The Plush Games - Part 1



Thumbnail by [**CupCakeDoragon**](https://www.furaffinity.net/user/cupcakedoragon)

Tuka had always loved plushies, but never had the time to invest in such a hobby. Everyday on his commute from college, he would walk past the hobby shop where a 12 inch stuffed bunny would always catch his eye. Sitting in the front window, it was made with cute light brown cotton, and was dressed up in a pair of cute black shorts and a small black top. The boy had wanted to buy it for quite some time, unfortunately he never got to it. Plus, he had always been extremely anxious and nervous, he didn’t want someone to judge him for buying a plush. Then one day, something changed.

The last thing Tuka remembered was walking through his favorite park late one night, before something soft and pillowy grabbed him from behind. Later, he found himself waking up on an extremely comfy couch staring at a snow white ceiling. The young man could hear dozens of voices around him, and quickly realized he wasn't alone. Sitting up, he found himself in a large white lobby-like room with a few dozen other people. The walls were strangely rounded in the corners and there were rows of white couches lined up back to back like seats at an airport, each of them was made of white cotton with a simple but fancy rectangular design. Other than that the room was completely empty, there weren't even any doors, and some of the occupants in the room looked uneasy and confused. By the looks of it, they were all around his age of 18 or older, talking amongst each other and trying to make sense of their situation. Some of the occupants were still asleep, but they were waking up one by one as they began examining their surroundings.

Stepping off the couch, Tuka realized that the floor was really soft as well. Looking down, he noticed that his shoes were gone, and his feet were practically sinking into the plush-like floor. The only thing in the room that wasn't made of stuffed cotton was the lights on the ceiling. Though subtly comforted by his plushy surroundings, he was nervous and didn't know what was going to happen to him. "Tuka?” said a familiar voice. Sitting next to him was his classmate from his geometry class. Though he could not remember her name, her appearance was unmistakable due to her long brown ponytail, and her T-shirt with a cartoon fennec printed on it. “You ended up here too?” she asked. “Oh hey… What was your name again?" he asked. "My name’s Mia.” she replied. "Do you know how we got here?” Tuka shook his head. "I'm sorry, I just woke up. The last thing I remember is taking a walk in the park.” he replied. Mia took a deep sigh slumping back into the couch. "I was just drawing furry art on my Cintiq, when something soft grabbed me from behind. I couldn't even scream before I passed out.”

Allowing her body to sink into the soft plush furniture, Mia took a deep breath as she calmed down. Despite their situation, there was a strange lack of panic within the room, seemingly getting cozy with their surroundings. Same with the rest of the crowd, who were getting comfy in with their spots, or even exploring the room further. “On the plus side, it doesn't seem whoever put us here wants us hurt, given that the entire room is some kind of giant pillow.” Tuka said. "I know right." replied. “Everything is soft like an asylum cell, even the floor feels like marshmallows. Who would even make a room like this?” she asked. Then, Tuka saw what looked like a doorway opening up in the wall on the other side of the room. The sound of shifting cotton caught everyone's attention, including Mia as they all looked over in surprise. Stepping out of the doorway was a woman wearing what appeared to be a cute cat kemono kigurumi fursuit. The costume was light grey and was made of fine looking cotton, with a long fluffy tail, cute droopy ears, and cute mitts for hands. The facial features of the suit was almost anime-like with large cute eyes, and an adorable facial expression. The woman was wearing a cute tube top with a sporty looking miniskirt and a pair of high heels, though how she could balance on the soft flooring while wearing them was beyond anyone. “Hello everyone! Thank you for being here today!” Everyone looked at each other shocked, the suit's mouth was moving as if it were alive.

“Now, you must have an abundance of questions? Where are we? Why are we here?” she said dramatically with her paws on the cheeks. “The short answer, we brought you here because you all love soft and cuddly things! And we designed this place to make you as comfortable as possible. ❤️” the woman was incredibly bubbly, with the energy and demeanor of an entertainer. Still suspicious, Tuka reached into his pocket to grab his phone, hoping to get an idea of his location, but he was shocked to realize it was gone. Checking all his pockets, it was nowhere to be found, not even his keys or ID. “Now as you all have probably noticed, we removed your shoes, cellular devices and other belongings for the time being. Not to worry! They will be returned to you once we've sent you home.” the cat woman explained. With that, everyone began checking their pockets as well, becoming alarmed that their valuables had disappeared. “You can't just do this!” said a young woman near the front. “You kidnapped us and took our belongings! Nothing about this is legal!” the catwoman walked up to the flustered young woman, placing her soft paw mitts on her shoulders. “Shhhh…” she cooed, playfully massaging the woman's shoulders. “It's alright, we're not going to hurt you.” normally this would be off-putting for the young woman, but something about the cat woman's soft paws and friendly demeanor calmed her down.

Stepping towards the door, the cat woman pointed both her arms down the hallway while sticking a cute pose. “In fact we want to help you! Now if you will please follow me!” she said taking the lead down the soft plushy passageway. Although hesitant, a few followed her lead, and one by one more of the crowd went along as well. Only a dozen or so remained behind, talking amongst themselves anxiously, including Tuka and Mia. “We can't just comply with her after being kidnapped, can we?” Tuka questioned. Mia tilted her head placing her hand on her chin. “Well, it's either that or stay in this room, if we have any chance of getting out of here, we should probably take it.” After taking a deep nervous breath, they both followed the rest of the crowd through the long squishy hallway. The walls and floor of the passage were also made of plush-like material, even the lights on the ceiling looked like they were made of some kind of foam or cotton. Out of curiosity, Tuka poked one on while he was walking, and to his surprise it felt like a marshmallow. “Is everything here made of soft stuff?” he thought to himself.

As they approached the end of the tunnel, Mia tapped Tuka's shoulder. “Hey, did you notice how life-like her suit is?” she asked. Tuka thought for a moment, back to when she entered the room, how energetic and authentic her movements were. It looked less like a suit and more like a live plush. “Maybe part of her costume is animatronic or something, that's probably why it looks so real.” he said. “But the way her entire body moves, it doesn't feel like I'm looking at someone in a suit. Plus there's something strange about her, and wouldn’t someone get hot in a fursuit like that?” Mia responded. The more the two thought about it, the more strange the situation seemed. Continuing down the hallway, it felt they were walking on the world's largest bean bag with their feet sinking into the cushion-like floor with every single step. Reaching the end of the hallway, they found themselves in what looked like a ginormous stadium-like structure, one that would be used in something like a sports event surrounded by a white dome. But it wasn't just big enough to hold the football field, because it could probably hold a few dozen.

Covering the grounds of the stadium was what looked like a small village, completely made out of plush. The houses were all light brown, resembling the design of a mud hut that you would see in Africa or India, all square in shape but with rounded edges. It almost looked like the Mos Eisley set from star wars. Everyone was in awe at the sheer size of the area, literally everything in sight was made of plush, but even seeing it with their own eyes it barely felt real. After the small crowd emerged from the tunnel it slowly closed behind them, sealing itself like an orifice. Everyone including Tuka and Mia we're shocked to see the walls moving by themselves, it looked so alive and made Tuka’s skin crawl. “Earlier… you said the woman's fursuit moved like it was alive right?” Tuka asked. "I didn't actually think I was actually onto something.” Mia responded. The cat suit woman stepped in front of the village and turned towards the crowd. “Now then, if everyone can gather around for me I'll explain why we have brought you all here today.” she said holding out her arms playfully.

Though uneasy most of the crowd complied, however, a few tried to sneak around the group and into the village hoping to find an escape on their own. This did not go unnoticed by the catsuit woman, as she giggled under her breath while maintaining her playful demeanor. “For starters, I would like to thank you all for being here today! It means so much to us.” she beamed thankfully. “Hey!” shouted Mia. “You said that we're all here because we like soft and cute things, but **what** you need us for.” she asked suspiciously. “The cat woman just smiled back, chuckling as she placed her finger over her lips. "I'm glad you asked!” she answered pressing her paws against her cheeks. With that, she squeezed her face, distorting it like a pillow as her head appeared squished. The entire crowd gasped in shock, it was like there was no one inside of the suit. They all just watched in awe the woman just squeezed her entire face like as it a marshmallow Releasing her hands from her head, she held her arms up in the air as if showing off. “Ta-Da!” she shouted. “This isn't a suit! I'm what you could call a living plush!”

The entire crowd was speechless, unable to process what they had just seen. Even Tuka and Mia were lost for words. "This has got to be a dream right?” Tuka whispered. Mia didn't even know how to respond, despite this, she wasn't alarmed and neither was Tuka. “Well… A plush wouldn't want to hurt us right?" she asked. The cat woman blushed, wiggling her hips as she giggled at the crowd.

“Awww… you’re all speechless at how cute I am! ❤️" she winked, placing her finger on her lips. "Well in that case, you'll love the contestants!” she began pointing behind them, next to where they had entered. Suddenly, a large portion of the stadium wall began retracting into the floor like a large garage door, as the sound of shifting fabric shuffled throughout the area. Neatly set up in a straight line behind the door was a huge stash of large plushies of all shapes and sizes. Some of them looked like animals, some of them had an anthropomorphic design, some looked toon-like, and some even looked like food. They were all incredibly cute and uniquely crafted, with high quality fabric with cuddly appearances. But just like the cat girl, they were all alive, moving on their own as they smiled and murmured amongst each other. All the young men and women frozen in utter disbelief as the gaggle of cute toys slowly approached them, leaving the doorway and gathering behind the human crowd in a half circle.

The stuffed toys started murmuring amongst each other, giggling and ogling the small human crowd as if they were at a pet store. But the humans have no idea how to react, no one knew whether they should be frightened, or amazed. “This can’t be real.” thought Tuka. It was one of those moments where despite seeing it happening, his brain just has no idea how to process it. What's more, the plushies greatly outnumbered them, by almost double the crowd by looks of it. It was like looking at the world's most animated toy store self. Then out the corner of his eyes, he thought he saw one of the plushies waving in his direction. Tuka turned to see who it was, but he didn't look in time, and there were so many different plushes in so many shapes and sizes he couldn’t tell which one it was. Could he have imagined it? “Well… that’s it. I’ve been studying too much.” grumbled Mia. “I’m probably sleeping through my alarm right now.” with that she gently slapped her hands against her face in an attempt to wake herself up, only making her cheeks rather sore. Tuka also began to assume that he was just experiencing some crazy dream, then again if it were a dream, he probably wouldn't be questioning it.

After the crowd had gotten a good look at the plushes, the cat girl continued her bubbly speech. "I hope you like our contestants, they’ve been looking forward to meeting you, and hope to find a good life long friend to fill their needy hearts with love and affection. ❤️” she announced. “Wait!” Tuka interrupted. "You kidnapped us for a matchmaker?” In response the cat just giggled. “More or less. You see, us plushies live on love. As long as we can feel someone's love, we can stay animated. Heck, for a while we could even live off love second-hand without getting it directly.” The cat woman then sighed with a somber look on her face. "But in recent years, there just isn't enough love in the world for us to thrive as we once did. It’s as if most humans just don't have as much love to give nowadays. And even though humans still have love, for most of them it's often overshadowed by their negative emotions, and who wants to live with a person like that?” she ranted. Realizing how nearly speechless both crowds were, she paused for a moment taking a deep breath as she pulled herself together.

“Ehem… Unfortunately, many of our kind have been so deprived of love that some ended up turning into regular plushies again.” the humans in the crowd, including Tuka and Mia, nearly gasped in response, scared at what this implied. “Turning back into a regular plush, is that the same is dying for them?” Tuka asked. "I’m not sure, she says it like they can’t turn back.” she answered. "If we plushies are to survive, we have to find people who have **real** love to offer us. Humans like yourselves for example.” she smiled pointing to the audience. "Receiving direct love from humans is now our only option, and this is why you’re all here." Looking back at the group of plushies, the humans were unable to hide their concern, the very thought of anyone dying from lack of love was just upsetting for everyone. “Awww… It's nice to know you all care so much. But keep in mind, their job tonight is for them to **catch** you.” Shocked, conversations stirred among the group of humans, once again becoming wary of their situation. "That's right, you have to give these a lovely plushies a run for their money as you play a game of cat and mouse in this lovely set we made for you all!” she giggled, pulling a green flag from behind her as she held it in the air with a mischievous smile.

Mia pulled at Tuka’s sleeve looking flustered. “We're the prizes of some kind of weird contest, should we run?” she asked. Tuka looked over at the cat woman who was grinning cheek to cheek. “I don’t know…” he answered nervously. "Now please give them a good challenge, after all... love has to be earned right? And you **do** want to be caught by a plush that fits your interest right?” With that, she waved the green flag in a circle. “GO!” Without wasting a moment, all of the plushes bolted towards the crowd of humans at full speed, gunning for whoever caught their eye. Seeing the living toys running at them in a stampede, Tuka, Mai and the rest of the crowd became spooked as they instinctively made a break for the plush town. Determined to take any human they could get their hands on, some of the plushes went after the slower humans, who unfortunately fell behind as they were swallowed up into the mob of clingy contestants.

A young woman was pounced on by a lioness plush, pinned to the soft ground under her heavy body as she greeted her with a few playful licks. A young man was rolled over by a rice ball plush with a happy face, who was sucked into its fluffy expanse up to his neck until he was encased in its warmth, forced to nuzzle the happy food. And another young man was scooped up by an anthro fox plush woman wearing a T-shirt and shorts. Grabbing him off the ground with her soft velvet claws, she pulled him up to her chest and hugged him in her soft arms. None of the other humans even looked back, as they poured into the streets of the plush city. Some made a break for the alleyways, some tried to hide in the houses and others just kept running with no direction in mind whatsoever. But now, instead of just going for the slower or easier prices to catch, the plushes chased after the ones they had their eyes set on.

The plushes and humans began to scatter across the town, as the cutesy game of cat-and-mouse officially began. Sticking together, Tuka and Mia ran down one of the streets along with some of the other fleeing humans before breaking off into one of the alleys in hopes of losing some of their pursuers. Tuka stopped and turned around to see if the plushes had followed them, until Mia tugged on his shirt from behind. “This way!” she said as she began climbing into one of the nearby hut windows. The opening and no glass to speak of, just like all the other houses in the area allowing her to jump in. Hearing the swarm of plushes approaching, he followed after her, climbing into the empty house. The room was very dark, with only the artificial light of the stadium illuminating the inside through the window. Before either of them could get comfortable, they heard soft approaching footsteps from the alley. Looking at each other in a panic, they both hid underneath the window. Seeing the shadow of their pursuer on the plushy floor, they could see what looked like an anthropomorphic humanoid shape, with incredibly long floppy ears and the slender figure pass by. It looked like some kind of dog or bunny, but before either of them could get a good look, their pursuer had left.

After waiting a few moments, they both looked out the window, relieved to find no one. It was completely silent, and they could only hear the sound of running the far distance, along with what sounded like loud giggling and playful yelling. Tuka let out an exhausted sigh as Mia slumped down onto the floor. Tuka paced back-and-forth as they maintained a brief silence, unsure how to process their situation. They were in what looked like a plush living room, with a comfy sofa in the center, and a soft coffee table in front of it. “Maybe if we stay here long enough, the competition will end and they'll let us go home." Mia spoke up. Still pacing, Tuka took a few moments to respond in anxious silence. “But, if one of these plushes catches us, what will happen to us?” he asked. Mia looked at the soft floor as if it was a void. “I don’t know, they said the plushes want to keep us, maybe they’ll keep us as pets or something.” she answered.

“Ohhh, you humans mean so much more to us than simple pets." echoed a deep feminine voice. Startled, Mia sat back up as they both looked around the room for the source of voice, but they couldn't see anyone. “We seek simply what all humans wish to find, companionship. ❤️" the voice said. Turning around, they both saw what appeared to be the head of a light brown plush fox poking out from the far side of the wall. It wore a dominant smile on its face, giggling as it ogled the two shocked humans. What it did next shocked them, it stepped out of the wall, permeating through the soft plushy surface like it was made of water. Surprising them further was the fox's large size, it was at least four times bigger than a normal fox, but even stranger was its nine large fluffy tails made up of silky faux fur. Slender and sleek despite its size, its proportions were accurate to that of a normal fox, from its fluffy mane coving it’s chest, to its slender but powerful looking legs, it looked so elegantly crafted that it almost looked like a real fox. It gracefully stepped it's way between the Mia and Tuka, swinging it's many tails side to side as if showing off, wanting to impress and awe the speechless young humans.

Turning her attention towards Mia, the plush fox stepped towards her with a curious look, each step of her four legs so graceful they barely made a sound. Mia backed up against the wall as the fox began sniffing at her, her t-shirt catching the foxes eye. "I love your fennec shirt." the fox complemented with a playful smile. Without warning the fox brushed her head against the frightened human, nuzzling her with a flirty giggle. “I take it you like foxes too?” she asked. Mia was weary, but she couldn't say no. The young woman adored foxes as much as she loved fennecs, and though the large talking plush fox was a bit frightening, she loved how gentle it was while nuzzling her. The fabric of the plushes body was incredibly soft and silky, practically gliding across her face as the fox continued cuddling her. “I think I’d like to take you.” the fox whispered, with a subtle flirty tone. "We can get to know each other once we are alone.” Tuka then proceeded to grab at one of the foxes' tails, hoping to pull the large plush away from Mia. But in retaliation, the tails quickly converged on him, wrapping around every inch of his body. “Hey - Mmph!" With that, Tuka found himself cocooned in the expanse of endless of her fluffy tails. Everything went dark, his ears assaulted by the sound of rustling fur as he was cuddled from every conceivable angle.

The large fluffy tails had coiled around Tuka like a bunch of ribbons, restraining him completely while submerging him and comfortable darkness. The young man could barely move, the foxes tales were so large and plushy it felt like he was trapped in a banquet of pillows. Any movement he made would only be absorbed by his plushy surroundings. Becoming frightened, he let out a muffled helplessness whimper. But then, the foxes' tails suddenly began shifting and squirming around him, moving against his body in a restrictive but gentle motion. Stroking back-and-forth around his arms and legs, squeezing his shoulders, and rubbing his belly, as if it was massaging him. Calming down, his enclosure had become surprisingly relaxing. The foxes tails weren't crushing him or restraining him as much as they were cuddling him. "Mmmm…” he moaned, nearly closing his eyes in comfort. Suddenly, the tails began unraveling from his head as he was brought face-to-face with the mischievous plush fox.

"Awww, don’t be jealous boy, someone will come for you in due time.” the fox giggled, unraveling her tales from his body as he was gently released onto the soft couch. “Now then…” she turned towards Mia, who was surprised at the plush’s mischievous but gentle demeanor. The fox then stuck her head underneath Mia’s belly, promptly lifting up the young woman onto her back in order to carry her. Before Mia could get off, the Fox jumped into the nearest wall and disappeared, taking Tuka’s classmate with her. Quickly jumping off the couch he ran towards the wall and pushed against it, hoping to pursue the giant fox, but he quickly stopped once he came to his senses. Now he was alone, his friend had been taken by one of the pushes right in front of him and he couldn't stop it. It still felt unreal, like he was having a bizarre dream. Tuka turned around and sat back on the couch, staring at the floor for what felt like minutes as he contemplated his situation. Lost in his thoughts, he eventually realized that he couldn’t just sit there feeling sorry for himself.

"If the fox was able to find us here, it won't be long before someone finds me as well.” he thought to himself. Slowly getting up from the couch, he suddenly heard some soft rustling from the open window. Tuka turned to see a cuddly-looking plush panda woman leaning into the open window with an eager but adorable smile. Her cute eyes shined and glimmered from the black spots on her face, wearing a small blue ribbon on the side of her head along with a magenta apron-like dress. With an anthropomorphic form, she had slightly large plushy arms, with a modest but slight chubbiness to her chest and hips, making her appear as shapely as she was cuddly. With her cute welcoming face, and huggable body, she gave off a gentle, almost motherly vibe. "I finally found one!” the panda shouted excitedly. Not willing to give himself up, Tuka immediately ran deeper into the house hoping to find an exit. “Wait!” the panda pleaded, with a hint of desperation in her voice. Tuka didn't look back, running down a short hallway toward what he could only assume was the front door. It didn't have a handle, so he pushed himself against it, opening the entrance as he wound up in one of the main streets of the authentic plush town. Closing the door behind him, Tuka scanned his surroundings, relieved that there was no one in sight. The street was completely empty, but he could hear the faint sound of people giggling and laughing in the distance.

It was incredibly eerie, Tuka felt like he was in a ghost town. Even more unsettling was the lack of an echo in the distant giggling, probably insulated by all of the plush surroundings. But then, Tuka heard some rustling to his right, it was the plush panda. Instead of following him through the house she came back through the alley. “Wait… please…” the panda pleaded, looking weary. Tuka wasn't going to take any chances, getting ready to bolt in the opposite direction. “Please, don’t be afraid! I’m a... **slow** plush, I’m not as fast as the other contestants. I couldn’t chase you if I wanted to.” she panted looking as if she was ready to fall to her knees. The young man kept his guard up, but was surprised at the plushes fatigue, could stuffed animals even get tired? As if to answer his question the panda sat down, accompanied by a long defeated sigh. “What’s wrong?” Tuka asked, sounding concerned. "I just can’t do it.” she sighed. “Pandas like me are the slowest plushies around, I couldn’t even catch up to the slower humans before they were snatched up by the others.” Despite still being cautious, Tuka couldn’t help but feel a little sorry for the sad-looking panda, as the frown on her innocent face was something he just couldn’t ignore. However, part of his empathy was due to her attractive womanly physique.

“So what will happen if you can’t catch a human when this is over?” he asked. The plush panda looked back up at him with her adorable eyes, making his heart skip a beat. "It’s not like it’s a death sentence if we don’t catch a human, but… I just want someone to hug.” she sniffed. "I’ve tried approaching some of the other humans that were hiding a lot more carefully, even saying hi so I wouldn’t spook them, but they’d just run away at the sight of me.” the panda began rubbing her eyes, despite the lack of tears on her face. "Humans are just so warm, and hugging one just makes me feel so happy. I want someone who can make me feel that happy warmth whenever they need it too.” she said looking at the soft ground. Against his better judgment, Tuka slowly approached the panda, and kneeled down to look her in the eyes.

“If... you want, **I** can give you a hug.” Tuka said hesitantly, looking the other way. The panda plush looked up for a brief moment attempting to hide her pleased smile. “You mean it?” she asked. Nodding in response, Tuka slowly walked towards her but let his guard down in the process. Then when he was close enough, the panda quickly sat up, practically lunging at the young man with her large arms outstretched. Taken by surprise, Tuka jumped to the side as the panda belly flopped on the soft ground, completely missing her target. Looking disappointed, the panda quickly got back on her feet before fixing her magenta apron. "I thought you were tired!" Tuka said accusingly, scrambling to stand back up. “I wasn’t lying! I really do want someone to love and cuddle! Please don’t run away!” she pleaded, holding her arms out. Tuka stepped away cautiously, she wasn't just lonely, she was needy. "Just… Give me a hug!” she said, sprinting towards him. With that, Tuka ran in the opposite direction heading to one of the nearby alleyways, hearing the heavy footsteps of the panda close behind him. She wasn't slow at all, in fact she seemed to be keeping pace with him.

Realizing that he could not outrun her, Tuka figured the best way to lose the panda was to throw her off his trail and hide, Running to the closest house. The panda just smiled confidently, almost amused at his attempts to lose her. But suddenly, she tripped, tumbling just as she entered the house slamming into one of the soft plushy walls inside. Though dizzy, she managed to get up, only to find herself in what looked like a maze rather than a house. Each door only led to another door, with some leading to a corner that gave the building and unsettling vibe. And though she could hear the young man's soft footsteps, she couldn’t tell which direction they were coming from. Afraid of getting lost in the maze, the panda slumped next to the entrance. Strangely, she couldn't see what she had stumbled on, which was strange. The panda could've sworn that someone had intentionally tripped her, but it couldn't have been the human she was chasing. Perhaps she actually tripped over her own feet like a klutz? Taking a deep sigh, she sat back down next to the door, accepting that she would never catch the human she had her eye on. But then, her ears shot up as she heard a subtle slithering giggle, looking up just in time to see a long black figure sliding past one of the corners. Something was making its way deeper into the maze.

Meanwhile, Tuka was already far inside the maze, getting darker the deeper he went. It was so dark he could barely make out his surroundings. The young man was sure that he had lost his needy pursuer, but now it was a matter of escaping from the maze himself. Following his gut, he continued walking through any door he felt kept him going in a straight line. But the farther he went, the more lost he felt, eventually he stopped walking altogether and sat down. “Maybe if I stay here until the end of the competition, no one will find me and I can go home.” he thought. But then, he heard a slithering giggle nearby. Shocked, he looked around to see who was there, but saw nothing. Just when he thought his mind was playing tricks on him, he heard it again but much closer. Turning around, he saw what looked like a large dark tail scooting past one of the doors, sending a shiver down his spine. With that, he got back up and ran as fast as he could, not even caring where his legs took him. But without warning, he suddenly tripped over something as he entered one of the passages, it felt like something had pushed itself underneath his feet.

Before he could get up, Tuka felt something large and soft wrapping around his legs until he was coiled up to his waist. "Wha-AAH!” Before he could react, he felt the floor slip from underneath him as he was lifted upside down into the air. “Caught you…” said a deep slithering voice. Tuka became disoriented as the blood rushed to his head, but he could see a dark silhouette sliding up to him, filling the many rooms with the sound of shuffling fabric. “I was hoping someone would get lost in this maze… makesss it easier for me when my prey can’t see wear they’re going.” the silhouette giggled. The voice sounded male, but its tone was surprisingly soothing. It sounded like a serpent of some kind. Unable to muster a comeback, Tuka shivered with unease as the tail began tightening around his legs to better secure him. “You wouldn't have been able to escape, I studied this stadium inside and out days before the competition even started. Even the places I wasn't supposed to be. You were mine the second you stepped into this maze.” the dark figure leaned in closer, practically breathing over Tuka’s face with the warm smell of fresh fabric. “Seeing as you have no place to go, why don't you tell me a bit about yourself?” the serpent asked in a friendly tone.

Too afraid to answer, Tuka only felt dizzier as he stared at the dark silhouette speechless. “Oh how silly of me! We can't get acquainted in the dark... Let's go outside." With that, the dark figure slithered away, carrying the dazed Tuka with him. After a few twists and turns, the snake brought Tuka to a larger room with an open skylight, allowing him to better see his captor as he was gently flipped right side up. It was a giant dark grey plush cobra, more than large enough to completely dwarf any human in size with its coils. It had large innocent looking eyes riddled with mischievous intent, two small velvet fangs hanging from the top of it’s friendly smile, and cloud-like patterns on the inside of its hood. It looked surprisingly cuddly despite its size. "Up you go.” the serpent whispered. With little warning, Tuka was flung up into the air through the skylight, landing on the roof completely unharmed. Tuka was baffled, as the soft pliable surface had completely cushioned his fall, like he had smooshed into a marshmallow. Sitting up, his hands and feet practically sank into the floor of the roof, making it hard for him to move. It felt like all of his movements were being absorbed into the surface floor like memory foam, he couldn't even stand up or maintain his balance.

"Ahhhh… Better… It was so stuffy in there!” the snake chuckled, sliding onto the roof with him. To Tuka’s surprise, the plush had no trouble maneuvering along the foamy surface, slithering his way towards him nonchalantly with no hindrance. Tuka tried to stand up, but the floor only absorbed his weight, causing him to fall backwards. Feeling humiliated, all he could do was look up at the cobra as it loomed over him with an amused smile. "Comfy?” the plush giggled. Letting out a deep sigh, Tuka gave up his hopes of escape, allowing himself to relax on the roof's squishy surface. Though he couldn't lie, it felt like he was resting on the world's softest bed. With his prey right where he wanted, the snake began wrapping its tail around Tuka, starting from his legs and traveling up to his chest. Within a few moments Tuka found himself completely cocooned in the cobra's tail, wrapped up and secured as if he was in a burrito from the neck down. The coils felt different from last time, rather than just holding him, it felt like the snake was snuggling him. But with another soft squeeze, the snake began slithering his tail around him, rubbing his body as if to tease him.

The plush was going out of his way to rub all of his most tense and sensitive spots, massaging Tuka as he let out a comforting whimper. "You’re so tenssssse. You must work reeeeally hard.” the cobra said, his smooth voice rolling off his silky tongue. With that, he felt the end of his tail slither underneath his head, supporting the back of his neck like a pillow. The snake then leaned in closer, wearing a sweet smile as he teasingly licked the tip of Tuka’s nose. “When’s the last time you slept? you look so tired." The plush then used the tip of his tail to stroke the top of Tuka’s head, slowly blinking at him in a flirty manner. Completely wrapped up and unable to run away, Tuka could only lay there and accept the Cobra's comforting treatment. "Comfy isn’t it?” he hummed hypnotically. “My fabric is naturally warm, and I can even change the texture of my body when need be. For example, I can make it feel like cotton.” Suddenly, he felt the surrounding coils become puffier, and more squishy, literally giving the cobra plush the consistency of an actual pillow. “Or… even memory foam.” With that, the snake’s body became more flexible, heavier, even molding to Tuka's body as the surrounding coils pressed against him while also accommodating his shape.

“Just let me know what you like best, I could embrace your body in whatever way you'd like. ❤️” he giggled. Tuka, who was doing his best not to whimper in comfort, looked back at the cobra, nearly losing himself in his mischievous eyes. “If you allow me to take you, I could snuggle you like this every night.” the cobra slithered, nuzzling the side of Tuka’s face. As tempting has the cobra's offer was, Tuka just puffed out his cheeks in protest. Even though the cobras' embrace was indeed comfy, he didn't like the idea of surrendering himself like this. “Now now…” the cobra chuckled raising his head above the human while spreading and wiggling out the sides of his hood. “How about you relaaaaax and **think** it overrrrrrr.” Before Tuka could respond, he suddenly found himself unable to look away from the cloud-like patterns decorating the cobra's hood. It looked like the clouds were moving, swaying around as if the wind was taking them away. “Thatssssss right… just look at the cloudssssss…” Tuka did just that, looking at the beautiful cloudy patterns as everything else around him started spinning. He could feel himself sinking into the plushy coils, watching the clouds float by as the coiling cushions continued to massage him. The young man felt dizzy, no... drowsy as his eyesight grew fuzzy. Tuka was closing his eyes… and was falling asleep…

Watching the human falling to his hypnotic trance the cobra smiled triumphantly. All of his patience had paid off, finally capturing a human of his very own, one he could hug, snuggle, and spoil with unconditional love for days to come. “Yesssssssss… You’re mine now…” the cobra giggled, kissing the side of Tuka’s cheek. But just then, a loud echoing click could be heard throughout the stadium, it sounded like an intercom. “Hello, all you lovely contestants!” the cat girl's voice announced. Unamused, the cobra ignored the announcer and continued nuzzling his sleeping captive. "It seems many of our plushies are having trouble catching those slippery humans, so I think it's time we **spice** things up!” The cobra disregarded the bothersome announcement, once again waving his cloud patterned hood above his sleepy captive to finish his work. But then, he saw something strange out of the corner of his eye, pulling his attention away from the captured human. In the distance, he saw several large objects approaching from the far side of the stadium. At first glance, they looked like large spheres, bouncing down the streets and hopping over the small huts and houses like basketballs. But then as they grew closer, he realized that they looked like giant pillows.

They were giant round pillows, jumping and hopping around the town like basketballs, probably meant as some kind of obstacle. They didn't look dangerous, but the cobra didn't want to take any risks. He stopped his hypnotizing dance, and slithered towards the sun roof bringing the drowsy human with him. But just then, he looked to his right, and saw one the balls headed right for them. It must have bounced ahead of the rest, hopping from the street and descending towards them. In a moment of pure reactionary fear, the cobra flinched, even unraveling his coils from Tuka as the sphere landed right on top of the dazed human. Almost as quickly as it came, the ball bounced off the roof, plopping onto the street below as it hopped away. “Phew… that was quite the scare." the cobra said to himself. But when he turned around to check on the boy… he was gone. Panicked, he looked back at the pillowy bouncing away, shocked to see the head of the drowsy human disappearing into its soft expanse, enveloping him into its mass. The cobra's soft plushy heart sank as he watched the ball disappear into the distance with his former catch.

"NO! That’s not FAIR! I **CAUGHT** him…" the Cobra whined, slithering to the edge of the soft roof. With a sad frown, and his hood drooping to the sides of his head, he looked down at the ground and made his way back down the open sunroof. Filled with regret, he curled up onto the floor of the dark maze like a depressed cinnamon roll. If plushies could cry, the cobra would be making a river.

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