. The last slow step brings it up your

waist. You wade out into the middle, shuddering as the warm latex slides against your legs and across your crotch and belly like liquid pink ribbons.

It tingles, just a little. You wonder what it's doing to you, but your mind is so warm and fuzzy with the soft whispering that you can't really care about anything. You dip your arms into the pool and lift them back out. Your hands and forearms are coated in thick, glistening latex like gloves. It doesn't run or drip—in fact, it seems as though it's already drying on you. As it dries, and so rapidly, it gets tighter on your flesh, encasing you like a second skin. What would happen if you were to cover yourself in this completely?

Moved by curiosity, you bring your fingers to your lips. It's sweet! So very sweet. You're suddenly overcome by a powerful urge. You look to her beseechingly. Her expression remains unchanging, but she appears to know what you want. With slightest of nods, she grants you permission. With a moan, you lower yourself completely into the pool. The latex washes over your face and closes above your head. It's so wonderfully warm and perfectly quiet under there. It tingles all over so pleasantly. You open your mouth and let the candy-sweet, pink latex flow into your mouth. You drink it in, hungrily, desperately. It fills you. You begin to feel drunk.

Finally, you come for air, giggling from sheer joy. The latex is coating your mouth and tongue. It's all you can smell and taste, cotton-candy-strawberry-bubblegum- sweet-and-sticky. It tastes like happiness.

You feel the latex start to get tighter all over your body. You reach up to feel your face, your head... and realize that your hair is gone. You have no idea where it went. It's just gone. You know your head must now look as smooth and glistening pink as the rest of you. You swoon, overwhelmed. You wonder if you should be alarmed at the changes, but the whispering voices are a thick blanket in your head that smother your concerns even as you begin to form them. You realize how good it feels to have your fears smothered like that... it feels like how the candy pink liquid tastes.

You look up to see her standing at the edge of the pool. She has divested herself of her gown and now stands above you naked. Her figure and skin and perfectly flawless like a mannequin. Perhaps she *is* a mannequin. Her body lacks nipples, a pussy, or even a belly button. It's all smoothness. She wasn't born, she was made.

She steps into the pool, but the latex doesn't stick to her like it does to you. It runs off her plastic skin like water. Smiling her sweet smile, she comes towards you. Her arms wrap around you and pull you into her. You melt against her firm body, which is so soft and unyielding at the same time. A surge of contentment washes over you. She takes you to the center of the

pool and lowers you until only your face is above the latex. She cradles you against her breasts. You bask in the warmth under her perpetual smile. She lifts a hand out of the pool and holds it, dripping, above your face. The pink latex drips thick down upon your cheeks and lips. You open wide and take her fingers into your mouth, nursing the fragrant latex from her lovely, plastic fingers. It tasted heavenly before, but it tastes even better when she feeds it to you.

You remain motionless like that, held securely in her arms in the pink pool, for the longest time. Finally, you start to adjust your position, to lift yourself out of the pool a little, and realize that she won't let you. Like a statue, her position doesn't change. You begin to squirm a little, feeling a twinge of alarm that she won't let you go. Her embrace is so gentle, but her strength is like iron. You struggle in her inflexible arms, but it's futile. You're completely helpless in her relentless, loving embrace. You go limp in her arms, overcome by the knowledge that you couldn't leave even if you truly wanted to. It's too late for that. Whatever she plans to do with you now, it's all beyond your control. If she is some kind of mannequin or doll, then you've let yourself become a doll's plaything.

Still smiling at you, her barely-audible whisper becomes words.
Relax, my pretty, pink pet. So pretty, pretty. I have you now and there's nothing you can do to stop me, so relax. Don't fight it, my new, pink doll. Let the latex soak into your body and become you. It won't be long, now. You can't stop it from happening. Surrender to me. All you have to do is keep drinking it in. I'll make you so beautiful and so perfect. I'll make you just like me so that I can gaze at you and you will reflect my beauty like a mirror. And I'll love you, love you, love you forever, my pink doll. Forever. Unchanging. Now drink me in. Drink my beauty.

You stare up at her, speechless and helpless. Her ever-placid expression changes into one of lust. Her lips part as she bends close to you. As her perfect, plastic lips part to give you a kiss, pink latex begins to spill from between her lips and onto yours.