

Caught Doll-Handed

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Mion, a beautiful young woman with black hair and green eyes in her twenties, suffers from a rather dangerous obsession, as she cannot control herself when she sees something she likes. Pretty objects, shiny objects, whatever they may be, every time she finds something like this in a store, she puts them in her bag on impulse. Mion does not suffer from financial problems or poverty, and even though the pandemic has been an inconvenience for her like everyone, she has been lucky and not really suffered from it. She works in fashion, and although that market sector took a hit with nobody going out and needing new outfits to show off, she is good with money and has invested wisely which affords her a comfortable lifestyle. It also didn't hurt that she received an inheritance from a cousin. She worked as a scientist in some government lab, but disappeared under mysterious circumstances and was presumed dead. Since Mion's cousin had no living parents, siblings or children, Mion was the closest living relative and the only one who could inherit her cousin's assets. They had been very close when they were little, and Mion's cousin had fond memories of the time they spent together as children. Although they didn't see each other much as adults, the residual affection was enough for Mion to be included in their will. Mion always wondered what exactly had happened to her cousin, but she also knew her cousin was a borderline psychopath in some regards. Maybe she had gotten up to some funny business at that government lab of hers and fallen out of grace. Whatever the case, Mion thought it best to steer clear and not investigate further, lest she also mysteriously vanish in the middle of the night.

All that to say, Mion was not hurting financially, rather her kleptomania was a pathological problem and something she did on impulse. Although Mion was especially fond of swiping beautiful trinkets that caught her eye, as a general rule almost everything was fair game for a five-fingered discount including food and general consumer goods. She had spent years perfecting her stealth stealing skills so as not to be discovered. From being involved in a number of embarrassing situations throughout her adolescence, Mion had leveled up to become a very skilled thief. Perhaps her slide from bad habit to full-blown pathology could have been arrested by her parents, but they were robbed of the opportunity when they perished on a cruise ship that went down in a strong hurricane near an island off the East Coast.

One day Mion walked into one of the stores that she used to frequent in her very particular way. It was an antique store where you could find all sorts of exotic and valuable objects, including some that were not actually all that old. When she entered, Mion made her way to the area of the store where they usually had the oddest and flashy items for sale. Mion had heard that the government of some Eastern European country had recently arrested one of their more powerful oligarchs on charges of tax evasion. Subsequently the oligarch's many possessions had been put up for auction, and this very antique shop had acquired several of the most exotic and luxurious goods of said oligarch in said auction. Among them were some strange toys, and it did not take long for the store to put them on display, which presented Mion with the opportunity to make some new acquisitions of her own. The first thing that caught Mion's eye was a very striking looking puppet dressed in blue with blonde curls and red eyes. She stopped to give the puppet a closer inspection, but ultimately decided to leave it there for another occasion. However, to one side of the puppet was a very impressive looking music box with a ballerina doll inside. The doll, who had wavy blonde hair and a delicate figure, was wearing

a pink tutu with white leggings and white gloves. This wind-up doll in the music box seemed to have been molded by the gods themselves, so detailed and realistic as it was, so perfect, pure and flawless, her slender figure so lithe and firm. Even after all her years of petty thievery, Mion still usually considered the potential consequences for her of taking something, but not this time, and without a second thought she quickly put the doll in her bag as natural as could be.

I'VE BEEN SHOPLIFTING FROM THIS ANTIQUE STORE AND A FEW OTHERS FOR SEVERAL YEARS. I DON'T REALLY NEED WHAT I TAKE, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT... EVERY TIME I SEE A BEAUTIFUL OBJECT, INEVITABLY I PICK IT UP AND WALK OUT. RECENTLY I HEARD THEY ACQUIRED SOME EXOTIC ITEMS AT AN AUCTION OF GOODS CONFISCATED FROM A CORRUPT EAST EUROPEAN OLIGARCH,

SO I DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO PAY THEM ANOTHER VISIT. IN THE COURSE OF BROWSING, I SPOTTED AN ORNATE MUSIC BOX WITH A BEAUTIFUL, GREEN-EYED BLONDE DOLL INSIDE. I FELL IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, SO NATURALLY I PREPARED TO MAKE OFF WITH IT.

HOW CUTE! IT HAS TO BE MINE!

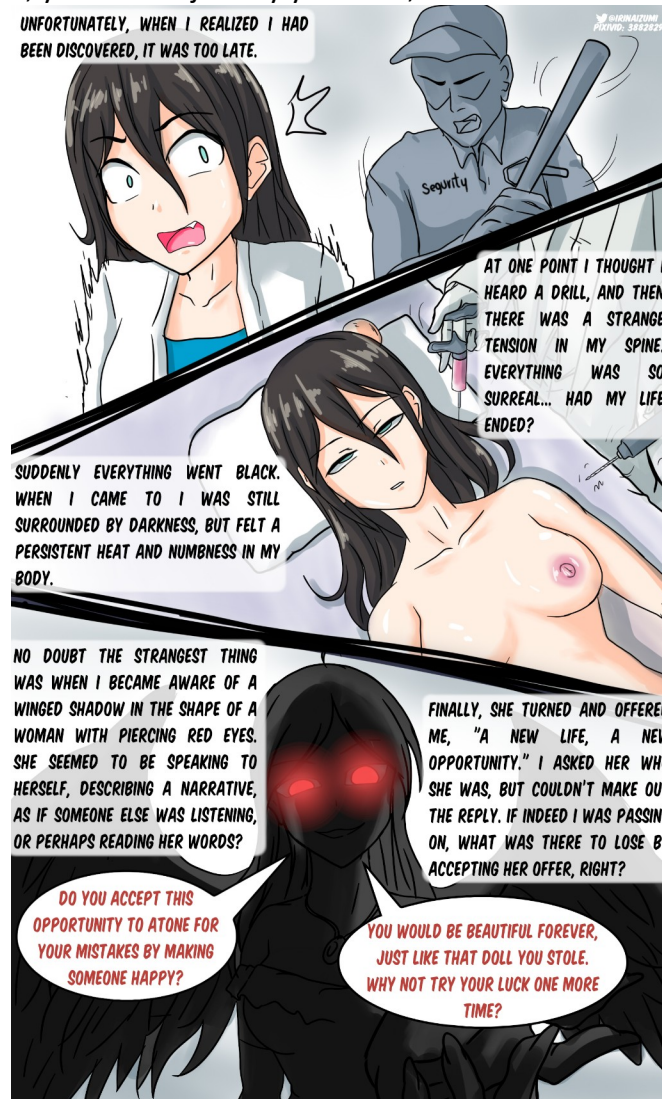
IT'S A VERY STRIKING PIECE, BUT I'M PRACTICALLY A PROFESSIONAL THIEF AT THIS POINT. WHAT'S THE WORST THAT COULD HAPPEN?

In that store there is usually not much surveillance, so Mion figured there would be no complications as usual. She decided to buy some cheap trinkets as cover for her visit, a typical tactic that she employs, and after picking out a few she went to the cashier to pay for them. Decoy purchase made, she casually made her way to the exit of the store, only to find that the front doors were locked. This was highly unusual, since the store was normally open all the time and closing time shouldn't be for hours yet. Mion soon understood the real reason though, for as she quickly looked around for some help, she spotted new security cameras that must have been installed recently, for she did not remember them from her previous visits. Perhaps her frequent robberies of the store had caused security to increase considerably. Have I been discovered? Mion asked herself. She turned around to ask the person who attended her at the cash register to open the door, pretending as if nothing was really the matter, but when she turned around she was greeted instead by a very tall and visibly muscled security guard standing right behind her. Mion panicked but before she could make a fuss or a lot of noise, she was suddenly gagged and had a paper bag thrown over her head. Someone picks her up and carries her away kicking at the air. Her struggles don't last long however, as she smells something sweet inside the bag that was placed on her and soon falls unconscious. It appeared that Mion's career as a thief had finally been cut short.

Hours later, Mion woke up dizzy and confused. A few minutes after that when her sight at last cleared, she realized that her limbs were tied to nails in the corners of a small wooden board. Terrified, Mion began to struggle again, trying to escape, but to no avail. Stranger still, now everything seemed so big around her and she herself felt small somehow in relation to the world around her. Had she been shrunken, or had everything else grown? A giant man in a robe appeared in front of her and still puzzled by what was happening, Mion asked the man for an explanation, to which he replied that she had been a very bad girl and that she needed to pay for all the merchandise that she had stolen over the months. She would be sold at a price equal to the amount of all the items that have disappeared from the store in recent months. Mion was now even more puzzled, did the man say that she would be sold as merchandise?

Then the man gagged Mion, to stop her from screaming and complaining and generally carrying on. Her cries turned to moans of terror and fear. After that and without hesitation, the man in the robe injected a syringe into her neck and drew a large amount of blood from Mion that quickly left her weak and limp, but not completely unconscious. Next he quickly injected a mysterious fuchsia liquid that began to make Mion hallucinate wildly. This quickly disconnected her consciousness from the outside world. Through the haze though Mion felt a tingling in her back, as if a sharp point of some instrument was running up and down along her spine. As that continues, she alternately feels her spine grow very tense and at other times very flexible or elastic, as if somebody was playing with it. Mion cannot discern much more as all the sensations are dulled by the fog that envelops her consciousness. Mion perceives herself naked in an immense dark abyss which, somehow is growing even darker by the minute, to the point where Mion cannot even make out her own hands in front of her face. Mion, still somewhat aware of her own existence, wonders to herself if her life has come to an end and begins to ponder her actions at what seems like the end of the road. That is until a soft and elegant voice comes to her out of the darkness and begins to speak. Following the sound of the voice, Mion can just make out a dark winged silhouette in front of her with the only visible feature being a pair of glowing red eyes.

That sweet voice tells Mion that this really is a new opportunity and a new beginning for her, to pay for everything she has done wrong in her life. A new opportunity to set aside her sinful ways and instead make someone happy with her beauty. Mion, puzzled, asked the voice who was speaking and what it all meant, to which the voice was silent for a few minutes before replying. Who knows, the voice said. Maybe it is another personality of Mion's that had been hidden all this time, or perhaps it could be death itself ready to take her by the hand in case she decided to change her mind and not accept this proposal for a new life. The voice tried to dissuade Mion from accepting the offer. At the end of the day, said the voice, Mion was motivated to steal what seemed beautiful and perfect out of envy, so what if in this new opportunity of life, there is the possibility of her being as beautiful and perfect as those things that she stole? Perhaps, said the voice, there is nothing better than to purge your sins, living an eternal life being perfect and incorruptible, and making someone else happy? Or, perhaps, said the voice, this is all a trap and she is just a fake neon goddess inviting Mion to ignore the call of the peaceful abyss? Perhaps, the shadow said as it unfolded enormous black wings, it was just another demon seducing Mion's poor little criminal soul so that she can be torn apart into pieces before being finally devoured. The mysterious shadow that presented itself to Mion smiled, while Mion remained silent, shocked, and scared. It reached out a hand for Mion to take. "You can think what you want, but maybe, you should just try your luck," the voice concluded.



Mion, scared and puzzled, but seeing no one else in the darkness other than that winged silhouette in the dark, decides to take the proffered hand. Days or perhaps weeks later, finally free of her hallucinations, Mion returned to reality. She finally regains consciousness a bit and her vision begins to change from being a diffuse white spot, to clearly appreciating everything that was around her. Mion, who felt a constant arousal throughout her body, tried to move a little, but she was surprised at not being able to move. Even when trying to look elsewhere with her gaze, Mion realized that she cannot move her eyes either. Helpfully they are already open and looking in a straight line. This gives her a good view of the large face of a young girl with black hair and eyes, standing in front of her and staring back at Mion with admiration and curiosity. Mion did not know what to think about what was happening, and she did not have enough information to know what is really happening, but she does not feel fear, because in addition to feeling that persistent and increasingly comfortable arousal, she also feels a deep peace and tranquility, and a deep desire to be admired and treasured, a desire that is clearly reciprocated in the look of that young woman, a young woman who seems somewhat familiar. Have they ever met or seen each other somewhere else before?

AFTER A LONG PERIOD OF TIME, LITTLE BY LITTLE, MY VISION CLEARED. WHEN I COULD FINALLY MAKE OUT WHAT WAS IN FRONT OF ME I SAW A STREET, OFF WHICH I WAS APPARENTLY SITUATED. I TRIED TO MOVE

BUT PERHAPS THE MOST CONFUSING PART WAS THAT I SEEMED TO BE TIED TO THE WALL IN BACK OF ME...

SOON THOUGH I HEARD THE SOUND OF A CASH REGISTER DINGING, AFTER WHICH THE GIRL PICKED UP MY BOX AND CARRIED ME AWAY.



MY HEAD TO LOOK AROUND, BUT MY NECK AND EVEN MY EYES WOULDN'T BUDGE. MY ENTIRE BODY FELT STIFF, AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, WAS THRUMMING WITH AROUSAL I COULD DO NOTHING ABOUT.

SUDDENLY A GIANT-SIZED LITTLE GIRL APPROACHED WHERE I WAS. SHE SEEMED PLEASED WHEN SHE SAW ME, AND PICKED ME UP FOR A CLOSER LOOK. AM I MERCHANDISE? WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!? AND ALSO, THE GIRL'S FACE SEEMS FAMILIAR SOMEHOW...

The young woman purchased Moon, put her in her bag and, after a few minutes, they arrived at her house. There she unpacked Mion from the box she was in and manipulated her defenseless little body into a funny pose, then put her on the floor, along with some other dolls. Finally it started to dawn on Mion what had happened. Have I been turned into a toy, she thought. After thinking about it for a bit, Mion concluded that she was lucky to at least still be somewhat aware of what was going on around her after having apparently been turned into a "new friend" for that girl's dolls. At least until she felt something being inserted into her back and heard what seemed like a clockwork mechanism begin to turn awkwardly. This was accompanied by an awareness of something deep inside herself being twisted and that profoundly confused her. When the twisting stopped, Mion, or what's left of her, began to mechanically walk forward in a straight line like a toy soldier. With each click and mechanical movement an indescribable force assaulted Mion's mind. It assaulted her sanity and step by step Mion was irrevocably broken, her mind plunged more and more into a vicious cycle of ecstasy and excitement.

