New Doll Day

by andlat

“New doll day, new doll day.” Melanie sang to herself as she checked her favorite doll collector website. Rumor was the new doll was going to be a deluxe version of Adrianna. She had the playline version, but the deluxe…

The Costume Box
2024

Chapter 1

New Doll Day

“New doll day, new doll day.” Melanie sang to herself as she checked her favorite doll collector website. Rumor was the new doll was going to be a deluxe version of Adrianna. She had the playline version, but the deluxe was all but guaranteed to be better.

As she waited for the website to load, she eyed the tidy line of deluxe PrincessCulture dolls across from her. Sure, they were technically called the Prestige Line, but everyone who knew anything called them deluxe. There was Morgiana, Elsbeth, even the much maligned Chretianette, whose dress was deemed as ‘too low-cut'. Melanie did not see herself as a completionist, but if Adrianna was anything like what the rumor mill had spun out, she knew she needed to get her.

“Load!” She muttered. New doll day always made the PrincessCulture website and all the major sites discussing PrincessCulture as slow as molasses. At last, the glossy photo of Prestige Line Adrianna began to load.

Melanie gazed appraisingly at her strawberry blonde hair, done in an elaborate updo with corkscrew curls spiraling down on either side of her slender face. Her eyes moved downward over the bodice, more extravagant than the playline, but still a bit disappointing, and then down to the skirt. The skirt was, in a word, excessive. It exploded outward to the point where Adrianna would not be able to reach the

outside of the curve if she stretched her arms out all the way. It was an enormous, light violet monstrosity. Melanie almost laughed as she saw one of the first comments: it looks like she's waist deep in a cake! With the roses and ribbon, it did look like a cake!

“Hmm…” She turned the photo of the doll the full 360 degrees. Obviously she planned to buy it, but there was something nagging her. She looked up at the playline Adrianna on her shelf. The two dolls had the same general features, but what had seemed understated now seemed just right, faced as she was with the deluxe's dolls excesses. “Well, I mean-”

“Fuck!” Melanie jumped as she heard a snarl coming from down the hall. “Lag!” She held her breath, wishing she had had the forethought to close her door, especially when she heard her brother's door open. He stomped down the hall and she heard him take a deep breath before poking his head in.

“Are you on the Wifi?” He knew better than to yell at her, but she could still see the anger all over his face.

“Uh, yeah? Mom and Dad probably are too.” Maybe it was just his black shirt, but his face looked especially red. He might have a heart attack if he keeps this up.

“Can you get off? Like go for a run or something?” He could see his sister's skepticism, so his hands came forward, clasping in front of his chest. “Please! This match coming up is super important.”

“How important?”

"Really, really important, it's the-”

“Well, you gotta do me a quick favor first.”

“What is it?” Her eyebrows rose in surprise. This must be important if he was this willing to help.

“Well, there's a new doll and I just want to see if she'd fit with my collection.” She threw up a hand and his biting comment stayed on his lips as he began to change.

His hair had been sticking up from his vigorous drying after his shower, but now it all stood up as it grew upward and upward, swirling and twirling as it remade itself into an updo. Melanie had not even noticed the tiara with how much hair Adrianna had, but she saw it now sparkling in the midst of her brother's enormous hairdo as those corkscrew curls settled on either side of his face. His lips puffed up as they turned pink, reshaping themselves into the oversized, exaggerated cupid's bow that was a PrincessCulture signature.

The sleeves of his t-shirt looked as though they were inflating into balloons on his arms, changing from black to a feminine light violet that she recognized as Adrianna's signature color: wisteria. Cuffs appeared at the end of each sleeve, followed by an accent of white lace.

A wave of wisteria radiated down until it reached the bottom of his shirt. For a split second, she thought it had stopped, even as white lace gloves appeared on his hands. Disappointing, but-

Enormous petals of the finest duchess satin suddenly seemed to burst from his waist, cascading down and hiding his shorts. They probably would not be shorts long, Melanie thought as the petals fused together, a large red rose appearing at each suture at about mid-shin, the roses then joining one another with pink ribbon. A white lace frill ruffled its way around the bottom of the skirt, flirting with Melaine's carpet. Another circle of white petals erupted from his waist, wide enough that he would have to stretch his arms to reach each side,followed by a shorter red ring, giving the skirt of the dress that cakelike appearance she had seen on the screen.

“Melanie!” He forced through his frozen lips. She smiled at him, admiring the gigantic Adrianna doll that now took up most of her bedroom. She stood up and looked him over.

“Shh, let's fix that posture. Stand up straight” he did. “And put your hands like this on either side.” His arms moved stiffly so that he now exactly mimicked the pose of her playline Adrianna. She nodded approvingly, reaching down to touch his dress. “Hmm, the fabric quality's still good.” She murmured. “I'd say the only issue is” He tried to say something, but she ignored it. “You're too big.”

Just like that, he began to shrink, the clothes going with him. In the span of maybe ten seconds, he lost three quarters of his height. He tried to look up at his now giant sister, but he could not move. It was a miracle he could even speak, he thought. His lips felt swollen.

Gently shifting over Elsbeth, Melanie made space on her

shelf. Turning, she picked up her now 14 inch brother and stood him in the empty space. She fixed his dress, ignoring his murmured protests, and stepped back to take it in.

“Hmm, no.” She shook her head and, sitting down at her laptop, closed out of the order window. “I just don't think she's right for my collection.”

“Melanie!”

“Thanks for your help.” She said, grinning as she popped in her earbuds and lounged on her bed. “Maybe I will go for a run. Eh, a little later.”