

In a city whose name is not important, there was a factory belonging to the Blüsh company, which made plushies that could blush. The exact way the plushies were made was a closely guarded secret, but part of the process was dropping materials into a chute where a machine would construct the plushies. Due to the twists and turns of stored boxes of materials, it was impractical (or at least the CEO said so) to automate so they had workers do it manually.

One such worker was Matti, a light-brown anthro cat who had been working at that factory for longer than he cared to consider. He'd been excited at the prospect of making plushies but the terms of employment were misleading. It was dull work but the hours were reasonable and pay was pay.

The worst time of the year for the workers was the holiday season. Production demands were tripled and hours were longer with less time in-between shifts. It was unchallenging yet agonizing, with very few breaks allowed by upper management.

One day in the middle of a particularly hectic holiday season, Matti had been scheduled for an opening shift immediately after a closing shift, despite assurances that this would not happen. He was too tired to try to fight it and he figured it would only be for one day, so he made do with what little energy he had. By the middle of his shift he was on autopilot, not even really thinking about what he was doing anymore and just absentmindedly emptying endless boxes into the chutes.

The CEO of the company was watching from an upper level on the factory floor. During this time of year he liked to stand above the workers in the factory, flaunting his power over them and intimidating them into submission. He noticed that Matti seemed to be slower than the rest of the workers. That simply wouldn't do!

"You, the cat!" he yelled out angrily. "Pick up the pace!"

Matti was carrying a box and walking towards one of the chutes, and turned to look up at the boss.

"S-sorry, I'm doing my be-EAAAGH!!"

Matti had walked forward too far and stumbled right into one of the chutes, barely managing to grab onto the rim. He frantically clawed at the edge of the chute to pull himself up as co-workers came to investigate the noise, but it was too slippery and he felt his heart drop as he slid down into the darkness of the machine. The last thing he heard before the mechanical noises drowned out everything else were the gasps of his co-workers seeing him vanish.

Whatever he had been expecting, it wasn't the sensation of a whole-body hug. It was as if a ball of softness were completely surrounding him and slowly shrinking. He felt a tingling in his fingertips and toes spread inwards towards the center of his body, turning to the feeling of pins and needles, prickling throughout his entire form as the machine loudly whirred and clanked around him. Eventually the sensation fading and left him numb, unable to move his arms and legs. When the machine was done, Matti found himself unable to move his arms and legs. All he could do was stare blankly at the ceiling as he rode on a conveyor belt, reduced to about a tenth of his previous size.

The face of a ferret filled his vision, and Matti found himself lifted up and being stared at. The ferret squeezed the cat's body, and the cat felt everything compress in that fist, his flesh conforming perfectly to the squeeze but without any pain.

“He’s a plushie,” said the astonished ferret. He turned to look up at the boss, still watching from above. “What... what are we supposed to do?”

“Box him, sell him with the rest,” he replied, coldly. “As far as everyone is concerned, he never worked here, and this never happened. Am I clear?”

The workers nodded reluctantly, forced to tag Matti with the labeled price as demanded while the cruel CEO watched, putting him in a box with the other cat plushies. Matti could do nothing but submit to his fate helplessly, trying to accept that this was going to be his life from now on. He would be stuck in a box in a warehouse for a day or two before being shipped to a store.

The CEO got his comeuppance. Nobody could, in good conscience, keep this a secret. The whistle was blown by numerous workers and the factory was investigated. The fact that there were no precautions preventing workers from falling down the chute in the first place was the first of many OSHA violations which landed the CEO in very deep trouble. The factory was ultimately shut down, and the CEO was forced to pay numerous fines and lawsuit compensations to avoid prison. His vast fortune dwindled to nothing and he was left destitute, forced to live in conditions worse than the workers he had abused. Everyone who knew him agreed this was just what he deserved.

As for Matti, he wasn’t like the other Blüsh cat plushies and couldn’t be sold with them, and he was placed in a bin of miscellaneous plushies. It was very dull being stuck staring at the plushies above him, but he had to admit this was better than working the factory at Blüsh. The hope that something would change was dashed day by day, until he surrendered to the notion that this was just how things were going to be. So he simply tried to relax with his thoughts and keep himself from being too bored.

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The routine of nothingness was broken one day when plushies atop Matti were moved, and he found himself staring up at an adult male fox. The fox’s fur was purple and black, and where the eyes were normally white there was black, with white irises examining over the cat.

“Hel-lo, what have we here?” said the fox, lifting up Matti and examining him closely. The cat could do nothing as he was turned around in the fox’s hands, his limbs dangling limply as he was rotated.

“Hey Avaros, you coming?” asked a male voice outside of Matti’s view.

“Just a second, I think this might be... wow, I’m pretty sure this is a Blüsh plush!”

“You sure? I’ve never seen that one before.”

“Well there’s one way to find out,” said Avaros, as Matti found himself staring up into the fox’s eyes. Avaros brought Matti up to his mouth and smooched the plushie repeatedly. Matti was unable to move but felt his face heat up with blush, causing Avaros to grin.

“Yep, that’s a Blüsh alright.”

“That must be worth a fortune! How did it get here?” asked the other male.

Avaros shrugged. "Who cares? Doesn't matter how much he's worth, look at him!" Avaros kissed all over Matti's little plushie face. "So cute!"

The plushie cat blushed even further, unable to even squirm. All he could do was submit to the onslaught of affection, a purr rumbling in his throat. Avaros gasped with delight and held Matti in front of him, his eyes gleaming.

"Awww, he purrs too!" The fox hugged the purring plushie tightly to his chest, squishing the soft cat against his pecs. "I'm definitely keeping him."

"You're not going to sell it?"

"*He* is a precious li'l bean and he's *mine*," said Avaros, sticking his tongue out and holding Matti to himself protectively.

His companion shrugged since it really didn't make a difference to him. But to Matti his entire world had shifted in a matter of moments from being an afterthought at the bottom of a bin, to being claimed by someone who saw him as more than just a toy. As the cat was brought to checkout and carried out by Avaros (who refused to put his new pet in a bag), he found his face smooshed between the fox's pecs, the plushie cat's cheeks glowing pink with happiness. He was enjoying the natural fragrance of the fox, the grape of his purple fur and the chocolate of the black.

Avaros and his friend parted ways for the day and the fox made his way home with holding his new plushie tightly. He went into his bedroom and sat down on the bed, holding Matti in front of himself and wrapping his fingers around the little cat's back. Avaros held the plushie with his thumbs under the arms, the limp limbs dangling to either side. The fox squeezed the plush cat a few times, enjoying the softness of the fur between his fingers.

To Matti, it was like giant, soft tree branches hugging around him and compressing him tightly. His face flushed red with every squeeze. There was something oddly comforting about being squished like that: it reminded him of his own presence and that he was still there, causing him to blush happily. Avaros was just enjoying the fact that his new little plushie pet was blushing so much just from being squeezed. He had no idea that Matti was actually aware of what was going on, he just liked the idea of making a blushy plushie.

"You are so hecking cute I can't stand it! Aaaaaa!" yelled Avaros, blinking in surprise as he watched Matti's face flush red.

"Huh? Can you... hear me?" he asked, tilting his head. Matti could indeed hear and see everything, but wasn't able to communicate or do anything really, except blush when things happened to make him blush, and purr when he felt compelled to purr.

Now Avaros was more curious than ever and decided to test things. "I'm going to put your head in my mouth and lick all over your face. How does that sound, cutie?" He made sure to just hold Matti without squeezing to see if he was right, and sure enough that little feline face flushed the red that Avaros had been seeing so often.

"I *knew* there was something special about you!" His vulpine tail swished happily behind him. "Well don't worry little cutie, you're safe with me!" Matti couldn't believe his good luck, going from a hectic

work schedule to not even having to do anything, just submit to someone enjoying him. Avaros could hear the loud purring coming from the plushie cat, grinning.

“Well, in you go!” He opened his mouth wide, revealing his white, illuminated maw. Matti was a bit unnerved seeing that gaping, dripping cavern in front of him but remembered the fox’s words, and trusted that he’d be fine. Besides, it wasn’t like he had any choice in the matter! His head went into the fox’s mouth, who closed his jaws around the little toy. He made sure not to bite too hard so he didn’t puncture Matti, since all he wanted was to hold him in place while he licked his face.

Matti wasn’t able to open his mouth to taste but he still had a sense of smell. He could detect vanilla from the white flesh mixing with Avaros’s natural fragrances. The smell intensified as the tongue dragged across his face, messing up his fur a little bit and leaving the cat blushing deeper than ever. The fox sat there with the plushie cat dangling out of his mouth, keeping that crimson flush of Matti’s face glowing as he dragged his tongue over the cat’s face, over and over again.

After a few minutes of this Avaros let Matti fall back into his hands. “Oh, look at you, silly toy! Your face is all wet now!” He giggled and placed Matti at the foot of the bed, looming his white-padded purple-furred feetpaws over the plushie cat, who could do nothing but stare up at them and continue to blush.

“Well, let’s get you dried off!” With a playful wriggle of his toes, he lowered his paws onto the plushie cat, who found himself grabbed under the toes, lifted off the bed, and then sandwiched between Avaros’s soles. The fox lifted his feetpaws up and kneaded in circles, rubbing the increasingly-dazed cat dry from his earlier mouth encounter.

Matti felt his fabric flesh squished and tugged in all directions, that blush not subsiding as he was given an unending barrage of playful affection. The lingering dampness on the little cat’s head had been picked up by the fluff of fox feetpaws, surrounding him with the pleasant cocktail of vanilla and grape.

The circular rubbing stopped and Matti found himself cupped between the paws. He couldn’t see the playful grin on Avaros’s face as the fox slowly started to squeeze his paws together. Matti blushed deeper and deeper as he felt his body compress as if it were in a compactor. It wasn’t long before the polyfill had been completely flattened and Matti found his back-fabric pressed flat against his front-fabric. Avaros swished his tail idly as he squished the blushy plushy, who was too compressed to even purr.

Matti’s head was tightly compressed in the spot where the toes meet the ball of the footpaw. Avaros shifted his legs to sit up, lifted the toes away from each other, and looked down at Matti between the toes. The cat’s plushie face was completely red, and had he been able to move his limbs up to this point he would be too dazed to do so now. He hadn’t realized how much he enjoyed letting someone simply play with him until it was actually happening. The fact that he was now designed to be played with was a happy bonus!

Avaros gave a playful wave with a fold of his fingers, and the last thing Matti saw before being closed back in the paws was the fox’s toothy grin. Avaros grabbed his laptop off the side table, and began working on some tasks. He kept Matti tightly compressed between his paws for a few hours, sometimes rolling him around as a fidget toy but mostly simply holding him tight. Time once again slipped away from Matti as he lost himself in the warmth and gentle fragrance.

After a few hours, Avaros had since put away his laptop, and Matti was suddenly released onto the bed and found himself staring up at the ceiling. The fox's hand filled his vision and he found himself lifted up and staring at the fox's face once again. Matti's little plushie face was greeted with another smooch, and he felt his cheeks once again glow with the familiar blushy warmth.

"I hope you had fun today, cutie!" said Avaros with a smile. This had been the best day of Matti's life and he responded with an audible purr, the fox's eyes shimmering with delight at the adorable little plushie in his hands.

"I'll take that as a yes," he said with a happy nod. "We're going to have so much fun together. I'm going to take good care of you!" He hugged Matti to himself, whose face was still glowing and throat was still purring. While he'd been waiting at the bottom of the bin, he'd almost come to regret becoming a plushie just from the loneliness. But his luck had changed so drastically in the course of one day and he felt extremely lucky. He hadn't realized this is exactly what he wanted until it was already happening.

Avaros yawned and cuddled Matti up against his chest, hugging him protectively with one arm. The other arm reached over to his bedside lamp and flicked off the light, then joined the first arm in holding the plushie.

"Goodnight, cutie," he said quietly, resting his chin atop Matti's head with the plushie's face against his neck. Avaros didn't take long to fall asleep and was soon snoring lightly. Matti was unable to sleep but he didn't mind this time. He had something to look forward to, and as the night went on his thoughts drifted to what the next day would bring, and the delightful things his new life had in store for him.