

# BE A DOLL, DEAR

## COMMISSION STORY

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**“Why is there so much clutter in here? I think the landlord needs to bring someone in to clean things up...”**

My day had begun as a pretty standard Sunday, honestly. I only worked from Monday until Friday, so Saturdays were for taking care of errands that I couldn't handle during the week, while Sundays? Well, those were basically my 'stay at home and do nothing' days. I'd been looking forward to spending the day inside, honestly. Maybe I would get caught up on some shows, or work on my increasingly large video game backlog. The world was my oyster! ...Until about 10pm, at which point I would tragically have to get ready for bed.

Unfortunately, it seemed that things *really* weren't going my way on the one day per week I truly had 'off'. The power had cut out shortly after 1pm, which honestly hadn't been *that* surprising. It was still autumn and that time of year wasn't immune to thunderstorms where I lived. It had been pouring rain for hours, and one good bolt of lightning was all that it took to knock out my entire building's power grid. **“Ugh. What a pain.”**

I lived in a relatively small apartment building. There were only about ten units, and it was only four floors with an extension of the first floor for maintenance, including where the breaker for the entire building was located. After making sure that the lights across the street were on, thus confirming it was just *my* building that had been affected, I headed down *to* that maintenance extension. I'd never been inside before, but it didn't seem like anyone else was home.

Access was simple enough. All I'd needed was to flash my keycard against the lock and I was given access. Based on the shape of the extension from the exterior, I'd expected maybe a short hallway with the breaker at the end, but what I stumbled into was much more cluttered than I had originally thought. It seemed more like someone had been using it to stash all of these clutter. Our landlord didn't come by that often, so it wasn't outside the realm of possibility that one – or *all* – of the tenants had been doing so.

I scooted past a shelf filled with children's toys, then inched past a portable furnace. The only lights I had were the clouded daylight filtering through the windows, my flashlight, and the occasional flashes of lightning that made things a little more visible than they had been before. **"I have no idea which wall the breaker is on, and it feels like one wrong move and I'm going to knock something over..."** Would calling the landlord have been a better option? Probably.

But if people really *were* stashing things against the rules, I didn't want to be the one that accidentally ratted them out. I didn't want to get *blamed*.

**"Whoa!?"** As if fate was trying to prove me right, the next time I took a step I tripped over something. It wasn't until I pointed my flashlight down at my feet that I realized it was a *book*? A fairly large one with a hand drawn cover. It looked like a book of fairy tales based on that alone, but I wasn't going to check. I simply bent over to pick it up with the intention of placing it on one of the shelves. But once it ended up in my hands? It felt strangely... *warm*.

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**"What the—!?"** A space that had suddenly been so dark and dim was suddenly illuminated with the bright light of the sun. Sun... filtering in through the trees? I had looked up at the sky, but then I looked down at the book in my hand. Or, at least, I would have if it had still been *there*! It was missing, even though it *definitely* hadn't fallen through my fingertips! It was much too heavy for me to not have noticed.

Then again, the fact that my location had so suddenly changed was already plenty unexplainable. It wasn't *just* a forest. The trees were winding and the flowers animated. It *wasn't* a normal forest, but like something out of a children's story. Was it just a coincidence then, seeing as I had been holding that book at the time? **"Maybe I slipped and passed out?"** Which would make this some sort of dream?

Honestly, I was desperate for *any* explanation that could help me deny reality. Even I could tell that things felt much too real for it to be a

dream. **“Or... I could have been kidnapped and brought to some sort of theme park?”** Instantly? Without even noticing? That was somehow even *less* believable. “Am I on drugs then?” *Also* very unlikely, and I could recognize that. I had to wrestle with the actual reality of things, didn’t I?

**“Ugh... Okay man, don’t freak out.”** What else was I going to tell myself at that point? **“You’re awake and in some sort of freaky forest all by yourself. Maybe this is heaven? Maybe you died? Wait, no, that’s too grim...”** I couldn’t go thinking that I had *died*. I *definitely* would have realized if that had been the case. Probably. **“So, I need a plan of action. Figuring out where I am... and escaping...? Can I even get home?”**

The truth of things was that I technically hadn’t moved from that spot in the maintenance room at *all*. If you were to look for me on a GPS, then I would have been standing in the exact same spot.

So, how was that possible? Like hell if *I* knew, I was under the impression that I was dreaming... or drugged... or something? All theories that I’d already dismissed as impossible, of course. **“Okay. Maybe I can like, *find* someone? Someone I can ask questions? Yeah... That sounds like a good idea.”** It occurred to me that I had to stop fixating on the *how* and *why* of it, and instead direct my attention towards what I *could* do.

Oddly cartoonish or not, though? Aside from the small clearing I had appeared in, every single direction was lined with trees as far as the eye could see. There was a pretty good chance I’d get *lost*, but did I really have a choice? It was just as unlikely that someone would randomly find me in that clearing – I didn’t even know if there *were* other people around – and sooner or later I would get hungry and possibly starve. I didn’t see anything I could *eat* nearby!

*I don’t need to forage! I just need to imagine! Then it’ll appear!*

...Was the storybook aesthetic of my surroundings getting to me? I couldn’t just *create* food to eat with my imagination. I wasn’t a *kid*. **“I’m a fully grown *man*.”** A man whose voice cracked like *that*, though? Was that even a simple crack? It sounded like a *completely* different voice entirely, and like the voice of a young *woman* at that. But it wasn’t just a coincidence that I had sounded like that. I had yet to comprehend that the power that had pulled me into the forest had begun to influence both my *mind* and my *body*.

And to those ends? My appearance had begun to change. All of the hair on my body – aside from my eyebrows and the hair on top of my head –

had disappeared as if it had no longer existed in the first place, including my pubes. What was that saying? *As smooth as a doll?* Well, that would be much more relevant later on.

Even though I had decided to head into the forest to look for someone, I was hesitating. *There isn't anyone out there, though! It's just me and my friends!* Friends? There was no one else with me. And how could I have possibly known that there was no one else out there in the first place? My eyes glossed over with a shade of dull violet at that very moment, but more than that? Their shapes rounded and enlarged *significantly*, giving them a more feminine appearance.

**“R-Right, I need to get a move... on?”** ...My voice had only *cracked* before, right? So, why was did it *permanently* sound like it had when it had cracked? I looked around with confusion, and as I did, those now larger, cuter eyes became complimented by a facial structure that changed on the whole. My nose shrunk and my lips swelled, all upon a face that became more *ovular* in its silhouette. It was clearly the face of a *young woman* and not a young man.

And a young woman that had longer, silkier, silver hair at that. I liked to keep my hair short, but it rapidly lengthened as it lightened to that silver, strands twirling as they cascaded all the way down past my butt as if they were used to being entwined with each other – *braided*, perhaps? **“Huh...? My hair!?”** Not only had its weight alarmed me, but it tickled my neck, and my bangs were long and fluffy enough to catch my eye. **“What is happening to me!? It's almost like I... I... Oh.”**

What happened next couldn't have *timed* itself better if it tried, because I felt a sharp *pull* between my legs. It was the very moment that I had been robbed of my masculinity, with my dick shrinking away until it was *nothing*. **“Am... Am I a girl?”** Not even *I* realized that in just a few words, I had made two mistakes. The first was more obvious: calling myself a 'girl' when I was still technically an adult made it seem like I thought I was younger than I actually was. The other?

Well, it was the assumption that I was biologically female now. It made sense that I'd think that way, right? I'd *felt* my dick disappear, and if I didn't have a dick, then I must have developed a woman's genitalia instead. On some level, I was already thinking of myself in the feminine – which was actually the most important part. I was, in fact, a *girl* now based on how I saw myself alone. But there was *nothing* down there. My pelvis was *completely* smooth.

Again, like a *doll*.

**“Why am I turning into a girl!? Even though girls are really cute and sweet! Um... Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad...? N-No, it would be bad!”** What was I even *saying*? But my condition worsened as I debated with myself. My body’s shape became womanlier, with my hips widening a touch and my butt gaining a bit of shapeliness to it. What was *strange* though was that the two cheeks of that ass eventually *mended together*, preserving the shape of my behind but eroding the gap between them.

In terms of biological functionality, that *wasn’t* a good thing. Speaking strictly biologically, how would I *poop* or *peepee*? For some reason I couldn’t even stop myself from giggling at that though. **“Why would I need to do that?”** Was it somehow a stupid question? It *felt* like one! At roughly the same time, my waistline pinched inwards and my chest puffed out into a pair of *A-cup* breasts. But in exchange for their growth? It appeared that my nipples disappeared until my body no longer possessed *any* sexual features whatsoever.

*Like a doll.*

That comparison *kept* coming up without knowing how *apt* it was. My torso did not change much further beyond one future change, nor did my face or head. However? Something *very* strange began to happen to my limbs. My arms and legs, and the hands and feet affixed to them, began to feel *very* stiff. Their skin soon darkened towards a black, and that skin sunk around where all of my joints were located on her elbows, wrists, and between the segments of my fingers – of course, the same was true of my knees, ankles, and toes.

My limbs didn’t *look* human. They were like black, porcelain *doll joints*. I might not have *completely* been a doll, but parts of me certainly were. **“Oh! My arms look kind of funny, don’t they? Or... maybe they were always like this? Hmm... It’s like something out of a fairy tale!”** If it wasn’t already clear? I had *already* checked out. If I’d still been in my right mind, my reaction to having *inanimate limbs* would have been *much* more severe.

As would my reaction to the realization that I was *shrinking*. I hadn’t been an overly tall guy, but I *was* a little above average. And yet? **“Whee!”** I cried out with a childish *delight* as my height all of a sudden *plummeted*. My limbs and torso, whether they were biological or not, regressed until I was only 4’6” with my pants slipping off and my shirt functioning like a gown that now touching the floor. My *already* small chest shrunk even more, and my fingers and toes felt even *more* like a doll’s now that they were so tiny. **“Heheh! I’m tiny!”**

I wasn't sure if it was *because* I did so, but when I clapped my little hands? The clothes I was wearing turned into pretty golden sparkles that filled the air around me! Well, just for a second! They soon converged upon me, creating a black, gothic dress with short, puffy sleeves and a bright purple underskirt. A black bow was on my chest, and you could see purple bloomers sticking out from under the skirt too. Oh! And I had a cute, black hat with black and purple bows on the side, and my silver hair was tied into two long braids! Toss in cute, black shoes, and...

I was utterly adorable, wasn't I!?

**“Hm? Is it time for a tea party already? I'll set the table!”** Who was I even talking to? Was someone else even present? *No*, but if I used my imagination, then *anyone* could be with me! Maybe it was a king, or a knight, or a super cool science guy! This place was *my* Wonderland, after all! Because I was the manifestation of all children's stories, *Nursery Rhyme!* The small clearing in the forest that I occupied was soon decorated in the way that I envisioned!



A long table floated in from the trees, and a tablecloth spread across it as soon as it was set down in front of me. Plates, cups, cutlery; all appeared instantly while about six chairs floated in from the treeline as well. I clapped my hands gleefully, and five plushies occupied the chairs that *I* wouldn't be using. **“I'm so glad that everyone is here for this fun, fun, fun event! Do you have any opening remarks, Miss Elephant?”**

After taking my seat, my doll-jointed fingers gestured to the elephant plushie resting in the seat beside me. There was dead silence for about thirty seconds, but like any child hosting a pretend tea party, I clapped and cheered for her at the end of the speech I had completely imagined. This went on for about an *hour*, and once I'd had my fill? Everything disappeared, leaving me alone. **“I sure hope I have a new reader soon! I'd like to be able to go and see the outside world!”**

Because as it turned out, I really *hadn't* disappeared from the maintenance room of my apartment building. The forest I was now in was *within* the story book I had picked up. Or perhaps it was more accurate to say that *I* was the story book itself. I was presently formless in the physical world, but if a child was to read me? I would be able to

turn their joy into mana so that I could properly manifest! And then I would be able to play as many games with them as I wanted to!

**“Aren’t there any kids in this apartment building at all?  
Boooooo....”**