**Becoming a Sex Doll**

by[**Iwroteathing**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4775337&page=submissions)©

Hitting the gym every night, eating exactly what her nutritionist had recommended to the crumb, and investing most of her money in skincare potions and rubs had recently become the centrepiece of Ezzi's after work activities. A string of failed relationships had given her self-esteem a large hit and she decided to channel that into sculpting herself a perfect body.  
  
Ezzi didn't mind focussing on her looks as during the day she worked as an events manager for a large conference Hall. The job was challenging and rewarding enough to give her a deep sense of self-worth.  
  
As time went on Ezzi's body became more and more perfectly sculpted. Every day she got out of the shower and saw herself in the mirror and couldn't help but marvel at how far she had come. Her deep black skin practically shone, keeping a consistent tone across her body. Her stomach came in flat to help accentuate the natural curves of her breasts and ass. She felt that she had the looks of a model, and that day at work she would be surrounded by plenty.  
  
The conference centre was hosting a sex and fetish expo that weekend. Ezzi had been on hand to make sure all the set up went to plan, but after the amount of lewd comments and attempted gropes she had received last year she had managed to convince her boss to give her the weekend off, she was not interested in becoming a sex object. Today was the final day of setup and Ezzi was on hand to help all the vendors unload their supplies and set up their stalls. It wasn't long before a tall spotty ginger man ran up to Ezzi, sweating and with a deep look of worry on his face.  
  
"Hello, are you Eziamaka?" He asked, butchering Ezzi's name in the process. Her creepy boss Charles, liked to give her full name to people, knowing that most people would struggle with the Nigerian pronunciation. Ezzi was used to this and made the man feel at ease with practiced serenity.  
  
"Please call me Ezzi, what seems to be the problem?" She responded in a calming voice.  
  
"Hello Ezzi, I'm George from Tenderlove erotic dolls, I went to set up my stall, and there's someone already there." Complained the man. Ezzi calmed him down and went over to the plot. It turned out he was misreading his plot allocation and Ezzi soon redirected him to his new area and even helped him unload. The dolls were in large boxes with a clear plastic front, completely naked with blank stares looking straight forward.  
  
Ezzi kept her mind on helping George unload and answering his questions. He was particularly worried about security as he would have to leave the stall occasionally to go attend talks and demonstrations throughout the day, he was even hosting one first thing in the morning. The dolls were expensive so George had only brought a couple and they were for display only, anyone purchasing one would be put on a waiting list and have their doll specially made. Ezzi was familiar with his kind of gazebo and showed him how to zip up the over cover and lock the zips in place with padlocks, it wouldn't stop people but it would deter them.  
  
While he was unloading the final doll, George stopped dead and stared at Ezzi for a second before calling her over.  
  
"I don't mean to sound creepy" he said creepily, "but this doll looks exactly like you" Ezzi was used to humouring delegates and so kept a sweet smile on her face as she came to look at the last box. As she glanced through the plastic she had to agree with George, the hair was straight and she clearly had a thick layer of makeup on, but apart from that she was staring at an exact doppelganger of her sitting naked in a doll box.  
  
"That does look like you right? I'm not being racist?" George asked, showing a self-awareness Ezzi didn't think he was capable of. In her shock all she could do was nod. "Wow that is amazing! You should take that as a compliment, these dolls were designed to have a perfect face and body, if your body looks even half as good as hers under those clothes, you will drive a lot of men, and some women, wild for a long time." Besides the obvious objectification Ezzi was a little annoyed that this man thought she wasn't capable of having the body of this doll, she played out the scene in her mind of her spitefully stripping off and showing George that her body was as good, if not better, than the purpose built love doll.  
  
The rest of the day went without incident for Ezzi but she couldn't get that love doll out of her head. All her work on her body was really paying off if she now matched a doll designed to be perfect, she just thought it was a pity she could never prove it to herself.  
  
In her bedroom that night Ezzi's brain had an idea that Ezzi could not shake. She tried telling herself it was stupid, she wouldn't enjoy it, that it would be risking humiliation and her potential job loss, but all she could think about was if she could take the doll's place without anybody noticing. She went and looked at herself in the mirror, seeing her perfect curves on her sleek body and she was sure she could. She knew that George had his first talk at 11 and the conference opened at 9, she could go take the doll's place for 2 hours then sneak out when George zipped up the Gazebo and nobody would be any the wiser.  
  
Before she could talk herself out of it Ezzi had picked up her curling tongs and attached the straightening attachment, pulling her long black hair straight to frame her face, even cutting off the odd errant tuft with scissors. For this to work her looks had to be perfect and if anything that made it more exciting for her, a final test to see if she had obtained the perfection she had been striving to achieve for so long.  
  
Next Ezzi got to work with her waxing kit, it was painful but she knew the doll would be completely without even the evidence of hair so her body had to be totally smooth too. After waxing her bikini area she marvelled at the details of her pussy she could now see without the pubic hair in the way.  
  
Finally Ezzi applied a thick layer of makeup, making herself look as sultry as possible, trying to match her memory of the doll. Eventually she settled on a look, but put her makeup kit in her bag so she could touch up her makeup when she got there and had the doll on front of her. She put on a dress that she knew was good for quickly putting on or taking off and left her apartment.  
  
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When Ezzi arrived at the conference hall it was about 6 in the morning. She let herself in with her keys, dropped her stuff in her locker and made a beeline for the love doll booth. The booth had the sides of the Gazebo zipped up so if anyone arrived she could finish her plan without anyone noticing. She knew the hall was open to vendors at 8 and everyone else would arrive at 9. Looking around to make sure nobody had been let in early, Ezzi rolled sideways under the side covers and into the stall.  
  
Ezzi took a long look at her doll doppelganger studying every inch of her body feeling more and more confident at what she saw. She carefully took the doll out of its packaging, studying every inch of its body for anything that she would need to emulate on her own. She had to admit the perverts at Tenderlove had done a good job, the skin felt like skin, the body weight and distribution was right, everything about this doll was perfect. Ezzi read the instructions on the box to make sure everything was as it should be.  
  
"The Tenderlove 1500x erotic doll is the latest in state of the art imitation erotic partners. Ready to use right out of the box, it has the following features  
  
Generates body heat when it detects use.  
  
Realistic eyes that move, blink or even close tightly during use.  
  
Speaker located in the voice box to produce 50 unique and realistic moans.  
  
Pussy, ass and mouth with moist insides that activate on use and should last over 100 uses until they need servicing.  
  
Series of motors inside the pussy simulate muscles convulsing in orgasm."  
  
Ezzi marvelled at the effort that had been put into this doll. Once she had finished reading the instructions, she threw the doll over her shoulder and was startled to hear one of the realistic moans that the box was talking about. She moved some boxes out of the way and pushed the doll under a table, once she moved the boxes back into place the doll was hidden and she was sure that nobody would look there until it was time to clear up after the show.  
  
Ezzi looked at her phone and realised that she had wasted over an hour studying the doll and altering her looks to match it. Vendors would be let into the conference hall very soon and it was now or never to go through with her plan. She took a deep breath and began to undress. Once naked she placed her clothes and belongings underneath her packaging, climbed into the box and closed the clear plastic front behind her.  
  
The box was small with shaped polystyrene behind her that held Ezzi in position, forcing her to stand fully upright with her hands by her side. Ezzi began to feel the deep feeling of fear and excitement in the pit of her stomach. She had to focus on calming down in case the rise and fall of her breasts from her heavy breathing gave herself away. It wasn't long until she saw the zip moving up on the side of the gazebo, showing George's arrival. She buried her fear and forced her face into the same bland closed mouth smile that she remembered the doll having. It was show time, no turning back, for the next 3 hours she was going to have to stay completely still while crowds of strangers admired her perfect naked body.  
  
The first test was George, as the flaps moved out of the way and George looked over his stock, Ezzi put all of her focus into keeping a blank expression on her face and not blinking too often, it wasn't long until George's eyes glanced over her naked body and continued moving across the stock. In a moment when George looked away Ezzi allowed herself a smile and a few deep breaths before returning to doll mode.  
  
It didn't take George long to set up the stall as he had done most of the work the previous day, so after 10 minutes of bits a pieces George went to the cafe to get a cup of coffee. There were other vendors around but they were not paying attention and Ezzi saw this as her last opportunity to move around before the conference got busy. She surprised herself that her first response was to start to touch herself. She was clearly enjoying this more than she thought she would and that only strengthened her resolve to see it through until 11.  
  
It wasn't long until Ezzi heard the roar of an approaching crowd, the doors were now open and soon hundreds of people would be walking past the stall, oblivious to the fact that one of the dolls was a real naked woman. It started small, the odd one or two people, but before she knew it there was a crowd outside George's stall, and Ezzi could feel every pair of eyes browsing up and down her body. Her every inch of skin examined for imperfections, she felt roars of self-confidence every time a customer complimented George on his perfect sex doll.  
  
The hours flew by for Ezzi as consumer after consumer studied her naked body and openly discussed her perfect form and how much they wanted to fuck her. She was genuinely loving the attention and almost felt disappointed when George announced that he was going to have to close up shop so he could go give a talk. Nonetheless the fun had been had and now it was time for Ezzi to plan her escape. She watched George start to close things down, waiting for him to close off the area so she could switch back into her clothes.  
  
Ezzi was so deep into planning her escape that it took her by shock when George went and fetched a trolley and began to load her box onto it. Even though she could not show it on her face Ezzi began to feel a deep sense of panic. George was about to take her to his talk and there was nothing she could do about it. She just stood there motionless as George brought her outside the Gazebo, locked up and began to move her through the conference centre towards one of the side rooms where his talk was being held. Ezzi once again noticed a lot of eyes on her as she was moved through the conference centre, but the fear of her unknown future kept her from enjoying their stares.  
  
George took Ezzi into an empty room and threw a tablecloth over her, plunging the inside of her box into darkness as Ezzi heard the room fill with chatting people and worried about what was going to happen next. The room quietened down as George's voice could be heard on a microphone.  
  
"Hello ladies and gentlemen and welcome to the first demonstration of the Tenderlove 1500x erotic doll. You may wonder why I have a tablecloth over it, well the first thing I wanted to demonstrate is just how much we can customise these dolls and how detailed we can make them. Now this event is for vendors only, so every one of you should have met with the lovely event organiser Ezzi to set up your place here. Well we took some pictures and got our team working on it, who wants to see what Ezzi looks like naked?" A round of cheers filled the room as Ezzi could only react with horror. These perverts had planned to make the doll look like her, she thought back through all her client interactions, looking on them with fresh eyes as she now knew everyone was lusting over her. She saw the tablecloth twitch and only just remembered to put a blank look on her face as the light flooded into the box and she was revealed to the cheering crowd.  
  
The room was filled with familiar faces, vendors that Ezzi had been dealing with for the past month, all of them now staring at Ezzi's naked body, unaware they were looking at the real thing. It took every ounce of strength Ezzi had not to scream, instead keeping a placid look on her face as she was ogled from all angles.  
  
"Now everyone, I bet you all are thinking how realistic this doll looks. But you need to sell this as an interactive experience for your customers, so what do you say we get Ezzi out of her box and have a play?" George asked the crowd. Ezzi stomach dropped through the floor as George opened up the box, and roughly manhandled her on to the table at the front of the hall. As he lay her down roughly on the table Ezzi let out a moan, before catching ahold of herself and containing her voice, the audience noticed the sound and leant forward but George was quick to inform them about one of the doll's realistic new features.  
  
"Everyone don't worry, that moan came from a speaker located in Ezzi's voice box. It has 50 varieties of moan built in and it means that when I put her on the table, I turned her on, pun intended. Throughout the demonstration you may hear further moans from Ezzi here, just another feature designed to make this woman and realistic as possible."  
  
George propped up Ezzi on the table so she was sitting up and facing the audience. Suddenly Ezzi had a dose of awareness. She was sat naked on a table facing an audience of at least a hundred people, the only thing protecting her dignity being the crowd's belief that this was not Ezzi, but a realistic doll.  
  
"The next part calls for an audience member to come help me, usually I would let the audience fight over who gets to be the lucky guy, but as I can see the manager of this fine conference hall at the back here, how about I give the honours to him, maybe convince him to give us a cheaper deal next year." Ezzi's terror deepened as she saw Charles Kensington, her creepy boss approaching with hunger in his eyes. "Now Charles you work closer with Ezzi than anyone, would you agree our doll has a good likeness of your co-worker?" George asked.  
  
"It's like Ezzi herself was sat here naked." Replied Charles, clearly getting into the spirit of the event. He took out his phone and took a selfie in front of the naked Ezzi, she felt conflicting feelings about her naked picture being on her boss's phone.  
  
"And how much have you wanted to grope Ezzi's tits since you hired her?" George enquired, gesturing for Charles to approach the helpless Ezzi.  
  
"Oh every day!" Charles yelled before lunging forward and grabbing Ezzi's breasts firmly with both hands. Ezzi found herself letting out a gasp at her boss' rough treatment, but this was written off as one of the dolls moans.  
  
"So many companies just chuck a couple of orbs of silicone into the breasts and call it a day, which is great if you want breasts to feel like they belong to a stripper with implants. We invented a whole new compound to make the breasts out of just to give Charles here the joy of groping an all-natural Ezzi, how do they feel Charles?" Charles gave a thumbs up as he had not stopped playing with Ezzi's breasts the entire time George had been talking, Ezzi was certain she would never be able to look her boss in the eyes again.  
  
"Now everyone remembers when I said she had been turned on, the fluids should have now made their way where they need to be, so for starters George, how about giving Ezzi a big kiss." Ezzi put up minimal resistance as her boss pulled her chin down with his hand, then stuck his tongue inside her open mouth. Ezzi kept her mouth still so it didn't break the illusion, but that didn't stop George's tongue darting around her mouth while his hands probed every inch of her exposed flesh.  
  
"As George can attest the mouth it realistic and moist, you want to know where else is realistic and moist? Come on George, spread Ezzi's pussy open nice and wide for the audience." Ezzi sat in horror, unable to resist as her boss parted her legs wide to face the audience, then using 2 fingers, he spread her pussy lips wide as the whole audience in front of her leaned in to study her insides. The looks of joy and wonder coming from the delegates staring directly into Ezzi's open sex was too much and she let out another moan, her pussy was throbbing from all the attention and all Ezzi wanted to do was run but was determined to endure.  
  
"Is this the part where I get to fuck her?" Charles asked without a hint of shame, his trousers clearly bulging at the prospect.  
  
"No dicks," replied George to Ezzi's immense relief. "Sorry but I'm taking Ezzi to shows around the world and I have to think of hygiene." The audience let out a dejected groan.  
  
"Can I at least get some fingers in?" Questioned Charles, Once again ramping up cheers from the audience. Ezzi hoped and prayed for George to find a reason to say no, instead he nodded and in front of the cheering crowd, her boss lay her down and began to use his fingers on the naked, helpless Ezzi.  
  
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Ezzi had spent every ounce of her energy not to squirm as her boss gave her a moaning climax in front of the audience of trade show delegates. Eventually she felt the deepest of relief when George announced that it was time to pack up as the next talk was due. Ezzi could only count the moments until George got her back to the booth. He was only doing one talk that day but planned to attend many so Ezzi was sure she would get a chance to escape soon.  
  
As the last of the delegates filtered out of the room George was cornered by the next person due to give a talk. He was from a company called Eternally Bound who made specialist bondage equipment. He was due to give a demonstration but his model had pulled out at the last minute. Ezzi began to feel another deep feeling of fear as the man offered to plug Tenderlove dolls and pay George handsomely to use Ezzi in his presentation. Ezzi's eyes bulged out of their sockets when she heard the 2 men shake hands. Fear and frustration washed over Ezzi as the man picked her up and began to manhandle her into position, he tied her hair into a ponytail and then got to work setting up the many devices he would be demonstrating that afternoon.  
  
Ezzi once again found herself sat naked on the table facing an audience, and although a lot of the audience we're eying up her naked body, their attention was also drawn to the weird and wonderful variety of bondage devices set up behind her. The room quietened down as Ezzi's new owner began to speak.

"Hello ladies and gentlemen, before we start I would like to thank Tenderlove dolls for supplying our model today. She looks real and I must say one of the sexiest things I've ever seen." Even in the fire situation she was in Ezzi found herself growing warm from the compliment. He then took out a gimp mask and held it aloft so the whole crowd could see.  
  
"For starters let me demonstrate our latest gimp mask, our smallest and most stylish sensory deprivation mask." he turned the mask inside out to show all its hidden features. He pulled Ezzi's ponytail through a hole in the back, before placing the inbuilt earbuds into Ezzi's ears. The world went silent for Ezzi while the man continued his explanation. Next the mask was pulled over her eyes and the world went black, leaving Ezzi with only the memory of a room full of people staring at her naked body. Finally Ezzi felt her mouth being pulled open to accommodate the mask's built in gag, she then felt the gag inflate until her mouth was full. Finally she felt the bottom of the mask tighten around her neck.  
  
Ezzi was now acutely aware of every touch and movement of her body. Although she no longer had to worry about her face betraying herself, she had to continue to be a limp and lifeless doll no matter what came next.  
  
An explosion of pain erupted from Ezzi's nipple, followed quickly by the other. She managed to catch herself before her hand instinctively moved for the pain and instead concentrated on controlling her breathing. Suddenly Ezzi felt another explosion as the chain connecting the clips was roughly paused, surrendering herself to her experience she didn't fight her body as it lurched forward and began to fall forward. This was the most embarrassing and sexual trust exercise she had even been a part of and she was doing it with a man who effectively rented her 10 minutes ago.  
  
Ezzi felt a wave of relief when the man caught her, she felt even more relief as she felt her body getting strapped onto some sort of device. With all her limbs held in place all she had to focus on was getting through this. She caught herself relaxing, however that was quickly put to an end as she felt protrusions begin to enter her body, all the while something large and flat was repeatedly colliding with her bottom. Ezzi cried at her recollection of the event diary, Eternally Bound had booked the room for 2 hours and she was in for this treatment the entire time.  
  
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Ezzi's head was spinning, she had spent the last 2 hours being strapped to every kind of device, tortured and pleasured with no idea what was next. Eventually her mask was suddenly removed. The room was now empty and the man she had been sent out to was packing up. George was there too, he loaded Ezzi into her packaging and took her back to his stall.  
  
Ezzi was over the moon when she found out that George was just quickly dropping her off before heading to another talk, she could finally escape. She waited patiently for George to zip up the gazebo, and she sprang into action, climbing out of the box and immediately replacing herself with the doll doppelganger. She then went to the corner of the gazebo where she had stashed her clothes and prepared to make her escape.  
  
Outright panic swept over Ezzi as she realised they were no longer there. Ezzi seethed with frustration, she had hidden the clothes under the box she was in, so of course when she had been taken to the conference room the clothes had just been left on the side. Clearly somebody had spotted them and thrown them away. Ezzi had no idea what to do next, she was stuck naked in the middle of a sex and fetish conference. Her keys, phone and wallet were in her locker in the staff room but that was on the other side of the hall. She frantically searched the booth for anything that could be used to cover herself, and she only found one thing that could help her.  
  
After taking off the gimp mask, the man from Eternally bound had left it on top of Ezzi's box, this meant that when George brought Ezzi back he had inadvertently stolen the mask. Ezzi studied it and found, to her delight, that the blindfold and earplugs were modular and could be removed. She wouldn't be able to cover her nudity but she could at least protect her identity while she made the ultimate walk of shame.  
  
Ezzi decided to get it over with before she changed her mind. She pulled her ponytail through the back of the mask and then pulled the thick leather down over her face. She looked out from under the gazebo flaps and timed it so nobody would see her emerge before rolling out and beginning her walk.  
  
As nobody could see who she was, Ezzi felt surprisingly comfortable with her situation. She decided to strut confidently through the conference hall, drinking in the eyes that inevitably turned to her. People started cheering and occasionally she was asked for a picture, where Ezzi took a huge amount of joy striking a pose and dominating the room with the body she had worked so hard to achieve. Everyone was telling her how sexy she looked and she didn't even mind that the odd hand made its way onto her body to see if it felt as good as it looked.  
  
As Ezzi got to the staff room her head was swimming. Her body had stolen the show and she knew everyone would be talking about it to their friends. She opened her locker and got her stuff out, she even found some spare clothes that she knew would be good enough for her to get home in, however before she put them on she had a look at the clock. The conference was due to close in an hour. A wicked smile crawled onto Ezzi's face as she put the mask back on and walked out the staffroom door for another naked lap of the conference hall.  
  
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Ezzi returned to work Monday, she was tired from her ordeal but satisfied. Charlie had a huge smile on his face the entire time he was talking to Ezzi and she knew why.  
  
"Hello Ezzi! You missed a hell of a weekend, you should come to the conference next year." He beamed.  
  
"No thank you, I'm sure it's not for me." Ezzi lied.  
  
"You should see the big group photo that they took at the end of the first day!" Charlie announced pulling printed photo out of his pocket. Ezzi saw the photo, the hall filled with happy faces poking out of their booths or mingling in the crowd, and right at the front, the centrepiece of the photo, a lady wearing nothing but a red leather gimp mask, two men either side of her, each holding a leg wide so her exposed pussy was showcased for everyone to see. "Pretty neat huh, I heard they're going to use this photo on all of their promotional materials next year." Ezzi swooned at the thought but kept it hidden.  
  
"Can I go get on with work now?" she asked, her voice thick with well-crafted contempt. Charlie nodded and went back to his office to browse the pictures on his phone, Ezzi knew exactly which picture he would be keeping his eye on today. In the corner of the room where nobody could see her, Ezzi opened her lap-top and checked her email. She felt the deepest feeling of joy when she checked her emails and saw a confirmation email from the largest sex and fetish expo in Europe, her tickets were booked and Ezzi grinned at the thought of packing light.