

ALL DOLLED UP

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Exploration of the Sharlayan Antitower had gone smoothly thus far. Silvia Kuroi was an academic studying the intricacies of both Eorzea and the world as a whole, and there was no greater well of potential knowledge than a location sacred to Sharlayan minds.

Studying it was no simple endeavor however. While it had been abandoned by the Sharlayans so many moons ago, the magic ilk that had been created by their magics to take point in guardian the structure were left to overrun it. Great danger lurked in the tower in the form of these creatures, and so it could not be tackled alone.

Fortunately the Warrior of Light had supposedly cleared it out somewhat recently, but that didn't mean a simple healer could handle the dangers by their lonesome. So Silvia had hired a number of guardians.

...A number of guardians she had been separated from at the innermost chamber at the very moment an oversized children's doll had crashed down from the ceiling, pulling the poor Migo'te along with it. Fortunate smiled on Silvia at least briefly, for she ended up landing on...

"A CORPSE!?" She'd seen her fair share of dead bodies over the course of her studies, but she had never landed ass first on one before. She quickly clamored to the ground and into a dark circular room not unlike the one she'd fallen from, although this one was only lit by the light of the room above.

Stepping away and turning back to look at the corpse she had fallen upon revealed that she'd assumed incorrectly at first. It wasn't a corpse.

It was shaped like a woman, but empty eyes and exposed joints implied she was like a doll or marionette. A golem? No... Looking closer she could see there was a pile of them running down the side into a pit, the one she'd landed on only the top of the pile.

They were all wearing maid uniforms.

“This is strange. It’s like a doll graveyard. All the way down here?” Looking around, only the space she was standing in was lit. Everything else was pitch black. Everything else except... *a face*. It sent a chill down Silvia’s spine, staring at her from the very cusp of the darkness. It was human but not, resembling a child’s doll yet inflated to the size of a small building. **“That’s right... I almost forgot. The reason I fell was because...”** This thing crashed into the ground in front of her.

Silvia wasn’t allotted much time to react to this creepy face before its childlike hands erupted from the darkness and began to jitter around however. The gesture didn’t seem harmless at first, but dark energy suddenly exploded around the scholar... before seeping into her body and soul. **“What the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]!?”** She’d meant to question this circumstances aloud, but no sooner than the woman had gone to express them her voice had cut out. Instead, a plethora horrific clicks and screeches called out, clearly inhuman.

“[REDACTED]!? [REDACTED] [REDACTED]!?” Try as she may, only haunting noises called out from her mouth. Almost like she was possessed, like her vocal chords had been hijacked. Alarm brought the Miqo to cover her mouth with a single hand, but her attention remained focused on the giant doll. It had just done something to her. An ability she’d never observed before, for it was unique to the beast.

Dollhouse. The unique ability of the monster doll, Calcabrina.

Typically it trapped a target within the shell of a smaller doll not unlike Calcabrina herself, but this was a slightly *different* variant. The Antitower had plenty of servants but none whose focus was on cleaning or maintaining, or acting as a servant for the servants. And so the doll had developed a spell to correct this. A spell that had now been applied to Silvia against her will.

It had already begun to manifest, stripping her vocal chords of the ability to communicate like a human could, but more visible effects began to seep in. Starting with the hand she’d used to cover her mouth. Suddenly, one of her fingers dug painfully into her cheek without any intent on her own part to do so, and then her pinky bent backwards at an angle that shouldn’t have been possible. The scholar whipped this

hand away from her face, seeing it as a threat to her safety and needing it at an angle where she could properly examine it.

“■■■■?” She couldn’t help but try and ask ‘what?’ out of habit, but the same haunting noises called from the back of her throat as her gaze fixated on the hand. It sounded like her bones were cracking as all of her fingers and thumb alike began to spasm violently, moving and bending back and forth, sometimes curling and then straightening again. The sound was nauseating, and that nausea doubled when she realized her second hand was doing the exact same thing.

Presenting both of her hands before her, she found the color fading from them fast. Healthy skin sought to glow a lifeless white, and Silvia could have sworn the fingers were feeling heavier - not to mention *colder*. Her stomach churned against as she saw something flake off from one of her index fingers, and then from another finger, and another. These flakes were her fingernails, no longer a necessity upon hands that were feeling and looking more and more like they were made of porcelain instead of flesh and bone.

As an intellectual Silvia had her suspicions about what was happening, and no surer sign came than when she began to observe her joints. The space between each finger emptied and darkened, leaving the chunks of her finger to overlap them as motions became even more forced and linear than they had before. No longer did they move according to typical human joints, but instead rounded doll joints that completely sold the idea that hands were no longer human -- or even *alive*.

Despite being inanimate by definition however, they seemed to have a mind of their own. The twitched seemed to stop, but no sooner than it did her arms suddenly jolted to grab... *her breasts*? Movement of her arms had not been planned by Silvia either, but it was because the very same phenomenon that had claimed her hands themselves was seeping in. Skin paled and hardened, joints were carved out at her wrists, elbow, and shoulders; yet the main focus of her woes had suddenly become her bosom.

Fingers massaged through the cloth of her jacket on their own, stimulating a desire Silvia found particularly disturbing considering both the circumstances of her body and the fact that a giant doll face was still quietly, motionlessly observing her. The fingers weren’t gentle either, massaging with a strength that wasn’t typical of her body at all. It seemed the doll-jointed digits had a much tighter, robotic grip, and the touch against her tits bordered pain.

Gradually, however, she noticed something else. “■■ ■■■■■!?” She shouted in alarm as she realized. Thinking it was just because of the

touching she hadn't paid it much mind; a tension beneath her jacket almost like her chest was straining against the cloth of her bra and undershirt. She was now realizing it was not an effect of the grip, for cold and hard as they were her fingers still had a sense of touch. And through this sense she could tell her tits had enlarged. One cup in size? Maybe two? It was hard to tell with the fabric still in the way.

But the most uncanny thing was that even while fingers rubbed against where they should have been, she could not feel her erect nipples. This was for good reason: they were gone. Her tits were larger but completely free of nipples, orbs turning a pasty white as fingers began to struggle in their quest to fondle them. This struggle had an obvious cause -- a *firm* cause. The fatty flesh that made up her breasts was rapidly hardening like an armored shell, which prevented fingers from sinking into them. Before long the sound of her hands pressing against her chest did little more than create a muffled *clacking* noise through the cloth; the type of sound that could be heard from smacking rocks together.

Finally her fingers relaxed and pulled away, but not before Silvia had one final realization about that area of her body. No longer was she breathing, nor did she feel the need to breath. It suddenly wasn't a requirement at all, for beneath her chest had hardened into a doll's form as well. She now lacked lungs and a heart alike.

Still obscured by her clothing, additional grooves formed beneath her chest all of the way around to her back, granting her a doll's torso that would allow limited movement of her back for bending forward or backwards. As a creepy pale crept into her stomach, it stopped churning. There simply wasn't anything left to churn, and short of its arch all of its defining features were swept away including her belly button. In place of her navel was just flat, cold porcelain.

Continuing downward, ignoring her head for now, as the cold sensation washed across both her hips and rear she could feel a tension in her pants against both the waistband and her panties themselves. Doll joints rode high at her hips, but those hips had widened to accommodate them. This was nothing compared to her ass though, which ballooned out to the point that her panties should have flossed in between her butt cheeks.

But there was *no gap. No hole.* No space for her plain panties to do that. Because her ass crack was filling. Both sides bled together as porcelain uncomfortably filled the gap, giving her a firm buttocks that looked like an artificial mockery of the space. Only a gentle indent splitting down the center to even indicate the huge, firm segment was meant to be her ass.

Any arousal she'd involuntarily felt during this debacle very quickly subsided, for her butt wasn't the only thing to seal. She felt rather 'full' in her pussy, satisfied even, because her sexual organs were completely plugged by the very same porcelain her body was structured with. Before long her groin was smooth and hairless, better matching the doll aesthetic.

Her hands had gone idle, sitting stiffly at the sides of her body. That didn't stop Silvia from looking over her shoulder as the stiffness beset her Miqu'te tail however. "■■ ■■ ■■■■■■ ■■■■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■?" She questioned what was happening next with another artificial cry. The sounds she was making were becoming much more hollow in nature, like she was haunted.

But her tail was what mattered, and as she watched the fur begin to peel from that fluffy tail of hers she was on the verge of tears. Not because of the tail itself, but because of everything! Her body wasn't normal anymore! She could feel her knees buckling as joints hollowed out and the coldness leaked into her feet to take what was left of her body proper. Between this and the noises she was making, she feared she would ultimately lose *herself*.

What remained of her tail was naked, and it began to twitch as a multitude of finicky joins began to embed themselves across it. Pale like her body, it seemed like scales had been carved hastily into the upper bridge of the eight movable segments while it shortened in slight and the end sharpened into a point. It looked like the a tail of the Au Ra lizard race, but if it was merely a toy mockery.

From neck to toe she was now completely a doll, though she looked more like a marionette proportion wise. Which instilled Silvia with fear, for there was only one part of her body remaining. She could feel the coolness creeping upward, robbing the heat and color from her cheeks. She pressed her lips together to find it was already too late, for they clacked and bounced off one another while a dryness robbed all of the moisture from her mouth. Tongue settled at the bottom, no longer a movable muscle but and accessory to make her seem more 'alive'.

Silvia was deprived of her hearing, but did not lash out at the momentary deafness for her body no longer responded to her own will. That had been a theme throughout her entire transformation; every that changed seemed to function of its own volition. Temporary deafness was because, of course, her fuzzy cat ears had retreated. Ears didn't even regrow to replace them.

No, from where ears might be found on a human firm, porcelain growths rapidly jutted out of the sides of her skull, pointing backwards

and taking a scaly appearance not unlike her tail. They were an Au Ra's horns, or a set of porcelain knockoffs anyways. The lizard people could hear through their horns, and this restored her sense while the black and red of her hair lightened to pink and white. Curls straightened and came to dangle over the front of her shoulders.

Porcelain composition crept closer to her eyes, and as it did the Migo'te birth marks on her face faded into obscurity. It became clear that while she looked more and more like a doll in the face, the less she resembled a cat at all. Her face was looking a little longer, her nose a little smaller, physiology better suited to an Au Ra.

...And then she went blind.

Silvia's eye sockets dried out and her eyeballs hardened. The light finally bled from their luster, and as they took on a dead, glassy appearance she could no longer hold back a noise of anguish. "■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■!" Her scream was more terrifying than any of the sounds she'd made previously, a number of clicks, screeches, and gear-like noises echoing through it. When her vision finally returned, she found it was dull and unhelpful, but Calcabrina had entered the light. The giant doll was now looming over her, staring into her doll eyes with its own doll eyes, now glowing red.

The girl wanted to protest, to resist. She couldn't take it anymore. She wanted to change back! But she couldn't peel her eyes away from Calcabrina. The longer she stared the harder it became to think. Complex thought waned, as did the ability to properly process any sensory data she was now receiving from her body. *'No! I'm losing myself... I'm... I don't want to...!'* She was trying to resist the mental corruption, but her clothes were giving in more readily.

Material loosened and merged, her jacket becoming one with the under layers and even her pants as pant legs melted to reveal bare doll limbs beneath them. The bottom of the jacket fanned out and lightened into the workings of a white apron overlain a simple black skirt, and further south her footwear fashioned itself into a pair of black homemaker's boots. The sleeves of her jacket shortened to her elbows as they lightened to white and became puffy, and in turn this came to match lacy cloth across her bosom which whitened while the area framing it remained black.

Incidentally her D-cup doll breasts ended up readily on display, for her neckline dipped to reveal rock hard cleavage. A maid's headpiece finally sealed the deal, and if she had the power to examine herself Silvia would have realized she was wearing the exact same uniform the discarded dolls behind her had been adorned with.

