

Relaxing Week Off

It was finally time! Sapphire had been waiting for the next time she could visit her friend, but the last occasion was months ago now. Getting money, transport, and the time off work all lined up at once had proven a near Herculean task. Still, here she was! Hopping out of the taxi and making her way up the path to Gentzer's house. Before she could even knock the door was flung upon, revealing a big grin on the muzzle of the Zoroark she was here to visit.

"Sapphy!!!"

The two friends collided in a hug, Gentzer's thick pelt of fur swathing Sapphire like she'd just put on the coziest winter jacket. She smiled as the warm feeling of being amongst friends filled her up, as she hugged the big fox back. The two stood in the doorway for a moment before separating.

"I saw your taxi; did you have a good trip?"

"It was alright I guess..." Sapphire replied as the two made their way inside.

"Lemme fix you a drink real quick, got some stuff planned for this week you're gonna love!" Gentzer scampered away to the kitchen before Sapphire could respond, leaving the woman to find her seat on the sofa, vainly brushing away some of the Zoroark's black and red fur clinging to the cushions before sitting down.

The Zoroark had been talking up his plans for them this week for a month in advance, but truthfully Sapphire still didn't know what exactly he meant. She'd asked him, sure. But he'd been maddeningly evasive, promising "you'll be so relaxed!" and "you won't have to do anything, I'll handle it all" every time she asked. Huffing out a sigh, she leaned back into the sofa and looked around.

Gentzer had clearly re-organised his place since she'd last come over. Just to her right she could see shelves on the wall, all displaying her friend's collection of plushies. Various Pokémon and animal toys positioned neatly apart, while on the floor he seemed to have setup an army of beanbags and bigger plushies in a semi-circle, as if to surround something, but the large space left was too big for even the large Zoroark to fit, so that theory seemed dead in the water.

"Here you are!"

"AH! Oh, jeez you scared me..." Sapphire jumped, her friend having snuck up to her while she was distracted. For a big furry Pokémon, Gentzer could be maddeningly quiet when he wanted to be, a devious grin on his muzzle as he held out a glass of water to Sapphire in his claws. She took it as Gentzer stepped back.

"Sorry, I just noticed you've gotten a load more plushies" She explained, gesturing with the glass to the pile of soft toys.

“Yeah, you’ve not been here a while, I’ve been sorta accruing a bunch of them over time. Although you shouldn’t be so surprised, a bunch of them are the ones you keep sending me!” He replied, chortling.

A blush forced its way onto Sapphire’s face, gaze turning away. It was true. She had sent him a ton of plushies over the months they’d been friends. Him and several other of her friends. She couldn’t help it! Sapphire loved plushies, looking at them, cuddling them, all of it! There was just something she envied about them, although she’d never admit that to anyone. She envied how warm and simple they were.

“Sorry...I’ll stop sending you them if it’s a problem” Sapphire started to apologise, already feeling guilty for inflicting her felt-textured obsession on her friend, before Gentzer waved a paw dismissively at her.

“Oh stop you. I like them! Besides, pretty sure my collection is still smaller than yours at home.” He sat down in the chair facing the sofa, smiling warmly. Sapphire just nodded in response, thoughts of her bed covered in toys and big dragon plushies against the four walls of her room proving the truth of her friend’s words. “Although just you wait, I got a real special plushie coming very soon, gonna put it right there! Surrounded by all the smaller plushies.” He pointed a sharp red claw towards the semicircle of plushies.

“Yeah? Must be a pretty big one to fit that space.”

“Oh, very much so, it’s gonna be a life-size dragoness plushie!” Gentzer replied, giving Sapphire an odd look that halted her responding. His eyes glinted with foxish mischief that she couldn’t explain, and the toothy grin he was wearing didn’t help either. “Have a drink Sapphy, you must be thirsty from that journey.” She drank down some of the water, slightly unnerved by her furry friend.

“You uh...gonna tell me what this plan you’ve been going on about is now?” She asked, before taking another sip.

“Yep! You’ll see it in a few minutes anyway but might as well give you a primer.” Gentzer jumped up again from the seat, his bright red mane bobbing up with him as he did so. He walked over again to the plushie circle, gesturing to the empty space. “How’d you like to be the centrepiece of my plushie collection for a week?”

Sapphire blinked, taken aback. She should have been confused, even offended by the bizarre offer. She knew that. So why wasn’t she telling him no? A knowing smile again grew on Gentzer’s muzzle at Sapphire’s inaction. “C’mon Sapphy, you really think your friends hadn’t noticed the way you look at them? You’re envious of them, aren’t you?”

“N-no! That’s ridiculous! Why would I envy a bunch of toys, I’m not a plushie!” Came the slightly forced response. Her heartrate spiked as something inside her flailed around in fear of being found out. Gentzer moved towards her, leaning over the arm of the sofa to look her in the eye.

“...Nah” He shook his head after regarding her a moment. “You may tell yourself that, but you’re lying to yourself. Why WOULDN’T you be so envious of them, they’re getting to have all the simple cuddly fun without you!”

Sapphire leaned away from him, as if his words could contaminate her if she got too close. As Gentzer spoke she had felt a strange feeling come over her, she suddenly felt way too hot. Instinctively she wiped her sleeve on her forehead, but it came away dry, without a hint of sweat.

“Won’t that be nice?” Gentzer’s voice quietened, speaking to Sapphire like one would a child. “We’ll put you amongst all your fellow plushies and you can be all cuddly and warm like they are, would you like that plushie?” Sapphire’s eyes involuntarily went wide being addressed like that, causing the Zoroark to snicker.

Sapphire felt far too hot now, she was on the verge of burning up! It was so bad she could barely feel her fingers, could barely muster a defence against her friend, who must have gone mad if he was telling the truth. She tried to marshal her thoughts to deny him, but they felt so heavy in her mind, her thoughts swimming in molasses through the heady warmth that was flowing through her body.

“I...I’m not a plushie...I’m not...” She replied lamely. Gentzer merely rolled his eyes, still smiling.

“Then explain what’s going on with your claws.” He pointed to her left hand.

“I don’t have claws, what are you...” She started to respond as she turned to check the hand, her response dying on her lips.

Sapphire had already noticed how numb her fingers were...but that was because she no longer HAD fingers! Instead, the fingers had been replaced with thick and smooth white claws now jutting out from her hand. Her right hand moved over to touch them, as if to pinch herself awake from this dream she must be having. She felt fabric under her fingers. The claws were made of felt and foam, stretching and merging before her eyes until she had gone from having 4 fingers and a thumb to having 3 thick, immobile plushie claws on her hand. She prodded the tip of one of them. It squished and surrendered to her prodding, the tip too soft and rounded to do any damage.

“How...how is this possible?” She asked, transfixed as she watched the change spread over her hand, turning it from pasty skin to soft purple fabric.

“I know a guy who works on one for one of those transformative-producing companies and he owed me a favour.” Gentzer replied, sounding very proud of himself. “And I may have snuck that favour into your water...you can thank me later.” The Zoroark sat back down in the chair, leaning back to watch the show he had started.

For a second Sapphire thought to yelling at her friend for what he had done. He’d slipped her some crazy science concoction that was doing this to her! What kind of friend does that, turning their own friend into a plushie.

Oh God. That's what was happening. She was becoming a plushie.

"You...you said..." She could barely speak. Thinking was getting so hard. She felt congested, like her head was just overfull with no room for the thoughts to flow. Still watching as her hand had now swelled to twice its size – now resembling the forepaw of a purple dragon, she finally found the words.

"You said about your plushie collection?"

"That's right, clever plushie!" Gentzer responded in a condescending voice. Why did it feel so good to be talked to like that? She liked being a smart plushie...She blinked again, where had that thought come from? Butterflies had found their way into her stomach now, urging her on this soft and fabric path.

"I want a nice plump and purple plushie dragoness to go right at the centre of my collection, are you the plushie I'm looking for?" He leaned forward, gesturing with an open paw, inviting the morphing lady to give in to the soothing warmth of her body becoming ever more fabric by the second.

Raising her right hand revealed that it too had already fallen victim to the transformation; it too now a purple dragon paw. She raised both hands up to her face and pressed them together. It felt so soft. Her foam claws collided softly, while her draconic paws smooshed together, the fabric squishing and contorting to the pressure. Already she could feel tightness in her arms, almost certainly the change now moving up her arms, turning her skin into plush fabric. Even her face now felt strange, it almost felt like she was swelling up! There was a mirror above the mantelpiece, and she stood from the sofa to get a look at herself – only managing to immediately stumble on her numb feet and fall onto her paws. Instead of the thud of a heavy body, she was rewarded with a soft and gentle **THWUMP** as soft plush paws landed heavily on the carpet below. Gentzer got up from the chair, removing Sapphire's jacket and tossing it aside.

"C'mon Sapphy, I know this is what you wanted deep down...if I'm wrong, I can stop it now, I have the antidote here." He reached into his mane and pulled out a tiny syringe filled with a pinkish liquid. "Just say the word and I'll stop this...or you can become the plushie dragoness you were always meant to be, and I'll take care of you and treat you like my favourite plush all week till it wears off." He was scared. Grin replaced with a concerned frown that perhaps he'd misjudged his friend.

Sapphire barely heard him. Her mind was replaying that wonderful soft thwump from when she'd fallen to her paws. That had been her! Her own plush claws against the carpet. Stretching her body out, Sapphire closed her eyes as she felt her body. Tension spread across it as her swelling body pressed against clothes that were becoming increasingly tight against her. This had to stop. People didn't want to turn into plushies! Opening her eyes, she made to ask for the antidote but then she caught a glimpse of one of Gentzer's plushies in the corner of her eye. A small little Dragonite plush, sitting on the floor with a smile stitched into its face. It looked so happy. So cozy. She yearned

to pick it up and cuddle it tight to her body, like she did with all her plushies back home. It was part of that semicircle, waiting for the centrepiece plushie to come join it. Waiting for HER to come and join it.

Head increasingly woozy, she realised what she was missing. She was right, people don't want to turn into plushies...but Sapphire wasn't a person. No...she was a plushie-in-waiting, and she didn't want to wait anymore to be like those plushies, so she asked what she knew she had to:

"Will...Will I be cuddled? Will you take care of me as a plushie?"

"Of course, Sapphy. I'll give you all the biggest cuddles you want and make sure you're well taken care of. And remember all our other friends are coming this week! I let them in of this idea already and they're ready to come and pick you up and cuddle you all the time they're here!" Gentzer smiled, resting his paws on Sapphire's plush claws. Her heart soared in a way she'd never felt before. Now she KNEW this was the right choice, she had needed this for so long and never allowed herself to realise it.

"I'll be a plushie! I want to be a plushie!!!" She screamed her awakening loud, energizing the change. Her clothes – already strained to their last fibre by the swelling – finally surrender to their owner's will and split apart, leaving Sapphire naked. But all that was revealed was a body almost entirely made of felt and fabric. Purple covered all over her back, arms, hands and feet, with cute black diamond shapes along her forearms and thighs in a cartoonish depiction of black scales. Her feet had long since followed her hands in becoming proper plushie dragon claws, three toed and increasingly digitigrade.

A sigh of relief eased itself out of her still swelling face as the tension ebbed away, leaving the developing plushie with that beautiful numbing warmth to enjoy. She felt so cozy, she'd always been fond of warm comfy clothes, but actually BEING the soft warm fabric herself was a level of comfort beyond human capability. She gasped in delight as her face stretched out in front of her very eyes, as a dragoness' snout grew in front of her, a light pink around her large draconic nose. As it grew, her mouth also adjusted to fit the new shape of her head, large snapping dragon jaws taking form. Her teeth grew as they were replaced with foam, too harmless to bite down on anything, for what would a plushie like her need to eat now?

As the dragoness toy's snout fully grey, thick fins grew out her cheeks, while rounded and long black horns grew out of the back of her head, giving her an aerodynamic head befitting of a dragon meant to fly through the skies.

"The only way I'll fly is if my Owner picks me up and carries me..." She thought to herself, finding she loved the way that sounded. Being too plush to move herself. Needing someone to wrap their arms around her and carry her. Having an Owner. Her head still felt so full, but the sensation wasn't concerning anymore, she knew what it was. The sensation was already playing out deep inside her, for what plushie wasn't utterly full to bursting with stuffing?

Complex internal organs, bones, even her brain were quickly being replaced by indiscriminate stuffing, plumping Sapphire up beautifully. Her legs and arms grew rapidly, adjusting and snapping into digitigrade positions, leaving her with draconic haunches that were oh so thick from all the stuffing inside them! Meanwhile her belly – previously thin and distressingly un-huggable – ballooned out. Sapphire was becoming a very plump dragoness indeed! Black fabric stitched itself in along her belly all the way up to her elongating serpentine neck, as she let her weak numb limbs give way and fell to her belly on the floor. She gazed lazily forward, eyes still human for now, but with barely a spark of awareness behind them. Everything just felt too good to think. Everything was just warm and cozy and soft – God she felt so so soft – that thinking seemed so...unnecessary,

Gentzer stayed with her, the Zoroark gently stroking the dragoness' purple fabricy head as she continued the change. From his position, he could see the final pieces of his new plushie taking shape as shapes began to poke out from her back and rear. Thick and rounded wings broke from her back and stretched wide and free, nearly clipping the Zoroark as they stood tall and rigid. Purple limbs with pink membranes, adorned with more cartoonish black scales. Simultaneously her tail slithered out behind her, slow and languid like the dragon it was attached to. It matched its mistress's plump dragon body with how thick it was at the base, before snaking to a gentle rounded point at the end, black fabric on the underside and purple everywhere else.

And that was it. Where there had once been a thin human lady, now lay a purple dragon made of fabric and foam and oh so wonderfully full of stuffing. A tag had grown on her rear leg, because this was an object, not a person anymore.



“C’mon plushie, let’s get you to your spot while you can still move” Gentzer picked up the dragon’s snout, turning it to face him. Its’ eyes were dim, barely a spark of recognition within them. Sapphire, for her part, was struggling to even process what was said to her. The stuffing she had in place of a brain didn’t think too well.

“Owner uses so many words...Plushie no understand” The toy thought to itself, all identity and personhood smothered between the clumps of white stuffing lining her insides. Gentzer huffed at the toy’s brainless, stitched-on smile and tried again.

“Plushie, cuddle time!”

That got the plush dragoness’ attention! Its eyes lit up as it rose wobbling to its feet, then began to walk ponderously forward, heading for the circle of plushies on the other side of the wall as Gentzer held it steady. It felt so nice feeling the texture of her felt against the carpet. The way her tail dragged uselessly behind her. Or perhaps the dull thrill in her chest at the site of all her fellow toys just beckoning her to cuddle time. She would’ve smiled if her head was capable of such a thing anymore, but toys didn’t move!

THWUMP!!

The plushie dragoness collapsed to her belly again, and Gentzer rushed around to her head again.

“C’mon Sapph, you’re nearly there! Just- “

He stopped. Sapphire’s eyes had finally been overtaken, white sclera replaced with white felt and pupils turned black and useless gazing lazily forward. The Zoroark sighed, before smiling at his toy of a friend.

“Ok plushie...I’ll do it for ya.”

He got up and stood straddled on top of the plushie. Bending down he pushed the wings down and wrapped his arms around the plush dragon’s belly, claws not able to meet in the middle given the sheer plumpness of the toy. Gritting his fangs and heaving, he lifted Sapphire’s front half off the ground, thoughtless snout pointing towards the ceiling while her lower half dragged uselessly between Gentzer’s legs as he awkwardly waddled the two of them to the plushie circle.

“Owner cuddling me! Love cuddles...plushie want more cuddles!” The toy thought to itself, delighting in how unable to move it was. Its Owner would make all the decisions on how Plushie moves now. Eventually the toy was set down, and even thought its eyes no longer saw and its mind no longer consciously recognised it; the toy knew it was finally surrounded by its kind.

“Hello plushies! Plushie so happy to be home...” It lay there a moment – at least it thought it was a moment; time didn’t really make sense to a toy – before it felt its body warm up and squish. The toy’s owner had snuggled round the back of it and was wrapping its arms around its belly again, his neck snuggled next to the toy’s snout.

“Am such a good toy...Owner loves me and cuddles me...Plushie is so happy...”

And so, the toy lay there fulfilling its only purpose, to be cuddled and loved. This was going to be a very cozy week off for Sapphire indeed.

