

A DOLL OF A MOOD

COMMISSION STORY

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Sometimes bad things happened to good people, and not even on purpose!

Well, in this case...? The bad thing that happened wasn't exactly the fault of *everyone* who was suffering from it. It wasn't *abnormal* to end up the victim of someone else's misdeeds. 'Guilty by association' was a saying that had merit, and sometimes just keeping certain company or being in a specific person's presence could lead to you ending up incriminated. **"Why are Paimon and I being included in this punishment again...?"**

The Traveler, Lumine, certainly posed a fair question. Her fairy companion Paimon, their Nekomata friend Kirara, and then herself were all lined up in a row in the back room of Chioriya Boutique, a fashion store run by Chiori from Inazuma. Despite her land of birth, however? This shop was in the faraway nation of Fontaine: a place Kirara often visited because she was a courier that traveled all over Teyvat to deliver packages.

"You're the one who led her in here, aren't you? You should take some responsibility for *that*." Chiori seldom appeared to be in a very good mood, but her tone was pointedly *worse* than normal in this instance. Paimon looked to speak up to argue, but before she could even squeak out a word Chiori shot her a glare that silenced the group's biggest yapper immediately.

Lumine didn't necessarily think that this was *fair*, but considering everything that had happened in the past ten minutes, she could at least understand *why* Chiori was mad enough to involve her as well. The true

culprit of the three was *Kirara*. And it had all started when the nekomata had attempted to deliver a package of supplies that Chiori had ordered from Inazuma. Fine silks and elaborate decorations. They had been shipped in a fairly heavy box that Lumine had offered to help her carry from the harbor after the two had had a chance encounter there.

But once they had gotten to the boutique? Kirara had *insisted* on bringing it in herself. “**You don’t need to be this mad, right? All I did was knock over some mannequins... EEP!?**” The courier had *attempted* to try and diffuse the situation but was in turn silenced by Chiori picking up a large pair of sheers. Was she going to *kill* them!?

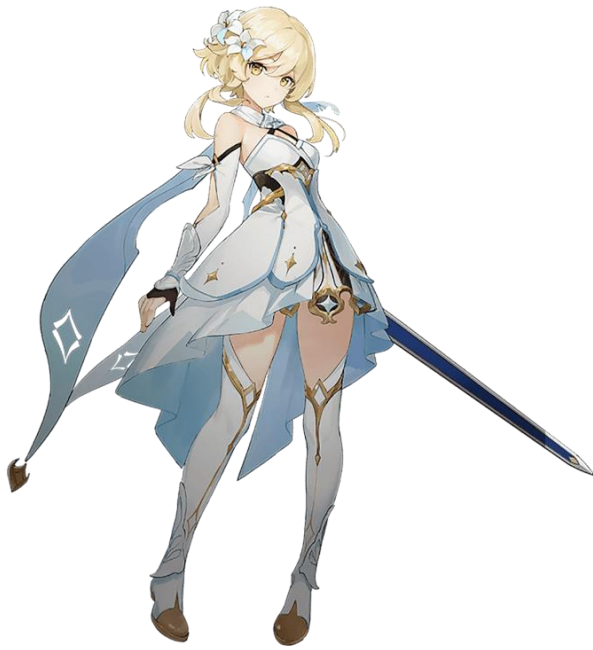
It might have been warranted if she had. “**Those were my newest designs you knocked over. Several of them were torn. Do you know how much work I put into those?**” Lumine could recount the past few moments vividly, she hadn’t needed Chiori to remind her specifically. When Kirara had come in with the box... Well, to begin with, the box had been so big that she couldn’t really see part it while holding it in her arms.

That was what had led to this disaster. Because she couldn’t tell *where* she was going, Kirara had knocked over one mannequin with the box. Which had led to it hitting another. And another. Some of them got caught on shelves and other furniture while falling, leading to fabric being torn. And *that* was the chain of events that had led to this *Chiori Explosion*.

“**Paimon first.**” Chiori had already told them that they were going to receive some sort of punishment. *A temporary job*, of sorts. They had all assumed that the seamstress would be making them hand out flyers, sweep the floors, or some other manner of menial labor. So, when she dragged Paimon off into her office in the back? Lumine had just assumed it was to brief the fairy. But when Chiori re-emerged a few minutes later?

She was *alone*. The same thing occurred to Kirara. She was taken into the room but was no longer there when Chiori returned. “**And now it’s finally your turn.**” The Traveler didn’t have much to say to that and just followed her ‘temporary employer’ into the office. It was a small office with only a single door, which was *confusing* for an obvious reason. Paimon and Kirara had both been brought into the office, and yet they weren’t there. She hadn’t seen them leave.

Aside from an assortment of tools for her craft and a desk with documents that likely contained orders she had both made for supplies and orders she had to fulfill, there was *one thing* that stood out to Lumine. Well, *two*. Two of Chiori’s expressive dolls were sitting on the



floor by the desk. She wasn't sure *why* they stood out to her, but Chiori seemingly read her mind on the matter. **"Oh? Do you like them? That's good."** The *way* she had said it was what put the Traveler on edge.

"What do you mean by—" The blonde cut herself off when she finally noticed what was on a shelf in the desk *behind* those dolls. Neatly folded clothing that sparked familiarity in the Traveler's mind. One set that was smaller and one that appeared to be normal sized.

Those were the clothes that Paimon and Kirara wore! **"Where... are they?"**

"A mystery. And one you're about to figure out the answer to! But I won't be able to watch since the front door just chimed. I have a customer."

Chiori slipped out through the door before Lumine could try and stop her and, in fact? She quickly realized she wouldn't have been *able* to stop her. **"H-Huh!?"** Any attempts to lift her feet off the ground were met with futility. It was almost like they had been glued in place, barring the young woman from taking a single step from where she was. She'd missed a rather *strange* glint from Chiori's Geo Vision just as the seamstress was leaving. The supposed paralysis of her feet was one of the effects of this. But the others? They were much direr.

They began in ways that wouldn't exactly have been simple for the Traveler to even process, for the gold of her eyes all of a sudden ignited with a fiery crimson and those eyes narrowed in shape. It was a pinching in of her eyelids' corners that accomplished this, taking a gaze that looked more like it belonged to woman from Mondstadt (comparatively) and shifting it into something much more pointedly *Inazuman*. Her she been able to see her own eyes, then perhaps she would have immediately noticed the familiarity.

Her eyes were the same crimson pair that had been glaring at her just moments before. **"What is Chiori planning on... Huh? Chiori?"** After speaking, the young woman thought for a moment that she had

heard the seamstress nearby. It took a moment for her to recognize that what she had heard was actually her *own* voice. **“Huh? Wait...”** She rubbed at her own throat, ignorant to just how much of Chiori’s own DNA was being forced into her own form.

Because the similarities in her eyes fanned out and into the rest of her face. Her lashes lengthened and her features appeared to mature ever so slightly in a way that made her look closer to her mid-20s in terms of age. Her facial structure was tugged at so that it took on a rounded shape, lips became plump, and her nose pushed in. She looked more like an Inazuman woman than ever... because she looked *identical* to Chiori.

“Uh, wait a second... Those dolls, then...?” She looked back at the dolls behind her, momentarily finding herself trying to shake away her own hair. Hair that was darkening to a familiar brown and thickening in texture. Her bangs ended up parted on the left, with side bangs wrapping around to her cheeks where a straight cut ended them abruptly. **“That couldn’t be it, could it?”** Lumine was doing her best to stay calm, trusting that Chiori wouldn’t actually try to harm her. But she could already tell based on what had happened thus far: she must have been turning into the Inazuma seamstress’ body double.

And that was true *for now*.

This fact was extending to her body’s build, too. In terms of figure, Chiori and Lumine weren’t *dramatically* different, mind you. Her body stretched so that she was about an inch taller; something that wasn’t especially noticeable even if it could be vaguely felt. The same could be said about breasts that grew roughly a cup size bigger, or hips that flared out enough for her butt and thighs to thicken just the slightest bit. In the end? She was more or less identical to Chiori – or at least a Chiori whose hair wasn’t properly styled and was dressed in Lumine’s vaguely tight outfit.

Her eyes narrowed at the dolls behind her again. Was her transformation now completed, or...? **“E-Eh?”** Her concerns were elevated at the sight of one of the dolls’ arms moving. Or *had* it moved? Was her mind just playing tricks on her in the grand scheme of things? She couldn’t be certain, but Chiori’s dolls *usually* moved on their own, right? Perhaps this was just an instance of *that!* And Kirara and Paimon were... *elsewhere!* Yeah! They had to be elsewhere!

That was what she had *wanted* to think with all her heart, but unfortunately, she soon had proverbial cold water dumped over her. She had gone to itch a patch of skin on the back of one hand with the other but was left flabbergasted when her finger touched against something *much* softer than human skin. It was velvety, almost silken – more like a

fabric than flesh. “**Ah!?**” And glancing down essentially *confirmed* her fears. The ‘skin’ of her hands wasn’t pale skin at all, and instead a copper-brown painted over her skin. It spread from the backs of her hands and across her fingers, assimilating her nails into them while the sensation progressed *up* her arms and then down into the rest of her body.

“**This isn’t skin. It’s... cloth...**” Cloth in the *exact* same color as the cloth that had been used to make the two Chiori dolls on the ground behind her. Evidently, they had been foreshadowing her ultimate fate all along. Because the copper cloth spread down and over the rest of her body. It didn’t exactly leave things *entirely* intact, though. Her nipples, bellybutton, and even her buttohole and pussy were all mended over so that no holes existed beneath her waist. But as the copper moved into her legs?

The coloration certainly ended up... different. It was *darker*, of a similar shade to her hair – or identical to the color of the leggings that Chiori wore. Lines of yellow even ran vertically down these legs. It was worth investigating, but... “**Getting... hard to... move...!?**” Her mobility was being sapped away and her posture was *stiffening*. Even expressing herself facially was becoming a problematic act.

...For similar *and* dissimilar reasons. The skin on her face discolored into the same silk that now composed the container of the rest of her body. “**MMPH!?**” Lumine’s vision was stolen from her, and she *wanted* to cry out with surprise but... she *couldn’t*. Her mouth had been shrouded by and assimilated into the fabric, the head it was bound to gradually growing into a much more apparent *circle*. One without even a nose. Not a normal human head, but it wouldn’t look out of place on, say...

The body of a plush doll?

All the while, the hair atop her head merged together, flattening into obvious felt pieces that were arranged to properly mirror Chiori’s own hair style – even complete with the same side ponytail bound in a red ribbon. Not that Lumine could *see* that. “**MMPH!?**” If she’d been able to effectively move, then she might have been stumbling around in the dark. But she couldn’t really feel her fingers or toes anymore? The reason for this was fairly obvious *visually*. Her hands had swollen into a pair of fingerless nubs for one, and her feet had regressed into similar shapes.

The muffled sounds she was able to make with her mouth eventually came to an alarming end as what remained of her mouth was filled with the taste of synthetic materials. Cotton mixed with something *else*. It

stole away her teeth and tongue, but this phenomenon wasn't isolated to her mouth. Her brain, bones, organs, *and* flesh all exploded into the same cottony material, making it so that not a single speck of biological matter remained in her body.

But despite this? The gigantic doll's consciousness didn't wane. She was still blind and panicking deep down, but she could still *feel*. Not that she could really make sense of *what* she was feeling. She could best describe it as being hit with a wave of inertia, but it was difficult to really piece together *why*. From an outsider's perspective the reason was blatant though. Her height was plummeting, and her stuffed body was compressing into the proper size and shape one would expect from a doll.

When all was said and done, she was just shy of being *a single foot* tall.

Once this height had evened out and the dropping ceased? Her body was disfigured once more as the copper of her torso promptly *exploded*. Well, it *looked* like it had exploded, but it was simply a matter of the silk that wrapped around her body being stretched, dyed, and colored to resemble the rest of Chiori's outfit. Just... *miniature*. She already *had* the leggings, but she'd been missing her ornate kimono.

Which was something that that fluttered out, wholly attached to her body in a way that Lumine could still feel through the fluttering, floral sleeves that hung down to her tiny feet, or the red ribbon that wrapped around her chest. Unfortunately, what had been left of her adult figure after shrinking was offered up as material *for* this unique and beautiful kimono design. Not that a mere *doll* had any need for breasts or an ass in the first place.

She gasped without making a single sound. She... *gasped*? Hadn't she lost her mouth? That was what the Traveler had *thought*, and it *had* been true, but something had *changed*. A stick-on mouth fashioned with felt had emerged from her silk face, as dark and her hair and left with limited expressions. Because it was just a stick-on, she couldn't breathe or *talk* through it. But at least it allowed her some form of expression. Which was helped in equal measure by...

I can see again!?

Her vision *had* come back rather unexpectantly, a product of the same development that had afforded her a 'mouth' once more. Felt eyes were stuck onto her face, permitting her sight at the expense of limited expressions. Limited expressions that were quite... *silly*. Had a mirror been handy, she probably would have been surprised by just how funny

looking her shocked expression now was. She looked more like an animated mockery of a person than an actual person!

What did my creator do to me!? Wait, my what!?

It was strange. Being so low to the ground, not being able to communicate, being so *soft*. Despite *clearly* being an inanimate existence without any brain, muscles, nor even a heart? The *Chiori Doll* that was essentially a repurposed Lumine had all of the functionality of a living being. She could think, feel, and move – even if she had momentarily fallen limp into the pile of her old clothing after her transformation had come to an end. This must have been what had happened to Paimon and Kirara.



After a few minutes of no movement and absolute silence in the room, life seemingly returned. One of the dolls began to move, and then the other, until it was the third one's turn. All three expressively looked over one another with a concern that was made apparent by their actions, but they were utterly unable to communicate. Their mouths did not produce sound, and their hands did not have fingers to sign even if they had known how.

They could only dance around, clumsily getting used to their new bodies.

“Do you three understand the nature of your punishment then? I suppose it would be difficult *not* to.” All three of the Chiori dolls *looked* angry when Chiori entered the office once more with a smirk. **“Hm? You dare treat your *creator* with that attitude?”** The moment that she said that all three fell in line. They couldn't *help* it? They'd all subconsciously viewing her as their 'creator' ever since their transformation, and as a result they had a duty to do what she asked.

The sole human in the office clicked her tongue with amusement as she picked 'Lumine' up roughly by the head to examine her handiwork. **“If you're worried about this being permanent, I wouldn't be. A few weeks. Maybe a month? When did you say you needed to leave for Natlan, Lumine?”** She allowed the question to linger in the air for a moment before tossing the doll in her hand to the ground. **“Oh, right. I guess you can't answer me. I don't know which one of you is which, anyways.”**

She laughed dryly to herself, while all three of the dolls seemed to be unamused by that statement. But it did feel like, just maybe, they were

at risk of *forgetting things* temporarily if they stayed that way too long. Like their old identities. Fortunately, those memories would be returned to them *when* they returned to normal, but it sounded like there was a stipulation to *when* they would be turned back.

“That is... so long as you don’t break anything else in the meantime.”

Yeah. It didn’t take long for that to happen.

