

Transformation Control Center

Report 02 – “Dolls Don’t Always Obey”

Training Report for 995562

The following is a report on Case 995562 as handled by employee 1020-S4 (Hazel Coffey.) This report is to be reviewed for training purposes only and is not to be reproduced, sold, edited, or taken out of a professional context. The following is the story of how the caller came to realize they were undergoing a transformation and the measures taken by the employee as well as an aftercare report. For more details, please report to your hiring manager.

Ethan Z thought that there would be no way he could attend Crystal Con that year. His friends in the area insisted he try harder and search lower and even further away from the con grounds themselves, insisting so much as a twenty-minute commute would still be worth it. The convention that year was lauded for its numerous fantastic guests including a big-name idol, Vizzi Alonya, who had sold out most of her normal concerts and the convention would be her only available show still possible to attend. Ethan was a fan of hers but struggled to even find something that was half an hour away. The convention was sold out, every hotel was packed, and all of his friends near the convention suddenly weren't so eager to offer a couch to crash on when push came to shove.

Luck sided with Ethan when he decided to try a slightly sketchy (comparatively so) vacation rental app. Just a short ten-minute walk away from the convention center was a home allowing a single guest for an acceptable low rate. Ethan thought his fortune great and immediately agreed to rent the home for the weekend. In a happy frenzy, he threw on his Vizzi shirt and happily called up his friends to celebrate.

The time for the convention came and Ethan drove approximately three hours to arrive in the city. He had thought the property looked interesting from the few photos he scanned but was shocked to find it looked more like a manor than the photos claimed. He pulled his vehicle into a designated off street parking space just in front of the house and stared ahead at the gothic iron fence and the short dirt trail that led to a rickety dark wood porch and frightening wooden door. Ethan looked at his phone and then back at the house and then at the check engine light on his Ford Excursion and sighed. He pulled his suitcase and camera bag out of his car and slowly walked towards the house, wheeling his suitcase unevenly across the path.

Inside the home was a narrow entry room with a ragged staircase that looked like it might barely hold the weight of a *suggestion* of a person. The wallpaper was old and peeling apart; it was a terrible off yellow color supported only by the slightly more flattering splash of color that came from the floral pattern. He noticed a little end table and atop it was a pamphlet that was intended for the guest of the home.

Ethan reached down for the paper and noticed it was all handwritten in ink and pen with broad strokes suggesting a fine pen and not the cheap ones available at most office retail stores. The note reads as follows:

For our Guest, Ethan Z

Welcome to the historic Doll Maker Home. As you likely know from our listing, this is an old home that we work tirelessly to maintain. We ask that you obey the following steps while staying here. If you are unable to, we may have to charge a service fee in order to undo the damage.

1. *Do not touch the dolls.*
2. *Do not bring new dolls into the home without introducing them. (Also, no guests in general! Only the people you declared on the app!)*
3. *No parties please.*
4. *Do not be out after 9PM. It is a quiet neighborhood.*
5. *No alcohol please.*
6. *Bring trash to the curb every night.*
7. *Enjoy your stay!*

Ethan squinted. Of course, he hadn't looked at the description of the home nor was the home titled "The Doll Maker Home" on the app that he had installed. At the very least he was happy the owners had gone through the trouble of leaving a helpful reminder. Though, he had no idea who "*they*" were. Was it a family that lived in this home or was it being kept by an organization? Ethan retrieved his phone and sent a joking text to one of his friends. "If I die, Kevin gets my iguana, and Keith can have my body for science." He watched his phone for replies, but the group chat remained quiet long enough for him to feel awkward that he was holding his phone and staring at it. He put it away and continued with getting settled.

After an hour Ethan went for his brisk walk and arrived at the convention center where he met with his other friends. Keith, Kevin, Briana, and Milt. (Milt is related to another case, please refer to S5-141490 for more information.) The group joined together and began their con adventure. Ethan regaled them with the tale of his strange rental as they waited in line for their badge.

“Deadass haunted,” Ethan said, brushing his hand through his short brown hair. “Very, very haunted.”

“It can’t actually be haunted. Ghosts aren’t real,” Milt said.

“I know that,” Ethan huffed. “But I mean there are some haunted house red flags. There are apparently dolls and shit, literally called the Doll Maker House. If you name a house for something it is usually a bad sign. If we called Kevin’s place The Waffle Maker’s home, we’d assume heavily something is going on with the waffles in that house.” There was a little silence after the joke that made Ethan uncomfortable. “Y’know?”

Kevin smirked and added on. “Well, let us know if you see a ghost. I might actually have to drop by and check it out.”

“Well, that is actually one of the rules,” Ethan said. “No more than one guest at a time.”

“Yeah, but,” Kevin sighed. “Me and... well the girlfriend wants me to spend the night somewhere else.”

“Shit, really?” Keith chimed in then. “I thought you two were good again?”

“Yeah, for a bit,” Kevin said. “But she got drunk last night and started picking at the scar. I just want to give her some space and she doesn’t have anywhere else to stay.”

Ethan lowered his head and decided not to answer for his friend. He didn’t want to violate any of the few rules he was given, and it felt good to obey the list. Here he was staying in this comfy weird little house, and it was pretty cheap too. The last thing he wanted to do was cause any other trouble.

It was only the first day of the convention so there wasn’t much to really get up to or be worried about. Ethan attended a few panels (Retrospective of Speedrunning in Platformers, Cheese in a video game?!, Sexy RPGs 18+) and the group prepared for the late-night panels before Ethan suddenly remembered. “I actually gotta go like right now!”

“It’s like... 8:49 dude?” Kevin said.

“Yeah, the note said to be back by 9:00PM. It’s like an old neighborhood! I don’t know, I just need to get back there.”

“That’s going to be rough, dumbass,” Briana said. “That idol is singing tomorrow at 10.”

“What?!” Ethan checked the schedule to see that it had changed. Apparently, she was going to be late for some reason and now her 2PM show had been moved up and the late night band (Possums on Fire: A History) was moved to the earlier slot. The whole reason Ethan was at the convention... Ethan felt conflict not wanting to disobey the list but also wanting to actually have fun. “I’ll... I’ll just have to talk with the owners of the house and clarify the issue. Maybe it isn’t that big a deal?” He was met with a little silence from his group before some casual small talk was made and Ethan was given a few token goodbyes. He was off on his scenic walk back to the house.

He felt good when he walked through the door. Sure, he felt lonely with his friends, and the convention was turning into more stress than fun, and yeah, he owned a Ford Excursion (you likely searched earlier for this vehicle, it is quite hideous) but there was always a positive feeling when one was alone inside of someplace besides their home. Home away from home. A quiet little haven meant to house and protect you but without the stresses of the dishes to be done and the part of the wall that needed repainted. Everything would be tended to by someone else and you would be free to just relax. Ethan kicked off his shoes and closed the door behind him. The lock for the door was weirdly complicated so he decided to just leave it as it was and just get upstairs to bed in a hurry.

Every step emitted a loud creaking sound that tip-toes and socks couldn’t manage to suppress. He kept the suitcase downstairs, too tired from the drive to bother with it. He opened the door to his bedroom and flipped on the light.

Inside was a life size doll woman sitting at the foot of the bed in a gorgeous pale pink dress. Ethan fell backwards and nearly knocked himself down the steps. He threw himself back on to his feet and slowly circled around it. “H-hello?” He called out, but of course it wasn’t a person. Its skin was porcelain, its eyes false, and its body stiff and motionless. “Jesus Christ... I thought they were going to be small dolls...” He lifted his phone and took a photo of it. “Why

the hell is it on the bed?” He poked his head back and noticed there was another door or two in the upstairs. On one of them was a sticky note.

It read: “Sleep here, Ethan.” He folded it and slid it into his pocket and opened the door to the specified room. Inside was a gorgeous bed with deep dark purple sheets and big fluffy black pillows. The wall was decorated with a dark dresser and a large oval mirror and candle sticks hanging from the wall. He pulled aside the dark purple curtains and stared at the empty street ahead. He couldn’t hear any cars from where he was.

He looked back at the bed and felt the slightest compulsion to try to get tired enough to sleep. After all, he had to wake up early for the con tomorrow. He sighed. He would call the property manager tomorrow and clarify the situation. No matter what, he had to see his idol. Vizzi was worth it. He undressed down to his boxers and slipped beneath the heavy covers. He lifted his phone to his eyes to read until doomscrolling drained his energy. He watched the group chat slowly fill with messages of his friends off enjoying their late night panels and Kevin going off on his own to go get wasted at a bar. Ethan closed his eyes and sleep claimed him.

Ethan had strange dreams that night. They were hazy and difficult to repeat verbally, but he claimed to have dreamed that he was being dressed and decorated by someone else. A caring hand would slowly lower and run a brush through his hair, lengthening it as it went down. He wasn’t sure how he felt, but it was easy to see it as nice. He was teetering in the middle and there was just that slightest preference to fall towards enjoying it. Suddenly in the dream there was a loud distant sound like thunder and then someone called his name. And then again. It grew closer and closer.

He awoke to his alarm for work still going on. Despite its best attempts to wake him up at 5:30AM, Ethan had successfully slept in until 12:30PM. Ethan threw himself from the bed in shock only to find it difficult to stand. The bed was reportedly the most comfortable place he had ever been. Ethan groaned and fought himself until he finally set his soft feet on the ground and slowly walked to the bathroom. In the afternoon light he thought he looked decent, and he was glad he had shaved before the trip.

He looked through the app and found the phone number for the property owners and gave it a dial. The voicemail was all he reached. Ethan began to explain the situation before suddenly the call was picked up. “Hello? Ethan?” A woman’s frail voice was on the other side of the line.

“Oh, hello! Is this the manager for this um? The Doll Maker’s...?”

“Yes. Charlotte B. How may I help you, Ethan? Are you enjoying your stay?”

“Yeah, I have this issue—and also really good bed? That was the best sleep of my life! Anyways, I read the rules and I’ve been following them, I just have an issue. The curfew listed is 9:00PM, but I actually rented this property for an event that happens later in the evening. Is it going to be an issue if I come back late?”

There was a short pause only disturbed by the sound of the woman’s soft voice humming. “As long as you apologize it should be alright. Thank you for telling me about the bed. We worked extra hard to get it ready. Please follow the rules as best you can.”

Ethan felt awkward on the line and wanted to clarify what she meant by apologize, but he figured she meant apologizing to the people living nearby. “Sure, I can do that. And really, it’s great. Um, that should be it. Sorry to bother you!”

“No bother at all. Enjoy your stay, Ethan.”

Click. Ethan quickly grabbed his stuff and went down to the suitcase to grab some clothes for a quick shower. Despite most of the house being pretty old looking it was a modern shower he was able to walk into without bending over. The bathroom itself was still this old looking gothic realm but at least the shower had side jets and modern shampoo, though it was only the girly stuff. Ethan just assumed it wasn’t the 5 in 1 he was used to and only used the shampoo for his hair and the bar of soap for his body.

When he stepped out he admired himself in the mirror. He actually thought he looked a bit nicer all around. Softer, bit of a glow, was happier with his waistline. After drying off and grabbing an oatmeal bar he was out the door and walked over to the convention to meet with the others.

Ethan blinked. “Hey, where’s Kevin?”

Keith, Briana, and Milt were the ones who greeted Ethan at the front entrance to the con. Brianna huffed. “No idea. Apparently, he got drunk last night and tried to go home and got in a fight with his GF. After that he left the group chat.”

“Shit, really?” Ethan pulled up his phone to check. There was nothing from Kevin complaining about his drinks or his girlfriend. “I don’t see it?”

“Oh, the other groupchat.” Briana said.

Keith stepped in. “We made it when we were planning that vacation you said wouldn’t work for you. Sometimes we post in it, like when Kevin gets drunk.”

“Ah...” Ethan wanted to go home and tell the doll that he hated his friends. She’d probably be an alright conversation. “Well, is he alright?”

“Yeah, he said he found a place to stay,” Briana said. “We should hurry and get to the autograph booth. I really want to get my book signed.”

They spent the next two hours waiting in line with Briana. Since Ethan had kept 12PM until 4PM open for the concert he was left with nothing at all to do. The more he scanned the schedule app the less he cared for anything that was happening or would know how to sneak off to see them. He was in fact a bit curious about the “What is She Wearing?! Dress Terminology for JRPG Women” panel but he knew Keith would try to be funny about it, Briana would just be rude, and Milt would exert an uncanny silence equally disquieting and discouraging. They got to the front and Briana swooned in front of her favorite fantasy author, positively soaking in the attention and watching as he signed a personal message just for her and snapped a photo.

Once Briana collected herself the group was mostly left with a void of time until the concert. Keith suggested they go check out the vendor hall, so they did that for a few hours. Ethan managed to grab a cute little ribbon from one of the vendors and kept it hidden and then he got tea from another. It was incredible how easily his eyes were picking out the cutest booths. Cons were always his favorite, but this con was really impressing him. He eyed a few skirts and stockings before managing to contain himself since all of those booths would necessitate a bag clearly labeled with the name of their shops, and “Cute Girl Factory” would be a hard name to explain away.

After the vendor hall, Milt suggested they go grab dinner. There were a few places to pick from but Milt was dead set on the most generic hamburger restaurant available. Briana crossed her arms as they were seated. “Milt, I have literally never seen you eat anything but a plain hamburger with ketchup. What is your deal?”

Milt looked up from the menu (why was he even looking) and shrugged. “I like hamburgers. And this place looked good. I saw it online.”

“Yeah dumbass, we all did! It is called a map!” Briana groaned. “They literally only have one kind of salad, and it has ten strips of bacon in it.”

Needless to say, the restaurant experience was a bit miserable. Once they were finished, it was time to go get some drinks before the concert. They hopped over to a bar and quickly loaded up on shots. Briana decided to pass since she got her fill of the con in general. Milt did the first shot and then Keith and then Ethan and then Milt and then Kevin? Keith? Ethan’s head spun as he drank. It had been a bit since he did any real drinking so his alcohol resistance must have been much lower.

The whole world was spinning, and his head was swimming. Every step was clumsy and confused but he couldn’t contain his excitement. He cried out as they went back to the con “I’m going to see her! I’m going to see my idol, baby! Fuck yes!”

By the time they made it back to the convention a very sizable line had emerged. Once Vizzy was announced as a guest many people decided to resell their convention tickets to her fandom resulting in a massive displacement in ticket purpose. By day the con was surprisingly empty and come concert time the hall was overflowing with the population debt they had accrued. Ethan stood at the front and waited patiently, watching the line slowly dissipate.

Finally, they were at the front. Ethan stepped forward. Keith went to follow but the staff suddenly threw their arms up. “Sorry, that was the last spot. Anymore and we break fire codes.”

“What?” Keith was surprisingly upset, but then again, he was pretty drunk. “Ethan, c’mon, you gotta let me go. She’s so hot man!”

Ethan turned and considered for a moment. “Maybe... you can bitch about it on your other group chat.” He stuck his tongue out and vanished into the crowd full of catharsis and the music began. From there, the rest of the night was a blur. Ethan swayed in the crowd and navigated his way to the front. He danced and watched hypnotically as his idol swayed and moved on stage. She was so beautiful, so perfect. Ethan followed all the dancing instructions perfectly and sang as loud as he could, shocked at how high he could follow the notes before his voice went raspy and he was punished for his hubris with throat pain, but he didn’t care. *This was going to be the best night of his life!* And it was.

The show eventually stopped, and Ethan didn’t even look for his friends as he left the convention and walked back to his rental. He watched as the crowd he exited with slowly dispersed and vanished down every street and every turn. Ethan was the only one who went down his path. Alone, he stumbled back to the home. He checked his phone and sighed when he saw how late it was. Slowly... he crept up the stairs and whispered “sorry, sorry” over and over. He went inside and checked his phone for all the messages that he had missed. Sure enough, it was his friend group complaining about him stranding them. He groaned and turned his phone off. He was tired and just needed some damn sleep after the fantastic night he just had.

That night great dreams came to him again. The brushing again. The make up. The dresses. And this time there was no yelling to pull him away from it. He felt so good, so happy.

And then he woke up. Ethan felt stiff and confused. He had a terrible headache and his stomach felt very empty. He was surprised how easy it was to sit up considering how sick he felt, but it still took a great deal of physical thought in order to follow through. His soft feet padded against the floor, the rickety floorboards not producing any sound.

He walked over to the bathroom and moved his curtain of dark black hair aside instinctively to gaze at his eyes as they turned purple. He blinked. Confusion sunk in. Was this a dream as well? The Vizzi shirt he bought the previous night was still on him, but it was far too large for his body. He stood up straight and watched the shirt settle around his pronounced chest. The sunlight shining through the window made a pantomime of his oversized top and revealed through the shadows that his waist was incredibly thin now. He held his hands up and squeezed his chest. Breasts. He squeezed breasts.

“What the...? No... no way? What? What is actually...?” He looked back at the mirror with much more awake eyes. Raggedy, overgrown black hair had grown out from his head

overnight. He played with it and parted it to reveal sharp purple eyes below. He gulped and stumbled back to the toilet to sit. He stared at his hands and watched as little doll joints appeared across his fingers. Whatever was happening... it was ongoing. Panic rushed through him, uncertainty, and he began to question his very reality.

And then he thought of a phone number and felt a strong compulsion to call it.

(Begin Transcript)

The call began. Ethan was holding on to his phone in his rapidly changing hand. He needed a professional to help him figure out what was going on. He was nervous, but he might not have been as nervous as Hazel who was still painfully new at her job. Hazel gulped as the [CALL INCOMING] box emerged.

“Um, um?!” She looked out into the cubicle hallway. Livana, her instructor, still wasn’t back from her bathroom break. Hazel felt guilty because that bathroom break was probably the only time alone at work Livana had anymore, and Livana struck Hazel as the kind of girl who needed a lot of alone time or therapy, and therapy was expensive. Still! There was a call! Someone who needed help! Hazel knew at some point she would be taking calls alone but she really, really didn’t feel ready.

...What happened if she didn’t answer? Would she get in trouble? Would they lower her pay? \$2X was a pretty good payrate and she couldn’t afford to let it go any lower... Or maybe they wouldn’t lower her pay but would instead kill her? No, of course they wouldn’t kill her, of course not!... But if they wanted to...? She was in some sort of pocket dimension and no one would be able to save her if—“HAZEL!” Hazel said to herself. “THE PHONE. ANSWER IT. ANSWER IT.”

She adjusted her headset microphone and clicked on the answer button. “HELLO.”

“Umm...?!” Ethan cleared his throat and lifted his slightly shorter legs up on to the toilet. “Shit...” He noticed even his toes were now developing the little doll joints his fingers now had. “Hello? Is this a doll... reversal service? Listen, I have no idea what’s going on, but I think I need some help.”

Hazel had to say more words. The words she said before weren't enough, the person on the other side of the phone needed a few more. Should Hazel cast one of the spells Livana showed her before? Hazel slapped herself and forced some focus. "Sorry! I'm still being trained."

"Trained...?" Ethan asked. "Like? Trained to what? And what was that sound, did you hit a toaster?"

"Um..." Hazel knew she had to take control and start to figure the situation out. She focused on her training, or at least what little she had so far. "Sorry, sorry, I can still help you. Let's start with the basics like... names! Hi, I'm Hazel. What is your name?"

"Ethan Z..." Ethan said. "Um, did you need my last name?"

"It doesn't hurt!" Hazel forced a little smile that she wished Ethan could've seen to reassure him. (Last names typically aren't needed unless a team is being sent on site. In most reports the last name will be shortened to maintain privacy of transformed individuals.) "So, describe what you are seeing. Is there a reason you called expecting help with a doll?"

"Well, yeah, I just think I'm turning... into one?" Ethan said. He pinched one of his toes and noticed it felt... different.

Before, his skin felt like nothing in particular, but given context it was clearer that it felt like this soft tight blanket and everything it grazed over it felt and reported back. If the blanket was warm it felt warm and if it touched something it would tell the mind how much it touched and how long. But Ethan's changed toes and fingers felt... different. It felt like there was something just beneath the porcelain that did the feeling and reporting. It was this swirling fire that was always spinning and dwelling inside him the same way gas fills a closed vial or air conditioning rolls through a room. This essence inside him checked on every part of his body and could sense the changes. The feeling was slower. He pinched and the instant sensation he grew so used to was lagged by a second. The sensation was alienating and strange but also a bit... exciting? "It... feels nice..." He muttered into the phone. "Sorry, that was a bit weird of me to say."

"Not at all, you should've heard what I heard on my last call," Hazel gave a reassuring laugh.

“Yeah... Anyways. My toes look weird and feel different. Listen,” He put the phone close and clacked his doll fingers against his doll toes. “See? They’re made of something, and it isn’t skin.”

“Relatable,” Hazel whispered to herself.

“And my toes have these weird joints in them and my chest is really big, like? I went to sleep and woke up and now I have tits.”

“How would you describe your voice before any changes? Do you have any recordings?”

“Yeah, I post a few videos online of me and my friends playing games together. Game-venture.”

Hazel pulled the channel up on her other monitor and started playing the video and adjusted the volume nice and low. She squinted before her face turned into a chart showing pitch. Turns out as an android, Hazel had the capacity to be very precise in her measurements. “Hmm, I’m looking and I think your pitch has raised. Your casual speaking voice is 30hz higher now and when you get anxious it goes even higher.”

“R-really? So I even sound more girly?”

“I think so. And it is likely going to keep progressing... We need to figure out what exactly is causing it. First of all, is there anyone else nearby?”

“Oh, nah, it is just me in this house. I should probably mention it is literally called The Doll Maker’s Home. So... I guess in hindsight I was kind of asking for it.”

“I see. And when did you first notice any changes?”

“This morning,” Ethan said before gripping his head to battle his headache for more memories like trying to tug a bone out of a dog’s mouth. “Ugh, though I did drink a lot last night. Like, a lot a lot. I hadn’t drank in a while and I barely ate any dinner so I got destroyed in half the time and it lasted twice as long.”

“Interesting... So you ate less at dinner. Did you feel full sooner?”

“Huh? Yeah, I guess so now that you mention it. I usually only eat until I feel full. I got to halfway through the burger and I was pretty stuffed.”

“There’s a possibility some of the changes were already starting before this morning, then. Do you know if there’s any... magic nearby?”

“No??”

“Er, right. Ummm... So it is only you turning into a doll.”

“Yeah, none of my friends are I don’t think, and they certainly didn’t say anything to me or notice anything?”

“Do they... normally comment on your physical appearance?”

“Yeah, if I look funny, but I kinda look good?” He was tempted to lift his shirt but was scared what that would do to his brain. That sounded like a powerful discovery to be made. “I won’t lie it is kinda... euphoric?”

“How so?”

“I don’t know. I’m looking at the mirror, and this cute goth girl is looking at me. She has these big eyes and soft features and when I look down she’s still there, my reflection.”

“Well, you are her. At least right now you are. If you like it, I could call you miss until the call concludes.”

Ethan went limp against the toilet and almost dropped the phone. He lifted it up. “I mean... that feels kind of... a lot to put on you.”

“Oh, I don’t mind!” Hazel nodded. “My cousin came out last year, and also I turned into a robot so... change is getting to be kind of normal for me.”

“So this happened to you too?” Ethan was surprised. “Does this happen often?”

“Less than 1 in 12 million people... but that means it has to be somebody, huh?” Hazel felt comfortable finally on the call. “Don’t worry, miss, we’ll figure it out.”

Ethan couldn’t feel their heart beat faster but they could feel their... essence pulse. It was so good. “Thank you... thank you... I...” With their legs spread they couldn’t help but stare down at the space between their oversized shirt and their hardly fitting boxers.

Was the change even reaching there...? Ethan felt awkward reaching for it while on the phone but they had to check. They pushed their thumb into the hem of the boxers and lowered them to their porcelain ankles where another joint had formed. They spread their legs and lifted their shirt.

A featureless, polished space where something should be was all that was down there. Ethan stared at it. “It’s gone?!”

“What’s gone, miss?”

“My?! Cock?!” Ethan stood up and let their boxers fall to the side since they wouldn’t be doing much of anything. “My cock is missing! Actually just flat out gone! Something fucked up is happening here!” He raced out of the bathroom and down the stairs to where the rules were still posted. “Look, the house had these weird rules, and I broke one of them. They wouldn’t turn me into a doll because of some rule, right?”

“Rules?” Hazel glanced out down the hall again with no sign of her help and no one nearby to even prod. She was tempted to sneak out, but she could tell Ethan sounded on edge. “Well, did you break any of them?”

“Yeah, I guess? I had to get home late and the house has a curfew of 9. I got home at like midnight? God, I screwed over my friends too for it. I called the house owner and they said all I have to do is apologize and the rule would be okay.”

“Did you apologize?” Hazel tried to keep him grounded. Ethan gasped on the phone and shook their head.

“I mean I guess not? Apologize to who? The neighbors? The house? The doll upstairs?”

“There are other dolls?”

“Yeah! Life sized weird—Oh no. Oh no oh no... Is that going to happen to me?!” Ethan lifted their shirt and saw the artificial skin had reached their stomach, their navel vanishing into the smooth pretty surface. Ethan felt strange and warm, new desires coming up into them. “T-tell me what to do. What am I supposed to do?”

“You should... check on the doll. Maybe apologize to her?”

Ethan obeyed. They walked up the stairs, they were panicked and weirded out and stressed but all they could manage was a polite, nearly soundless walk up the steps and into the room where the weird doll was. Ethan looked at her and wasn’t sure how to even start the conversation, if one could even consider it.

They had to assume this was who they offended. Ethan bowed their head and lifted their shirt like a maid’s skirt. “I’m sorry I was home so late. Please forgive my rudeness.”

The changes, however, were still proceeding. Ethan fell on to the bed and their hand slowly reached to the spot where their cock used to be. Strangely, even that little absent space

felt good to press against, glide their fingers over. It was that same delay but the sensation was so intense and magical.

Ethan fell back against the bed and gasped. Elizabeth. That'd be a nice name too, wouldn't it? They tasted it in their mind and continued to feel at that delicate spot. They lifted their shirt and watched the doll breast be bared. No nipple, just as featureless. There was something exciting about it... But the voice on the phone kept them grounded. "Miss? Miss are you there?"

Ethan lifted the phone and struggled. "Still... here..." Their voice was even higher now.

"There must be a different rule that was broken? Try and think a bit more..."

"I mean? I didn't touch the doll, I didn't bring any new dolls into the home without introducing them."

"Well, you are a doll now, right? Maybe you should introduce yourself? Just to be safe?" Hazel muted her mic and looked down the hall. "Livana?! Are you there?! Please help me! My caller is turning into a doll and I don't know what to do! Livana?! Please, there's rules and a curse and—"

"Okay... I introduced myself to the doll."

The mic was unmuted. "Very good! And?"

"I..." Elizabeth smiled. "I feel better. And the changes slowed a bit. Or at least my panic did a little."

"Good! What else? Were there any other rules?"

"There was also the rule to have no parties which I obeyed. No alcohol which I did not consume in the house itself. I did forget to bring the trash to the curb."

“Alright... go do that!”

“Of course!” Elizabeth stood up and walked calmly to the kitchen. Only a few things but she took the trash bag out and walked calmly out into the sunny air. She was grateful for the shirt as it covered her for the most part. She placed the trash into the exterior trash can and left it at the curb.

It was nice. To walk outside in an oversized shirt that hugged your heavy chest and flowed around your wide hips. The fabric danced around her and her false feet felt no pebble or chill in the concrete. That delay in sensation meant the little irritations that would usually consume her would simply not occur.

What awakened her from her enjoyment was the sight of her friends. Keith, Kevin, Briana and Milt were waiting outside with their vehicles. They saw her and she quickly darted inside and closed the door.

Immediately Elizabeth’s phone began buzzing and the group chat filled with questions. Who was that girl? Did you manage to hook up? I thought the rules said no guests? Elizabeth gulped and held her phone up and put the call center on speaker.

“My friends saw me.”

“Crap... Do I need to send someone...? Ughh—” Muted. “Liiiiivanaaaaaaaa!!!” She hit her head against the desk and her visor showed static on impact. When she lifted her head she had made a little dent. “Oh *shit!* I keep forgetting my stupid head is so heavy! And made of metal. Hazel, idiot! Your head is a *mace!*”

Elizabeth broke the silence. “Apparently... One of my friends slept here the other night?”

“Really?” Hazel waited. She unmuted. “Really?”

“Kevin was drunk and got kicked out... so he snuck in. He tried to wake me up to make sure it was okay, but I wouldn’t wake up. So he crashed here on the couch. He tried to wake me up in the morning again, but I was still too asleep.”

“So... he was a guest right? And he probably needed to be approved or introduced to the dolls.”

Elizabeth nodded. “I’m going to call the property manager again. They have to know this place is cursed. Do you want me to make it a conference call?”

“Sure, that’d be good.” Hazel nodded. She... didn’t know if they were allowed to do that but screw it. She wanted to get this person through this and if this is what it took. Besides, if they hung up Hazel wouldn’t be able to get in touch with them again.

The group chat kept going. They all wanted to know who that hot girl was and why they were so distant at the concert and what they bought at the dealer’s hall that they wouldn’t share. The phone rang and the property manager picked up. That soft, frail voice again.

“Hello, Elizabeth.”

“How did you--?”

The woman laughed softly. “The doll told me when you went downstairs. I’m sorry about everything, you must’ve been so confused. We really went into detail on the description.”

Elizabeth sighed. “Yeah... I really, really didn’t read that.”

“Well, in short: This was a special home. A place where the madam of the home made her special dolls. In these dolls she lived lives she wished she could’ve had. She made dolls who were adventurers and dolls who were housewives. All of them were escapes for her, you see. I’m not sure when she learned to make dolls that had special properties to them, but eventually she became especially skilled at creating them. One day, she finally made a doll that didn’t quite fit with the others and she wouldn’t want to leave. So, she left this home behind and trusted it to us

to maintain it. The only issue is the home still has some of her magic flowing through it. Break the rules, and the home will try and change you. Or at least, we made the rules to observe and codify the behaviors we noticed were causing people to change.

“As you are now, you will continue to turn into a doll. If you invite your friend inside who trespassed the previous night the changes will revert and you will return to normal.”

Elizabeth paused for a long while. Hazel listened quietly and looked down at her own metallic hand. Elizabeth said “and what happens if I don’t?”

“Well, you will need to decide what kind of doll you want to be. A doll for others, or a doll for yourself? I apologize for how your trip has gone, we can issue a refund if needed.”

“Not at all...” Elizabeth smiled. “I needed this.” She hung up on the property manager and kept Hazel on the line. “One moment, Hazel.” Elizabeth, without waiting for any orders or messages or incentive beyond her own spirit, walked outside and walked down the sidewalk the same way Vizzy did at the start of all her shows. Elizabeth wanted to blush but all she could do was find more courage.

“Hey!” Elizabeth held up her phone and pointed at the group chat. “I didn’t pick up a girl because guess what?! I am the girl!”

All of them stared at her. Hazel babbled on the phone, “Wait wait! Don’t tell them! We’ll have to cast an amnesia spell on them!? Or something? Holy shit wait what if we have to kill them—”

But Elizabeth wasn’t done. “Not bad, huh?”

Kevin gulped. “When did you get those...”

“The tits?” Keith finished.

“HRT works fast!” Elizabeth insisted, standing on her doll tiptoes. “And this WHOLE trip! You’ve all been treating me like... like I’m not even a person! I couldn’t stay at anyone’s house?! We couldn’t try and find a hotel together so I could at least walk down or drive down with someone? We barely did anything I wanted to, and I just followed whatever you all said to do! That restaurant wasn’t my idea, drinking wasn’t my idea, and the only thing that was my idea you tried to guilt me out of! The only place that I could find to stay you broke into without my permission when the damn place is filled with like actual real ghosts!”

Milt seemed the least skeptical about the ghost claim since his friend had managed to turn into a doll woman.

Elizabeth stomped her foot, the sound of her joints clicking filling the air. “So, I apologize but if you have more joyous conversations in this second group chat? If I’m an inconvenience but also someone to take advantage of? Then I don’t care, you can seek someone else’s companionship.”

For a while, the group went silent before sighing. Keith raised his head. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know you felt that... Yeah. I’ve been an asshole. I’m glad this HRT thing is working for you. I’m going to have to do some searching because damn it worked fast?! Um... I hope you keep figuring stuff out, girl. I feel like a dick.”

The others were quiet, and if Kevin even tried to apologize Elizabeth wasn’t sure she’d even be willing to hear it. Not yet. They all went their own ways back towards the convention. Alone again... Elizabeth lifted the phone. “Are you still there, Hazel?”

“Yeah... I overheard that. It at least sounds like they’re sorry.”

“Well... of course they’re sorry...” Elizabeth sat on the curb and looked down at herself. “They’re humans, not some weird monsters. They’re going to apologize, but if they want to be my friends again I’m going to need their support. I’m changing and even before I changed, I needed people to lean on and help me.”

“For what it’s worth, if I knew you? I think we’d be friends, Elizabeth.”

The doll smiled and said to the android, “Yeah, I think so too, Hazel. So what happens now?”

“Well... We’re going to have to send someone over. Your friends will need to have a spell applied to them. It is a selective unintrusive amnesia. They’ll think you’ve always been a doll girl and won’t think it’s weird and try to report you to some weird show that might try to make a spectacle of you.”

“I mean, if it is possible, I’d like for them to know that I meant this change. At least a part of it.”

“I’m not sure how it works... but I’ll try. And for you we’ll need to send someone to get you set up with something called Permanency Procedures. It is basically just a bunch of work they’ll do to make sure your life continues in your new form. They’ll help smooth over everything from there.”

Elizabeth nodded her head. “Mind if we talk while I walk to the con?”

“Of course! We can talk about anything you want!”

(Conversation redacted for relevancy)

...

“Phew...” Hazel sat back. The phone call was finally done.

“Good work.”

Hazel leapt from her chair and looked around. The spell was dropped, and Livana appeared. “L-Livana?! Where were you?”

“Standing here. Invisible.” Livana gave a little smile. The busty goth woman patted Hazel on the shoulder. “I knew you needed to do a call completely on your own. You needed the experience. Not sure why you’re nervous, you did everything right, that was a picture perfect call.”

Hazel couldn’t decide if she was mad or relieved, her eyes rapidly flashing between the two emotions before settling on exhausted. “That took a lot out of me...”

Livana took her seat back and reached for the mouse. “Here, let’s get this ticket marked properly. We need to make sure this gets sent to Permanency so they know to get on it. That girl is gonna need some help making sure her friends don’t blab. She’s at a convention you said?”

“Yeah...” Hazel smiled. “I think she’s having a good time.”

Elizabeth emerged from the dealer’s hall a new woman. Finally she could indulge in all the pretty dresses and guilt free pleasures without her friends there to judge in the periphery. She was happy with how they fit and pleased with how nice it felt to let her dress flow. She couldn’t wait to get back to the rental, though, and get some more alone time to really figure out how this doll body was going to work from now on.

She walked through the sun filled window heavy atrium and soaked in the light. “Nice cosplay!” Someone called. Elizabeth laughed and waved back.

(End Transcript)

Case M3-995562 was officially closed a week later. Permeance Procedures successfully implanted selective amnesia on Elizabeth that allowed for her to resume her life with some degree of normalcy. A behavior check was performed on Milt and no reemergence was noted though the reviewer reported “violence behind those eyes.”

Elizabeth never successfully rekindled her old friendship despite a few attempts made on their part and her own. Many friend groups eventually struggle to maintain varying motivations to be friends and eventually their opposing views lead to inoffensive conclusions to the friendship. Elizabeth wanted more active support and people who made time for her and her friends were

not attentive enough and struggled to match it. There was no official message that formally brought it to an end, but the end was amicable all the same and all parties wished each other the best. (Elizabeth did receive an invitation from Briana to attend her wedding “as long as your dress isn’t prettier than mine.”)

Performance Review:

Overall, Hazel is showing increased independence and understanding of how to manage situations. Ideally, she should have escalated the call to a more experienced member of the Magic Team. Contacting the property manager was helpful but it is ideal to involve as few people as possible. If the manager was a malicious actor aware of the TFCC Hazel would have been in a lot of trouble. As well, steps should have been taken to prevent the individual contacting their friends again. As soon as the friends were mentioned to have been outside the issue should have been escalated to a team to help manage the situation, especially if entering the house might have spread the change further.

As well, Livana should not have put Hazel on the phone entirely alone with no support. All of these factors have been taken in. Might be wise to place Hazel with someone else on another call soon. It was a well-managed call, Hazel just needs to be more careful and review her operating procedure more carefully.

This concludes the Training Report on Hazel Coffey and Case M3-995562. Thank you.

TFCC
KEEPING YOU, YOU

