

KIRA MIKI SHELVED

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



The life of *Kira* Miki wasn't an easy one.

It was only natural that great fame would bring great wealth, and that was certainly becoming truer and truer for the buxom, blue-haired woman. A cursory glance would have made it clear enough that she wasn't a *human*, but instead an autonomous humanoid robot called a *Lilim*. That by no means made her special on its head. There were *plenty* of Lilim living alongside the people of Glitch City. Some worked as sex workers, others as houseworkers, while the more fortunate managed to claim stardom.

Kira Miki was well on her way to that lattermost result. She had only been active for a mere two years, but her name was becoming more and more recognizable. Of course, some of that charm came from what Jill Stingray would have quickly described as her 'big titties', but she honestly *was* a talented singer with a cool but bubbly personality. **"Yikes! Things are getting a little *too* hairy... Maybe I should try and lose them before I head into the bar?"**

And the more popular she became? The more fans she accumulated. That by itself wasn't necessarily a bad thing. She adored them, even the one that broke into her home to make her breakfast... she just wished that they wouldn't explore her panty drawer so thoroughly... preferably at all. She had a somewhat manic fan club that had begun to follow her around, too. It troubled the singing Lilim somewhat, but that wasn't her *primary* concern.

It was more that this fan club was troubling *others*. She liked to see them as something more akin to *extra security* because they would keep

anyone that came too close to her at bay. But did those people *deserve* to be treated that way? Probably not, and it was a conversation with VA-11 Hall-A's bartender that had opened her eyes to it. ...She was fairly certain that Jill had been annoyed by the thirty or so fans that had crowded the exterior of the bar, though.



VA-11 Hall-A had been her destination that evening, in fact, which was kind of a problem? There was a pack of almost *forty* fans trailing behind her on the sidewalk (had their numbers grown again?) and if she led them to the bar, Jill would *definitely* be upset about it. What could she do? Well, she *had* been on the right track when she pitched losing them... and there just so happened to be a corner coming up!

Kira Miki sped around it and ducked into the first door she would have otherwise passed without so much as looking at what the store *sold*. Its windows were dark, and it seemed to be dimly lit inside, which was a stroke of good luck in a sense. It would be harder for her stalking fan club to see her in there. She crouched down below the window and peeked over, watching all those fans run by.

“Phew... I just need to kill a few minutes and then I’ll probably be safe to leave...” And so, she figured, she would browse the store seeing as she had some time to kill. She stood back up and turned to the front counter, expecting to find a staff member? But there was no one there? The door *had* been unlocked, so it was open, right? **“Hello? Hm... Maybe they’re in the bathroom? I’ll just have a look around myself then!”**

She decided to start from the back of the shop. It wasn't very big, but it was pretty clear *what* they dealt in. *Dolls*. There were all sorts of dolls lining the shelves. Many of them were antiques, while others were much more modern. *Kira* Miki didn't collect them herself, but she *did* think they were interesting. Perhaps her perspective on the matter was influenced by the fact that as a Lilim she was something akin to a living doll herself. *Doll* was even a slur that some humans used for them.

“Huh? Is that *Dorothy!*?” While looking through the dolls on the shelf closest to the back, though? She found a doll that was *pretty* interesting. Someone must have been a real fan of Dorothy Haze, a red-headed sex worker Lilim with a more childlike body, because they had made a ball-jointed doll in her spitting image! It looked very *lifelike*, too. *Kira* Miki knew her as a fellow regular at VA-11 Hall-A. She was *very* popular and always seemed to have work, but...

Was she popular enough for someone to make a doll of her to sell in a shady looking doll store?

The singer's curiosity ended up getting the better of her and she reached a finger out to touch the doll. It was a test to make sure the doll wasn't being held down with adhesive so that it couldn't be stolen. Not because *she* was going to steal it! She just wanted to pick it up! That didn't seem to be the case though, since it moved when she touched it. The issue was that it *zapped* her. "**Oh!?**" It hadn't *hurt*, but it *had* startled her enough to stumble backwards several steps. "**Wah!?**"

In the end, the backs of her legs caught on something, and she fell onto her ample butt with a thump. There had been a small, black bench behind her that she hadn't noticed there before because of how dark it was. She was grateful that it had broken her fall, and so she just had to... get... up? "**Wh-Why can't I get up? Is my butt stuck!? Did someone spill glue here or something?**" The Lilim wasn't always the sharpest tool in the shed, but there were very few things that she could think of that might lead to one's buttocks sticking like that.

The other possibilities were *tape*, which should have been more visible, or a *magnet*, but those were hardly strong enough to affect a Lilim's body. Making things even *more* confusing to her was the realization that she had placed her hands on the bench to prop herself up as she'd fallen, but her hands hadn't stuck to the bench at all. Then had her butt landed on the *one* spot on the entire bench that was sticky? She had too many questions and couldn't do anything about it. Her ass was also beginning to feel numb, which she chalked up to whatever she was sitting on.

"Wait... There should be staff here! HELP! HELP! CAN SOMEONE HELP ME!? I-I'M SORT OF FAMOUS!" *Kira* Miki wasn't sure if adding that bit to the end would help at all, but her fan club typically reacted to affirmation like that! Whoever was supposed to be watching the counter *still* hadn't returned though, and for all her being stuck was alarming... she decided to quiet down. If any of her fans were still nearby and could overhear her?

Well, it was a tossup if they'd rush in to help or if they'd do something *weird* instead.

For a brief moment the woman had felt dizzy. Or, well, it was more of a matter of her mind considering the possibility that she was dizzy. Even though she was sitting, her body felt a little off balance, and her eye level was beginning to slip? Not to mention the fact that her bodysuit was beginning to bunch up against her body, almost like it... didn't... fit?

Wait, were those last two issues problems that could be caused from being *dizzy*?

What was *actually* happening didn't properly register with her until her feet, which had been firmly planted on the store's floor, no longer *touched* it. "...**Eh?**" *Kira* Miki hadn't leaned back or anything like that, and she *couldn't* have because the bench had a backrest. She also hadn't lifted her knees at all. So, by process of elimination? The only plausible explanation was that— "**Am I getting smaller!?**"

Everything that had felt *wrong* made a lot more sense if that was true. Her bodysuit fit more loosely because the body it contained was shrinking, and she felt off-balance because her perspective was shifting so quickly. In fact, in the ten seconds that followed her even acknowledging it? She'd lost almost a full *foot* of height, though rather than her knees pull back over the edge of the bench, her butt was seemingly scooted closer and closer *to* that edge instead.

"**H-Huh!?** **But I thought I was stuck!?**" The Lilim was correct, of course. She still couldn't push her ass up, but it had slid towards the front of the bench? She felt behind her with her gloved hands, which was a struggle because she had to roll up the bodysuit's *sleeves*, but those hands didn't get stuck where she had been stuck before. There was nothing sticky about it at *all*? "**What's going—MMPH!?** **MMPH!?**"

It finally happened. *Kira* Miki had become so miniature that her bodysuit finally swallowed her head. She was smaller than even a child, but her adult proportions remained the same. She shrunk and shrunk within the depths of the pile of latex that had once been her favorite outfit, and it wasn't long at all before she was no larger than one of the many dolls that lined the nearby shelves. The struggling of her tiny arms could be seen flailing around inside, but otherwise one could easily have just assumed someone had left their bodysuit there with the legs dangling over the edge.

...Until it *wasn't*. "**—OUT!?** **...Oh.**" From the Lilim's perspective, her voice sounded *completely* normal, but if a normal sized person had walked by then they might have assumed they were just hearing things. Nonetheless, the bodysuit had *completely* disappeared. The toy-sized woman was sitting naked on the edge of the bench, with her feet barely reaching past the steel seat. "**Ah!?** **I'm so small! How am I going to put on a concert like this!?**" She probably had more important things to worry about though.

Now that she was naked? The modifications to her body that left the synthetic skin of her torso and limbs pitch black were seemingly undone. That skin lightened until it was the same pale shade as her face,

and it made the Lilim joints that she already possessed stand out all the more. Some Lilim went to extra lengths to try and conceal those joints, but *Kira* Miki wore them as a point of pride, because being a Lilim was an important part of who she was. Even so, those joints were technological in nature, much more akin to slight indentations that showed where the robotics were installed rather than an actual peek into their inner workings.

“What am I... going to...? ...?” The woman had *wanted* to say more, but found that she *couldn't*. She couldn't move her lips? No... It was *more* than just her lips. Her mouth felt dry, and her arms and legs fell limp. She couldn't move at *all*, almost like she had been paralyzed. That was true in a *sense*, but mostly because her body was being robbed of its artificial and technological elements. This was best seen in how the sheen of her skin was lost – and how that skin began to harden into *porcelain*.

Only *Kira* Miki's eyes could still move, not that they were much use when she couldn't tilt her chin downwards to look at the rest of that body. At how her nipples was erased and her big, soft tits hardened into permanent firmness, or at how her synthetic pussy and ass crack were all sealed; not that she would ever need to use the bathroom again, because her insides were *hollowing*.

Joints that could once be seen as a product of proud advancements in robotics lost that charm entirely. The indentations deepened as those joints were carved out with the joints themselves becoming *ball* shaped, like the joints of *many* of the dolls in the store. The *doll* couldn't say a thing as she found her tiny body leaning back until she was *laying down* with her back arched slightly upwards, nor as her legs were pulled up like she was striking a pose with her hands wrapped around her left leg, as if holding it in place. It was *this point* where she was finally able to see her joints.

Am I... a doll?

But it was already too little, too late; not that she could have prevented it anyways. All she could do was notice that she was... shrinking again? No, it wasn't her. It was the *bench*. It crept lower and lower as the sides pressed in towards her ass. They wrapped around her ass and lightened to *crystal* of all things, becoming a small martini glass in time that held the doll up like a stand. It made her look like she was supposed to be dressed rather elegantly.

And she *was*. The last thing that the curse did was dress her in a purple cocktail dress and matching heels, providing a generous look at her doll

cleavage and with her hair beautifully styled. For some reason, this doll did *not* come with underwear included.

The light finally faded from the lifeless body of the *Kira* Miki *ball jointed doll* at last, leaving her completely still on the floor where the bench had once been. Her joints had been perfectly posed so that she was leaning back in the martini glass that the bench had turned into with her slender legs kicked into the air. It was a dynamic and rather sexy pose, but it really didn't do the doll any favors to be sitting on the floor like that.



As for the Lilim's soul... was it *gone*? Not exactly. She still maintained a bare minimum level of sentience, even though she technically wasn't capable of moving, breathing, or otherwise communication. She could just barely see through her false eyes, and anything she heard was muffled at best. Was this vague consciousness she could only wonder: had the same fate befallen Dorothy? Was that doll, high up on the shelf, the same as her?

“Aww, she isn't in here, guys! But *wow!* Check this out! They made a cute little doll that looks just like *Kira* Miki!” The doll hadn't heard her approach until she was standing right over her. A woman that she recognized from her fan club? And of course, they assumed that the doll on the ground was *merely* a doll. The woman picked the martini glass up and held the tiny doll up to her face before patting it on the head like a puppy. **“It's sooooo cute! And extremely lifelike! Do you think they'll let me buy it!? I wonder how much it costs!?”**

Somehow the *Kira* Miki doll had a *very* bad feeling that if she was purchased by someone from her fan club, that she would meet an even more terrible fate. But the woman looked over at the shelf. **“Oh! They even have a doll of that Dorothy girl that *Kira* Miki was seen speaking to in that bar! I wonder if I can buy them as a set? That'd be totally rad!”**

No, it 'totally' would not!