

CW: Plush TF, 2nd Person, Inanimate, Temporary TF

You never believed in magic. Sure, there were rumors... people spoke about being turned into toys, encountering "witches," and the news had even spoken about cults popping up!! But that was ridiculous - just another bad joke this town wouldn't move past.

When you heard about a potion shop opening in town, you assumed it was snakeoil. Another so-called "witch" preying on people's gullibility. However, you were curious. If not for the off-chance that some of those silly stories were actually true, at least to see how much effort is put into the illusion.

You had a few days off and a little extra money to spend, so you decided to visit this potion shop.

At the desk sat a young woman. She had poofy lavender hair and the classic, tall pointy hat. At least this "witch" was playing the part. There was an odd shaped plush on her desk... it felt like the toy was staring at you, but you shrugged that off.

You perused the shelves, looking for anything that piqued your interest. She had quite the variety of colored bottles of water labeled as "potions." Your eyes fell on a small vial. Its description read: "plush, inanimate, duration: 2 days."

You couldn't help but chuckle. At least the girl was clearly passionate about this, even if it seemed a little nonsensical to you. You'd always liked plushies, so this felt right. You picked up the vial and brought it up front.

The "witch" smiled and commended your choice. You laughed, saying carnies like her made the town interesting. The backhanded compliment was not lost on her. Rather than be upset, though, she just smirked. She offered to let you try the potion in store... for free.

Free? You considered. At the very worst, it would just be a free drink. But on the off chance that it was legit...

You shook the thought off and agreed. She nodded and led you to a room in the back. It was small, but filled to the brim with toys and pillows. The environment was oddly comforting. She walked away while you drank the potion.

It went down easy, and you felt no different than before. The potion tasted like cotton candy at least...

Somewhat disappointed, you went to leave. However, before you could even make your way out of that little room, you found your joints stiffening with exhaustion. You were really tired all of a sudden. Each step was more laborious than the last. Your legs began to wobble, making you

wanna sit down amongst all the pillows for a bit. You stopped trying to walk and just took a breath. Something felt... off.

You looked down at your hand. Brown fur.

Brown fur?!

The entire back of your hand was covered in tons of tiny, chocolate-colored hairs! They were spreading down your arms too! You looked at the other one... same story.

You breathed again and focused. There was a tingling sensation everywhere! Your skin felt softer than it had been in years, especially as that fur continued to cover you. Without a doubt, something magical was happening!

At first, you wanted to panic. Your humanity was slipping away before your eyes! All those rumors were true! This was a massive revelation! But... why stress about it? Isn't this what you were hoping for? Sure, you tried to ignore the thought, but you chose this potion for a reason! You came to that shop for a reason! And that excited you!

With a relaxed sigh, you struggled your way to a beanbag chair. Walking was never this hard before. You sat down... and it was the most comfortable you've ever felt. With a smile, you let the magic wash over you.

Your arms and legs receded, becoming rounder and stubbier. Your head also reshaped, taking on a more ursine shape. You could see the snout grow from the corners of your eyes... it was unreal!

Magic thread started poking into your skin, making that genuine smile on your face permanent. The thread methodically worked down your body, crafting you with tons of love and care. Each new seam was added exactly a second apart... the predictability relaxed any last anxiety you had. Soon the pricks stopped, covering your entire body in visible seams!

As you sank into the chair, your body felt lighter... more malleable. You figured stuffing was replacing your insides, erasing all the physical stress in your joints. It was a nice feeling...

You were so caught up in it that you didn't notice the room getting bigger! 5 feet turned to 4. You blinked, and the shrinking accelerated to 1 foot! You were so small and vulnerable!

With a last sigh, you finally let go of any remaining tension in your body. You didn't try to move, not that you could anyway. As far as anyone was concerned, there was only a teddy bear in that beanbag chair.

After some time, the witch returned to the room. She scooped you up out of your seat. You had feared heights before, but being in her arms dispelled those silly human phobias. She assured

you that the spell would wear off in two days. You nodded mentally. She gave you a big hug, way more tight than you had ever experienced. Your plush belly was so squishable! It locked up all your senses, flooding them with extreme glee. With a wide smile, she'd made you a customer for life.