

BOUNDARY - DOLL

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Without any *real* leads to speak of, Hanyuu had turned to the Forest of Magic.

Her situation was *complicated* to say the least. She had once been Reimu Hakurei, the ‘esteemed’ shrine maiden of the Hakurei Shrine. *Had once been* being the key part of this phrase though, because due to Yukari’s antics she had been transformed into what could best be described as the ‘tiny god’ she was now. Her divinity was clear, but it was also lacking. **“Auau! As I am now, I can barely even float much less make contact with her! Finding someone who can help is my best bet!”**

Hanyuu couldn’t even say Yukari’s name. Then again, that was true of everyone she knew in Gensokyo, even though she could identify them in her mind. It was almost as if she was simultaneously a stranger to this realm while remaining familiar at the exact same time. Just what had gone awry with Yukari’s powers that even a *sneeze* could bring about such bizarre effects?

Fortunately, her ability to float and fly had been preserved. This had made getting to the Forest of Magic, and then ultimately a small, mushroom-shaped cottage, all the simpler. If there was anyone that could help her in this situation, well... Marisa Kirisame might not have been the most reliable, but they had been friends for so long that she could at least count on her in a situation like this.

“Why did she lock her door!? Hey! You! You!” Tiny hands knocked on the wooden entrance, and as expected she couldn’t shout Marisa’s name at all. Instead she could just must a ‘You!’ or a ‘Woman!’



without any further indicators. This banging didn't seem to get the witch's attention though, which honestly wasn't all *that* surprising. Seeing no other option, she floated over to a window where she could observe Marisa rummaging around in a pile of books.

“Huh... Where'd I put that book on Doll Magic? Alice is gonna kill me if she gets here and it turns out I lost it.” She tossed the tomes around so haphazardly that it was really no surprise that Patchouli didn't trust her with anything. **“Aha!”** And there it was! At the very bottom of the pile, the book she'd borrowed from Alice! The moment she reached down to pick it up, however?

“ACHOO!”

A loud sneeze called rang out from seemingly nowhere. **“AH!?”** And Marisa fell, through another of Yukari's portals. Just like Reimu had before her transformation, however? She'd landed in the exact same spot she had fallen from. **“What the? Yukari up to some sort of weird prank today? I guess she *does* have moods like that.”** If it wasn't clear by this point, Yukari's reputation in Gensokyo wasn't exactly the *greatest*. She caused more problems than a youkai of her position likely should have.

Because Marisa was the less attentive of the two between Reimu and herself, though, she didn't immediately recognize that something was *wrong* with her body. Hanyuu, through the window, could at least do that much at the very least. It was too bad that her cries went unheard what with how thick the glass was.

To be just a little bit fair to Marisa though, what Hanyuu could see from where she was floating wasn't exactly something that would be easy to see unless she was specifically looking for it. Because it was Marisa's hair that was exemplifying signs that something was amiss, her wavy, blonde strands having inherited a deep *black* in parts that certainly stood out against the main body of it all.

More and more of her hair found itself painted in this color, and more miraculously? Every length that was appeared to lose its natural curl, ultimately becoming completely straight without a single kink with in.

“**Auau!?**” Just as alarming to Hanyuu, Marisa’s long hair had been *shortening*, until it hung to just above her shoulders with bangs crisscrossed above her nose.

“**Pfft! Pfffft!**” Inevitably, she *did* notice her bangs because they obscured the vision in her left eye. It took a moment of trying to blow them away before it dawned on her. “**Wait, why the heck are my bangs black? That’s not the right color!**” Considering the past few minutes, it must have been related to *her* portal! Yeah, *her*! “**Uh... Who am I thinking of again? Her name’s like, on the tip of my tongue...**”

Marisa scratched at the bare back of her neck, completely forgetting about the situation with her hair while she instead pondered the mystery woman she was trying to blame for her current predicament. As she did so, the golds of her eyes not only dimmed into the realm of an eerier amber, but their shapes narrowed subtly as well. She still appeared Asian, but the slant was more *Chinese* than Japanese. The rest of her facial traits followed after, with her cheekbones swelling stronger and her chin narrowing to give her skull a very sharp appeal.

“**Yu? Am I thinking of Lady Yu?**” The witch let that question hang in the air a moment before she even stopped to question it. *Wait, who the heck is Lady Yu? Like Yuyuko?* Somehow that didn’t really add up in her mind. In fact, she’d said the name ‘Yuyuko’ and now she couldn’t even match a face to it in her memories? It was very, very strange.

Was it as strange as the fact that her complexion was graying? Likely not. But the healthy pink her skin had possessed was certainly leaving her, leaving an almost dead-like gray undertone in its place. What’s more, several beauty marks popped up all across her body – most notably one under each eye, and one on her left ass cheek.

“**I... I feel kind of strange. Like I’m forgetting something...? Missing something? I don’t really...?**” The pep that was typically so apparent in Marisa’s voice had faded, and in its place there was a cool and collected calm. She was still speaking Japanese, but it was clear that it was no longer her first language. Truthfully, her thoughts were being processed in Chinese now as if it were her native tongue instead.

Beyond her notice (*but completely within Hanyuu’s ability to notice*), several inches were applied to her height so that her dress sat a little higher. This soon turned into a trend of loss when it came to her bosom, with grayed tits losing a whole cup size while the opposite phenomenon blessed her lower half. Hips had widened ever so slightly so that the waist of her skirt felt a little tight, whereas her ass cheeks became a little

fuller and perkier so that her undergarments were soon wedged between.

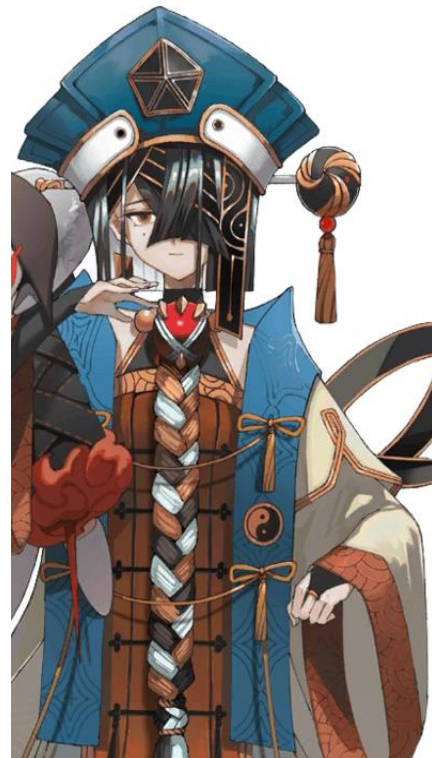
“Eep!?! Wh-What!?!” The wardrobe malfunction certainly took the young woman by surprise. Rather than assume it was a problem with her body though, her attention turned to her clothes. **“Why am I wearing this? It’s so... Western. Lady Yu might be offended if she found me wearing such a thing.”** Evidently, she’d stopped pondering who this Lady Yu was and had merely accepted it. She could remember her clearly now, anyways. Her flawless beauty was unmistakable; enough to make the young woman’s heart flutter.

Hardly paying the ability much mind, she snapped her fingers and her clothes immediately transformed into golden particles that swirled around her a moment before reforming against her skin. Instead of a witch’s garb, she was left clad in teal and beige garb of traditional Chinese design, completely with a big hat and ornate ribbons that wrapped around her head several times.

And much to Hanyuu’s dismay, that appeared to be that. The woman didn’t react to her situation any further.

“H-Huh!?! Where did I put it!? I couldn’t have misplaced something so important!” The newly transformed *Xu Fu* began to look around the bedroom frantically, clearly recognizing it as her own space and yet, at the same time? There were no recollections of ever being Marisa. At least Hanyuu had retained her identity as Reimu deep down, but her friend hadn’t at all benefited from that same boon.

To make matters even worse, Hanyuu had a realization the moment the Chinese woman looked over at the window. There was a chance that it could have been a mistake, but she felt like the woman had looked *right* at her, but hadn’t perceived her at all. **“Am I... Am I invisible to her!?”** But before she could try and confirm this, the alchemist ran off into a different part of the house.



“WHERE DID I PUT MY YU DOLL!?”



Rewinding time to just before the moment Marisa had been caught up in one of Yukari's sneeze-portals, Alice Margatroid was airborne nearby the Kirisame cottage. She'd agreed to meet her fellow witch for some tea and to exchange notes on the magics they were researching – something they did every few weeks when time afforded them such an opportunity. With Shanghai dolls flying beside her, they were close enough that she could make out something strange.

“Huh? Who’s that girl floating outside of Marisa’s window? I don’t think I’ve ever seen her before.” She was wearing what resembled a miko costume, and she had purple hair. Were those horns, too? So she was likely a youkai of some type? Alice thought she might inquire

with the girl before meeting with Marisa proper, but before she could even land?

“ACHOO!”

A portal appeared directly in front of her, making it impossible for the doll user to stop in time – and so she ran right through it, appearing in what was clearly Marisa's storage room right after. Meanwhile, outside, her Shanghai dolls fell lifeless to the ground. **“What the-!? Wasn't that Yukari's power? Not that I don't appreciate the shortcut, but there were better ways to go about doing that...”**

Alice *did* feel a little strange, but she merely chalked it up to passing through Yukari's portal. She couldn't possibly ascertain the fact that her blue eyes had begun to glow a bright red on her own, after all. Based on that alone, it was clear that even though Marisa was experiencing her own transformation in the next room over, the two of them weren't experiencing their changes in the exact same order. Far from it.

“Hm?” The doll magician hadn't paid it much mind at first, but fingers had reached to the front of her dress to scratch at her bosom all of a sudden. Gensokyo natives only had access to modern undergarments through the kappa, and Alice herself had purchased some at an earlier

date. But at that moment? It felt a little ill-fitting. Sort of like her bosom was on the urge of popping out of them? This certainly wasn't helped any by the tension on the strap across her back. **"Eh? It couldn't be...?"**

What began as scratching an itch ultimately turned into Alice full-on grabbing her bosom. She wasn't simply feeling things. **"Did... Did my chest swell!?"** It had only been a single cup size at best, but it was very tight and inexplicable. **"Did Yukari do this? I passed through one of her portals, and admittedly I don't understand the full extent of her powers."** Unlike what was happening in the other room, however? Alice wasn't having any difficulty forgetting Yukari – or *anyone* in Gensokyo for that matter.

At worst it was a mild inconvenience since her clothes no longer fit properly, but *mild* promptly moved up to *moderate* thanks to a tugging of her black tights. They were stretching around her hips for some reason, and the concept provoked the blonde into lifting up her skirt so that she could get a better view.

Her hips had certainly widened, and the tights were being tugged down from her hips thanks to an abundance of meat that saw her thighs growing thicker and squishier. Alice couldn't exactly see *behind* her, but there was no doubt in her mind that her ass had grown plumper too – likely becoming the most pronounced feature on her body based on the handful she eventually took.

"I don't understand! ...Whoa, calm down, Alice." It certainly wasn't like her to have outbursts like that, and just a moment ago she hadn't felt the least bit agitated by this. Why then, did she now feel so baselessly frustrated? There wasn't anything inherently *bad* about having her figure swell. There was nothing wrong with becoming more *attractive*.

Evidently, it seemed her face agreed. Not only did her skin grow smoother, but her eyes took on the same Chinese styling as Marisa's had next door. She was blessed with a fair chin and soft lips to boot, though before long the woman's canines did erupt from between those lips – until she tucked them back away again. They'd resembled *fangs* more than anything.

"I... Huh? My voice is different too? Why the hell do I feel like this?" It was as if there were two sides to her personality vying for dominance: her usual, reasonable self, and an irritated side that was speaking based on emotions alone. At no point did Alice feel like she was losing control, just that there was a tinge of *something else* present within her psyche.

In terms of physical changes, it appeared she was nearly done. A dark brown came to sweep through her blonde locks, and as a direct result of that it swept far down to her ankles. Alice had noticed, but she was so conflicted on how to feel about it that she didn't want to make a fuss. If this was Yukari's doing, it could undoubtedly be *undone*.

By dismissing it though, she opted to not note something of importance. Her hairs had begun to mingle with one another, strands binding together so that they consisted of many solid pieces that formed layers rather than individual hairs. Layers of what looked to be *felt*.

Assuming whatever had happened to be done, Alice moved towards the door. She obviously would have to explain things to Marisa, but while contemplating how she might accomplish that, she suddenly froze in place and fell – right onto her butt with her legs stretched out before her. “**The hell!?**”

It was as if all of the muscles in her body had just suddenly *stopped working*, forcing her to fall to the floor like a ragdoll with her back supposed against a nearby box. Despite the fact that she had settled upon the ground, it didn't take much longer for the feeling of falling to revisit her. Except, this time? How could she possibly be falling? She was *already* sitting on her butt!

“**Wait, am I getting smaller...?**” She was, in fact! It was only her body however – her clothes remained fully sized, at least until they disappeared, leaving Alice completely naked upon the ground. “**Hey!?**” Any sense of shame she might have felt in response to having her body fully exposed, however, was immediately overcome by the shock she felt at seeing the body in question.

She was no bigger than a toy now, and the cause of her muscles giving out ended up looking pretty plain as day now that she had a full view of her flesh. Her arms and legs looked unusually soft. Almost *plush* in appearance, with their light gray undertones. Were that not enough, distinguishable features upon them were growing scarce. Her knees and elbows seemed to fade away, while hands and feet rounded in their pursuit to become one with the limbs they were attached to. Even then, those limbs were shortening in slight to give her body more cartoonish proportions.

Alice found herself incapable of mustering anymore words, but she was still able to think what was plain. *I'm becoming a stuffed doll!?* Based on the look of her limbs, that seemed to be the case. Given another moment, her tummy began to bulge and round with a softness of its own, her bellybutton replaced with a cute X, and her tits flattened into

the plush torso that it all amassed into. The woman no longer felt hunger, and the beaten of her heart stilled. Technically she had become wholly *inanimate*.

As the sensation passed into her neck, her head found itself unintentionally tilting down without any muscles left to support its weight. This was probably for the best, for beneath felt designed to look like her hair, her head bloated and swelled into a perfect oval shape. Her mouth filled with cotton - and thus Alice ultimately assumed it was the same material that had filled her entire body – until her luscious lips sealed together along with her nose.

In fact, her face was left fully featureless except for her eyes. Once they'd dried out, they had flattened and become little more than felt patches stitched to her face with a design that made her look perpetually grumpy. Well, at the very least, that matched the second personality that had been clashing with Alice's own.

Not that Alice possessed the ability to check any longer, but her plush body *did* find itself clothes once more. With an elaborate gown that looked as if it consisted of a million thick, black bandages bound together. Complete with a fuzzy white collar, and sleeves that looked to be decorated with orange flames. She was thankful for the fact that she could still see through her eyes, but a wider range of vision would have been much more appreciated.

And so the *Yu Meiren doll* sat in the middle of the storage room floor, motionless, with its perpetually angry expression apparent as anything. Realistically... What else was it supposed to do!? It was a doll! But despite the fact that it was wholly inanimate, the consciousness of the one that had transformed into it lingered – as something of a fusion between Alice's own psyche, and that of the woman her doll body had come to represent. She still had her memories and could even remember the purple haired girl at the window.



Had this somehow been her doing?

The doll didn't linger in silence for long though, not before a young Chinese woman burst through the nearby door and scooped her up. **"There you are! I thought I'd misplaced you, my dearest Yu!"** Xu Fu hugged the doll close, and despite Alice/Yu's own aversion to physical contact, this somehow felt *right*? Like she enjoyed being held and hugged. Like *any* good doll would.

But as Xu Fu enthusiastically carried her off, the doll caught a glimpse of something in the nearby window. That purple-haired girl in the miko garb with a panicked expression on her face, flying off at top speed.

Where was she off to?