

Hands on your hips, you find exactly the scene of destruction you expected: your new satin sheet, completely demolished. Crumpled, wrinkled beyond repair, torn, and chewed on, it's abundantly clear: a pokemon has been at this.

And you know *[i]exactly[/i]* who's responsible.

Scowl firmly etched on your face, you march into the next room, and there he is: Cobalt, your smug, slightly pudgy Meowstic. His azure fur is stretched over his plump frame, his paws patting his tummy. You can still see a corner of satin peeking out from the edge of his mouth.

You've had Cobalt since he was a kitten, and he has always struggled with two things: behaving, and keeping slim. Even as an Espurr, he was an engine of destruction, tearing into pillows or mattresses and gulping down their fluff. And if you thought evolution would mellow him, you were mistaken indeed. As a Meowstic, all that increased was his appetite.

His natural laziness betrayed his feline nature. Cobalt could spend whole days lounging on the very cushion he destroyed, not moving, and that sedentary lifestyle coupled with his indulgent appetite led to a Meowstic who was nowhere near as trim as the usual specimen. Even now, his slightly plump paws caressed his satin-filled belly, his chubby cheeks in a wide grin.

A low tether of psychic thought touches on your brain, mockingly protesting innocence. Cobalt is no battling pokemon; he has never mustered the ability to launch energy or levitate objects. The most he can do is project his emotions; not *[i]words, [/i]* just moods. Behind his mock innocence is a devilish enjoyment and a thorough determination to do it again.

And at that point, you come to a decision. Marching back into the room, you grab the ruined sheet and return to him. Cobalt cocks his head to the side, his two fluffy tails sweeping behind him in question. You've confronted him about this before and it's never worked. Why do it again?

Well, won't he be surprised. You have something else in store.

"You like fluff and cushions and bedding so much?" you say, brandishing the sheet at him. You stride up to your pokemon. "Fine then. Just [*be*] one yourself." Then you reach down and stuff the sheet into your pokemon's surprised mouth.

"Grrmphk?!" Cobalt protests in shock, his psychic energy reaching out to your brain: what? Huh? Why [*this*] all of a sudden? He makes to spit it out but you hold firm and press the satin sheet in further; when it tickles the back of his throat, it triggers some instinctive habit in him, and he starts to gulp it down.

Immediately, the feline pokemon's throat begins to work, the blue fur bulging slightly as he gulps down the sheet. With your spare hand, you stroke his bulging throat, marveling at its pliant softness and feeling impish as it works under your touch.

Slowly, you feed in more and more of the sheet to Cobalt. It's already ruined, after all, and if he wants it, why not [*give*] it to him? The Meowstic's paws thrash as he tries to escape—he might have an appetite for cloth and fluff, but this is a bit much! But you're bigger and more determined, and step by step, the misbehaving pokemon has no choice but to swallow more and more of the sheet.

Quickly, his already-pudgy tummy starts to plump out even more as the satin occupies it. Before long, it looks like he's had a large meal, and the sheet isn't even halfway in yet. The room is quiet, so there's little to hear other than the rhythmic gulping of Cobalt's throat as he's made to swallow the satin; that, or the sound of his paws flailing uselessly against the carpet. Not to mention the small whimpers and groans he releases in between gulps.

You feed him even more of it and his tummy bulges out even more, growing big enough that he's forced to spread his legs to accommodate its size. More of his psychic power reaches you: he'll be good, honest! Please! You shake your head. He's made similar promises in the past and betrayed them all. Why should this time be any different?

Realizing his trainer has no inclination of stopping anytime soon, the Meowstic has no choice but to continue swallowing the cloth, until finally, with a wet [i]smack,[/i] he gulps down the last of it and heaves out a weary breath.

You sit back and admire your handiwork. Cobalt is sitting there looking plumper than ever, his belly strained out like he's just gone full tilt at a buffet. He strokes it sullenly with his paws; experimentally, you reach out and press against it. His belly is soft and pliant, with a mix of both give and firmness. It's actually quite nice.

If Cobalt thinks so, he's hiding it well. In fact, if you focus, you can feel a slight twinge of anger from the little Meowstic. Oh, once he's up and about again, he's going to *tear* through this house. There won't be a thing left untouched.

The feeling is slight, so slight that you think he hadn't meant to share it with you. He's like that sometimes; he lacks control.

“Well,” you say, standing, “if that’s going to be the case, I guess I’ll just have to make sure you *can’t* tear through this house.” The mixture of psychic alarm and guilt confirms that Cobalt had let his deeper desires slip, and as he thinks platitudes at you, you ignore them, heading out to the room. Let’s see, *there’s* a pillow who’s corner he’d torn off... wouldn’t that make for the perfect choice? Gathering the goodie in your arms, you return to your stuffed-full pokemon.

His eyes widen and he chuffs in alarm as you take the pillow and reach for him. He tries to scoot back but the satin is weighing him down too much; he barely manages a few inches, and for him to stand would be impossible.

“You’ve destroyed so many of my pillows,” you tell him. “Maybe I’ll try using *you* as one instead.” And as Cobalt opens his mouth to squeak out a protest, you seize the moment and stuff a corner of the pillow in.

“Mmmmmfphrgl!” he squeaks out, heaving breaths through his nose. He thrashes his head side to side to try and escape, but that only helps you work the pillow in more. And once again, once you wrangle it deep enough into the feline’s mouth, he starts to *gulp*.

Seemingly against his better judgment, Cobalt leans his head back and begins to swallow, tears beading at the corner of his eyes. You can *feel* the pillow in your grip shift forward as your Meowstic sucks it in. Again his throat bulges, surging out as the whole of the pillow is compressed enough for him to swallow. He whines in exertion through his nose as he gulps down more and more. Humorously, you reflect that the sheer act of swallowing might be the most exercise he’s gotten in a while.

If his stomach was big before, it is positively *ballooning* now. The more of the pillow he gulps down, the more of a pillow he looks like. His pudgy frame quickly grows big, soft, plush, and slightly uneven as the pillow fluff settles inside of him. The satin is there too.

Before long, enough of it is in him that you can trust him to finish it on his own. You lay down your head comfortingly on Cobalt's belly, resting your cheek against his warm fur, and sigh contentedly as the slow tempo of him gulp-gulp-*gulping* the last of the fluff down causes his tummy to ever-so-softly surge out. He really does feel like a pillow—soft and comforting and pleasant. But the downy fur and body warmth of your Meowstic makes it better than any you've ever purchased.

Finally, a trailing sigh escapes Cobalt's mouth. He's finished. The last of the pillow is in him, now, and he's stuffed full. *More* than full—his body has more than doubled in size since this morning. He's a lump of soft, inviting, warm blue fur with cute pudgy paws at the end and a strained, weary head up top.

"All done?" you say comfortingly. He swishes his tails lazily and whines noncommittally. His half-lidded eyes blink slowly. You sympathize with the little guy—being stuffed so full so fast has got to be exhausting, and the *strain* of keeping it all in him is probably all he can think about. He looks half-ready to drift asleep for sheer weariness. Heck, you feel pretty zonked out yourself.

So why don't the two of you take a nap?

Standing, you gather him up in your arms, feeling a note of inquiry from your psychic friend brush against your mind. "Hush," you tell your sleepy new pillow, and he hushes. Just like any pillow, he's soft in your arms as you carry him back

to the mattress. You put him at the head of the bed and you feel a note of worry nibble at your head. You don't *really* mean he's going to be your new pillow... do you?

"Yeah," you tell Cobalt, "I do." He opens his mouth to chuff a protest but he's so full that what escapes is little more than a vague puff of air. One of his paws reaches at you.

"Don't be so dramatic," you tell him. "You're already lazy, and you love fluff—so what better than to keep you sedentary and plush forever? Besides, I gave you dozens of chances to get your act together and you never took them. You've ruined so many of my pillows, now you get to take their place." But with a smile, you reach for a small Litten plush at the corner of your bed. It's Cobalt's favorite toy, one he always cuddles with. "But here. Since you're going to be all fluffy and plushy from now on, why not take this in? You and your toy can be one forever." Eyes wide, he strains his little paws for the plushie, and you hand it to him. He holds it in front of his face, even *that* act seemingly taking almost all his focus; you think that it's only a matter of time before even that is beyond him. You sit and watch, understanding that if he takes this final step *willingly*, then it will solidify acceptance of his new role.

Swallowing, Cobalt reaches the plushie up to his mouth with trembling paws and takes it in. Unlike the madcap gulping of the sheets or pillow or his willful destruction of your earlier stuff, this is something dear to him, and you can tell he wants to keep it as intact as possible. "Let me help," you tell him, and he projects gratitude at you.

With one gentle hand you gently prod the Litten plush further and further into him; the other reaches out and strokes the fur atop Cobalt's ears. You can feel him

relax, even feel a slight rumbling purr as he settles into happy acceptance, and he tilts his head back and gulps his toy wholesale down his gullet. His throat bulges spectacularly for a brief moment and then with a sigh, he shuts his eyes and it's done. His tummy strains out just a *touch* more.

"Theeeeeere," you say soothingly, continuing to stroke him. "That's a boy. Now you and your favorite toy can be fluffy and soft together forever."

Cobalt blinks sleepily and leans his head back. The strain must be weighing on him tremendously. Positioning yourself in bed, you pull the comforter up against yourself, and lean your head against your soft new pillow. The warm fur and the gentle rise and fall of Cobalt's breaths are divine, and threaten to send you to sleep immediately.

You feel an almost bashful probe of thought from Cobalt. When you say he's going to be soft forever, do you mean... *forever* forever?

"Yep," you say with a yawn. "Don't worry, Cobalt, it's not really that different from how things were anyways. You already ate fluff and lounged about. Now, you get to be lazy and sedentary and fluffy and soft, never having to worry about moving again. Your whole life will be comfort. I'll rest my head on you at night, and cuddle you in the morning... you can warm my lap as I read a good book." The examples of how his new life will go settle on him, and you feel his thoughts turn from apprehension to a tentative acceptance. "You'll be my cute soft fluffy warm pillow, and there won't have to be any more fights or mischief, and I'll buy lots of new fluffy stuff to keep you big and plush." You can sense him perk up at that. "I'll take you into the store with me and you can think which pillow you want to be. And who knows? Maybe we can work you up to a comforter or a whole blanket."

Underneath your cheek, you feel the warm fur rumble ever-so-slightly as Cobalt starts to purr. He'd like that. He's coming around to this. And smiling to yourself, you pull the covers tight, snuggle up close to your soft, warm, plush new pillow, and fall asleep, knowing that finally, your household is going to be quiet and happy.