

BE A DOLL

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Virtual reality games had come so far in the future. Not only were you able to experience the world as if you were really living in it, well... Technology had taken that so literally that you could see, feel, smell, and even hear the insides of games as if they were real. Thanks to the modern FullDive device, you could just hook up your brain and jump right in!

While the market had focused on super advanced VRMMORPGs like ALfheim Online and Gun Gale Online, however, some companies were trying to make it with single player titles. It was no surprise that among them, remakes would eventually end up in the mix. Companies just couldn't resist rehashing their biggest money makers, typically to varied success. It was a trend that quickly ended up with the market overpopulated, and so to sell their games companies realized they needed to get VRMMORPG players to sample them.

And so came an age where ALO ran near-constant free game contests.

“Bloodborne Remake? I don’t think I’ve ever heard of this one before.” Suguha Kirigaya was surprised to have found a video game-sized package in her mailbox when she’d gotten home from class that day. It wasn’t until she opened it that she remembered she had won a contest in ALO a few weeks prior where they had promised to send her a mystery VR game. She supposed this was it?

Based on the box it looked pretty dark, but she was the kind of gamer that would try any game once, really. The teen really held a strong bias for VRMMOs considering ALfheim Online was pretty much her whole



life, but there was nothing wrong with just popping in this game and giving it a shot, right?

And that was exactly what she had done.

After laying down on her bed and booting up her FullDive device, Suguha immediately felt her consciousness pulled into the game. The box had stated these was some sort of character customization aspect and so she'd expected to be loaded right into it, but instead? She found herself standing in what seemed to be a rather elaborate graveyard. And not on that, she was *naked*.

“Uh...” The cold breeze did little to mask the confused sound that her mouth regurgitated, but could you blame her? Nearby, winding stone steps appeared to climb with a curve, and they also went down into a grimmer looking area of tomb work. At least this game was solo, so there was no risk to anyone seeing that her body had been rendered nude. **“This is where the character customization prompt is supposed to pop up, right?”**

“...Right?” Even after waiting half a minute though, nothing popped up. Not only that, but she couldn't figure out how to bring up the menu so that she could turn off the game? **“There has to be a way to turn it off. It's against international law not to!”** Considering everything that happened regarding the Sword Art Online incident, there was plenty of reason for the use of VR technology to become something that required international agreement.

Flailing about as she has been though, Suguha found herself gradually incapable of just doing that. **“Weird. Why is it so hard to move?”** What made it *truly* weird was how it felt. In a way her motions had become similar to how she moved after working out – like things were just locked up because of how fatigued she was. And yet... she didn't feel tired *in the slightest*. How could she? This was a digital world after all.

It only took a moment for her arms to fall completely to her sides, although while her posture was certainly stiff, she still didn't feel *weak*. She wasn't at liberty of her legs giving out or anything, and she could still manage minor movements. **“This is weird. It feels a little like the paralysis condition in ALO.”** Really, she more or less still had full control of everything from her neck up though which was where it did differentiate.

What Suguha had yet to realize that the difficulty moving aside, an off tinge had begun to afflict the pink of her skin. It was hardly consistent, and instead had begun to build in speckles across her flesh almost like glossy paint chips, but it was clear that the color was growing more and more dominant. But if it wasn't a human skin tone, what was it?

A grayish undertone was what was dominant within these speckles as they rose up to plaster all over the girl's flesh. In a way, it wasn't surprising to hear that this change was a proponent towards her growing stiffness, what with how hard any changed surface area appeared. Of course, it didn't merely affect her regular skin either.

When it came to some of her better-defined flesh traits though, uniformity soon set in. While her nipples and areola soon found themselves painted in the same color, for example? The definition of those nipples soon eroded as if they were sanded off, leaving breasts as little more than a pair of firm and bounce-less growths protruding from her chest. And when it came to her ass crack and pussy? Both areas smoothed and a strange fullness filled them so that there were no indentations whatsoever.

“*Urk!?*” Still capable of just barely forcing motion, the girl found herself attempting to cope with a loss of voice. It wasn't like her words had just stopped coming, but rather all of a sudden her mouth had felt so dry that she just couldn't push the words out. In terms of taste, she could hardly even taste anything! Where had all of her saliva just up and gone?

It was a phenomenon that affected her eye sockets just as prominently, though despite her eyes feeling drier she did not lose her sight in any capacity. What she couldn't properly sense was that those eyes appeared... *different*. Her eyes now shone white, and that was certainly a part of it but, on the other hand, those eyes? They almost looked *glassier*, as if they were somehow artificial.

In fact, 'artificial' was the best way to describe the look of the Japanese teen's body as a whole now. That was just the look her hardened, gray skin gave off – almost as if it was some sort of porcelain – and now it was a trend spreading into her dark bob cut of hair as well. Locks were lightening, shifting from black to white just as quickly as you could yell LOOK! Not that Suguha could yell that or even look, because her ability to move was growing even *more* restrictive.

There was something going on with her hair outside of its color shift, and beyond even the fact that it had clearly grown longer. The quality of each strand was finer, almost fake in how it looked. One could even say *artificial*, just as everything else about her body had become. “*...!?*”

Stuck, quite literally, all Sugu had were her thoughts by this point in time because she was hardly at the liberty of doing anything. Her chin was stuck pointing slightly down, and it was enough to see what had become of her breasts at the very least. They were gray, hard, and her nipples were gone! *What's happening to my body? I can't even move, and it's been getting a little... hard to think...* Was she tired? This was in a game, so she certainly *shouldn't* have been!

Internal alarm bells eventually rang louder, but only because Suguha soon realized she could no longer see the peaks of her unusual breasts with her current posture. That was because not only had they compressed, shrinking several sizes from their usual abundance, but their loss was part of a much greater shift in her figure – some noticeable as she was, but much of it not.

What *was* noticeable was that she was growing taller. Looking slightly down as she was, she noticed the nearby steps looked just a little lower to the ground than they had before. The growth wasn't significant, but it had certainly happened. The change in her figure was by far more substantial, including the shrinking of her breasts.

Similar areas followed suit though. The curvature of her ass thinned so that it only bulged slightly where it was once been so pronounced, and her thighs became just slightly lankier. All in all, her figure had gone from a short girl with ample curves to something closer to a young woman with a leaner figure.

With Suguha's bangs now parted in the middle, it was so easy to see that the gray of her face was being shifted around too. Her forehead appeared a lot bigger for one, and there was a much sharper angle to her cheeks that stole away any excess weight. Hardened, dark gray lips appeared dry – which was to be expected seeing as her mouth no longer created moisture. As for her eyes, they were misshapen now. No longer was there any resemblance to suggest a Japanese heritage, but instead something more Western.

A slight breeze felt as if it had begun to swirl around her, and yet the feeling was so subtle that the girl wondered if perhaps she was feeling things? Her thoughts were still fading progressively and so it was growing difficult to question the reality before her. Yet, this breeze carried with it a magic. A magic that forced her stiff arms to move forward without her volition, fingers locking together before her chest.

Until all at once, her ability to move properly returned. She couldn't put a finger onto why, but with her naked form still bare it was easy for an outsider to perceive the cause. Every point on her body where there was

supposed to be a joint *hollowed out*, revealing *actual* joints concealed beneath. Not human joints mind you, but the *joints of a doll*. Fingers, shoulders, elbows, neck, knees, hips, torso, feet – these joints appeared everywhere, leaving her appearance to seem rather disjointed and added further to the eerie lifelessness the once living girl now gave off.

She'd even stopped breathing for her heart had stopped beating, but Suguha remained unaware.

And even though her ability to move had returned, the very energy required to do so had not. Instead she remained standing wordlessly as a fresh outfit took shape around her. Certainly not fresh in a 'trendy' way, or even in the sense that the clothes were brand new. Rather, the gothic Victorian outfit was messy and unkempt. Certainly befitting of a doll, but it did not imply that she was very well maintained.

The doll's consciousness persisted, but her ability to move became more burdensome than merely being 'stiff'. Her slender limbs eventually caved, and she fell back into a piece of garden alongside the stone steps with her fingers laced together in what looked like prayer. Try as she might, she could no longer move a muscle. But then again, dolls didn't exactly *have* muscles, did they? It was more like she had been deprived of energy.

That wasn't all that felt to be absent though. Her memories. Who was she? She had a vague understanding of what she was, but the *Plain Doll* could not place a name to herself. The word 'Suguha' felt like foreign nonsense, a nothing word that didn't hold any significance to her any longer. Of course names were tied to identities, and that was something else she barely felt like she possessed. Rather, given the days and weeks she rested there in that garden, she eventually became capable of thinking of only one thing.



The coming of the good hunter.

As for in the real world, Suguha would never awaken again.