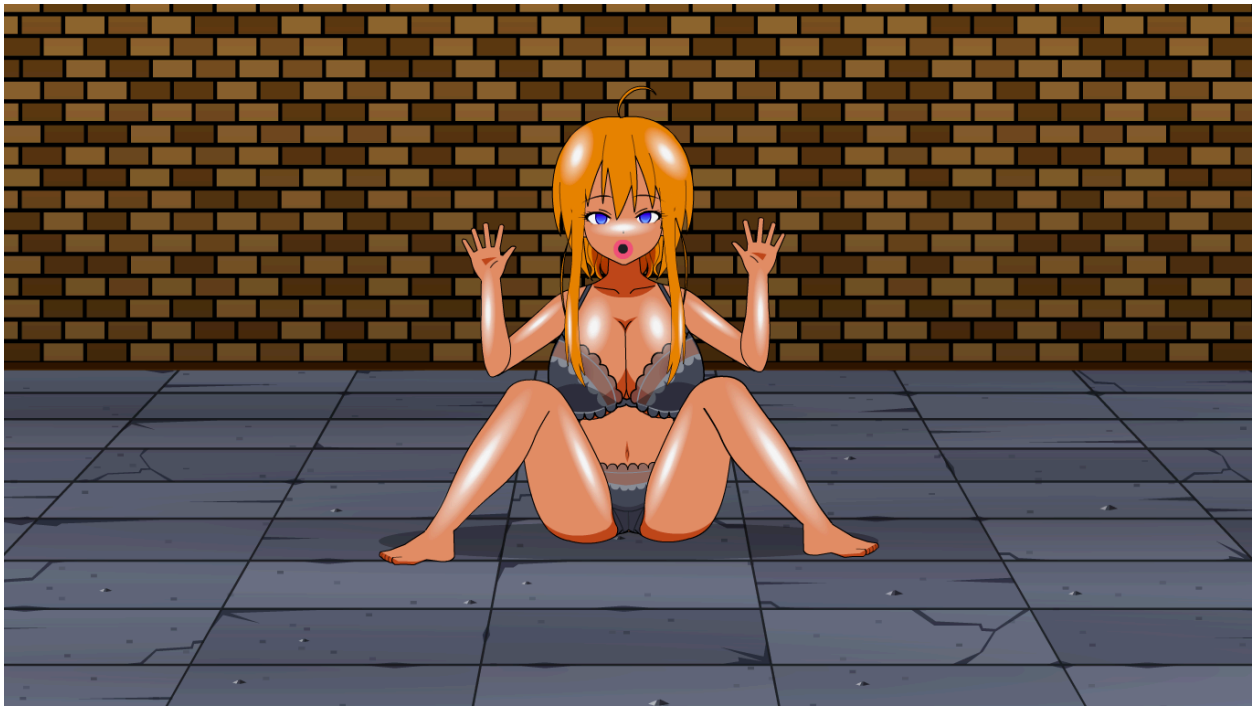

“Hmm, how should I mess with her today~?” Hera was in her godly domain, wondering about her palace trying to find some inspiration for her next “prank”. She was the goddess of MILFs and trickery, though she wasn’t always a goddess. Normally she was a simple human man named Hiros, Nagisa’s “brother”. The were very close, so close in fact that Nagisa willingly gave up her godly powers to allow Hiros to be a god… or rather, a goddess for month~

Hera was not as modest as her sister. She had a more godly appearance. Multiple arms, a long snake body, clothes that wouldn’t be out of place in Ancient Greece, etc. Nagisa expected to live just a normal human life for a month while Hera did her godly duties, but Hera couldn’t let such an opportunity slip by her.

Her first act as goddess was to erase Nagisa’s mind. Nagisa didn’t know she was a goddess at all. Hera took it even a step forward- no apart of some other high magical beings would remember Nagisa being a goddess. Hera mainly changed her memories to put Nagisa into Hiros’ shoes. To Hera, eliminating her memories gave Hera both a blank slate to work on… and to cement the fact she had full power over the former goddess~

November was coming fast to an end and Hera was running out of ideas on what to transform Nagisa into. She had left her alone for that day, asking Nagisa to go visit an old isolated coffee shop. Hera figured she would had thought of something by then, but even an hour before their “date”, Hera still wasn’t sure what to do to Nagisa.

“Hmm… I could make her a duck- no, I got better ideas for that… Hmm…” Hera wondered into one of the few rooms she hadn’t changed since becoming a goddess. It was Marie’s room, a

close friend to Hera and Nagisa and one of the few people who remembered who Nagisa really was. The room was empty at the moment and so Hera decided to take a look around.

On one of the tables were a few dolls that were based on people Hera knew. The one that stood out the most was the Nagisa doll. She was wearing the casual outfit that her human form normally worn. Hera picked it up and observed. The doll was a lot more detailed than Hera imagined. Lifting the clothes, their were clear nipples and even indents for her vagina.

“Perhaps I can use this doll to give me ideas.” Hera stared at the doll for some time wondering what to do. “Hmm, it’s just a doll. Maybe I can experiment transforming into something I would never turn anyone into!” Hera had her own limits to what transformations she would inflict onto others, but considering she wasn’t transforming a person, seeing what she could theoretically transform Nagisa into should be OK….

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“Where is she? She’s never this late…” Nagisa was waiting at the coffee shop Hera had told her to visit. It was in a very remote area, in the middle of the woods next to a sparsely busy road. Nagisa had been waiting for over 30 minutes and she was afraid she was pissing off the waitress- the only person who worked at the shop. “Should I go or excuse myself somehow? I know Hera was the one who invited me, but knowing her, this ‘meeting’ of hers will surely not be some kind of small coffee roundup. She will be doing something weird again, and I am just not really in the mood for ‘weird’ today.”

Nagisa stood up and was getting ready to excuse herself. “Yeah, I think I’ll pass- Eh?” Nagisa couldn’t move her right arm the way she remembered it to… as weird as that sounded. “What is this weird feeling in my arm? Feels like…plastic?” She looked down at her arm and what she saw made her want to scream. There was a plastic looking sheen that had engulfed her hand and most of her arm. It was rapidly crawling up her body. “What is- ah!” Nagisa’s arm shot up and stuck in a pose like a gun was being aimed at her. But that’s not what she was shocked by.

Her clothes suddenly vanished into thin air, apart from her underwear. Her left arm suddenly shot up to the same pose as her right one. N-No. Stop! My feet are moving on their own!” Nagisa was forced to sit in a rather uncomfortable pose. Her legs began to spread nice and wide, leaving her panties as her last line of defense to her sex. It itself had changed into a large pink circle, just awaiting someone to violate it, though Nagsia couldn’t see this. “They look artificial as well. What is happening to me?!?”

Nagisa had no idea what she was transforming into. Her composure was awful and she continued to scream for help. Despite that, the waitress never came, not like she could do much to help her. Her arms and legs were petrified into plastic and the transformation was now spreading to her chest. “It’s spreading! Oh no! It's up to my chest and I am losing control of myself completely!” Nagisa’s boobs began to expand a bit, causing her bra to suffer under the pressure and rip a little, but not enough for it to break.

“Somebody! He— *Does anyone want to play~ (--lp! Huh? My mouth?)”* The transformation began Nagisa’s head. Her face, her hair, and of course, her mouth became nothing more than plastic. Nagisa’s eyes widened and relaxed, losing any ability to blink, not like she would need to. Her mouth was stuck in a permanent “O” shape, fighting for attention with her rounded out pussy. Despite being nothing but a sex doll, Nagisa retained her ability to speak.

“Tehe~ I am the pretty little Nagisa doll~ Does anyone want to play with me~ (Nagisa…doll? Why does that sound so familiar suddenly? I don’t want to play… I think… Do I?)” Nagisa’s mind was in a tug of war. She tried to fight it, but lost fairly quickly. Her sex drive went up and she simply wanted one thing and one thing only: to be used by anyone and in anyway. The waitress walked in, surprised to see a sex doll in the shape of the only patron that was there now taking her place.

“You there, my madame~ Do you want to play with the pretty little Nagisa doll? I promise you a good time~ (No, I am… not. I don’t… care about… a good time. Tehe~)” While Nagisa Doll appeared designed for any horny weebs, she was perfectly designed to be used by women as well. In fact, the Nagisa Doll wanted to be used by a woman. The waitress raised her eyebrow at the strange talking sex doll. If Nagisa was still a human, she would figure that this wasn’t the weirdest thing the waitress saw. But all Nagisa Doll could think of was sex.

“Sorry, but I don’t think I am in need of a doll right now. Or rather, not your kind of doll, but thanks for the offer,” She said, collecting the dishes she had left on the table for Nagisa and her absent guest.
“*Not my kind of doll? Don’t worry about it, my madame, as my model can take up any number of roles.”* There was a clicking sound inside of the Nagisa Doll. Her voice suddenly changed into far more… sultry. “***Even the most adult of roles~ Ara ara~*** *(Yes. I can get her to play with me… I can get everyone to play with me. I am the best doll ever made~)”* The Nagisa Doll’s eyes changed into the shape of eyes and she began to moan loudly. Nagisa Doll had a special function: anyone that heard her moans would be turned on.

The waitress couldn’t help herself, her own sex drive increasing as Nagisa Doll moaned.
“I… I can’t take it anymore! You’re mine!” She tackled the sex doll to the ground and ripped the pointless clothes it was wearing off. Nagisa Doll moaned even more and giggled, being used for her one and only purpose.

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“Hmm, well Nick might enjoy that…” Hera looked down at the Nick doll and thought about it for a second. She shrugged. “Nah, I’ll just stick to my duck idea.” Hera slithered out of the room and back to her own, taking the Nagisa doll with her. She figured Marie would be upset if she saw Hera messing with it and not having the time to fix it, she decided to simply hide it until she came back from messing with Nagisa.

A few minutes later, Hera heard a knock at her door. “Come in!” Hera called out. The door slowly opened and a fox girl with black and blue fur walked in. It was Marie.
“Good morning Lady Hera,” she said.
“You can just call me Hera, Marie.”
“I know, but I got to keep appearances up for everyone else!”
“Hehe. So what can I do for you? I’ve about to go mess with my sister.”
“Actually, that’s related to what I wanted to ask you about. Have you seen my new little doll project I have been working on? It was supposed to be a voodoo doll without all the drawbacks, but I never got around to finish it. Thought i'd give it another go today. Have you seen it?”

Hera stopped applying make up to her face. She froze in place, it slowly dawning on her what had just happened. She let out a nervous laugh as she turned to face Marie, the altered Nagisa doll in the goddess’ hand.
“Uhm… I might have messed with it a little bit…”