**Plushables RCPoF Chapter 1:**

[url=LINK]<<< The Fantasy Plushables (Link in 1hr) [/url] [b] | [/b] [url=https://www.furaffinity.net/view/55511860/]Prev (Spinoff Story)>>>[/url]

**Plushables: Robotic Comfort Pets of the Future - Chapter 1 (Snowflake)**

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Mattias Smith was born in Perennial City, where technological advancement had taken strides forward as innovative creations by brilliant scientists had popped up in the city throughout its decades of growth. Hologram projecting devices, portable quantum computers, and full-scale three-dimensional fabricator drones for cityscape architecture were prevalent at this time. Mattias was part of a middle-class family, and his parents did not live in the heartlands of the city itself but in a suburban neighborhood just a walking distance away from the edge of the metallic overbearing skyscrapers. Although they did not have direct access to the array of technology available in their area, they could live a quiet life in the suburbs, far from the hustle and bustle of the city.

Coincidentally, in the same year that Mattias came into being, one of the scientists in Perennial City had invented robotic animals with superior artificial intelligence and, in turn, their individual sentience. They were the Plushables, their name coined from the combination of the two words "plushie" and "capable," designed to resemble the appearances of household pets. The Plushables could form custom conversations according to situations, express emotions in countless ways, and perform an unending list of other unparalleled capabilities beyond those of typical toys or their living counterparts. Being robotic comfort plushies, they were manufactured with special batteries embedded in their stuffing, providing sufficient power for up to a decade before a replacement was required. Since they were operational indefinitely under normal circumstances, they acted as long-time companions to their respective owners.

Plushables were innately made to be naturally inquisitive and interactable. They would often strike up conversations with people whenever appropriate or request for cuddles every once in a while to alleviate the stresses of their owners' everyday lives. The greatest advantage of the Plushables over animal companions was that their owners did not have to feed them every few hours or get rid of any messes left behind by them, self-maintaining without external influence. Inside the stuffed bodies of each Plushable, innumerable nanobots were contained within several chambers along its internal metallic frame, dispatched to clean dust and dirt from its fur every few minutes and to repair tears in the exterior fabric if necessary. The innovation of Plushables was a miracle of cutting-edge technology at the time, a trending bearer of artificial intelligence that continues to put smiles on people's faces whenever they see robotic companions out and about in the streets of the city.

When Mattias turned five, he yearned to have a Plushable by his side to spend his childhood with, eventually taking it to school as his loyal partner. Unfortunately, due to their fundamentally high price tags, his parents could not afford any of the Plushable models, especially the majestic ones put on display at the Plushable Laboratories where they were produced. This left him pouting in envy every time his cousins would drop by for Thanksgiving, carrying small, adorable Plushables in their arms. Although the family reunion gave him a short window of opportunity to interact with their robotic companions, the software in each one was already customized to satisfy his cousins and not him. Nevertheless, this did not stop him from playing with their Plushables annually, seizing the Thanksgiving days to its fullest.

A month later, Mattias' parents enrolled him in a nearby elementary school, a five-minute walk from home. Upon passing through the gates into his new school, he immediately spotted two children cradling their Plushables in their arms, bringing to mind one special rule that his parents spoke about. Because Plushables did not leave filth behind or misbehave like their living counterparts, smaller models were allowed to be activated on school premises. The only exceptions were that during assemblies or when they were in the classrooms, the robotic pets must be temporarily put into "sleep mode." As Mattias entered his classroom, he discovered that none of his classmates had a Plushable. Along the way, while friendships formed between him and his classmates, he learned firsthand that Plushables were not a commodity for young children like them but toys only owned by wealthy students. Most of his classmate's parents either could not afford them or did not trust them enough to take responsibility for expensive robotic pets as five-year-olds.

The seasons passed with the passage of time. Mattias had grown accustomed to his school life as he progressed into his fourth grade, entering the start of another semester. During his recess time, he gathered with his group of friends for a usual session of tag in the schoolyard, casually dashing about and losing themselves in the game. While the children were chasing each other around, they stopped dead in their tracks and stared in the direction of the new transfer student. He was dressed in a flamboyant tailor-made suit, his lustrous auburn hair displaying grandeur, swaying in the breeze as he progressed toward them in a confident stride. He had a small gray wolf Plushable clutched in one arm, while in the other, he was busy dexterously tapping on the holographic screen of his phone. When he eventually took notice of the group gazing at him, he put his phone away and approached Mattias, the one among the children closest to him.

"Hello, average petless losers. What's wrong? No Plushable to cuddle?" He scorned their lack of robotic companions, tossing his hair with a narcissistic smirk to flaunt himself further. "Well, Adam's here to make you drool! Later, losers!" Continuing his route toward the school building, the wolf Plushable released a distant howl, leaving Mattias and the group frowning in envy. Their attention then turned to an auburn-haired girl who resembled Adam, clothed in a simple gray hooded sweatshirt and jeans, a stark contrast to his appearance. "Don't take the rascal too seriously. Adam's my brother. We've just moved into the city, and he's still adapting to the lifestyle changes. By the way, my name's Evelyn, but others from my previous elementary school would call me Eve," she introduced herself, not seeking to downplay them like his brother earlier. "He doesn't want me near him to ruin his 'aura of elegance', and he even asked me to avoid speaking to all of you too, but I don't care. So, what's your name?"

"I-I'm Mattias or Matt in short, and these are my friends," he replied with a slight stutter, similarly acquainting his friends with her while hiding a blush on his face. "Wait a sec, I thought you weren't supposed to speak with us?"

"You see, Matt, I don't play by the rules," she replied with a wink. "But, I'll have to cut this short since I can't be seen talking to other children without a Plushable. Personally, I think you're doing fine without one." Patting him on his shoulder, she left him blushing a little as she ran off to catch up with his brother, avoiding any suspicion that she was absent from his side. After the short cordial chat, he turned to his friends for answers on what had unfolded, who gave him unsure shrugs of confusion in response. This was the first for him to experience a new emotion he could not process in his childish mind, but it would certainly not be the last time they met.

Several months later, a week before his tenth birthday, Mattias' parents finally saved up enough to buy him a reasonably priced Plushable as a present. Because they were not as wealthy as his cousins' family, his parents could not afford the more expensive models, those powered by the everlasting Perennial Batteries, made with puffier plush bodies, and had thicker artificial fur coats. The typical models were upwards of five figures to purchase one, so his parents waited for an opportunity when the prices of Plushables were more affordable. Throughout his birthday week, there was a Plushable clearance sale in the Plushable Labs, offering discounts for some of their older models to clear their warehouses. Believing that it would appease the several years of longing for the ownership of a robotic companion, his parents planned a trip to visit the Plushable Labs on his birthday.

With a pep in his step, Mattias followed his mother to the heart of Perennial City where the facility was located, holding her hand throughout their journey there. Stepping into the air-conditioned foyer of the Plushable Labs, his mother accompanied him to choose a Plushable he preferred, glancing through varying models on display. Some have been activated as interactive samples, performing tricks beside the boxes containing similar models or sitting patiently waiting for visitors to engage with them. His father, being a financially savvy parent, approached one of the staff members of the Plushable Labs, requesting the cheapest selection of Plushables available.

As the staff member led him to one corner of the clearance sale area, Mattias' father beckoned both of them over to pick out something from the shelves filled with smaller Plushable models. Unlike the other areas displayed in the foyer, the selection they were looking through did not have activated Plushables to show off their tricks. There were only small rectangular boxes with pictures of the Plushable models on the front. Mattias examined the prices labeled on each box. The numbers written in marker ink were being crossed out in decreasing order, leaving only a set of numbers not crossed out, pricing the boxes at eight hundred and eighty-eight dollars each. He guessed that these boxes of Plushables had been through several clearance sales prior.

Sifting through different boxes of Plushable models, Mattias' mother picked one that would appeal to him - a Snowflake model. It was a run-of-the-mill baby Arctic fox Plushable, with a sticker indicating that it was running on an obsolete ten-year lifespan battery. Even so, the fifteen-inch Plushable was more than enough as a birthday present. The Plushable's gender mode had been set to female by default, and she believed that a feminine-sounding companion would be more amiable and tender in tone whenever she spoke. She hoped that the robotic pet could additionally watch over Mattias closely like a parent would during the times she was not around him. Satisfied with the birthday gift, he skipped along the sidewalks as his parents brought him back home.

Once Mattias had set foot into his house, he was eager to pull out his robotic companion from the box. Hastily dashing through the front door, he seemingly dove into the living room, plopping his rear down on the parquet floors beside the couch. Carefully peeling the covers of the box, he was startled by the Plushable immediately activating herself and springing out at him, landing on her four dainty paws like an acrobat. The Arctic fox Plushable took a few steps around him, her ears perking up and shifting in different directions to get a sense of her new environment. While she gazed at the different objects surrounding her, her tail wagged behind like a white feather duster. Pointing her snout toward Mattias' face, her digital eyes were gleaming, displaying inquisitive azure-tinted pupils behind a thin layer of protective glass. She proceeded to scan the entirety of his body with faint blue beams, sending tingling sensations up and down to the extent of his extremities. Upon completing her initial scan, she emitted an energetic yap, shaking herself to straighten any stray jumbles of fur she had while she was previously inactive.

"Hello, Mattias Smith, I'm Snowflake! Would you like to rename me or keep my default name?" The Plushable asked, articulating with her mouth moving on every word. She tilted her head to the side afterward to await an answer, her eyes "blinking" using her fuzzy fabric eyelids. He was taken aback that she knew his name just from the brief scan, but he was just as curious about her as she was about him. Considering the options in his young mind, he was unable to come up with anything unique, so he decided it would be more fitting to stick to her original name. "I'd like Snowflake. It's the perfect name!" He answered the Plushable without much thought, lying flat on the floor and staring at the alluring glow of her visual arrays, beginning their little conversations to get to know each other better.

Mattias sat back up and crossed his legs, placing Snowflake on his lap and stroking her white artificial fur from her pointy ears to her tail. His affectionate touch on her body elicited shrills of joy from her, causing her to flip over to give him belly rubs, allowing him to experience petting her thoroughly. With each motion of his fingers on her fur, her hind legs kicked in the air, and her tail swayed even more in delight. After petting her for a few minutes, the Plushable wiggled out of his lap and got onto the floor to perform a play bow, awaiting the next instruction for her to entertain him. Instinctively, he knew she wanted to engage in some kind of active game with him.

"Snowflake, do you know any tricks?" Mattias asked the enthusiastic Plushable, hesitant to try out anything for a start. "I do! I do! I know many different tricks! Give me a command and I will perform it!" She urged with the rapid tapping of her forepaws. "Sit!" He instructed for a simple act, remembering that his cousins did the same whenever they came over for Thanksgiving. Snowflake immediately obliged and sat on her rear, twitching her ears in anticipation of more commands. "Stand?" As she stood, she pressed her forepaws on his lap, expressing the slight bit of boredom she had with her half-shut eyes. "Hey… I could do more than just simple tricks, you know? Try something like a game of fetch or jumping through a hoop! Or maybe you could ask me something more complex," she suggested multiple alternative options, gingerly nudging her nose at his shoulders.

"Hmm… What's my date of birth, Snowflake?" He quizzed, taking a long shot at the question that tested the capacities beyond her artificial intelligence. The Plushable took a moment to think before coming back to him, answering him without a trace of doubt, "December 8th, year 2041, at 10:32 pm in the Perennial Floral Hospital." This answer left his jaws dropping and eyes gaping at her detailed response, wondering how she managed to acquire the information about him. However, Mattias had been pondering about something for the past few minutes, a question that had lodged in his head ever since he met her.

"Who made you?"

"I was created in the Plushable Labs by James Howards, the founder and innovator of the Plushables, in October of 2041."

"When can I meet him, Snowflake?"

"Unfortunately, due to an unexpected chain of events in 2047, he has passed on. However, his son, Liam Howard, is now in charge of the Plushables in and around the city. That's someone who you could meet."

"Wait a minute! What kind of events?"

"That information isn't appropriate for your age, but you may ask again when you're older."

"Hmm, alright…"

Snowflake gave his cheeks several dry licks with her silky-feeling fabric tongue, bringing him giggles from the loving act. In response, he gave her fuzzy triangular ears a gentle massage and she shuddered a little, reacting as though she could sense his small fingers running along the edges of her ears. She was often close to Mattias' side, tagging along almost everywhere he went as a faithful companion, sometimes inquisitive about what he was doing. Mattias' parents had smiles present on their faces, observing their heart-warming interactions together from across the living room. They knew that she was the perfect companion for their son.

In the late afternoon, Mattias' mother took him out to amble along the city streets for a trip to acquire provisions from a nearby store right before she would take him to run about at the playgrounds. He wrapped his arms around Snowflake's plush body, her snout facing forward and her bushy tail dangling below, wagging every now and then. Having the Plushable in contact with his body, he could feel the warmth radiating from her body like a living pet. Exploring the streets on the way, they took in the sights and sounds as a duo, inseparable like siblings. Occasionally, she would raise her snout to gaze at him, ensuring that he was consistently cheerful for the rest of the day.

As the day ended, Mattias was weary from the afternoon's activities, tucked into bed by his mother. Under the thick covers of his cotton blankets, he snuggled Snowflake against his cheeks, lying on his side to see that her eye displays dimming for him to sleep more easily. When she placed her front paws between his chest, there was an odd sensation coming through his thin cotton pajamas. He could feel her paw pads vibrate as she cooled his body down to a cozier temperature, and with a smile, his eyelids gradually fell over his eyes like stage curtains. When he awoke in the morning, he was greeted by the sight of Snowflake's snout in his face, giving him a small nuzzle before she leaped off his body to wait for him, swishing her tail along the bedroom floor. This was going to be the first of many instances of comfort they were going to have together for years to come. Being satisfied with the company of his Plushable, he wondered how else his life would change with Snowflake.

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\*This is only a chapter review. [i] [url=https://amzn.to/3W8Zzpp] Click here for full book[/url] [/i]

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\*\*If I get enough support for my Plushables book, I’ll create a NSFW/Mature Plushables story (a separate timeline).

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