

The moment the throw pillow touched Rascal's tongue, the Meowstic tilted her head back and began to swallow.

The sensation was bizarre—not unpleasant, mind, but definitely bizarre. She wasn't used to dealing with such a massive amount of fluff and stuffing. She also wasn't used to eating anything that wasn't food. The corner of the throw pillow pressed into her throat and her eyes momentarily watered; she wheezed for breath through her nose. Was this really possible?

A noise caught her attention from the side of the room. Cobalt, newly stuffed with a blanket and even bigger and plusher than ever, was happily snoring as he dozed away. The sight made Rascal feel determined. Yes, this *was* possible, she knew it had to be! It just had to!

Ever since being adopted by her new trainer, she had lived with the mystery of how, exactly, her new blue-furred companion had come to be. He *smelled* like her, like a Meowstic, but he certainly wasn't shaped in such a way; far from being a cat, he was a massive spread of warmth and lazy blue fur with a feline face up top and a spray of tails behind. At the edge of the spread, stubby limbs he barely used completed the picture. He was more blanket than pokemon; he even lived like a blanket, spending his time folded up at the edge of the bed or taking baths by being put in the washing machine.

Yet he was undoubtedly a pokemon as well, and Rascal had watched him open-eyed and in wondrous awe. She would *love* to have a big fluffy body like his; she would love to flop over both Cobalt and her trainer, burying them in affection and warmth! And now, finally, the

mystery had been solved. She'd seen Cobalt eating a blanket and his form take on an extra layer of bulk and softness. By eating the fluff, he was *becoming* it—or so it seemed, at least!

Rascal knew that if he could do it, she could too. Cuddling her plushie for encouragement, she scrunched up her face and swallowed harder.

Her throat ballooned out with the sheer breadth of the throw pillow, trying and failing to contain its massiveness. She must have looked cartoonish. But she had to see it through—to be more than just the rambunctious little critter that she was! She wanted to be like Cobalt. She wanted to be *more*.

Closing her eyes, she squeezed her throat down, swallowing it deeper with every gulp, inch by inch—and then the lengthiest part of it slipped through her throat and the rest was *easy*. With comparative relief now that she wasn't being stretched so wide, she gulp-gulp-gulped the pillow until it plopped right inside of her.

Immediately, she felt stuffed—and in a different way than if she'd pigged out at dinnertime. The weight and ambient fluffiness of the pillow settled into her, becoming *part* of her. The once-lithe Meowstic stumbled back with a loud *guh* of breath, her eyes suddenly half-lidded. She gazed down at her body in wonderment. She... she looked like a pillow. She had taken on the general shape and dimensions of one. Poking a tentative paw down, she smushed against her belly. It was tender—not *sore*, per se, but tender from its recent stretching—and it married her native warmth and fuzzy fur with a sensation of lovely soft plushness underneath. She smiled, and then

called on her psychic power to levitate her plushie over to her. It would take a little time to get used to it, but this was already a wonderful transformation! She felt absolutely marvelous!

A jolting snore from Cobalt hooked her attention. She studied him. Even compared to her new form, he was still *big*—big, big, big. He'd eaten an entire blanket (one easily bigger than the throw pillow she'd just snacked on!) and had only increased in size a little. She still had a way to go if she wanted to catch up...

Though her body felt sleepy, her will was confident. She turned her attention back to the sofa she'd snatched the pillow from. There were more there, after all. Why shouldn't she take them? Why shouldn't she be more than what she was?

Rascal tried to rise and stumbled with a sudden *whumph*. Her new form threw off her center of balance, and her stubby Meowstic legs weren't made for the extra weight—just look at Cobalt! He could barely move sometimes. But, thankfully, she had more options than just that. Gripping the pillow in a cage of sparkling lavender energy, the psychic pokemon levitated it over to her. Tilting her head back, she opened her mouth as wide as she could.

The second went down easier than the first; in fact, she found it quite pleasant! Her tummy rumbled with a feline's telltale purr as she let her instincts run on autopilot. The moment the corner of the pillow touched her throat she was swallowing away, each motion tugging more and more of the pillow into her. With every inch the pillow pushed down inside, she could feel herself changing. The second pillow sank into her, smooching against the first, and her body had

no choice but to expand to make room for it. The sheer act of spreading so wide so fast was itself more exhausting than the craziest prank, and it was only halfway in her when she found herself seriously contemplating taking a well-deserved nap.

But never one to shirk, Rascal corralled her self-control and forced those last few swallows through her core. The pillow's final corner slipped past her lips, and slid on down her throat—and then, with a muted thump, it fell right inside of her, nestling against the other.

She had the fluff, and the size, of *two* pillows now.

Though Rascal was still far from the size of her playmate, she didn't feel as if she came up short. She'd changed a whole lot in a short amount of time, and just studying her form filled her with a sense of wonder. She was plush, now; plush and plump and soft and inviting. She looked like a vaguely lumpy (though that would certainly solve itself in time!) Meowstic-shaped pillow.

Already she looked more like furniture than a pokemon! The thought excited her. She couldn't wait to romp and play games with Cobalt in her fun new form, or to let her trainer cuddle up with her at night. Though at the moment...

The exhaustion slammed back into her and the ivory-coated feline stretched languidly. Why had no one told her that simply *being* a pillow was hard work? She felt absolutely exhausted! She'd have to get used to it, though, she thought as she curled against herself and let her softness rock her to sleep. She'd have to get used to it. After all, she wanted to be far more than a simple pillow...

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Cobalt woke with a yawn and what passed for a stretch in his new, comforter-like state. He felt tired and lazy—more so than usual, even, which was quite an accomplishment for a pokemon like him. Scanning the room, his eyes sweeping past Rascal’s plushie and a large white pillow, he found a patch of sun a few feet away. Mustering the energy to move himself (he honestly preferred *not* to; it was more fun, and felt more true to his new state as a comforter, to let his trainer do it—but sometimes you just never knew what human schedules were like) he laboriously made his way for the sun.

When he was about a foot away a snuffling snort came from the big white pillow, and he studied it curiously for a moment before shock, recognition, and even panic dawned on him. Had Rascal really tried so hard to copy him?

Sweeping his gaze over the couch, he was able to deduce that two of its throw pillows were missing. Well, *that* explained it. She’d gulped them both down, the little glutton! Though part of Cobalt felt grumpy that his ‘turf’ was being stepped on—*he* was the big plush furniture cat around here, doggone it!—he also felt a strange sense of relief, even satisfaction. If his own experience was any indication, then Rascal’s rambunctiousness and energy would be much diminished by the new fluff settling in her. Yes, he thought as he wriggled to bask in the sun, this was surely for the best. Now he could finally get some peace and quiet.

About twenty minutes later, Rascal woke and thoroughly disabused him of that notion. With an agility that far belied her new size and fluffiness—she *had* to be bolstering herself with her psychic powers, Cobalt thought grumpily—she woke and, on seeing that he was near, happily flopped onto him. Though Cobalt was large and full and fluffy, the gesture still left air rushing out of him. He grumpily tried to use his superior weight to shake her off, but she more than made up for it in energy. Pouncing and rolling around on him, Rascal seemed determined to show off just how excited she really was to share her teammate’s fluffy new form—even though he just wanted to rest in a patch of sunlight! Finally succumbing to her onslaught, Cobalt allowed himself to be nuzzled into submission, the paler Meowstic happily purring away as she gripped his fluffy face and nuzzled him with hers.

After a few minutes their trainer walked in to see what the ruckus was about. Finally! Cobalt felt vindicated. He remembered how out of sorts their trainer had been when *he’d* ruined a pillow without asking; now let’s see how they took to Rascal eating two!

The human surveyed the scene with hands on hips for a few moments—then, a wide smile breaking over their face, they leaned down, picked up Rascal’s plushie, and handed it to her. “Don’t forget your friend,” they said. Rascal chirped excitedly and reached out two paws that looked downright stubby compared to her pillowy body, and then she hugged the toy close and snuggled it gleefully, purring louder and louder. Their trainer sat on Cobalt, giving him an idle scratch while rewarding Rascal with the other, and even as the pokemon-turned-blanket leaned into his trainer’s scratches, he couldn’t help but reflect that some things weren’t fair—they just weren’t fair at all!

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Rascal's romps and roughhousing were not dampened by her transformation, not in the slightest. Now she was more of a handful than ever!

More than once, Cobalt found himself thoroughly battered and befuddled by his rambunctious new playmate. If he thought that her pranks were something *before*, well, now he had to get used to a Rascal who was far bigger and fluffier than before—yet still more nimble than he could hope to be! In the mornings, when their trainer made the bed (with Cobalt in his natural, rightful place as a perfectly spick-and-span bedspread) Rascal would wait until the human was gone and then gleefully pounce, rolling around all over him and bunching him up. Cobalt grumpily attempted to keep himself smooth and wrinkle-free, but any time he fixed one mistake, she'd be making another one! She seemed to find an inordinate amount of joy in pestering him like that.

Sometimes she just burrowed under him, as if she'd never changed. It had been one thing to have a small, lithe cat tunneling between him and the bedsheets, but it was another entirely to have what was essentially a moving, sentient pillow doing the same! Cobalt would stare at the wriggling, giggling lump marring his perfect smoothness with exasperation. Sometimes he would try to squash the lump down into a more reasonable size, but there was always playful pushback or, even worse, she would skitter elsewhere, the tickle of her fur against his making static sparks fly and sending a buzzing shiver down Cobalt's spine.

On other occasions she would claim him as her own ‘pillowcase,’ piling into him and spinning around and around. She didn’t even have to use her paws to reel him in; friction and the momentum of her motion took care of that. Before long Cobalt found himself all tangled up over his own body, unable to wriggle free as a snug Rascal pillow sat happy and purring inside. On more than one instance their trainer had returned from work to find their two cat pokemon mushed together, one haplessly wrapped around the other to form an all-too-literal purrito.

Rascal’s *favorite* game, though, was fort. In this regard, she was uncharacteristically sly. She would wait until Cobalt was asleep—well and truly asleep—and then somehow tug him off the bed or outside of his usual napping place by the window. He still wasn’t sure how she managed it without waking him. Psychic powers? An unbelievably delicate touch? Or could it be that he was really just that much of a heavy sleeper with so much fluff packed inside of him?

Regardless, he would fall asleep in his usual spots and wake draped over branches in the backyard, or pinned between the windowsill and the upturned couch, his blue bulk forming a shaded place even in day’s utter brightness. Usually Rascal could be found playing with her plushie inside, having imaginary tea parties, or even simply using him to doze. During those latter instances he still grumped, but not as hard as he might have. Try as he might to avoid it, he began feeling a certain level of affection for the squirrely little Meowstic. Waking up to himself draped over a lamp as a make-shift tent, looking inside to see a plump white-furred cat pillow napping, he felt a little bit of affection.

But only a little.



As the days passed, however, it became readily apparent that Rascal wanted more than to just be pillow-sized. Though their nights were a thing of comfort—their trainer reclining their head on Rascal’s soft, pillowy form, Cobalt draped over him, happily distorted by the form underneath and basking in mutual warmth—it didn’t take long for Rascal to get anxious. Eventually, their trainer noticed her distractedness and asked if she wanted more fluff and stuff to eat. As she nodded energetically, Cobalt could only chuff and roll his eyes as their trainer went out to buy her things to plump up with.

The human returned with oodles of goods: armfuls and armfuls of yarn and soft cotton; thin, comfortable pillows; blankets ranging from small squares to cover one’s lap all the way up to comforters to rival Cobalt himself. Rascal surveyed it all with wide eyes that sparkled with amazement. She clutched her plushie to her as she did; unlike Cobalt, who had swallowed his own favorite Fennekin plush to become one with it (and he still felt that part of his unique softness was due to his old plush) Rascal never once moved to swallow her toy. Of course, coming from the wilds as she did, it probably meant a lot to her...

“Which do you want first?” their trainer asked, spreading the softness around her like a smorgasbord. Allured by the selections, she took her time before stretching a paw towards a spool of thick, wooly yarn. With a chuckle, their trainer took the yarn and unhooked it, leaving a long, fluffy string. Her eyes wide, Rascal opened her mouth like a baby bird, her paws clutching her plush with excitement. The moment the yarn met her tongue, she slammed her mouth shut like a vice. Absolute joy coloring her face, she began slurping it up like spaghetti. With every slurp and gulp, the spool of yarn grew smaller and Rascal grew just a hair’s breadth larger. When

she was finally done, she released a tiny, almost petite burp and patted her paws on her tummy. But her eyes gleamed with excitement. She was far from done!

Stretching a paw out towards another spool of yarn, she meowed energetically. Cobalt's trainer handed her the new spool and unlike the previous one, she didn't slurp it down; she opened her mouth and jammed the whole thing in there, her cheeks bulging like a squirrel as her throat worked it down.

Cobalt watched her with awe and some bit of jealousy. It looked like she was having fun! And... he himself hadn't stuffed himself with fluff in a little bit. Looking down at his blanket-spread of a body, he wondered if it wasn't time to rectify that.

Catching his movements from the corner of their eye, the trainer turned to their first pokemon with a smile. "You feeling left out? Don't worry." They gathered up a big armful of cotton fluff, the kind that used to stuff pillows, and bring it over. "This is for you too."

One of Cobalt's long ears flapped with appreciation. Well, it seemed that *some* good came from having Rascal around. As she finished up the second spool of yarn and levitated a big blanket over to herself, the corner tucking into her mouth, Cobalt opened his own mouth and began to gulp down the pillow stuffing. The coiled, wrinkly fabric grew wet and heavy in his mouth, and his throat bulged out pleasantly as he worked it down. He carefully breathed through his nose as it went.

As he gulped down the fluff, his trainer's fingers found his ear and began delivering scratches. "Good boy, Cobalt," they praised, and he purred unabashedly. "Who's my big handsome fluff-bucket? Who's the best blanket a trainer could ask for?" Pride filled the Meowstic. He was! It was him!

A stumbling moan hooked their trainer's attention. Turning, they saw Rascal, the big blanket dangling half out of her mouth. Her cheeks and throat bulged with what she'd already swallowed, to say nothing of her belly; she'd at least doubled in largeness from when she'd started. Her eyes were half-lidded and looked sleepy from exhaustion, and she hiccupped.

"Oh, sweet girl," the human said, kneeling by their second pokemon. "Did you need help working this down? Come on now." They gripped the blanket and began slowly feeding it into her. "I'll help."

Heaving for breath through her nose, Rascal closed her eyes and obliged. The heavy, irregular *gulp-gulp* of her swallowing was intercut with slow, deep breaths. The human continued slowly feeding it into her, not letting her take a break.

After a moment, they reached over with their free hand and pressed it against Rascal's tummy. The hand sunk into the belly, plush fur and flesh billowing between to swallow their fingers. "Gooooood girl," the trainer praised. Even with her throat full, Rascal managed a purr. "Such a very good girl." They stroked her tummy with soft gentleness. She kept on swallowing. Most of

the blanket was gone now, and she had ballooned even larger in size. Finally, she slurped the last of it down with a meek cough.

“You did so well!” The praise made her blush. She was already far larger than before, the size of a small blanket; not up to Cobalt’s comforter level, but approaching fast. They held up a pillow, complete with pillowcase. “You ready for more?”

Rascal looked both exhausted and eager. She opened her mouth wide and stretched out her paws in invitation. The corner of the pillow tucked into her mouth and she closed her eyes in bliss and just swallowed over and over. Already her body—reshaped to look more like bedding than any pokemon—was full and fluffy, but it plumped out even more as she continued gulping it down. It was slow going; she was *quite* full, after all, and her tummy was doubtless straining to contain all its new tenants. But she worked, and the trainer fed it to her with a slow but ceaseless pace, praising her all the while and rubbing their fingers through the curled tuft atop her head, and finally...

Finally, with one final gulp and a loud *guh* of breath, it was complete. Rascal was now no longer a mere Meowstic. She was Cobalt’s peer, a big blanket-sized pokemon large enough to spread over a bed. Cobalt watched her transformation unfold in awe. He’d obviously undergone such a change himself, but seeing it from an outsider’s perspective was another thing entirely.

When she was done, Rascal piled onto herself and happily began to snooze. With a stretch, their trainer rose and then turned to Cobalt. “I think we could all use a nap,” they said. Gathering their

blue-furred blanket, they bedded down on the piled-together Rascal comforter as a makeshift pillow and pulled Cobalt over themselves. “Night, Cobalt,” they yawned. Cobalt returned it with a sleepy purr. Good night indeed.

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Rascal woke with a feeling of lovely strain. Her body fought to contain its new fluffy interior, leaving an aching sensation that would probably have subsumed a lesser pokemon. In fact, it was a miracle to even conjure up the energy to blink. But she did it nonetheless, blinking away and gathering her strength.

Nearby, her human—who’d slipped off of her and was now curled to the floor—dozed with Cobalt spread over top. She took in Cobalt’s hugeness and then her own. She was even-sized with him now, a comforter in and of herself. But...

She thought back to their trainer’s bedroom. Cobalt, as the comforter, commanded a regular spot—but he wasn’t the centerpiece. The bed itself was.

...she still had more to do.

Her new bulk left her feeling surprisingly weighty, all things concerned, and mere inches of movement make her want to close her eyes and take a nap. But that was for later. For now, she was on a mission.

The mattress itself was too big even for her. She knew it. But she *had* seen a backup amidst her trainer's camping tools: one of those springy foam camping mattresses. This would be far more malleable than the normal one while still being nearly as large, and with that at her disposal, Rascal's real self could be asserted.

Making her way to the storage closet with the camping equipment, she used her psychic power to levitate out both the rolled-up tube of foam. She was a clever little scamp, and was easily able to use her powers to unhook the cord that was keeping it all spooled up. It quickly unfolded into a massive rectangle of soft, plushy foam. Her eyes widened at the sight of it. It was indeed a mattress in truth, *far* larger than anything else she or Cobalt had ever eaten, or even so much as tried to eat. It perhaps was as big as everything she had ever eaten, *ever*, all stuffed together.

But she was nothing if not determined. With sure paws, she reached out, grabbed the corner of the foam behemoth, and began taking it in.

The foam was easy to squash and shape, thankfully, but there was still enough of it to make trouble for the little Meowstic. Even all folded up (thank heavens for her psychic powers—she'd *never* be able to squash it up alone!) it quickly stuffed her mouth full, absorbing her saliva to grow wet and laden.

Closing her eyes and straining, Rascal gulped it down. She could feel her throat ballooning out around tufty treat. Even after her new lifestyle, this level of strain was *still* something she could

barely get used to. She paused after only a few gulps, the tiniest corner starting to peek into her stomach, and leaned back, breathing carefully through her nose. What looked to almost be the entirety of the bed yawned before her.

Mustering her courage, Rascal began gulping it down with renewed vigor. She didn't race it through or go overly fast; no, that would be a surefire way to make her sick. Instead, she took it at a steady pace. Gulp—feel her throat bulge around the mattress. Gulp—feel the foam slide inside. Gulp—keep it up, no breaks.

She was doing it.

And as Rascal kept up her self-imposed job, gulping and gulping and gulping away, the massive prairie of foam arrayed before her did begin to shrink as it slipped inside its new nesting place. And Rascal, her once-tiny body, began to change around the foam.

She could feel the foam start to seep into the empty spaces inside of her. She spread inexorably, plumping out like a plushie being filled with too much stuffing. The foam was making her spread wide, and wider, easily eclipsing even Cobalt's shape... and she still had so, so much more to do. As she reshaped herself, Rascal's form became squat and square, with corners to it; everything was pushed aside to reshape itself around the growing mattress. Her body pushed up against her head, smoothing out to become one uniform coat of fur with her rascally face stretched tight over it. The fluff and cloth inside, thankfully, was meshing well with her new occupant, helping to cushion her new mattress interior. She could feel the lightly textured surface of the foam

camping mattress tickling against her insides, making her swoon with delight. She gulped again, scrunching her eyes from the strain, and felt herself grow just an *inch* wider as the foam settled in. Soon, the feeling of the mattress against her body would be all but nonexistent. It would be one with her, and she with it, and she would be a wonderful new piece of happy, fluffy furniture.

Finally she was on the final stretch. Her whole body ached sweetly with the strain of taking it in. Her boxy new shape had asserted itself. Her paws had regressed to all-but-invisible nubs, swallowed by her new hugeness; she didn't mind. She was psychic anyway, and what use did a mattress have for limbs? Her face was still there, though, and her ears and tails and the round tuft of fur atop her head, origins of her Meowstic heritage.

Finally, with a soft *guh*, she took the last of the foam and swallowed it, shuddering as she felt it settle. But even then she still had a ways to go—after all, the point of these special foam mattresses were that they *expanded* once out of their vacuum seal. She'd been keeping it taut with her powers, but now...

Rascal mewed. The foam bed plumped out slowly but quickly grew in size, shouldering aside all the remaining and finalizing the transformation of her long, flexible, blanket-like body into something else entirely. Straining with focus, minutes passed as Rascal filled out along with the bed inside of her, stretching into something more. She felt full and sleepy, but she forced herself to stay active, wriggling across the floor until she found a long mirror. Rascal stared at it in awe, and a boxy, white-furred mattress with a feline face stared back.



She was more than a cat now. More even than a blanket. She was a *bed*. A big, fluffy, oblong mattress.

The absolute joy of it all reenergized her. She felt ecstatic, as if having never felt sleepy from the strain of stretching out. This was so exciting! Back when she was simply a wild pokemon, seeing Cobalt pegged up on the clotheslines and swaying in the breeze, she had marveled at that and wondered what it would feel like. And now, she knew! The best part was that even with her increased size and weight, most of that was still foam, so she didn't find it all too difficult to move around. She decided that the only thing was to do was to show both her housemates the new Rascal straightaway!

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Cobalt was rudely awoken by a sudden flop on his face. Feeling smushed, the big Meowstic blanket grumbled and complained. The white fur and body warmth made it obvious who was responsible. It seemed that Rascal hadn't even had any time to wait before deciding to open up some misbehavior!

Wriggling out from under her, Cobalt opened his mouth to chastise—but stopped dead. Rascal *wasn't* just as big as he was now; she was even bigger. She as the approximate size and shape of an entire mattress! Cobalt gazed on in amazement. How had she managed that?

As their trainer praised Rascal for being a cute, pretty new mattress, she grinned and then turned her attention to Cobalt. Well remembering what it felt like to have her pounce on him *before*, the Meowstic blanket turned and, with all his cumbersomeness, tried to crawl away.

It wasn't to be. Rascal *launched* herself at him, landing on him with a heavy press and trapping him against the floor. With a grumpy babble, Cobalt tried to free himself but Rascal just pushed down harder, tagging him against the floor as she nuzzled him with her big, boxy head, purring all the while. She seemed to take no small amount of delight from reversing the 'usual' position—a blanket was supposed to go atop a mattress, not the other way around!

Using her powers and her own boundless energy, she sproinged up and down, continually pancaking Cobalt against the floor. It didn't hurt; his blankety body was more than capable of cushioning the force. But it was quite distracting, especially for a pokemon who just wanted to take a nap!

Cobalt couldn't help but grouse and grumble. Only Rascal could turn herself into a *bed* and seem more hyperactive than usual!

After finally coaxing her off of Cobalt (and falling over, laughing, as she flopped over them as well) their trainer was able to get Rascal distracted with a good long session of play. Cobalt went to go sun in the front window with tremendous dignity. That evening, their trainer pulled their old mattress off the boxspring. "Good thing you're about the same size, huh?" they said.

"C'mon, Rascal, on up there." The living mattress eagerly wriggled onto the boxspring, her head

near the backboard and her tails flopping off the end. The human crawled on and sank softly into her floof for an inch or two. “Wow... Rascal, you’re comfy!” they said. “Must have been all that fluff you ate, haha. Oh, and you’re warm—ahhhh, and the feeling of your purr is divine.” That just made her purr louder. She was *quite* immodest.

Craning their head up, the trainer smiled at the angry pile of fabric in the doorway. “Come on, Cobalt, you too. I still need a blanket!” Allowing himself to be coaxed onto Rascal, Cobalt had to admit that she *was* comfortable. She bore both his weight and their trainer’s with grace, and her warmth played against his own body heat to create a blissful, relaxing feeling. He could only imagine that their trainer enjoyed being in the middle of a warm kitty sandwich.

The human instantly snoozed off, and even Rascal joined them before long, her breaths creating a subtle rise and fall to the bed. Still shaking his head at her, Cobalt ultimately drifted off as well, content that Rascal was happy and that she made for a *fine* bed—even if he was a little bit grumpy at the likelihood that his afternoons of simply sleeping folded up on a nice, sedentary bed were probably gone.

As the three of them drifted away, none knew that there was a *fourth* individual present: a curious onlooker peeking through the window. She too was a psychic feline, albeit one far stronger than the ones in the room, and she found herself fascinated by the life these pokemon had chosen to live. It looked unique, being bedding like that. Unique and fun! Marveling to herself, she decided to drift off into the night, though she knew she’d be back again. As she zipped off, she left one sound behind, lingering in the air:

“Mew!”