

# DESU DEFYING

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Ever since he'd first encountered them, the Rozen Maidens, and become the master of the fifth doll, Shinku, Jun Sakurada had been privy to all sorts of unusual dreams. At times they were almost like visions of a past that wasn't his own, of memories belonging to individuals that weren't himself. Was it of the dolls themselves? It was difficult to say, because by the time he'd woken up he had already forgotten the contents, just that he'd had the dream in the first place.

Even keeping a dream diary didn't help, because the rate at which the visions slipped from his memory were far faster than he could get thoughts to paper, and in the end, he began to not worry too much about them. But this time? It was a little different. The fourteen year old had woken up in the middle of the night instead of the first time in the morning.

**“Ugh... Again?”** Holding his head in his hand after sitting up, he reflected on the unusual dream he'd just had. Or *tried*, but nothing came to mind again. Still, he was sweaty and gross, so Jun ended up getting out of bed to go to the washroom to wash up. He passed by all of the doll cases on his way drowsily, not even taking notice of the fact that one of them was open and empty.

Or that a green orb of light was trailing behind him, keeping enough distance to escape the boy's notice.

The creaking of the faucet indicated he'd turned it off after splashing his face with water several times, although without his glasses on Jun couldn't really make out his appearance in the mirror that well. His was effectively blind, after all. As he squinted anyways, something suddenly

came to mind. A memory. He'd remembered something from his dream!? No, not something. Someone. A Rozen Maiden doll had been there, but *who*? "**Ow!?**" Before he could stumble upon that conclusion, a sharp pain in the NEETs eyes forced both of his eyes shut, and when he opened them again? He could see his reflection clearly? "**What happened to my eyes!?**"

Jun had meant it in the sense that he could see clearly without glasses, but as he leaned in there was also something else that was awry. His typically dark green eyes seemed to have speckles of other colors dancing around them, and they weren't even consistent between the two. In the left there were fragments of **red**, while in the other there were fragments of a lighter **green**. It became hard to describe them as mere fragments though, for they quickly overcame the browns entirely.

"**That's weird, red and green-desu?**" Eyes immediately went wide as he'd added an extra word onto the end of his sentence, and he was quick to bring hands to his cheeks in surprise. "**Did I just add a -desu to my sentence-desu? Again!?**" It happened once more, the boy still void of any intent to do so. There was only one individual he knew that added this word onto everything they said, and they just so happened to have red and green heterochromia.

But they were also a doll. "**Just like Suiseiseki-desu!?! There's no way-desu!**" The boy could protest the possibility all he wanted, but that didn't change the reality of the situation, such as the fact that the dark brown spikes of his hair appeared to be lightening. One by one, his hairs took on a much more chestnut tone, a mysterious force guiding his bangs so that they fond themselves swept to the right once their color had been changed.

There was far more heft to the length of his hair, and that was something that seemed to become truer with each passing moment. Like a head of vines (*fitting, for Suiseiseki was so associated with gardening*) these brown locks began to spill down his back, lustrous in appearance, but something about them just seemed *off*. It all still resembled *hair*, and yet the quality was finer. Almost like a doll's. No, *exactly* like a doll's.

"**Ah...!?**" Still staring at his own reflection, panic set in as it grew more and more foreign. The big mane of artificial hair was shocking but staring at his own eyes revealed something eerie as well. They almost looked to be made of glass, like the Rozen Maiden dolls he'd taken under his care. Jun was still fully rejecting the possibility though, even as the hands that he'd brought up to his face to examine the other changes began to take on unusual qualities of their own. "**N-No way-desu!**"

*Desus* aside, his general demeanor had been degrading as well. Jun wasn't one to conduct himself so sheepishly in private, but he now felt even more panicked than he likely would have been under normal circumstances. This sheepishness would continue to build over the course of this incident, falling in line with the personality of the doll he was beginning to look more and more like.

And 'doll' was meant literally, for what Jun noticed on his hands was not merely the fact that they appeared to be shrinking, growing daintier by design. Rather, notable attention was drawn to his joints. They were darkening, lessening, until the skin of the parts of each finger seemed to lip over the joints themselves. A simple flexing of these digits found that they still functioned correctly, but there was an unusual stiffness to them. Jun squinted, trying to get a glimpse into the dark gaps left by hollowed joints and, well... it was obvious what was there.

*Ball joints.* A type of joint typically given to dolls and mannequins to make moving their parts seem more realistic. "**Like a doll-*desu*...**" But even his skin looked less and less realistic, surfaces hardening so that if he balled his hands a clacking of polyurethane resin could be heard as parts of them bumped into each other. These hands felt cold and lifeless, but he could not deny the fact that he could move them as if they *were* alive.

Jun had been so distracted by his hands that he'd hardly noticed that all of the phenomenon that had plagued them were ones occurring all across his flesh simultaneously, stealing away flesh, blood, and bone, leaving nothing but ball joints and polyurethane in their place. The joints themselves hollowed out evidently enough, but they were all concealed by his pajamas. This included those at his elbows, shoulders, hips, knees, ankles, wrists, and one larger section just above his bellybutton that split his torso into two.

Though, speaking of his bellybutton in particular, the more artificial his body became, the scarcer his biological accessories became as well. His nipples were wiped clean from his chest, his bellybutton filled in so that no indentation was left, and well... Jun would never have to take a shit again, for his butt cheeks connected themselves.

But there was something else to it. Much like his hands, the boy's figure was becoming dainty and girlish. His waistline pinched in a little, for example, and while his chest was free of any nipples? Its plastic-like design seemed a little puffy, as if to indicate an intended femininity to his design. Though his dick was washed away, leaving his plastic crotch entirely flat? Nothing else popped up in its place, implying an absence of sex altogether.

And Jun would have very much continued to refer to himself in the masculine, but all of a sudden something in *her* mind just clicked, pushing the dial from thinking of herself as the male gender towards thinking of herself as a female. This shift? It came just as a green, fairy-like light that had been observing the doll girl from afar finally opted to fly *into* her body without her notice. It was Suiseiseki's artificial spirit, Sui Dream – the perpetrator of this whole incident, for reasons unknown.

**“H-Huh!?! Wait! Did something just change-desu? I’m a girl, right-desu? No, I’m a girl-desu! A girl...? I couldn’t be a boy-desu! I’m a—GAH!”** Try as she might, the words coming out of her mouth were being distorted. When she tried to say boy, she said girl, and vice versa. Her mind just kept correcting it, and it panicked Jun enough to pull her attention away from how the skin on her face was hardening, how it all looked just as artificial as her glass eyes now.

A doll in body and soul, all that remained was her size. Jun hadn't shrunk in the least and remained at full size. But all at once? That gave way. **“AHHHH!?”**, she cried out as her doll fingers caught the edge of the sink just before she dropped below it, leaving her to dangle as her body became so petite that all of her clothing just peeled from her body, showing off her naked, doll bum for all to see. Distraught, it took all of her power to hoist herself up onto the sink once her height had mellowed out at only roughly 1.5 feet, her artificial body shaking from the fear of falling.

Wait, couldn't she have just summoned her flying case to catch her? Why was she afraid...?

**“This is unbelievable-desu!?! I’ve become Suiseiseki-desu!?”** The doll prattled on with a familiar verbal tic that she couldn't seem to shake. Standing on the bathroom sink, completely naked (*not that it mattered without any biological features to speak of*), she tilted her head to the side as something in her mind kind



of snapped. **“Hm...? Am I not... Suiseiseki-desu? That’s an odd thing to say-desu!”** Suiseiseki’s artificial spirit had not completely fused with her soul, and with that came with the recognition of her new identity.

The part of her soul that was still Jun was present, but body and memories alike had tricked it into going with the flow. Why was she uncertain of her identity? She ended up planting her doll hands on her hips and leaned in towards her reflection with feigned confidence. **“I’m the third doll of Rozen Maiden-desu! Y-Yes, that’s right-desu!”** Of course, she was the most soft-spoken of the dolls. She had difficulty exuding confidence, so even now it came off as forced.

**“A-Ah! Why am I naked-desu!? What if Jun sees me naked-desu!?”** But little did she know...

Wait, she was a doll. What would Jun do with her in the first place?