
A Peculiar Tag (Dragonite Plush TF)

You wake up from a strange dream. Though you can barely remember it.

Something about being soft and cushy? Shaking your head. You ignore it and go about your morning routine.

Until you stand in front of your mirror. Noticing a small tag stuck to your thigh. It's like a tag you normally see on a plushy.

On the front it says 'Dragonite' with a pokeball logo on it. On the back it says in a small text. 100% made of lizard 0% made of minky fabric with polyester filling. There's also some text about how to wash the plush it's related to.

You find the text on it kind of weird and wonder how it could've gotten on you. Before quickly deciding to just pull it off.

As you grab and try to pull it off. You feel something in the back of your mind stopping you. Whispers of 'Why would I pull off my own tag?' Flooding your mind.

You shake your head to clear your thoughts. What was that all about? This tag might be doing something to you. You need to get it off!

You try again. This time trying to use your claws with the intent to cut it off. But before you even get close. The whispers return. Now even louder than before.

'Why would I want to cut off my own tag?'
'How else would people know that I'm a good Dragonite plushy?'
'I've had it my whole life. Don't cut it off.'

You stand there for a couple of minutes. Claw dangerously close to your tag. Spacing out.

Then you snap back to reality.

What are you even doing? Why would you cut your own tag off? You remember having it your whole life. Why cut it off now?

Besides how else would people recognize you as a good Dragonite plushy?

You leave it be and move on with your morning.

Unbeknownst to you the area around your tag starts changing. Red scales giving way to light orange plush fabric. As your thigh grows thicker.

The small text on your tag updates itself. Now showing 95% made of lizard 5% made of minky fabric with polyester filling.

The rest of the morning goes as you're used to. Though you had some trouble getting your pants on. Your plush thigh not fitting inside of it. So you put it on unevenly. Managing to get it to cover one leg, while it sags down with the other. Displaying your plush tag and thigh prominently.

Besides this is how you've always had your pants on right?

Throughout the day, you can't help but notice how everyone around you seems to be treating you differently. They smile and wave at you, pointing and whispering to their friends. Some even approach you, gently patting your plush thigh and marveling at how soft and huggable you are.

At first you don't understand why everyone is acting like this. But then you feel a slight pang in your head. Though it goes away quickly. You remember that this is how everyone has always treated you.

As the day goes on, your changes become more pronounced. The orange plush fabric spreads further up and down your body, encasing your torso, tail and limbs.

Scales turning into light orange plush fabric. As you grow thicker. The underside of your tail and your belly grows cream colored plush fabric instead. Seams appearing as the plush grows further and further around your body.

Your belly grows thicker bulging outwards. Destroying your shirt. Your jacket somehow managed to survive.

Your pants are also destroyed in the process of the changes.

You can feel, quite distinctly, the transition from scales to plush as you move your limbs. It's an odd sensation, but not entirely unpleasant. In fact, it feels... right.

The text on your tag updates again. Now it reads 60% made of lizard 40% made of minky fabric with polyester filling.

The more you change the more you feel like not moving anymore. Just letting others hug and play with you. A good plush Dragonite like you shouldn't need to move.

Your mind becomes clouded with thoughts of being soft and cuddly, bringing joy to those who hug and play with you. Why would you want to move when you can just be still and let others enjoy your plushness?

You find yourself standing in the middle of a busy street. People walking around, going to shops and coming over towards you for a hug. You feel a strong urge to sit down and relax. Your limbs feel heavy, and it becomes harder and harder to resist the pull of becoming immobile.

Your changes continue. Toes and fingers merging together into three white plush claws. As the light orange fabric continues to consume your scales. Both hands and feet grow thicker and rounder.

The changes make you fall down onto your plush butt.

You look down at your plushy body, now almost entirely covered in the light orange fabric. Your movements slow, and it feels like the plush is taking over, making you more and more like the Dragonite plush you've always believed yourself to be.

The tag on your thigh updates once again. It now reads 20% made of lizard 80% made of minky fabric with polyester filling. The thought of being a plushy made mostly of soft fabric fills you with a sense of peace and contentment. What could be better than being a plush Dragonite who's both huggable and lovable?

As the day comes to an end and the flow of people hugging you slowly stops. Your transformation into a plush Dragonite has completed. The orange plush fabric now covers your entire body, from head to toe. Your scales have completely transformed, leaving behind a cuddly exterior.

Your muzzle is now round with a stitched on smile and two stitched on nostrils. Your horns have turned into long plush cream colored antenna. The horn in the middle of your head has turned into light orange plush as well. It's migrated towards the top of your head.

You have small plush draconic wings on your back. The plush webbing a teal color while the frame of them is the same light orange as most of your body. They are coming out of small holes in your jacket.

Your jacket is the only thing remaining from your old self. The long coat now looking small on your large body.

The words on your tag change one final time. Now reading 0% made of lizard 100% made of minky fabric with polyester filling.

The only thing on your mind is people hugging and playing with you. You can't wait for tomorrow!