

LOVE & HERTA

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ah, the Herta Space Station! My favorite playground!”

“You really shouldn’t say stuff like that, you know? If Miss Herta hears it, you’re going to get an earful.”

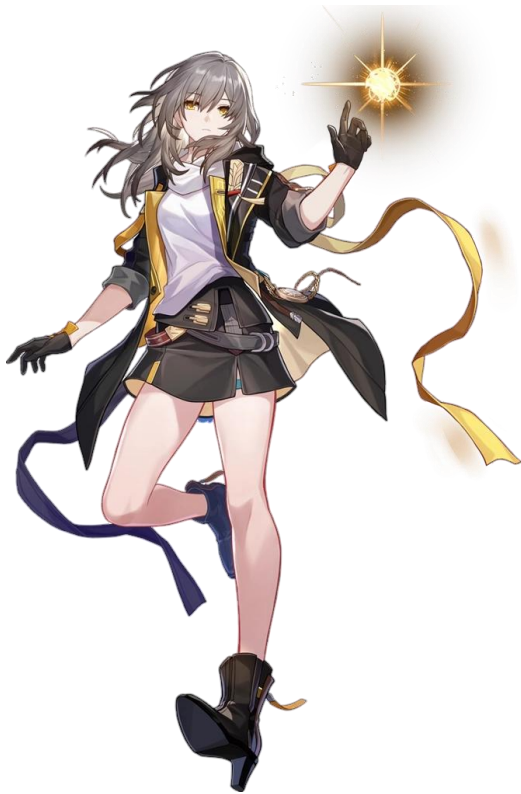
Two of the Nameless that rode aboard the Astral Express were walking down one of the many vacant halls of the Herta Space Station after arriving earlier that day. The Express had docked for the sake of maintenance, and because of that, everyone aside from Himeko and Pom-Pom ended up having the day off. It was just that this day off had to be spent *within* the space station.

But that wasn’t a problem for Stelle, who had brought March along with her. She had basically explored every nook and cranny of the station over the course of their many visits. She knew where all of the security blind spots were, as well as where Herta’s numerous dolls were usually stationed. **“I keep telling you to trust me, March! The Galactic Baseballer knows all! Herta will never hear anything I don’t want her to!”**

March could only sigh at this declaration. She was holding a baseball in her right hand, while Stelle was carrying her favorite bat. **“Alright, but you’re taking all of the blame if we get in trouble, got it?”** For some reason, the Trailblazer desired to hit a baseball in one of the more vacant corridors. That was what the two had been sneaking off to do. **“Isn’t it kinda dangerous if we accidentally break a window with the ball, though?”** She didn’t want to get sucked out into space!

The Trailblazer just cackled to herself with an adorable menace before taking off ahead. **“Do you really think the windows between us and space would be so fragile that a baseball could break them? I may be the Galactic Baseballer, but my swing isn’t *that* strong!”** With Herta’s infinite wisdom, she likely had a means of stopping the worst case from happening anyways.

“Now throw it!”



Once she’d made enough distance between March and herself, Stelle brought her bat up to rest on her shoulder and called for the pitch. March hesitantly reacted with the strongest throw she could muster. It was a pitch that had so much strength behind it that even *Stelle* was surprised, but she ultimately managed to hit it back. Or, well... that was the *intention*. It didn’t fly back. Stelle hit it at the wrong angle, and it pivoted off to the side... crashing through the window of the lab beside her instead.

There was a loud thump inside the lab. **“...You didn’t *hit* anyone, did you?”** Murder by Galactic Baseballer stray ball would have certainly been a story. Stelle

gestured to March to stay there as she ran *into* the unlocked lab to judge the damages for herself. That window was absolutely busted, and there were a number of machines in the lab that she didn’t recognize. But what stood out to her the most was the *corpse* on the floor, right beside the baseball.

“...Crap.” Stelle initially reacted how you might expect considering the circumstances. Yet, as she drew closer, her expression relaxed, and she laughed to herself. **“Oh, wait. Never mind! It’s just one of Herta’s dolls!”** That was a relief! She hadn’t killed anyone! But the ball *had* hit the doll so hard that its head had been knocked loose. It was a little creepy, honestly. **“If we get out of here now, we might—?”**

HERTA NO. 1876 DESTROYED. CULPRIT
ACKNOWLEDGED. ACTIVATING REPLACEMENT
PROTOCOL.

The Trailblazer perked up at a familiar sound. The sound of Herta's voice. The doll's mouth wasn't moving, so the sound must have been projected from somewhere *within* her? "**Crud... Guess she knows. So, now what...?**" Was Herta going to charge her for a replacement? Was that what the message was implying? She was bound to get an earful from Pom-Pom if so. But if things had been *that* simple, then she really would have gotten off easy.

Herta had installed a special mechanism in each one of her dolls in the case that they were vandalized. She couldn't risk someone destroying her hard work all willy nilly, and they would have to pay for that transgression. She was also the kind of genius that *loved* dolling out punishments of her own creation that were befitting of the crime committed. And so, this mechanism was *very* special.

All it took was the time for Stelle to question what was going to happen for that mechanism to activate, as the front panel on the chest of the doll opened up and a mechanical arm pushed an object out through the front of the dress. It was holding a purple crystal, one made from Herta's powers. And it *shattered*, filling the room with a flash of bright purple. "**Whoa!?**" Stelle reacted by shielding her eyes, but it didn't really matter if the light struck her eyes or not.

The 'magic' that had been released pierced her clothing and skin and permeated within the depths of her very being. Her entire body began to tingle, and Stelle herself fell down onto one knee. "**March? Something's wrong...**" For some reason, she couldn't muster the strength to yell. And in a *very* unlucky turn of events? March had been distracted by someone walking by when the gem had exploded. So, she didn't think to come running to check on her friend.

She probably *should* have, though.

"**What's... *happening?***" There were the last words that the young woman was able to squeak out as her second knee fell, and her body hunched over to the side. Stelle was only spared from falling against the floor of the lab due to the cabinet she had dropped beside, and she was propped up solely by a shoulder that was leaning against it. She became *entirely* still otherwise, barely able to even move her eyes from side to side. She couldn't lift herself back up or open her mouth to speak. But that didn't stop her *mind* from racing.

Why can't I move? Why would Herta do something like this!? She didn't need to ponder *what* had caused her body to malfunction. It was clearly the direct result of whatever trap Herta had installed in her tall. The gem had exploded and *then* she'd stopped moving after being

engulfed in its light. There really *wasn't* any other way to explain it. The culprit *had* to be Herta. She was trying to remember what the voice message had even said. *Something about a replacement? Is she going to make me do work around the space station?*

In a way? That was actually the *correct* answer, but it also wasn't the *full* answer. Unfortunately, Stelle wasn't able to move her neck to steal a glance at the potential *strange* new feelings that had begun to wash over her. The most dominant of those feelings, oddly enough, was the feeling of *cold*. Her body temperature was dropping, but she did not shiver. For reasons that hadn't *yet* been made apparent even from a vision point of view.

That said, there *were* visual signs of the punishment that Herta had set into motion. Visual signs that couldn't quite register with the one succumbing to them with her current posture. She couldn't, say, look down at her chest, for example. Even if she *had* been able to, she might not have been able to tell what was going on. Nonetheless, the front of her outfit was *flattening* where her bosom typically pushed it outward. And what was the cause of this?

Well, this could only really be accomplished if her bosom *wasn't* as perky as it had been before. No, that wasn't quite right. It was still *plenty* perky, but the weight behind that perkiness was *lessening*. Stelle's tits were smoothing away, their sizes pressing closer to her chest until they couldn't be bigger than *A-cups* at most. And yet this lessening wasn't even the *strangest* thing that happened to her breasts. Because her nipples didn't just shrink, they were *entirely* erased to leave her bosom without any toppers whatsoever.

In terms of her figure, however, this was only just a small part of what her body was enduring. If not for the fact that she was rest on her knees – if she had been standing up instead – her panties *definitely* would have slipped off her hips and fallen down around her ankles. The cause of *this* wasn't an isolated one; it was a team effort contributed to by all of the weight that helped support them. Her butt flattened until she only had the smallest of bubbles, and her thighs narrowed until they were thinner than her waist. Ultimately, this led to her hips narrowing too, until they were roughly on par with her shoulders.

And her pussy, as well as the crack of her ass, were seemingly smoothed over until they didn't exist at all.

Something's wrong. My clothes feel loose, and my body feels... cold. But I'm not shivering? Why isn't my body reacting to the cold like normal? Even with the Stellaron in her body, Stelle still suffered from the negative effects of the elements. Just what did Herta do to her? *I can't*

believe the amazing, fantastic Herta blessed me with her power! E-EH!? That thought came out of nowhere, taking her completely off guard.

Why had such powerful *praise* for Herta bubbled up from the depths of her subconscious? If anything, she was *mad* at the genius for paralyzing her! There was more she *should* have been angry about, and yet she didn't know what it was just yet. She still couldn't move, even though her slumped over body appeared to be moving on its own all of a sudden. That wasn't really a *correct*, since that body wasn't moving due to any muscle movement.

It looked more like she was... *shrinking*? No, that was *exactly* what was happening. Stelle was a taller than average woman, and even on her knees, her shoulder rested quite high on the cabinet she'd fallen against. Yet, that shoulder was slowly slipping downwards. Her knees slid closer to lap, and her arms regressed towards her sleeves. Not even her hands, feet, or head were spared. Had she been standing upright? She probably would have stood at around 4'10" now. *Why do my clothes feel way too big now?* Probably because her smaller body had been practically *swallowed* by them.

She was the size of a young girl now, and even her face had a more youthful glow to it.

Stelle's build was now *eerily* similar to the broken doll that still laid on the ground a few feet from her, and now that this build wouldn't change any further? The truth behind her body's stiffness and cold feel finally became visually apparent. Looking at the girl's skin? An oddly *glossy* look was spreading across it. It looked fake, almost *plastic-y*... like the skin of a *doll*. Her blood had been thinning until it eventually dried out entirely. There was no need for veins in this body, or even organs (though there were two exceptions, with one being a brain that was digitized instead).

The only exception to this trend of unnatural looking 'skin' was her face. But even then, there was more at work with her face than she realized. Her mouth felt dried out, because her increasingly artificial body had no need for any bodily fluids, while her lips thinned and widened to add more to how youthful she appeared. Her nose shrunk and her cheeks thinned. All in all, she was looking quite pretty despite how young she was. But she was looking more and more like *someone else*.

Huh? Her eyes blurred briefly, but it was momentarily restored to be even sharper than ever. During that time? Those eyes had widened *and* rounded to make them look more girlish, and their *colors* shifted from gold to a light purple. But that wasn't *all* that they had endured. Her eye

sockets had dried, and her eyeballs themselves had lost their light as they, too, began to look *artificial*. They looked a little more lifelike than most, but no one could deny how much they looked like the eyes of a *doll*.

It was the exact same face the *broken Herta doll* possessed. In fact, if you compared Stelle to that doll in that moment you would have found very little in terms of differences. Her hair *was* one, but even then that difference was only fleeting. The dark silver lightened to brown, and it lengthened until it reached past the bottom of her plastic, crack-less ass. Her bangs framed her eyes between a raised layer as well. A familiar hairstyle that could be found on *every* doll in the space station.

I can hardly believe it! I am being remade in Madame Herta's image! How glorious! W-Wait, is that what's happening!? That's not glorious! Indeed, it is super glorious! Well, Stelle had finally landed on the truth of her situation. Just in time for a quiet grinding sound to signal the erosion of some of her skin. *Doll joints* were being etched into her body at every conceivable point where movement would be required. Shoulders, elbows, knees, fingers, toes, hips, neck, waist – she wouldn't be incapable of moving how she had before. It was just that the joints that allowed her were *very* visible.

Which signaled the end. Stelle's heart had remained in her chest despite the rest of her organs having eroded. It had been beating to no avail, and it *continued* to beat. But warmth slowly returned to her as that heart *hardened* into a crystal. The very same crystal that had shattered from the other doll's chest. As she was now of the same kin, it made sense that one would be installed in her body in case *she* was ever broken.

It felt like the new *Herta Doll* was moving for the first time after remaining idle for so long. While her new body was just as humanoid as her old one, the doll joints were stiffer than the flesh and blood of a human's. "***I-I... I-I-I...***" She finally found her voice again as she stiffly rose from her knees, but she had to take a moment to adjust to speaking. Her mouth was dry and tasted of artificial materials. The fact that she could taste, feel, hear, and *see* through this body was a miracle. "***A-***

As expected of the most beautiful genius in the whole universe, Herta! Praise Herta!"



The doll's eyes went wide once she realized what she had said, and she moved her doll hands over her mouth now like it was the most natural thing in the world. It seemed that now that her body had 'booted', her movements came easier. **"What am I saying? I'm not going to praise her for turning me into one of her dolls! But why would I not praise the amazing Lady Herta!?"** This behavior revealed that Herta's 'punishment' was in full effect.

She allowed the transformed doll their memories and general personality, but they could *not* act against one basic belief: they had to worship her for the genius that she was. And they would *always* follow their orders. By the time March finally found the Herta doll dressed in Stelle's clothes? It was already too late. She couldn't introduce herself *as* Stelle, either.

"And *this* is what you get for breaking one of my toys. Though I couldn't have *ever* imagined that a *Stellaron* would end up as one of my dolls." The next day, the *real* Herta had arrived to examine her newest doll. She had received a notification that someone had succumbed to her punishment system. And she could *immediately* tell who the poor sap was based on the energy the doll was giving off. A Stellaron was trapped in there alright. **"Now what do you have to say for yourself?"**

Stelle *really* wanted to talk back. To ask to be turned back to normal. There were a *million* things she could have said in response to that question. Unfortunately, she didn't have *any* choice in the matter whatsoever.

"I apologize, Madame Herta! But I am grateful to have been reborn in the image of the beautiful, intelligent genius, Made Herta!"