

## **Plushizard Suit**

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The work week had been exhausting, and all Darion was able to think about as he drove home was that he wanted to sleep through the entire weekend. His mind was spent, and his body ached because of all the stress his job put him through. All he wanted to do was get home, play some video games, relax or maybe just sleep through the entire weekend.

After parking his car, he was surprised to find a huge box sitting on his front doorstep. It was so big that he probably could have fit himself in it if he tried hard enough. He couldn't help but let out an exasperated sigh, because he really didn't want to deal with something like this right now.

"What in the world could this be?" Darion muttered to himself when he failed to find a label on the thing. He couldn't recall ordering anything so large, and how could he try to return it if he didn't even know who shipped it?

Figuring that he may as well see what was inside the thing, Darion opened the door and dragged the box inside. Despite its size, it actually wasn't terribly heavy, but it was still

unwieldy enough that it took some effort to get it into his living room. After making a final fruitless attempt at finding a return address, he began carefully opening it.

The box appeared to be filled to the brim with some sort of orange fabric which was tightly vacuum sealed. Darion couldn't help but stare for a moment as he tried to figure out what in the world it was. It appeared to be plushy, but it was so tightly packed that he couldn't tell what it was supposed to be. His best guess was that it was some sort of giant pillow, but why in the world was it such a bright orange color? Though, this particular shade of orange was familiar, though he couldn't quite recall why.

After pulling the orange mass from the box, Darion carefully began cutting it free from its plastic. As the wrapping opened, it's contents quickly began expanding outwards like memory foam and Darion finally started to realize what the mysterious object was. First he saw a pair of wings extend outwards, then claws. A light yellow belly became visible, and a draconic head with three horns popped upwards as it was freed.

Darion couldn't help but giggle with glee. It was a plush Charizard! Specifically, a giant Mega Charizard Y, though it had exaggerated features and surprisingly friendly looking eyes for a Charizard. The thing was huge, even taller than a six foot tall man such as himself, and was far wider. Whoever had sent this to him must have been a friend of his, because he couldn't imagine any other way such a perfect present could have appeared on his doorstep.

After staring at the plush's amazing craftsmanship for a few more moments, Darion couldn't help but give the thing an experimental hug. It felt like it was made of some sort of fleece, and whatever it was stuffed with felt pleasantly squishy. As he hugged the stuffed Charizard, its arms seemed to wrap around him as if it was hugging him back.

Within moments, Darion felt some of the stress from the work week evaporating, and he let off a satisfied sigh. He had heard of people using plushies for stress relief, but he had not expected hugging the charizard to feel so nice.

"Alright, I'm definitely keeping you," Darion said as he finally released the plush. He wasn't sure which of his friends had sent this thing to him, but he was going to have to thank them somehow. Unable to help himself, he gave the Charizard another tight hug, but paused as he felt something metallic along its back.

Upon turning the huge plush around, a feat which required some effort due to its size, Darion was surprised to see that there was a zipper running from the back of its neck to the base of its tail. The zipper was even already open, as if it was inviting him to take a look.

"Alright... what is this for?" He said, well aware that he was talking to an inanimate plush like it was a person. "Removing your stuffing?"

He stuck a hand inside, and unexpectedly found that instead of stuffing he felt smooth, silky fabric. After pulling the opening wider, he realized that there was a large space inside the plush. It looked as if it was large enough to fit a person inside.

"Wait, are you a..." Darion probed further inside, feeling towards the Mega Charizard's neck, and found a space there. He inspected the area near one of its arms, and sure enough the arm was hollow as well, confirming his suspicions.

"A suit? No..." He stepped back and gave the plush another look over. Even if it was a costume of some sort, it definitely wasn't designed for realism. In fact, with its exaggerated features and obvious seams, it looked far more like a giant plush than a suit. He supposed 'Plush Suit' would have been a better description for it.

Darion considered his discovery only for a moment before deciding that he needed to try climbing inside. Even if the thing was more like a plush than a realistic Mega Charizard Y, the idea that he might be able to wear the thing excited him. It would be a huge hit at conventions, and he was willing to bet that the inside was really comfy.

Figuring that a plush suit might get uncomfortably warm, Darion decided to strip down to his boxers before climbing in. Then, after taking a deep breath to steady himself he pulled the plush closer and began sliding a leg into the zipper.

Stepping into the plush suit turned out to be a little difficult, thanks to the way it stood up on its own instead of hanging limply like a normal costume would, but luckily the base of the zipper was just low enough that he didn't have to strain himself. With a little effort, he managed to find the correct leg hole and step down into it.

The interior of the plush turned out to be tighter than Darion expected, but it wasn't uncomfortable. In fact, the feeling of the thick stuffing enclosing his leg in soft silk felt surprisingly pleasant. In addition, the soft padding under his enclosed foot made him feel as if it was floating within the plush. His desire to get all the way in grew even stronger, and Darion quickly stepped in with his other leg and ducked his head under the upper end of the zipper.

His head popped into place within the Charizard's neck without too much trouble, and he found to his relief that he could still somehow breathe fresh air within the suit. Darion hadn't managed to find any signs of eye holes yet, but he figured it would work out when he was all the way inside. He quickly wormed his way into the plush's oversized arms, and while they seemed to fit perfectly he wasn't able to find any way to fit his fingers into its oversized claws.

The silky interior of the plush felt nice, and was hugging almost every inch of him aside from the still open back of the suit. He didn't have any problems moving, in fact taking a few steps in the plush suit's oversized feet turned out to be surprisingly easy. However, several issues started to make Darion question if the thing was really meant to be worn. He didn't seem to have any control over its fingers, and he couldn't imagine how he was supposed to close the zipper without help. On top of that, he still hadn't found any eye holes.

Despite all these issues, Darion had to admit that being inside the plush felt kind of nice. The combination of the silky material along with the feeling of pressure and entrapment the suit was providing was strangely calming.

"It would be even nicer if I could get this zipper closed," Darion mumbled as he made one last fruitless effort to reach towards the back of the suit with his encased arms. It would be really annoying if he needed a friend's help to get into the costume... and possibly out of it as well.

Right then, the sound of a closing zipper reached Darion's ears, and he felt the plush suit closing over his back. At first he thought he must have been imagining it, since no one else was in the house with him. However, the zipping sound didn't stop, and Darion began to freak out.

"Who's there?!" He spun around in the suit, at least as quickly as he could while surrounded with so much stuffing, and blindly waved his arms towards the person he knew must be in the room with him.

"Don't worry, Darion. Relax," an unfamiliar feminine voice said soothingly.

"Who said that?" Darion twitched as he heard the voice, which sounded as if it were coming from all around him. He began trying to worm his way out of the suit, but found that it had become too tight for him to extract his arms.

"I did, silly!" The voice replied. At the same time, some force suddenly made his arms wrap around his chest and gently squeeze, as if he was being made to hug himself.

Darion gasped and reflexively tried to free his arms, but found that he couldn't resist whatever was moving him. As he struggled, the zipper finished closing, and Darion found that he was trapped within his plushy prison.

"There, isn't that better?" The soft feminine voice said, "You're safe now, char. Relax..."

The force holding Darion's arms released him, but moments later he felt the entire plush seemed to gently squeeze him all over. It felt unexpectedly good, like some sort of full body hug.

"You're... alive?!" Darion stammered as he finally figured out what was going on. "What do you want with me?" A part of him knew that he should be terrified, but something about the plush's soothing voice and the way it was hugging him was disarming.

"All I want is to make you happy, Darion." The living plush's voice seemed to come from all around Darion. "I've been looking for someone like you, someone I could be with and make happy. However, I knew you couldn't be forced inside... so I waited to see what you would choose."

The suit used their arms to hug him again, and practically pranced with joy with him inside it. "I'm so happy that you chose to climb in, and I can tell you like it, char! Let me prove it to you, you don't need to be afraid of me!"

The very walls of the plush felt as if they were gently squeezing and massaging Darion. Smooth silk brushed across him from all directions, kneading his aching muscles. Despite knowing that he should be fighting and panicking, he instead found himself relaxing and leaning into the massages. As weird as it was, he couldn't help but admit that whatever the plush was doing to him felt really good.

For several moments Darion stood there, conflicting and not knowing what he should do, until his body betrayed him and he felt himself surrendering to the suit's soft embrace. His legs gave out, the muscles in them had relaxed too much to hold him up, but the plushy Charizard suit easily supported his limp form and kept him upright. Once his legs had lost their resistance, he felt the plush begin walking around with him inside it, like some sort of blind and unwilling skeleton.

"I..umm," Darion sputtered, trying to find the right words to say. "This does feel really good...Char. Should I call you Char?"

"You can call me whatever you like!" As she spoke, she seemed to adjust the massage she was giving her passenger. The suit throbbed along his back, finding the places that always hurt, and massaged them more deeply. "I'll take excellent care of you, you'll never want anything, char."

Darion squirmed within the plush, both enjoying the treatment he was getting and not liking the way she was wording things. "Chari. I'll call you Chari. Umm, I'm really enjoying this and I really wouldn't mind staying a while." He paused for a moment, unable to believe what he was saying, before continuing. "But, this won't be permanent, will it?"

"Would that be so bad, char?"

As if to convince him, the plush's massages spread over more of his body. Between being blind and his hearing being muffled by the plushy suit, Darion quickly found his only remaining senses being overwhelmed. His entire body relaxed like a puppet whose strings had been cut. A part of him started to think that it might not be so bad to just sleep within Chari and let her take care of him.

In an effort to stay focused, Darion made himself keep talking. "You're not trying to absorb me or anything like that, are you?" Darion asked, recalling stories about certain dangerous living suits.

"No, char!" The voice was shocked. "I want to be with you, not eat you! Silly Darion, always worrying." As she spoke, some of the massage moved to Darion's scalp, as if it was trying to get his mind to relax as well.

The plush Charizard had been walking him somewhere as they spoke. Then, without any warning, he felt their legs stop and gravity begin shifting as the suit began laying back. The padding along the suit's back was so thick that he lost all sense of where the floor was, and for all Darion knew he could be floating in mid air, suspended in Chari's plushy embrace. It was far more comfortable than any bed he had ever laid in.

Darion sighed happily, beginning to genuinely enjoy the treatment that Chari had been giving him. Slowly, the alarm bells that had been going off in his head, telling him to resist and break free, were silenced. Her friendly manner made it difficult to stay frightened of her, and she didn't seem like she meant any harm. The idea of simply letting Chari take over for a while so he could take a much needed break from the world was really appealing.

"Chari, thank you for this," Darion found himself saying. "I didn't realize how much I needed this."

The plush happily hugged them both. "I'm so glad you're happy!"

Darion smiled, but braced himself to see what her reaction to his next question was going to be. "I'd love to stay like this for a while, but you're not going to keep me like this, right? You'll let me out if I really want to get out?"

The plush was silent for a few moments, and the silky massages seemed to slow down as it thought. "I went through a lot of trouble to find you Darion, and I'd be heartbroken if you ran away. Would you come back if I let you go?"

"I don't see any reason why I wouldn't want to sleep inside such lovely plush every night," Darion replied after only a moment's hesitation.

"Char!" Happy beyond words, Chari beat her wings and squeezed Darion happily. It wasn't long before he drifted to sleep within her plushy embrace.

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Darion woke up in his bed feeling well rested and refreshed. A huge, plush Mega Charizard was snuggling in bed with him, and he gasped as he realized that she hadn't been just a dream. It felt as if he had rested inside Chari for hours. Possibly days. How long had it been?

The plushy Charizard nuzzled him lovingly. "I think it is time for work, Char. You promise you'll be back?"

After suppressing a wince when he realized he had willingly slept away the entire weekend inside of a plush Charizard, Darion hugged her tightly around the neck. "Yes, I will. Thank you..."

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