

DOROTHY SHELVED

COMMISSION STORY

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Dorothy Haze was struggling a little more than usual.

As an autonomous humanoid robot known as a *Lilim*, it was often difficult to get by in a human-dominant society even if things *had* improved a little bit in recent years. There were plenty of humans that saw them as *less than* humans and saw it as an excuse to discriminate against them. Referring to the androids ‘dolls’ or ‘bots’ was an extension of this discrimination they received, but Dorothy tried not to let it bother her too much. She was doing whatever she could to get by at the end of the day.

Was *that* why she was a sex worker? Not really! Lilims could realistically engage with whatever career path they desired, but Dorothy just genuinely loved working the job she did. Being able to bring pleasure to others, regardless of *how* that pleasure was provided, was a necessity for *everyone*, right? It didn’t matter if they were human, Lilim, or something else entirely!

“**I guess I’ll go with this job...**” Things had been *tough* lately, though. Her customers had been fewer than normal and money was getting a little tight. In the end? She had settled for a job she didn’t *normally* do, and she had her reservations considering the request was asking her to ‘play a doll’. “**Were they talking about a literal doll? Like roleplay?**” Or had it been used as a slur? There was no way to know until she arrived.

In the end? The client hadn’t spent much time with her initially. Usually, they wanted her to dote on them immediately or, at least, they



wanted to dote on *her* considering her more youthful appearance. But the man had merely escorted her to the room where he wanted her to ‘be a doll’ inside. Based on what she’d been told it very much *was* in the literal sense. Did he get off to dolls? Since he wanted her to sit perfectly still that definitely *seemed* to be the case.

She wasn’t going to judge him for his kinks, however, and especially not when this job paid so *super* well.

“I guess this is where he told me to sit, right...?” After taking her to the room – a girls’ bedroom with a sizable bookshelf against one wall – he had asked her to sit *on* the shelf. A task that normally would have been possible, but the middle shelf had been modified to extend outward so that it was possible to sit atop it. Dorothy curiously checked behind to make sure the shelf was properly bolted to a wall so that it could support her weight and, once satisfied that this *was* the case, she sat down on the left side. **“He didn’t say how long he was going to be, but I *am* getting paid per hour!”**

The Lilim sat in place for a few minutes in complete silence, assuming that the client would return at any moment. Because curiosity got the best of her, she ended up pushing her weight down against the shelf extension she had been sitting on to see if she could bring the shelf down. But in the end? The manner in which it was fixed to the wall *seemed* pretty sturdy. She kind of wondered how expensive it had been to make the accommodations, though. And all for a toy doll kink?

“Well, if he isn’t going to be back right away then I might as well stretch.” She could get back into position when he came back, right? It was the client’s fault for taking so long in the first place! This plan of hers ended up facing one very particular, *major* issue though. **“...Huh?”** She couldn’t push up and off of the shelf? It was like her ass was *glued* to the wood! **“Hey, this isn’t funny! Did I accidentally sit on some tape or something!?”**

Could any tape be *that* strong? Or even *glue* for that matter? Nonetheless, Dorothy continued to try to remove herself. Had she fallen for some kind of trap here? Was he going to force himself on her!? It *could* have just been a misunderstanding, but she really didn’t want to risk it. But the more she tried to struggle? The more *stuck* she felt. It was also becoming a lot harder to even *try* to break free. Like her robotic body felt even *stiffer* than normal somehow.

Her concerns grew once she became aware of another complication while struggling. “...Wait. **Why am I having such a hard time touching the floor?**” The oversized shelf that she had been on *had* been the perfect height for her body, for her feet to rest flat on the ground. But after flailing around a bit in an attempt to get herself loose? Her toes didn’t reach. “**Did I manage to push myself back somehow? But...**” That couldn’t have been it either. She was actually *closer* to the shelf’s edge than she had been before.

It took Dorothy another moment of processing visual data to recognize the true cause. It was just that this true cause was, well... *pretty unbelievable*. “**There’s no way that’s right, right? I can’t be... smaller?**” And yet she felt all the more certain of it after looking back at the rest of the bookshelf behind her. The next shelf up seemed to be ‘higher up’ than it had been prior, and it wasn’t like the shelf had gotten bigger, right? No, looking around... It wasn’t just the shelf that appeared to be bigger. It was the *entire* bedroom.

And as the seconds ticked by? It began to look even *larger*.

How much height had she lost by this point? A few inches, maybe five? It didn’t seem like *too* much initially, but it seemed like the young woman’s recognition of her circumstances led to the process speeding up. It began to happen much more quickly, and within moments she had probably dipped down to around *three feet* – but the losses didn’t stop there. “**H-Hey!?**”

Whatever was changing her, it didn’t really *seem* to be isolated to her body alone. At the very least her clothing was shrinking along with her so that her body wasn’t unnecessarily exposed in any way. “**Am I just... getting... smaller...?**” Or so the Lilim wondered aloud, but deep down she *clearly* recognized that there was more going on than she could put her finger on. Her body felt a lot *lighter*, actually. Which was probably *obvious* when she had dipped beneath *two feet* now.

But if she was just getting smaller then the perception of her own weight realistically *shouldn’t* have changed much. That stiffening sensation was also becoming more prominent, and her ability to process thoughts showed signs of *slowing*. Tackling these problems one at a time, the stiffness and lighter feeling were *actually* related. Lilims were normally composed of parts that could best replicate the touch of a living person even though they still appeared artificial.

Those parts weighed quite a bit though, and so they often weighed a little more than they appeared. *That* was why she had been worried about the shelf’s weight initially. But what if those parts *changed*? What

if they were all altered on a fundamental level so that they were composed of a different material entirely? *That* was what was happening. Steel and synthetics alike were being replaced with cheaply made *plastic*, and the robotic systems that allowed Dorothy to move in the meantime were compromised.

Even the output of her power supply was dwindling, as the circuits meant to guide the energy it produced turned into mere plastic imitations. Realistically? Everything beneath the surface level of her skin would soon be composed of plastic pieces that made up the entirety of her innards. Like a *doll*. “**I’m... Hard to... Huh...?**” And dolls didn’t need to *think* nor *speak*, did they? Because they were unnecessary qualities for one to possess, her own capacity to do so was being chipped away at.

While it wasn’t really all that surprising by this point, Dorothy’s height finally dipped beneath the *one foot* mark and her limbs were entirely composed of plastic now. Arms and legs both hung from her body limply, but there was no way they could be moved like that. Not that it mattered when she didn’t have the synthetic muscle *to* move them. But a solution unknowingly *etched* itself into her body. Ankles, knees, hips, wrists, elbows, shoulders, and even between each joint of her fingers – the plastic was shaved away around small orbs hidden within.

Ball joints. A classic method of allowing someone to model their dolls.

Well, it wasn’t like she could model *herself*, right? “**I... I... I...**” She could hardly even *speak*, hardened lips chattering until the room suddenly became *completely* silent. Her mouth had filled with the same plastic that the rest of her body had, effectively silencing her. In the end, she didn’t really have any complex thoughts *to* communicate though. The Lilim had stopped shrinking at around *sixteen inches* of height, no bigger than your average toy doll.

Just in time for the light to leave her robotic red eyes. Eyes that bulged in the corners until their shapes were *entirely* flat. There was nothing authentic about her gaze by this point, and rather? They looked like someone had meticulously painted them on – a claim her client would make about her new point of origins if the authorities ever came looking. He’d just tell them that he brought the Lilim in and had her model for a doll he’d made. That was *technically* true. In a sense at least.

“**Looks like she’s finally finished.**” Once Dorothy had *completely* shrunk down and shifted into the form of a *ball joint doll* version of herself, the man who had called her over finally re-entered the room. He had something of a *disturbing* hobby in the end. No one knew *how* he managed to do it, but he was able to turn Lilims into *actual* dolls for his

collection so long as he could get them to agree – and it worked so long as he could effectively *trick* them into doing so like he had with the redhead. **“And you turned out quite nicely.”**



Aside from the hair. Why did Lilims have such badly designed hair? His *technique* couldn't change it anymore than it already was because of what it was made of. He would have preferred something... lighter.

Nonetheless, he smirked down at his newest work, but the ball joint doll naturally *couldn't* react in kind. The doll was completely mindless now, but it wasn't completely unconscious. As if a cruel flex to mock her for falling for his trap, Dorothy could still subconsciously *perceive* through her stuck-on eyes and plastic ears. It was just that she couldn't really form complex thoughts and she *certainly* couldn't do anything even close to speaking.

The man reached down to pick the doll up. His grasp was delicate so not as to damage his new *merchandise*, and once he had hold of her he carried her out of the room and into another. A much bigger room with *numerous* shelves that were already full of *other* dolls. No, other *victims*. Countless Lilims that had already fallen prey to his trap. Dorothy was just the most *recent* one.

“I believe I have a spot... here.” He found an opening on the top shelf beside a doll that strongly resembled another sex worker Lilim that Dorothy had encountered in the past and, with a little fiddling? He managed to model her to make it look like she was leaning back while seated, with her knees in the air. **“Now you can just relax, you cute little Lilim! I need to renew my ad to catch another. Hahaha!”**

And that was the way Dorothy would remain... *forever*. A hollow version of her previous self, without any way of properly comprehending just *what* had happened to her.

But maybe that was the best in the end.

Because knowing would have just been an eternal hell.