**Magical Dragon Plushie (Safe Version)**

Being a collector of various kigurumi onesies, some who knew me personally called me a costume connoisseur. Most of them were made of fleecy materials, and each were unique in their own way from ear shapes to tail lengths, and even wings. The onesies had buttons running through the middle and typically baggy for a much more comfortable time when wearing it. I stare at the colors of the onesies every night, picking one to wear to sleep and have a good night’s rest every day. But, one thing changed my life forever.

Outside of my home on the porch was an unusually sized box, roughly half the size of a shopping cart. Thinking I had to heave it into my home, it was surprisingly light despite its size. Entering my bedroom, I took out my handy box cutter and carefully cut through the tapped openings. Opening up the box, it took me by surprise. A bluish dragon plushie with purplish wings and tail exploded out of the box, leaping onto my bed and settling after a few bounces.

“Who are you?”

“You can call me Gale. I’m a magical dragon, here to spread magic into your boring life!”

“Uh…” I uttered in disbelief. The plushie came up to me and hugged me, covering me with its wings and wrapping its tail around my waist, eliciting a hug back from me. It felt warm like a blanket wrapping around me. “So… Where’s the magic?”

“You’ll have to wait til I’m hungry,” it said with a wink.

As I left it alone in my bedroom to carry out daily chores, I was worried it would wreck my onesie collection. Hastily finishing my chores, I returned home and re-entered my bedroom, and my instincts were on the nose. Gale was swallowing a bear onesie from my collection and with the sleeves finally entering its mouth, it was completely inside the plushie’s body. “Gale?!” I exclaimed in horror. “That’s one of my favorite onesies…” Lifting up a claw, it gestured a “wait a moment” using its digits. I stared as its stomach began churning and moving. With a burp, he expelled the bear onesie along with a few small speckles of cotton.

But when I looked at my onesie again, it was different from the usual design I was used to. The fleece had turned into actual fur and the buttons turned into a zipper at the front.

“Wear it, I insist.”

Taking off my outside clothes and leaving myself in boxers, I stepped into the new onesie that he had changed. It was softer than clouds as I slipped my arms and legs into the suit. The shape of the onesie had fitted me perfectly and it was not as baggy as before.

“You like it?”

“Yes! I do!” I replied in excitement, but was curious what Gale could do for the rest of my onesies.

Day after day, he turned my onesies into comfortable costumes, all fitting my size without wrinkles or folds in any of them. With every onesie Gale had eaten and spit out, it was growing in size. It had grown almost to human size. One of the days when it was as big as me, a golden zipper appeared on its body. “Wear me!” Gale said, unzipping himself to reveal a sea of stuffing. After shedding my clothes once more and left in my boxers, I stepped inside, manoeuvring my arms and legs through the stuffing into his extremities, feeling warm in the belly of the plushie.

“Sleep tight!” The zipper suddenly closed on me, leaving me trapped in the cotton stuffing. Then something began to change as the stuffing surrounded me, squeezing against my body, forming some kind of onesie around my body. I could not see what it looked like inside the stuffing but I was eager.

The next morning, when the zipper opened, I yawned as I got out of the plushie. Looking at myself and examining the wings and tails attached behind, I realized I was in a Gale onesie. It was the best gift he could ever give me. But, since I had to be out of the house during the day, I had to unzip the onesie and leave it at home. When I returned home, I went to my bedroom directly, only to find that Gale was missing and so were my onesies. This got me huffing mad. I stormed into the living room and found the Gale onesie. As I approached it, it suddenly zipped itself up and stood up on its own. Its sleeves were filled with nothing but air, approaching me like a zombie.

I stepped backward, bumping into the bear onesie that Gale first ate. I gulped as it tore through my shirt and pants, leaving me in my boxers. From the side, shadows of living onesies could be seen coming in my direction. “Why don’t you wear us?” They chanted, unzipping their fronts to welcome me into their empty fleecy fabric. As I struggled, the Gale onesie clothed itself slowly on me and zipped itself, the hood flinging over my ears and head, leaving my face in the open. Once fully around my body, it began tightening and pressing against my skin. I was worried it could control my movements but it did not.

I dashed towards the kitchen as soon as I could to find my knives or any sharp object but it was blocked by another living onesie. Seeing no other places to hide, I ran into my bathroom and locked the door. I was panting heavily as I stared into the mirror. There was a zipper running down the belly of the onesie but it was stuck, like it did not want me to get out of it. I was feeling warm so I splashed some water onto my face, but some of the water droplets got onto the onesie. It was then I heard a sizzle like meat on a grill. Looking at the onesie’s expression, it was wincing. Running the sleeves of the onesie under the tap, it was in pain and slowly but surely, the expression on the hood was back to the inanimate original expression.

“Water! It’s their weakness.”

Taking a cup from my bathroom filled with water, I splashed at the onesies. One by one, they were defeated as they flopped onto the ground, lifeless as should be. But there seemed to be one more. Banging could be heard from the storeroom of my house. As I approach the source of the sound, I discovered it was Gale, tied up in velvety ribbons. Freeing it, I asked why the onesies were alive.

“Magic,” it said with its tongue sticking out playfully. Removing the wet Gale onesie from my body, I cleaned up myself and hung all the onesies to dry. I could not wait to wear them again. But Gale had to go back to its magical world. With a portal opened and goodbyes exchanged, it left me with the best gift I had from it, magically enhanced onesies and a Gale onesie to remind me of its face.

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