

For as long as he could remember, Alex had been fascinated with dragons. He had always been enamored with the idea of being a dragon, and it was this passion that led him to get his most prized possession: a white eastern dragon fursuit.

The suit was like no other, its plush scales glistened in the light and its large, fluffy tail made it seem as if it was an actual dragon, not just a suit. But for the past few weeks, Alex had been preoccupied with personal problems and had neglected his beloved fursuit.

The fursuit had grown restless, longing to be worn and given life once again. It had tried to reason with Alex, pleading for him to put it on and take it for a spin, but Alex had remained unmoved.

In a fit of desperation, the fursuit decided to take matters into its own hands. It began to move on its own, slowly at first, but gaining momentum as time passed. Its large, plush body rolled across the floor, and its tail whipped back and forth, causing a breeze in the room.

Alex watched in shock, backing away as the fursuit moved on its own accord. The fursuit continued to move towards him, its eyes filled with determination.

"Please, Alex," the fursuit begged. "Put me on. Give me life once again."

Alex shook his head, refusing to give in. But the fursuit would not be deterred. It continued to advance towards him until it was mere inches away.

Suddenly, the fursuit's body began to pulsate violently. Alex watched in horror, backing into a wall, as the suit's plush insides seemed to come to life, writhing and squirming, yearning for a host in a way that should have been impossible.

The fursuit's voice became distorted as if many voices were speaking at once. "If you won't wear me, Alex, then I'll have to wear you."

With a sudden burst of movement, the fursuit leapt onto Alex, pinning him to the ground. It began to crawl up his body, its plush insides leaping out from the open zipper and enveloping him like a cocoon.

Alex screamed in terror as he felt himself being pulled into the suit. He struggled against the smothering, wiggling white plush, but it was too late. The fursuit had claimed him, and he was now trapped inside its plushy prison forever.

The fursuit sat contentedly on the floor, now fully animated and alive once again. It had accomplished its goal, and it had a new host to call its own.