

[FM4A] **I'm Not A Barbie Girl** [Radio Play] [Dollification] [Fetish] [Humiliation]
[Objectification] [Posing] [Dressing] [D/s] [Fingering] [Free use] [Unresponsive] [Discarded]
[Mindfuck] [Ownership] [Control] [Manipulation]

Expectations clash and then collide when a woman agrees to indulge her husband's sexual fantasy.

Character notes:

In the first scene, she is poised and in control. She has an important career that involves frequent travel and she is very focused, hence she doesn't notice that her husband is behaving slightly strangely. They treat each other as equals, neither is submissive to the other.

Initially, he is nervous about having the conversation with her. He doesn't want her to know how deep this fantasy runs for him, so he is going to try and sound offhand about it (but fail somewhat).

She calls him: Darling, Dear, Honey, Maker

He calls her: Baby, Sweetheart, Babydoll, Dolly, Toy, Fuckdoll

[SFX: Phone ringing/picking up]

Hi Babydoll! How are you, how's the trip going?

Oh hey! OK, you know... I just have a quick break between meetings. I'm just back at my hotel, grabbing a quick bite from room service and sending some emails. I have time to talk to you of course!

Oh baby, you work so hard. All the travel, I know it's so... draining. I just had to talk to you. I hate that we argued before you left.

Oh my dear. Me too. It was stupid. I brought that conversation up at completely the wrong time.

Look, I know we've let things slip. We haven't been making enough time for each other, for...intimacy. I have been thinking about it, how we can make it better.

In fact...um, well, I may have had an idea...

Oh??

OK, are you sure? Well, I saw this, er.. video...

(Faux-scolding tone) Oh really(!)

Well, yes sweetheart, you've been away (*laughs*). Anyway, the woman dressed up, like erm... uh... a **doll**

A doll?

Um, yeah. It was... sorta cute. What do you think?

You're so funny. Kinda naughty, huh? A little roleplay?

Yeah... **roleplay**.

Honey, I'm game. Let's make your naughty little fantasy come true.

(*Slightly choked*) Oh God. Really?!

Of course, darling. And I have some free time tomorrow afternoon, I think I can pick up a few.. sexy doll clothes. A few things you might like.

Um, well. OK... I mean, there is...

I've had my eye on some new shoes anyway. Now I have the perfect excuse to get them in pink (*giggles*).

Right. That's... you know what, baby? I'm just so happy you would do this for me. I was worried about telling you.

Oh you silly man. This is fairly tame, you know. Of all the things you could be watching while I'm away, this one doesn't bother me at all. I think it sounds hot.

Hot? Oh God. Yes. Yes, it will be.

Ugh, darling, look at the time. I'm sorry but I've got to go. I need to jump in a cab and get to my next meeting.

Of course! I'll see you soon anyway. Bye... (*whispers*) **Babydoll**.

[SFX: Door opening, optional footsteps]

Hi my love, I'm home!

Where are you...?

Ah!... Ohh. Wow.

What do you think honey? Mmmm? Do you like it?

This is... huh.

What's wrong? You don't like it?

Oh no. I... I do like it. A lot. The sexy pink dress, the stilettos... the blonde wig. You look very... pretty.

Mmmm... well, I'm all ready to be your Barbie Girl. Why don't you show me what's really under those pants? I hope you're anatomically correct(!)

(Exhales heavily) It's just... um... fuck. I actually did some shopping too. I had this other idea. But... damn, I mean, you do look sexy. Maybe we should just...

Oh(!) Er, no darling. This is.. your fantasy. Let's do it the way you imagined it. We can keep these things for another time. Hell, I'm still going to wear the shoes. They're so cute!

What did you buy?

(Relieved) OK, come here. Let me show you.

[Her inner monologue]

Well. He showed me. He didn't say anything as he stripped off my pretty pink dress and seamed pantyhose. There was a blank, almost slightly critical expression on his face as he reached over and took the wig off. He could have left that on I think. I told myself we'd do it my way next time. I was just so... happy to see him take some initiative in the bedroom. It felt like it had been so long. Oh, I guess that happens when you've been married for a while. I don't know why it happened to us. My stressful job and all the travel probably didn't help.

I was surprised when he took off my makeup though. He squirted cleanser onto a cotton pad and... scrubbed my face. I let him. I didn't know he would have feelings about the makeup. I'd spent ages doing that 60s white eyeshadow, outlined with thick black eyeliner. I guess he had the more 'fresh faced' look in mind. At least he left the false eyelashes on. He brushed out my hair and braided it. Don't ask me when he learned to braid hair (!) Two braids. I'd not worn my hair that way since middle school.

I don't know why I'm admitting to this part. He... shaved me. I didn't look at him while he did that, but he didn't seem to notice. I don't know, maybe I should have thought of that. Dolls are smooth after all. I just thought, oh... I suppose that's kind of sexy actually. A bare, shaven pussy, it's good to know that's what he likes. Maybe it'll encourage him to go 'down there' more often.

He *dressed* me next. I can see why he was surprised to see my sexy outfit. Our ideas about this were... pretty different. He'd bought me an old-fashioned little girl's dress, with a pinafore and a petticoat. And buckled shoes. Flat ones. I felt... embarrassed really, dressed like that. I had no idea this was what he liked. I felt so ridiculous, my face started to burn. I was so vulnerable, looking like this in front of him. All the times I'd dressed sexily for him, trying to tempt him... was this what he wanted? I felt foolish. The dress had... strings attached to it. I don't know where you get a thing like that from.

I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. I felt a hot, sticky wave of shame pass over me. It started in my stomach and radiated out, making me swallow and breathe raggedly, but also... making my pussy clench. I tried to think of the last time I'd felt so embarrassed, and whether that had caused this same, squirming sensation... whether it made me (*whispers*) wet.

OK Dolly. You're all done. All...perfect.

Now, Dolly. There's going to be a few rules.

Rules? Oh... ok. I like that. It sounds hot.

That's enough. No talking. Dollies don't talk. Understand?

(*Through closed lips, agreeing*) Mmhmm.

No. Nod your head.

[Pause]

Good.

Now, that.... is the last time you move by yourself. From now on, Maker will position you and you will keep perfectly still.

Maker?! Oh shit, sorry!

(*Raised voice, impatient*) Be quiet! I won't tell you again!!

[Pause]

Don't look frightened, Dolly. Dolly doesn't need to be afraid of Maker. Dolly doesn't need to worry her pretty little head about anything any more.

Maker owns Dolly. Dolly just obeys whatever Maker tells her to do. She sits wherever Maker puts her.

Maker's going to pull the strings now. That will move Dolly's arms and legs where I want them.

Oh that's good. So pretty for me. Sitting with her legs spread open wide.

Arms out, like that. Like you're reaching out for a hug. That's cute.

This is what I used to do with my sister's dolls.

This Dolly has a real pussy though. I'm going to play with that sweet, tight little cunt.

Now remember, Dollies don't move. They don't react.

[Inner monologue]

I won't lie, it was pretty hot, him being in control like that. Making the rules. This was so different to how we usually did it. I felt almost bad for enjoying it so much, exposed like this, still wearing the ridiculous outfit. My breathing was slow, with the effort not to move, not to make a sound, as he slipped his fingers inside me, massaging me and using his thumb to slowly rub my clit. I wanted to gasp, to moan, but I kept it all inside.

What a perfect Dolly. She knows she mustn't react at all. This is **my** game. **My** rules. I'm allowed to play with this doll however I **want** and no-one's going to stop me.

The fact that I couldn't react just made it even hotter. I felt the pleasure building, but tried my hardest to keep my face expressionless. The blander I looked, the more excited he seemed to get. Seeing him this way was thrilling, and unable to respond, I felt every sensation in my body amplified. I found myself wanting to be a good Dolly, wondering if next he would choose to reward me.

I'm going to cut the strings now. Then Dolly will go limp.

[Optional SFX: Cutting noise]

What happens if I pick up and shake Dolly's arm? Oh yes. Very good. All weak and floppy. You're a broken toy now, aren't you? Just a damaged fucktoy for Maker to do what he wants with. Poor Dolly.

This broken toy is no use for anything now. I was trying so hard to be gentle with it and not get it messy. But I don't think I need to worry any more.

[Optional SFX: taking off clothes]

[Inner monologue]

He positioned me again. This time with my ass up in the air, my arms helplessly reaching back towards my ankles, and my face pushed down into the mattress. Not a very dignified position to be in.

I took in a deep breath and didn't move as he spread my pussy open and positioned his cock at the entrance. Then, wordlessly, he plunged into me, holding me by the hips with one hand and the back of the neck with the other. Then he pounded me, again, and again and again.

Well, we'd never fucked like this before. I didn't know this was what he wanted. As he fucked me, with my face pressed into the bed, I felt my false eyelashes peel away. The mascara I'd heavily layered on would be streaking my face and the sheets as well.

Then I realised, I don't have to worry about these things if I'm just a Dolly do I? I can just let go of having to be poised and pretty all the time. That's nice.

No need to think. Just get fucked. Fucked hard. Raw. Let it all slip away.

Don't worry, I don't want to cum inside my fuckdoll.

Mind empty. Much better.

What a messy Dolly. Covered in cum. All sticky.

Much nicer.

OK Dolly. I'm done with you now. No!...shh! Don't start speaking again just yet. Maker is going to put you away now. That's it. You just go in the corner, that's where toys go when I'm not playing with them.

I'll come back for you later. Don't move.

[SFX: footsteps walking away]

[Optional SFX: Daytime ambience, maybe light background music?]

(In a more vacant, doll-like voice, in contrast to the beginning)

Oh, there you are (*giggle*). I guess you want to know how it's all been going, don't you? Since that first, fateful evening.

I gave up my job, with all the travelling. It was for the best. A Dolly doesn't need a job. And well, our lives, our marriage, have been **so** much happier as a result. I don't regret it at all. Maker is a different man these days. Things in the bedroom are... ha! Well you don't need to know all about that!

Oh, he's coming! Shhh... better get back in position.

No, no, I can't keep telling you all about this. Maker's coming now.

(Almost mechanically) Dolls don't talk.

Song suggestions if you decide to use one

China Girl by David Bowie

Sticking With You, Velvet Underground or The Vaselines' cover version

Where Is My Mind by The Pixies

Don't Make Me Over by Dionne Warwick

All Tomorrow's Parties, by Velvet Underground & Nico

Doll Parts by Hole

Marionette by Art Garfunkel