

Cobalt the Meowstic woke with a lazy, languid yawn. He didn't stretch—he *couldn't*, not anymore. It had been a long while since he'd been able to move, well, anything of his own. But that was to be expected: he wasn't really a pokemon, anymore. He was furniture. A pillow.

In his old life, he'd been quite the rascalion—taking impish delight in tearing up his trainer's house, with especial care taken to soft things: pillows, cushions, blankets, the like. Anything fluffy and warm. Any maybe it was unusual, but he liked chowing down on parts of them. Snacking on fluff. He'd pack himself full and lounge around, half-asleep and stuffed, with a sense of smug satisfaction.

Of course, that had all changed a few months ago when the destruction of an expensive satin sheet had finally prompted his trainer to take action. His trainer had forced him to gulp down the *whole* sheet, stuffing him almost to the point of immobility, and when he still hadn't learned his lesson, had made him gulp down an entire pillow. And since then... he'd, well *served* as their new pillow.

Not that he minded. His initial shock and dismay had quite quickly grown to complacency, even delight. He *was* stupendously lazy, after all, and he liked fluff and soft things—now that he was serving as his trainer's pillow, he could not only have a constant diet of softness (because his trainer worked hard to ensure that he stayed full and fluffy) but he could actually serve as the very things he idolized. Since then, his days had been lazy and warm and indolent; he'd lounge for hours and wake up, warm and soft, to his trainer's cuddles or feeling their head on his tummy. He thought he made for quite a delightful pillow, to be honest; he was warm and fluffy,

and the soft rise and fall of his breaths made for a hypnotic, rhythmic motion that helped lull his trainer to sleep. In the end, his old prankster self had just been a way to act out. This lazy, affectionate pillow cat was the *real* Cobalt.

Yawning, the cat-pillow studied his own bulk. Since being first transformed into his trainer's pillow, the two of them had gradually started working him up in size; he was now the size of an extra-large one, about one and a half times the size of a normal pillow. He raised his paws (which were small and tremblingly weak, compared to the rest of him; he didn't have much use of them anymore, after all) and settled them softly on his tummy. The touch was warm, and if he pressed softly, he could feel it gently yield to his paws.

Oh, it was absolutely lovely.

Leaning back, he gauged the time. It was early afternoon... his trainer would be home soon. They'd left him on the sill to doze in his favorite sunny patch, but of course the sun had moved since then. Well, it was *far* beyond him to move until they got back... but no big deal. Yawning, Cobalt turned his head and looked out the window. The house's tidy backyard contained a line for clothes-drying. His trainer had teased him about stringing him up there sometime—and to be honest, he wasn't averse to the idea. Just lounging about, played by the wind, as the sun baked him clean... it sounded heavenly.

The door shut and his trainer strode into the room. Cobalt was no psychic savant, but his powers still let him pick up on moods—and his trainer was beyond tired.

They gathered him, their favorite pillow, in their arms, and took him to the bedroom.

“Exhausting day at work,” they complained, half-stifling a yawn. “Just awful...”

They set him down at the head of the bed and dimmed the lights, snapping the blinds shut to chase out the sunlight. As they cuddled up to him, Cobalt found that he didn’t mind that it was naptime again. He loved serving as a pillow. And as the weight of their head settled onto him and they drifted off to sleep, the stuffed-full Meowstic followed suit, purring happily.

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The blanket tickled the back of his throat, and he tilted his head back and began to swallow.

By now, the sensation of gulping down sheets and fluff and pillows should have been second nature to him—but it was something you could never really get used to. He could still feel the stretch and strain of his throat as it bulged, compressing the blanket within as best it could; a sharper, more temporary strain compared to that of his tummy, which had become a deliciously aching omnipresence. He gulped, and gulped, and felt the fuzzy fabric settle inside of him, squashing up against the things he had already swallowed in the days before: pillow fluff and plushies and satin bedding. The whole time, his trainer just watched with a saintly smile.

Finally reaching the last of the blanket, Cobalt slurped the corner in and smacked his lips, leaning back with a weary, half-lidded stare. This was as much fluff as he’d *ever* had in him; no,

probably even more than that. He was just... so full... He hiccupped and the strain of it all threatened to quake his body; his breath raced out of him in a swift, shallow gasp. For a few long moments, it was all he could do to *breathe*; in, out, in, out...

His trainer's touch weighed against his massiveness and they smiled at him. "Good boy, Cobalt," they praised, and he purred weakly. He loved it when they said he was a good boy. "You managed to take it all in, so good, so very good..." They trailed off, their touch sweeping across his tummy, slowly massaging him into the strain. "I think... this is going to be your new default," they said decisively. "I think you can handle it."

Cobalt's purr grew louder. He... he really liked how strained he was, how wide and warm. He was far bigger than an average Meowstic; so big that if you didn't spy his feline head, you might not even *recognize* him as one. That just meant there was more of him to love, to give comfort...

"That's right," said his trainer. "You've been my pillow for so long, but you're getting so big... I don't think you can be it anymore."

He pouted, but they shushed him with one finger to his mouth. "How'd you like to be my blanket instead?"

And he beamed happily as they draped him in their arms like the blanket he was and strode to bed with him. Setting the bed, they left him on top and then cuddled under him. He was a bit small for them still, but they curled up and he covered all of them—and he felt his weight, his

pressure, his warmth all sponge into them. The rise and fall of his breaths were like a tiny beat of pressure.

He never wanted to be anything but this.

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When they pulled him out of the washer, he sputtered and tossed his head. This, perhaps, was the one thing he didn't like about his new life. Oh sure, his trainer had eventually managed to explain to him the importance of occasional washing—it's not as if he could do it himself, any more—but he was still a feline at heart, a Meowstic! He and water just didn't get along! He psychically projected his indignation to them.

His trainer just chuckled, though, as they gathered him in hand. "Oh, quit your pouting," they told him, and he grumbled his psychic complaints away. It's true, his protests had lacked bite recently. "I know that you don't like washing, but it means your favorite part is up next—the dryer."

The word perked up the sodden pokemon. They weren't wrong. Turning his gaze, he followed their finger as they traced along the stack of dryer sheets. "Which scent do you want this time, Cobalt? Cinnamon spice? Rainfall glade? Tangy mango—ah, alright alright, quit squirming! That one then!" With a laugh, they stuffed him into the dryer and then delicately left the sheet on

top with a pucky air. “Full eighty minutes this time, you big boy! Lucky you!” And then with a thick *ka-chunk*, the door shut and the tumble dry began.

Immediately the dryer began to whirl and Cobalt was turned over on himself, again and again and again. Hot air piped its way through a vent and was sucked in through a lint trap. The combination of it all—the constant tumbling motion, the delightful warmth, even the pleasant darkness—was like heaven to Cobalt. Immediately, the Meowstic began to purr. He fell off into blissfulness, traipsing into a half-slumbering feeling that left him purring and happy. Even the sound of the dryer was comforting in its monotony. As he was nudged around by the tumble, he quickly drifted off into happy sleep...

A shaft of light woke him up. The drying cycle had finished; he was soft and warm, purring happily and still feeling sleepy. His trainer swept him up in their arms, the fluff inside of him shifting around, and they praised him and cuddled him tight. Beaming, he noted with delight that his trainer was taking him to the couch. They turned on their favorite movie, the TV humming in the background, and then draped him over them, basking in the warm heat of a fresh blanket.

Cobat wriggled a bit—the most amount of movement he could really do, at this point—and hugged just a little closer to his trainer, bequeathing some of his lovely heat onto them. Closing his eyes, he was happy to just rest there. Trainer and pokemon... no, that was incorrect. Not trainer and pokemon, but housemate and blanket instead—his new role easily surpassed his old.

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“Come on—you can do it!”

Wheezing from the strain, every breath shallow and hot, tears beaded in the corner of Cobalt’s eyes—but he kept at it, swallowing more and more of the fuzzy white fluff his trainer proffered him. Gulping, he shuddered from the strain and sighed as he felt it plop down into his tummy.

At this point, Cobalt was so stuffed full of fluff and pillows and blankets that he couldn’t even raise his head anymore. He couldn’t do *anything* under his own power. His trainer had slowly been moving his default size up and up; by now they didn’t have to curl beneath him anymore. He was big enough to have covered a twin bed, by now.

But they wanted him even bigger.

For a few long minutes, Cobalt simply rested there, feeling his lungs fighting to snatch breath. He could feel his cheeks coloring; his vision swam. He almost felt faint. Maybe his new life was nice and lazy, but the act of swallowing all this fluff could be hard indeed!

A shuffle of movement told him that his trainer wasn’t done, and indeed, before long they reappeared carrying a thick, heavy blanket. Cobalt stared at it in wonderment—and a little bit of unease. Was he really expected to...?

“Come on,” his trainer said, proffering one corner of the heavy blanket to him. “I know you want to be a big, thick comforter.” He exhaled. It was true. He *did* want to be that. But that blanket by itself was bigger than anything he’d swallowed—and he was already so heavy...

“If you can take this in,” they continued, “then you’ll make it. You’ll be a happy, fuzzy comforter.” They wiggled the corner at him enticingly. “Come on. Don’t you want to?”

He swallowed. He... he did want to. Unable to reach for it, he sent a psychic tether to his trainer—and, smiling, they obliged. Feeding the corner of the blanket into his mouth, they left him suckling on it. And then it touched his throat, and the gulping began.

*Mrrrrphing* with pleasure, Cobalt initiated his final transformation. He gulped, gulped, *gulped* the blanket down, feeling its pliant softness settle down inside, nestling against the fluff and fabric that had already built up there. His cheeks bulged, his throat bulged, but still he worked—and whispering soothing praises all the while, his trainer fed the cloth to him, handspan after handspan. And slowly, he began to take shape.

His form, already far more massive and blanket-like than any normal Meowstic, gradually stretched out even further. The blue fur on his tummy struggled to contain it all, and his skin, pinkish with strain, was visible underneath. His whole form was soft and pliant and inviting, and the further the blanket went in, the more he had to stretch. He could feel the softness pushing against the rest inside of him, nestling down within; it *became* him. He was the softness: the fabric, the fluff.



He had started out as a pillow, but was becoming so much more.

Before long, the swallowing became autopilot for him; he didn't need to think about it. All he had to do was lie back and gulp, and gulp, and *gulp*, and feel the weight of the blanket settle deep inside, and luxuriate in the indolent sensation of getting stuffed full of fluff, of becoming less a pokemon and more of a comforter with every passing second. And eventually...

It happened.

The last of the fabric slithered down his throat and, sweating, Cobalt shuddered. Familiar hands gripped him and raised him up to look at his new self and he marveled. He was far, *far* bigger than any Meowstic had a right to be. He was broad, and flat, and warm, and fluffy. He could have easily spanned a queen-sized bed.

He was a comforter now.

Purring with happiness, feeling weary from the strain of settling it in, Cobalt nuzzled his trainer as best he could as they gathered him in their arms. Taking him outside, they draped him over the railing of their porch, and he drifted off happily, feeling the wind tickle his fur. He was a big, broad, heavy comforter now, and he couldn't wait to snuggle up with his trainer that evening.

Of course, as lazy and lackadaisical as Cobalt was, he didn't notice the set of shiny amber eyes peering at him from behind some nearby foliage. His idle life was about to turn completely upside-down.