

Nora was tight on cash, as usual, but this time was trying out a faster way to make money. She was currently looking around an antique shop looking for something small but expensive to steal, and would then sell it to another antique shop. Right now, she wasn't finding anything that was small enough or pricey enough to make it worth it. That's when Nora stumbled into the back corner of the store and saw the holy grail. Sitting in a pristine cabinet was a porcelain doll that looked fragile to the touch, wearing an outfit that looked even more expensive than the doll itself. It even had a cute little choker with a bell on it. It even had what seemed to be a crack in her face that surrounded one of her eyes, having been repaired with gold to make the flaw look prettier.

"Ooo, that should fetch me a pretty penny~" Nora said to herself, checking the area for anyone or any cameras. She opened the latch and slowly opened the door, gingerly picking up the doll to make sure the bell didn't ring. "I think that's what I'll call you while I have you, let's head home Penny," Nora said, turning around and immediately eating shit on an uneven rug. Penny flew out of Nora's hands and sailed across the room until smashing to bits on the floor. "Shit!" Nora cried out as she crawled over and tried to grab the pieces and put them back together, but they were too small at this point and even cut Nora's hand up.

"My my, that's why the sign says not to touch anything in cabinets," A husky voice spoke from behind Nora. Nora quickly stumbled to her feet to look at the woman who had suddenly appeared behind her. Behind her was a woman who looked ancient, she honestly looked like she was older than half the stuff in this place. "Now that was quite an expensive trinket. One of a kind. How are you gonna pay for it?"

"Pay for it?" Nora gasped, "I don't have the money to pay for that thing!"

"Then why were you taking it out of the case? Just hoping to get a better look at it?" The lady asked, narrowing her eyes as Nora seemed to avoid hers. "In any case, you'll just have to work off your debt."

Nora sighed, "I guess if I have to. What do I have to do?" She asked.

"You can start by dusting the place," The lady said, handing Nora a duster.

Nora blew a raspberry and started dusting, idly cleaning as the day seemed to draw to a close. She tried to leave a couple times, but the owner seemed to be right by all the exits as she tried to leave. After what felt like an eternity, the owner flipped the open sign to closed. "Thank god, time to finally go home."

"Home? No no no, you're staying here until your debt is paid off. I can't have you running off before then." The owner said, leading Nora upstairs. "This is where you shall stay. Get to bed, we have an early morning tomorrow."

Nora sighed, looking towards the mirror. She looked like shit, she was tired from all the dusting she had to do so now her arms were sore, and she looked pale. If she had looked closer, she would've seen her shoulders were starting to look glossier, almost as if it wasn't skin.

When Nora woke up the next morning, she didn't even bother with a shower or cleaning herself. Despite sleeping like a rock, she felt stiffer than when she went to bed last night. Had Nora actually taken the time to be a decent human being and bath herself, she would have noticed that her changes had spread farther across her body. Her skin was turning pale white under her shirt, her shoulder had visible ball joints which accounted for her stiffness, and it was slowly spreading down her sides.

"Good, you're up. I'm going to reorganize the store. Since I can't trust you not to leave, I'm placing you behind the register for the day." The owner told her, before disappearing off into the bowels of the store.

Nora groaned as she stood behind the counter, watching the hands of the clock slowly tick away. She looked around, figuring that maybe this time she could get out since she was close to the door. She lifted the partition in the counter that kept her from leaving, only to trigger a bell when she lifted it. "Shit!" Nora hissed as she let go of the partition, causing it to make a loud slamming noise.

"Tsk tsK tsK," the owner tutted as she walked around the corner. "I see you're trying to burn through my trust as fast as you can. I was hoping to spare you from this humiliation but seeing as you're a little too wily for your own good, I have no other choice," she said, producing a choker from out of seemingly thin air. It looked simple other than the fact that it had a small bell on it. She put it on Nora's neck, and it rang anytime she made even the slightest movement. "Now, get back to work. The morning rush is coming in."

"Yeah right, and I'm the queen of... holy shit!" Nora said, turning to find a long line of people old and young waiting to check out. Thus began what felt like one of the longest days in Nora's life, ringing up what seemed like a never ending line of customers, making pathetic small talk while her bell jingled and jangled without a care in the world. Her legs were getting sore from all the standing she was doing, and even when she did have a break Nora opted to stand still just to shut that bell up for even just a moment. She couldn't see it, but her pale skin had started to pale on her legs, her feet growing numb in her shoes as they became porcelain, her ankles becoming ball joints similar to her shoulders.

"Maybe I should ask the boss for a break, my chest feels tight... but I don't wanna deal with that old broad." Nora thought to herself, feeling sluggish as she rang up another customer. She was bored out of her mind, like her mind was becoming more dull with every second and every ring of her bell. All work and no play seemingly made Nora more doll-like.

When the day finally ended, the owner walked over to the register and started counting the money in the register. "You did surprisingly well today. Feel free to head upstairs and eat

something, I couldn't give you a break since we were so busy but you technically don't get one since this is all under the table."

"Thanks, but if it's all the same to you, I'm just gonna go to bed." Nora replied in a monotone. Her movements were stiff due to her new joints, making the climb up the stairs even tougher than they were before. She collapsed into her bed, ignoring the jingle of her bell and the crinkle of her porcelain. As she slept, her changes seemed to take over more of her body. Her bountiful chest receded inwards while her hair turned into synthetic materials, looking nearly identical but fake none the less.

Nora woke up the next morning, still stiff and lifeless. She swung her legs over the side of the bed and slipped into her heels as if she had done so for years, she didn't even realize that her tennis shoes had become dainty heels overnight. She couldn't tell why but she was feeling a little better today. The bell wasn't as grating on her ears as they had been yesterday, though she wouldn't realize it was because she didn't have ears anymore. "Alright, what's on the docket for today?" Nora asked, seemingly unable to even be snarky or push back against her boss at this point.

"Good timing. I'll have you resume the work I was doing yesterday. Find new places for everything so that it all looks new." The owner said, flipping the sign to open.

Nora just nodded, not even having the energy to speak at this point. Her movements through the day seemed robotic, not just in the way she moved her limbs, putting things up on shelves or farther back in cupboards as if she couldn't reach that far, but it was like she was moving along an invisible track in the antique store that only she could see. She stumbled around slightly in the beginning, still not used to the heels on her feet, but soon maneuvered with grace as if those heels had been a part of her all along. As she was cleaning and making more room for objects, Nora found a cabinet tucked away in the corner of the store she must have missed while cleaning. It was covered in cobwebs and dust, there didn't seem to be anything in the corner or in the cabinet but it was weird. Nora stared for what felt like hours at the cabinet, as if it were calling to her, asking her to fill its empty shelves.

She shook her head, causing her bell to ring as she went back to work. Over time, the stiff feeling worked its way into Nora's fingers and toes as they turned to porcelain as well, the cuts Nora had from trying to put Penny back together vanishing completely. She was still able to flex them slightly but only to the ability her joints would let her. Her skin was fully white now, she stood out like snow as she tinkered her way through the store. Her blemishes had vanished and any imperfections had been molded over as she became the perfect doll. While she could still see, her eyes were now fake. They were always centered, unblinking, with nothing behind them. Even her eyelashes were now fake, glued on as if she had been crafted perfectly.

Whenever Nora wasn't doing work for her mistress, she stood in the shop as still as could be, as if she herself were on display. While at the beginning of the day, her stance was one she would normally find herself in, hand on her hip and knee bent as if she was waiting for her friends at

the mall. By the end of the day, her pose was poignant and refined, her hands were clasped together as she stared vacantly ahead.

The owner of the antique store flipped the sign around and closed the store once more, finding Nora staring pensively at the cabinet again. "Good work today, though customers were complaining about a smell," she said before sniffing the air. "Oh, I see. Well come upstairs, it's time you've had a proper bath since you apparently don't know how to bathe yourself."

It took Nora a second to pull herself away from the cabinet, and even longer to say "Yes ma'am." It was hushed, quiet, as if she hadn't spoken in a long time. Her ascent up the stairs seemed longer than it had the previous days, it felt like there were more steps and it took twice as long to lift her leg up to the next step, after what felt like an hour she made it to the top of the stairs.

The owner was waiting for her in the bathroom, the counters lined with many different bottles of shampoo, body wash, and other conditioners. Nora stripped down to reveal her completely porcelain body, her breasts had completely receded into her body, her joints were proudly visible, and her skin reflected the lights of the bathroom onto the walls. The owner began the tedious work of cleaning Nora delicately, which Nora sat through with her eyes closed. Her hair was washed with dry shampoo, her body was wiped clean to avoid getting her too wet, and then shined with polish that made the lights reflecting even brighter. Her hair was styled into that of a hime cut, her makeup reapplied, and other small touch ups done. If anyone else were watching, they would think that they were watching a doll get repaired rather than a person getting bathed.

After being wiped down, the owner finally let Nora move again. As she bent down to pick up her clothes, struggling a bit to bend at the waist as she had no joint there. "What are you doing?! Those clothes are filthy!" The owner said, snatching them up just as Nora found the right way to bend down. "I've supplied you with a new uniform to wear while I wash your... previous attire," She told Nora, looking at her clothes as if they were a biohazard.

Nora simply nodded and headed off to her room, not noticing the owner throwing her old clothes immediately. She turned and found a pristine white lolita dress waiting for her on the bed. It was poofy, frilly, and extravagant, and it was the first thing that brought a hint of a smile to Nora's face since she got trapped here. After putting on the massive dress, Nora felt extremely tired and went to bed. Under the cover of darkness, Nora started shrinking down, getting smaller and smaller as the hours of the night passed. When she awoke, she was still moderately human sized, yet she was half of her original stature and still shrinking. However, Nora didn't seem to notice this as she shuffled out of her bed and fell to the ground, landing on the pillow that had always been there to catch her.

Nora made her trek down the stairs, being careful as each step felt like a precipitous drop. By the time she made it down to the ground floor, the owner was ready to open the store. Nora tried her best to help out around the store, but found her slow movements and stiff body were

counterproductive to that desire. In the end, she just stood near the entrance, guiding people to the different sections of the store as she got smaller and smaller.

Things were going fine until the door suddenly swung open. A busy looking mother was suddenly pushed out of the way by her young child, who began bolting around the store without a care in the world. The ground shook for Nora as the child approached, she tried to move out of the way but her heart dropped as she realized she couldn't move. She couldn't do anything as the kid bolted past, bumping into Nora and sending her crashing down to the floor. Nora felt her face make contact with the floor, and something etched itself down her face. While she was mostly numb to everything around her, she could feel the dull throb of pain from the apparent gash she earned.

"Get your brat out of here! You're banned for life!" The owner shouted as Nora felt something grab her arm. As she was lifted off the floor, she could only see out of one eye! She watched in horror as a piece of her sat on the floor without moving, presumably her other eye. Nora wanted to scream out, call for someone to grab her missing piece, but nothing would come out. The owner sat her down at a desk, left the room, and eventually came back with Nora's missing eye plate. "That miserable little brat, ruining my perfect doll. Don't worry darling, I'll fix you up and you'll be golden~" the owner said, sounding the nicest she had ever been to Nora since this whole fiasco started. Nora sniffled and trusted the owner, watching her gently place glue on the edges of her cracked face. The owner calmly and gently placed Nora's eye plate back on, making sure it was supported and the crack was as faint as it could be. With a final flourish, she sprinkled gold dust on the glue.

Nora's eyesight returned with the glue drying, having felt miserable without it. She wanted to jump for joy, and thank the owner for fixing her despite what she had done. But by this time, Nora's curse had finally completed itself. To anyone else, all they saw was a porcelain doll that belonged in the antique shop.

"I don't even know how you got out of your case, let's get you back to your proper home." the owner said, picking Nora up. The two walked across the store, passing other shoppers until they reached their destination. The cabinet. The one Nora had been staring at longingly. Her... home. She wanted to go home. Nora was going home!

The owner opened the case, the squeak of the hinge sounding divine to Nora as she was ever so gently placed within the cabinet, all set up prim and proper for people to see her. "Now don't go too far my dear, you're one of my most prized possessions," the owner said, closing the cabinet door. Nora let out a sigh she didn't even know she was holding in. It felt nice and safe in her new home, watching the people go by as she spent her days in the cabinet, waiting for someone to take her home.

Nora's mind slowed to a near halt as time became irrelevant for her, nothing really mattered. Though a loud creaking noise pulled her mind from the haze. She watched as hands reached forward and grabbed her, silencing her bell as she was pulled from her home. "I think that's what

I'll call you while I have you, let's head home Penny," She heard the person say. Nora gasped as the sunlight finally stopped blocking the person's face, revealing that Nora was the one picking her up. She realized what was about to happen when Nora suddenly tripped on the rug, sending Nora flying. She gasped as the floor came closer and closer until a defining smash was heard.

"Shit!" Nora cried out as she crawled over and tried to grab the pieces and put them back together, but they were too small at this point and even cut Nora's hand up. The owner approached Nora from behind, ready for another loop as it never got old...