

It all started on a bet, and today was the day to see who was going to see it through. A curious shop called Prized Arcade Plushes had caught Firr's eye about a week ago. It boasted that it could make you a stuffed animal. Firr thought it was just some cute advertisement at first, but when he showed his friend Kit the website, they quickly discovered that the slogan was quite literal. Before and after pictures were proudly displayed on the store's website. The stuffed animals looked incredibly well made along with a wide variety of customizations to choose from. Neither could admit to the other they wanted to try it out for themselves. Instead, they tried to convince the other one to try it out first. It started out as a joke. A simple gag they teased each other about across telegram. The joke quickly escalated from simple teasing to trying to seriously egg the other one to go through with it. The more they teased each other, the more they themselves wanted to try it out. Who even started the dare was a trivial point at this matter, what mattered was to see who was really going to go through with it.

"You know it's not too late for you to back down!" Firr goaded Kit as they walked down the mall.
The skunk

"What? You get cold feet already? I'm sure some extra stuffing will help that" Kit joked.

"I'd tell you to stuff it, but I'm sure that's what you'd like to happen." They teased each other back and forth until they both stood at the entrance. The store was a vast contrast to its plain generic neighbors. It had been painted with boldly with red and yellow. Piles of stuffed animals lined pressing up against the windows, as the entrance was lit up by streams of lights. The storefront was designed to look like you were walking straight into a claw machine you'd find in arcades. It even had a couple giant mechanized claws hanging from the ceiling. The two eagerly stepped inside, looking at piles of stuffed

animals. There was even a 6 foot, cartoonish styled, squirrel plush standing behind the counter. It was propped up like it was reading a magazine waiting for customers.

“Wow, is this place for real?” Kit delighted as they both walked around exploring the store. The plush at the counter seemingly sprung to life.

“Oh! Customers!” It exclaimed, its heart shaped plastic nose almost twitching with excitement. Both Firr and Kit were both astonished what they had thought was a prop, was actually an employee. It quickly padded its way over, grabbing Kit’s hand and energetically shook it. Its warm plush mitts felt so soft and gentle.

“What can I do for you two today?” The squirrel asked, having moved to give Firr’s hand a shake. Despite its beady eyes, they looked expressive and cheerful, almost gleaming with excitement. The two friends looked at each other, apprehensive to speak. The squirrel looked at the two of them with great anticipation, waiting on their words with a friendly smile with his buck teeth. Kit elbowed Firr. Seemed like he had been volunteered to initiate the conversation.

“Well we saw on the internet, you made people into plushies. Like, seriously turn people into stuffed animals. Like, that’s something you can do for real?” Firr rubbed the back of his neck, barely able to maintain eye contact out of the embarrassment of his question. He felt weird talking about the subject. Surely it was all a joke, but he couldn’t back down. Kit would never let him live that down losing the bet. The squirrel’s face lit up, seeming excited. Its giant plush tail twitching around.

“Yes indeed! It’s as real as I am! We make anyone into any stuffed cuddly critter of their choice!” The squirrel said proudly.

“So, for instance, you could turn us both into plush kangaroos?” Kit said, trying to hide the excitement in his voice from Firr. The squirrel gasped excitedly, putting his plush mitts on his stuffed cheeks.

“Of course! Whatever you both want!” The squirrel elated. It was brimming with giddiness as it quickly skidded over to two computer terminals and motioned towards them.

“Just enter whatever your heart’s desire into the machines along with your information and we’ll get started right away!” He chittered before walking into the back of the store to prepare.

The two messed around with their terminals, entering in payment info and answering the questions that popped up. Those were quickly and unceremoniously filled out and the two quickly got to the customizations. The diversity of all the potential plushies they could be were quite astounding, along with the amount of customization you could enter. Colors, fabric types, you name it. You could just spend hours going through all the different options you could do. Although they both already had their minds set on what they wanted. They both wanted the same thing. To be stuffed kangaroos.

“Hey, look Kit, they have sizing options on here!” Firr pointed out as he hit the plus size a couple times on his console. Kit glanced over at his friend’s machine before reaching over and hitting the plus size button a couple more times.

“What I see, is that you need to be made bigger!” He joked. Firr got a little embarrassed, seeing the size chart go from plus size to life sized.

“Two can play at that!” Firr laughed as he leaned his way over his to his friend’s terminal and began adding to Kit’s size as well. The two kept pushing each other’s buttons. Adding pouches, extra stuffing, increasing the sizes of the plush fittings, everything was fair game to mess the other one up

with. Although the buttons quickly began to stop responding. It quickly grew apparent the reason was they had maxed out each other's settings.

The only thing left to do was to push the giant confirm button on the screen. The two stared hesitantly at their screens. Both eagerly anticipating going through with it, although neither could admit to the other how much they enjoyed the prospect. They didn't want to push the button before the other, that would admittance.

"What's wrong? Chickening out of our dare already?" Kit grinned.

"No way, although if you're trying to weasel your way out of it, you should have picked that instead of a kangaroo!" Firr taunted. The two held their fingers over their respective buttons, waiting for the other one to push first. Pressing too early would have been a major admittance of guilt. Realizing they were going to be standing there all day, Kit finally spoke up.

"Okay, we go on three!" Kit instructed. Firr nodded in agreement.

"One!" they said together.

"Two!" before either one could say three, they both preemptively pressed their buttons. The sound of machinery whirled to life. Two of the crane claws began moving. What they had thought was merely decoration was very much functioning equipment. The claws moved overhead and began descending. The claws gently grasped around the fox and skunk lifting them into the air. The two squirmed in the air, having been taken off-guard as the machines carried them off to the back room. It hoisted the two over a wide chute before letting go. They slid down the gentle plastic chute like a slide and landed in a soft pile of stuffed animals down below. It softened their impact with the sound of

several squeakers being pressed down upon. The squirrel greeted them as they pulled themselves out of the pile of stuffed animals. It read over printed instructions before looking at the two with a big smile.

“You two certainly going to be top shelf prizes!” they joked jauntily, nose twitching in excitement. It tinkered with a rather ramshackled looking gun that had been built entirely out of sewing equipment. It was far from eloquently designed and looked as if it would fall apart the moment you looked at it wrong. After a couple of seconds of trifling with it, the squirrel lifted the gun and aimed it straight at Kit. In a panic at the sudden threat of hostility, Kit closed his eyes and shielded himself with his hands. He winced waiting for the inevitable. He waited. Waited some more. Nothing. When he opened his eyes, he watched a harmless weak green light similar to one you’d find from a cheap laser pointer on his hands. He sighed of relief before putting his arms down. The squirrel stopped aiming his toy and looked rather pleased with himself. With a loud “FWOMP” Kit’s arms swelled up instantly. His fluffy orange fur and black fur had been replaced by tan soft fabric. Digits had merged into fluffy round plush paw mitts. Kit flexed what were his new hands. What they lacked in dexterity they made up for in softness. Kit rubbed his new plush paws across his fabric, feeling how soft and pliable his new fabric skin was. It felt like pressing your hand into a soft fluffed pillow. He couldn’t help but smile as he admired his softer side.

“Oops. Left the darn thing on silence! Here we go!” The squirrel corrected, flipping a switch on its device before aiming the gun at Firr. The gun let out a rather loud “ZRCH”, the same weak light moved from one of Firr’s legs, to the other. A couple seconds passed. Right as Firr thought nothing was going to happen. His hips practically doubled in size. His feet sprung outward, becoming massively long. His thighs were packed with stuffing. His body looked very disproportional to his new thick thighs and hips. He could feel the plush weight, pressing down on his large soft hoppy feet. Firr pressed his hands down into his thighs, feeling them sink down further and further into the stuffing inside. It had

surprising amount of resistance to it. Kit watched his friend enjoyment, finding himself almost a tad jealous at his friends stuffed form.

“Hey uhh, mind if I see that?” Kit pointed towards the gadget with his hand. The Squirrel gave a big smile, eagerly handing it over. Kit struggled to grasp the gizmo, fumbling it around his new plush mitts. It was like wearing oven mitts, difficult to properly grasp things. Though after floundering with it he finally was able to hold it steady. He stared at it, deeply contemplating aiming it at himself.

“Now, just remember not to point it directly into anyone’s eyes!” The squirrel said encouragingly but in a reminding tone. Kit lifted his brow inquisitively. He stared right into the squirrel’s beady unblinking plush eyes.

“Uh, why? If it turns us into stuffed animals, they’ll just become buttons. Like yours.” The squirrel puffed up his plush cheeks in response to Kit’s statement.

“Because, that’s just not very sportsmanly!” The squirrel scolded. Pulling a red piece of cloth from his tail like he was going to throw a red flag. Kit shrugged it off. It was a good enough answer as any. Kit aimed the tool, shining its light right on Firr’s nose. A cheap laser sound effect emitted from the device. Firr went cross eyed, seeing the light reflecting off his nose. He watched. The timing of the device was almost comedic. As soon as it felt like nothing would happen, the changes would be near instantaneous. His face surged forward, his skunk snout becoming pointed. Round skunk ears jettisoned upward, his hat almost getting knocked off in the process. His ears had become tall and pointed. They pointed slightly forward, seeming to exaggerate his expression of curiosity in his new plush face. He could feel the line of stitching going down across the center of his face. He turned his head this way and that way. The new kangaroo snout always in his view serving as a constant reminder of his plush soft face. On the tip of his new pointed face was a shiny black button that had replaced his nose. Firr reached up to hesitantly feel at his new face. Pressing down on his pliable face, he couldn’t believe how soft his

head was. It wasn't some simple trick of a plush suit growing over him. His face was entirely made of plush and stuffing. Kit couldn't help smirk, seeing the excited facial expression of a generic kangaroo face which Firr now sported.

Firr managed to pull his attention away from how soft his face was to see the culprit behind it. He looked around his surroundings with a desire to even the odds. The squirrel took notice and dashed over to his workshop. It only took him a couple seconds of speedy calibration before zipping back. They eagerly presented the apparatus to Firr. The squirrel gave a chittering chuckle, enjoying seeing the amusement they were both having. Firr took no time aiming at his friend's feet, zapping them both. His once lithe feet sprung outward, becoming clumsily huge. His thighs were straining against his pants which were desperately trying to contain the rapid swelling of plush. Like a can of biscuits being opened, the thick kangaroo haunches popped free from their confinement. Kit's face was red with embarrassment, trying to restrain himself from an experimental hop with his new thick kangaroo legs. Unable to contain his curiosity and excitement, he gave a short bounce. On the small thud of impact, he could feel his body sink slightly into his plush hips and legs. The feeling was brief and quick, but it felt akin to flopping down on your bed after a hard day's work. He wanted to feel like that all the time. His partially plush body radiating a comforting warmth. Most of all, he wanted his friend to experience it along with him. Kit clumsily aimed his toy back at his friend, he pressed his plush mitts down hard on the trigger. Firr felt his stomach tingle a bit. He looked down at the light shining on his belly before the satisfactory sudden burst. His stomach rapidly swelled outward. More and more stuffing filled his plush gut. His green vest changed alongside him, expanding and stretching out like his stomach. The now felt vest was spared from destruction but looked much too small around his round stuffed belly. He could stitching on his sides forming. The stitching was taut with holding in all the extra stuffing he had gained. His white and black fur disappearing into cream colored fabric. His hands eagerly sunk down into the

overstuffed plush stomach. He couldn't help but love feeling his body so pliable and warm. His hands kept sinking down further and further into his cushiony stuffing. It was like pressing your hands into the world's softest dough but being able to also feel it slowly rise back up again. A small tickling sensation went across in a line on his stomach. He had to press down on his belly to examine it. A metal zipper began slowly emerging through the fabric. Hesitantly he reached down, unzipping the new formation. He could see the inside was coated with soft fabric lining. He could feel the gentle tug on his stomach from stretching open the pouch. His whole body felt soft, plump, and cozy. As he pressed down on his plush stomach, his hands and arms began plumping up with stuffing. Firr eagerly watching the last of his black fur being swallowed up by the spreading fabric. His arms looked just as big and clumsy as the rest of his plush form.

It was hard to pry his attention away from adoring his soft cuddly body. He looked down on the ground where he had dropped the zipper. Firr wanted to return the favor Kit had done. He wobbled and rocked his body back and forth, struggling to retrieve the zipper. Each rock slowly brought his way further down, building up momentum. The tall plush ears flopped around back and forth with each rock. His arms flailed in the attempt to grasp it. With one hard rock he managed to push his body forward enough to grasp it. He could feel his plush stomach being pushed in while bending down. With a quick dusting, he aimed it the light straight onto Kit's forehead. Kit's eyes got wide like a deer's in headlights before becoming plush beady button eyes. He could feel the fabric swiftly spreading over his face. Facial features replacing with the delighted look for a plush kangaroo. His vulpine muzzle forming into more of a sharper point. Ears easily stretched upward like taffy being pulled. His plush mitts were all too eager to squeeze his fabric face. He squeezed his pointed muzzle, feeling how soft and pliable his face had become. Before he had much time to appreciate it, his stance was entirely thrown off by his expanding stomach. Seems Firr had used the distraction to get in an extra hit in. Kit felt his body filling out,

becoming bigger as his torso began to fit his larger plush proportions. He felt his body growing. He felt larger than life as his size grew, expanding into a large plush. He felt a rush of excitement course through him. A tingling sensation streaked across his stomach as a zippered pouch formed. He looked around his surroundings. Everything seemed smaller to him now, except for the other giant plush roo who occupied the room with him. He could feel his tall ears brushing up against what had been a high ceiling. The two barely felt like they fit inside the room together, taking up a good portion of what had once been an incredibly spacious store. He could barely move around without feeling like he was bumping into things.

The squirrel eagerly watched the two zapping each other back and forth. He sat on his fluffy plush tail like a beanbag chair, leaning forward enjoying the antics. He clapped his plush paws together thoroughly delighted by the two.

“Oh, you two are coming out quite nicely!” they chirped. They looked back and forth between the two nearly complete kangaroos in admiration. To be truthful, they had a hard time distinguishing between the two now. The only thing that set them apart was their still untransformed tails. Although it was now time to put on the finishing touches for the two. They looked at the prepared plush tags they had prepared earlier. Each tag displaying the Prized Arcade Plushes logo, along with simple washing instructions, and the customer’s names. The squirrel looked back up at the two. Looking at one, then the other. Unfortunately, since they had taken the orders at the same time, and they both had wanted the exact same thing, it was impossible for them to tell which one got which. The squirrel shrugged. It probably wasn’t too important, neither looked like they would mind a slight mix-up. The stuffed squirrel skipped over to the two. They skillfully attached the tags to the tails of both nearly stuffed critters. The skunk’s fluffy tail began trimming down on fluff, instead becoming thicker and heavier. It filling out with weight before letting out a satisfying thump when it hit the ground. The fox’s tail began to grow longer

and bulkier. The tip fabric formed a tip at the end of his tail and slowly coated its way downward in soft fabric. Neither Kit nor Firr could hold in their excitement any longer. They both felt warm and cozy in their new bodies. Their bodies were now entirely plush and filled with stuffing. No traces left of their prior species. No loss was felt towards their old species identity, loving and embracing their new plush bodies. They gave each other a big squeeze, feeling both their own and the other's plush body sinking against their hug. Although during their embrace they were able to get a good look at each other's tags that had been attached to their new thick tails. If stuffed animals could blush, they certainly would be. Their names had gotten mixed up, but neither could find themselves able to complain. It would be as if admitting guilt to the other, instead they just embraced the extra change they had been granted. They both looked identical to each other now. The only difference being the clothes of their old identities which had grown with them. Who really was going to question the 10 feet tall plushes about which one was really which? The two looked around the now tiny store they had quickly outgrown from their antics. Firr; now Kit looked towards the entrance of the store. Despite it being a double door, it was going to be no easy task getting out. Kit; who was now Firr also took notice of this and with a smile pointed towards the exit.

“New bet, first plush out wins the previous bet!” Firr grinned.

“As if you could fit through it, you overgrown toy!” Kit mocked as they both hopped towards the door, wedging themselves into the storefront now completely stuck as their kangaroo feet flailed behind them. Seems the Prized Arcade Plushes Squirrel still had work to do!