

"Parker, oh, I thought you'd never ask! Yes, yes I *will* marry you!"

"Oh my *god*, Arti- I didn't even get the question out, come on-!" Came the blushing, laughing response.

Arti was sitting backwards on a sliding chair in his roommate-slash-tentative-partner-maybe Parker's work office, facing him with his arms folded across the top of the backrest of his seat. Parker had called him in to talk about something, having sat down in his cool gamer chair Arti liked to tease him about owning in front of his streaming setup- all offline, at the moment. Arti didn't think Parker would be the type to livestream what he considered to be private conversations, anyhow.

"Really? I thought I heard you say 'Hop on TF2', to which I answered yes, I will marry you? Was that *not* what you were asking, or..." Arti grinned as Parker groaned, rubbing a hand up his face while adorably trying to hold back an endeared smile.

"Arti, *no*, I didn't ask that... for now, I mean." Parker coughed, his hand quickly raising to hide a flush of pink crossing his face, and Arti sank his head a bit deeper into his arms to hide a huge grin and some light blush of his own. He was well aware it was *way* too early for any conversations about long term investments like *that*, but he always enjoyed the chance to poke fun and get his maybe partner flustered in that cute way he did.

"What I wanted to ask was about the, ah, the furry convention I'll be off to tomorrow."

"Oh right, that." Arti nodded- Parker had been planning this trip for months now, from the airplane tickets to the scheduling of panels Parker wanted to visit. Arti had only gotten glimpses of the paper monstrosity of a map-schedule his partner had devised, but he could tell by how thick with papers and color coded annotations the mess was, of just how important this trip was to him. "I'll be staying here by myself, then? Is there anything you need me to handle while you're gone?"

Parker bit his lip and looked down, drumming up the courage to say what he had next. "Well, actually..."

"I was thinking of inviting you to go with me?" Parker looked up, looking hopeful and even a little bashful at the prospect.

Arti sat up, suddenly alert and wide eyed, the seriousness of the offer given all of Parker's extensive planning beforehand taking a second to really hit him. A huge trip like this, that he cared so much about, and he wanted to spend it with *Arti...?*

"I- yeah, I'd love to join you, sure!" Arti sputtered out, caught off guard by the offer. "Although, I don't know if I can go, if the admission is too expensive- and I wouldn't really know anything that's going on over there, so I'd be fine with not going, is all..."

Parker winced, hissing through his teeth. "That's, uh, the thing, actually- I don't actually have the funds to get a second ticket, but I'd made some plans with a friend to work around that, so we were going to go to the convention together, but the friend couldn't make it due to a family emergency, but we still all had these plans and they said it was cool if I went with someone else-" Parker rambled on, before pausing, carefully watching Arti's face. "So I could bring you with me to the furry con, but I'd be, um. Smuggling you in," he confessed.

"Okay."

Parker stopped, looking puzzled for a moment at Arti's immediate, nonplussed reaction.

"...as a fursuit."

"Okay." Arti blinked.

Parker cocked his head, a bit taken aback by his response. "That's it? No questions, no other details you want to know before you agree to go along with this...?"

"Uh... I mean, I guess I'm a little confused as to what you mean by how you want to go about sneaking me in," Arti scratched the back of his head. "And

are you asking if I have a fursuit to borrow? I have a fursona and all, sure, but I don't actually have a suit or anything... they're really expensive, and all."

Parker shook his head quickly. "No, I know that- I don't have one either, I mean." He sighed, gazing back longingly towards a set of blocky hardware hooked onto the top of his external CPU drive like a headcrab. "I just... this is my first furry convention ever, and I know I don't *really* need one to enjoy my time there, but I wanted to have a fursuit of Lore to wear to just... make it even more special, I guess."

Lore, Parker's fruit bat fursona... Arti was well aware. An anthropomorphic bat of blue fur and purple wings, so cute and fat, and with adorable little heart patterns all over- in the freckles, in the paw pads, even their cute bat nose was heart shaped. In the bat's 'lore' that Parker had given his fursona, Lore didn't need any clothes but donned a variety of colorful puffy vests anyway, liked to sing and use their voice, and fly through the air during clear, quiet nights. Lore was as sweet as fresh fruit, so eager to give hugs to others with their huge bat wings, or little friendly nose kisses- "heart stamps" with his heart shaped nose, reminiscent of a favorite pokemon of Parker's that Arti couldn't recall. With her adorable curly hair and delightfully soft and fat body type, Lore was just so endlessly *cute* that Arti had to fight back a smile from crossing his face just at the mere thought of them.

"So, er, that's why I wanted to try this plan out in the first place. And it's a win-win too, I'd think- like I get a fursuit to wear, buddy I do this with gets free admission into the furry convention I'm going to- and like I'll make sure they turn back at the end of the weekend once the con is over, so it's... a good deal?" Parker tried, offering a helpless shrug after his attempt to explain. Arti was almost a bit too lost in endearment to respond properly.

"Wait, you get a fursuit- as in, the person going with you *is* the fursuit?" Arti did a double take when he realized what Parker had implied. "Like, *how* are you getting a fursuit out of a volunteer-? Are you like... *skinning* people, or something??"

Parker's eyes flew open wide in horror at the suggestion. "What- no, what the hell?? I have the change4change hardware extension, I know you've seen it working, I was just going to use that-"

"Yeah, using the c4c thing to turn people into furies, and then *skin them??*" Arti demanded, maybe playing up his skepticism just a little.

"Arti, I am NOT. SKINNING. ANYONE," Parker's face flushed red, more embarrassed than anything that he'd even *find* himself in a situation like this.

"Mmmmm, I dunno, if you're *sure...*" Arti conceded- a bit more obviously playing up the seriousness of his accusation, to which Parker seemed to catch onto soon after, stifling a laugh.

He heaved a sigh and wiped his forehead with the palm of his hand, the shock having mostly left by then. "I mean to say... I haven't done that much experimentation with like, inanimate objects in c4c very much, but I'm sure this is something the hardware could handle. I'll be here with you through the whole thing to make sure nothing goes wrong, too, and finagle all the hard parts to get it going smoothly."

Arti nodded slowly, turning over the intimate promise Parker had just made in his brain to keep his blush from rising too quickly. Arti still wasn't all too sure about turning into an *object*, much less a fursuit, but Parker would be there keeping him safe through it, so maybe it would be alright... Free admission to a furry con was nothing to sneeze at, either- not to mention it might also be another nice opportunity to spend some more time alone with Parker out and about. When was the last time he'd gotten to do that, even- their first museum sorta-date, or something? Yeeesh, they'd have to fix that.

"Yeah, I can do that. I'll be the fursuit you'll be wearing to the con," Arti agreed, close to making another joke about Parker skinning him, but stopping at the sight of his face in his response.

Parker's face lit up like the sun Arti saw within him, a grin so full of joy and delight that Arti's heart did a little flip in his chest. "I'm- really? Thank you, thank you so much, Arti! I'll get it all set up for you!" he gasped out, before

whirling around to the hardware attached to his streaming PC, opening up a control panel to start fiddling with the controls. Parker spent a moment following wires and pounding out command prompts on the keyboard before he paused, sheepishly looking back to Arti. "Oh, um. By the way, I don't really know how well this thing works on people other than me, but when I got it I was recommended wearing as few layers as possible so the clothes wouldn't interfere, or anything. So if you would, ah, strip down to however light you feel comfortable, it might help with... the, the changes..." He looked away and back to the hardware to keep working on setting it up, seeming embarrassed for making the suggestion- even though they were roommates, and both had walked in on each other in far less flattering positions before, Arti mused.

"So, this is just for the weekend, huh? And I'll be a big animal costume you'll be lugging around the whole time?" He joked, beginning to shrug some of his thicker layered clothes off first while Parker continued to work, politely not looking as Arti undressed.

"Oh no, yeah, it'll just be for the weekend- there's settings to let the changes persist outside of close proximity with the hardware, and there's timers, schedule clocks, and whatever that can set like a specific When for the changes to revert remotely. And stuff," Parker answered seriously, a bit too focused in that endearing way that told Arti just how determined he was about something to miss the humor in Arti's voice. Which he *was* curious about, so Arti didn't mind.

"Oh, wow, there's a lot more settings for inanimate objects on here than I realized, holy moly," Parker suddenly sat forward quickly to look closer at the screen, causing Arti to jump a little in the middle of taking off his thick socks and long pants. "Here, listen to this: there's apparently settings on here called 'Allow Motor Controls', 'Approximate Sensory Capacity', and even 'Retain Conscious Processing for Duration'. Interesting, huh... what do you think, should I keep all three of these on, or on the down low instead, or something? These seem pretty useful so far to keep active..." He tossed the question to Arti while he went back to further digging around the settings.

Arti considered the options, finding himself at the conclusion that his answers would *really* determine how awake and aware of things and actively

participating he would be during his time as a suit during the convention duration, wouldn't it. It sounded like there was definitely the option to go fully unconscious and not have to remember whatever may happen to him during the entire time if he was truly uncomfortable with knowing, or also being the option to potentially escape an undesirable position or situation by his own power if needed. Even with just those three choices, Arti had much to think about, pulling off his tee before answering.

"Hmm, how about we give it a little test run before we settle on anything concrete? I'll try out all three of those settings being on, just to get a baseline for how things feel, maybe? Afterward I'll let you know if I have any complaints, and we decide how to go on things from there," Arti finally suggested, reaching for his underwear to pull them off- before hesitating, and deciding against it. "Although, I don't know about you or how I'll feel about going through it, but I *am* leaning a little bit toward leaving motor controls off for the convention, just in case, uh, a fursuit moving around on its own seems sus. I would hate to have to vent away so quickly, especially with how hard the staff and crew would be working." Arti nonchalantly added in the end, smiling secretly at the good natured groan coming from in front of the streaming PC.

"Oh my god, dude... alright, all three on for the first trial it is." Parker finished typing a few more lines in the command prompt, before reaching over to snatch up a large metal clip with a thick braid of different wires attached to the non-clippy end. He turned back to Arti, opening his mouth to explain what came next, but his voice sort of came out a strangled gasp instead, taking in the sight of Arti sitting there patiently listening wearing nothing but a pair of boxer briefs and his glasses. Being roommates, they had indeed accidentally or otherwise walked in on each other in far more embarrassing positions, but seeing Arti sitting there made it hit Parker all the harder just how *vulnerable* Arti was here, agreeing to stay in the position Parker was asking him to for a whole weekend, and how much *trust* Arti was placing in him to even consider letting his body be used and changed like this made Parker shiver.

He recovered the instant Arti blushed a little and averted his gaze and Parker realized he'd been staring. "Oh, and, uh. This is the output clip that's supposed to connect to your spinal cord or brain stem," he lifted the

wire-clad clip for emphasis. "I can help get it set in for you, it's a bit tricky to set up without like, thinking you need to pierce skin to get to the nerves beneath, or something weird like what I first thought. I have it also attached to my headset while I'm streaming so it can rest on that while the magic happens, just so like it doesn't fall off and get damaged, which you can borrow for this."

Parker scooted around to the back of Arti's chair and pushed him closer to the streaming PC, setting his headset in his lap. "Oh, here, let me get that..." Arti couldn't help but just fold his hands together and hope the steam in his brain was being let out quietly as he felt Parker's careful hands part and brush to the side his tumble of bushy, curly dark hair. The gentle hands running through Arti's hair sent his heart thumping a little bit harder at the physical intimacy, while Parker was in the middle of finding *just* the right spot to hook the metal clip on the back of his neck- there, that should do it. Arti felt almost alarmed by the sensation, something in his brain would not stop buzzing at the slight pressure around his spinal cord- but Parker's upbeat voice shook him out of it. "Alright, clip is secured, headset on to hold it in place, you should be good to go!"

Not wanting to move his head to compromise the integrity of the balance Parker had just provided him, Arti instead used his feet to spin himself on the chair he was sitting in to face Parker when he spoke. His heart warmed to see the proud, hopeful smile on Parker's face, before it faded just a little, subtly biting his lip. "Hey, um, just wanted to check in one more time- are you sure of this? You can back out at any time, and I won't judge you or anything for it. I was asking because I wanted a fursuit to wear for my first con- but I also really wanted to spend time with you, too. And if this feels too weird, or not personal enough or anything at all, you- you don't have to, alright? I don't want to pressure you into doing anything you don't want to."

Arti's heart melted at the genuine words, reaching over to take his hand in response.

"Thanks, Parker. Yeah, I'll tell you if something happens that I don't want any part of- but hey, I'm here with you, too." Arti gave him the best smile he had, though he probably looked a bit silly, almost nude other than his glasses and the change4change setup.

Arti watched as Parker's smile returned in full force, rich with endearment and just a hint of bashfulness as he looked away, squeezing Arti's hand back.

"Alright, if you're sure... I'll boot it up, then." Parker's smile split into a grin, and squeezed Arti's hand just a bit tighter in one hand while his other reached over to hit Enter on the keyboard, to initiate the command prompt. "Man, you're going to be *such* a cute fursuit, I just know it~!" he giggled, just giddy with delight at the thought, giving Arti a kiss on the forehead.

That single, last little kiss, was the last thing Arti felt before the jolt shot down his back from his neck, making him jump in his seat.

"Oops- right, sorry, I should've warned you about the shock..." Parker apologized and stepped back, while Arti felt the electricity gradually cool and fade into a low, numb buzz.

After what felt like hours, Arti blinked, and gradually raised an arm to his forehead, like he'd forgotten his body was capable of movement. Whew, that had taken a lot out of him...

"How soon do you think will-" Arti began to speak, before Parker interrupted, excitedly pointing down at the foot of his seat. "Look, there it is, it's starting! Your feet!"

As soon as he'd said it, Arti could feel it- the numb static tingling in his feet and toes was making way for something new. Over his feet came the rustling, soft sensation of fur rolling up his feet, the texture of the thick pelt so rich and soft as he absently rubbed the sides of his feet together.

"Dang, again? What is *up* with you and feet, dude, I'm starting to suspect some things about you..." Arti raised an eyebrow dubiously towards Parker, pinching his lips together to poorly hide his grin.

He earned a scowl in response. "Oh, *shut* up."

Arti snickered, leaning forward to get a good look at his feet once the joke was made. The pelt covering his feet was a lightly saturated cyan, and he

seemed to have lost one of his toes when he wasn't looking, leaving only four toes on each foot... or rather, on each paw. All eight of them were tipped in dark claws, clacking against the floor as he curled his toes to test them- but Arti got the sudden sense that these weren't sharp or dangerous claws at all, only tipping his toes in a sanitized, safe imitation of life in dark plastic.

For all his nonchalance, Arti couldn't keep the wonder from crossing his face as he watched the fur climb higher and higher up his legs. They were so *soft*, so fluffy and comfortable... he giggled a bit, feeling fur brushing on fur as he ended up rubbing his legs together just to relish the texture again somewhere new. The low, numb static tingle was replaced by a pleasant warmth as the fur continued over his knees, feeling not unlike a warm blanket fresh out of the dryer, ripe for the snuggling.

"Oh my god, Parker, you *need* to feel this..." Arti turned the seat of his chair to face him, kicking out his legs towards him in an offer to touch- only just realizing the feet-paws on the ends of his legs had fully detached, still on the ground where he had set them down.

"WAAUGH-!" Arti yelped, falling backwards in his rolling chair and crashing to the ground with a hard *thunk* and a clatter of the chair wheels spinning from the force. Parker lunged for the keyboard and the hardware, typing something out quickly before crouching down to help Arti up and right his chair.

"Ah, jeez, are you alright?" Parker asked, the worry lining his voice soft as fur. "We don't have to do this, if you've changed your mind."

Arti stared at the curious sight- the fur had stopped traveling up close to his thighs, the hintings of deeper blue speckling the top signaling the fur pattern growing in to change the fur to the other main color in the silly looking bat's palette. His feet-paws remained upright on the floor where he'd left them, and towards the end of Arti's legs sprawled out could've been mistaken for a pair of furry pant sleeves. Arti was holding them open instinctually, but he could feel through the phantom nerves down his legs granted by the c4c machine that definitively, by the end of his legs, those sleeves were *empty*. Hollow. *Sleeves* in a very literal sense, as the changes had rendered his legs with a sense of absence, simply having nothing inside them.

Arti lifted one of his legs and bent the knee towards him, raising an eyebrow at the knee folding back a bit further than a humans' could. He carefully aligned the empty suit sleeve towards the corresponding boot-paw, wanting to try something... and immediately upon insertion into the boot, his paw could move again, pushing against the ground and wiggling his toes and bouncing in anxiety, despite his foot-paw being similarly empty.

Arti heaved a sigh of relief, putting his other foot back on before taking Parker's hand to struggle back up to his feet. "I'm alright, really- just startled. Forgot about the 'suit' part of this, and all," he joked, a bit warily sitting back down on the righted rolling chair. "You're okay to start it up again, I do still want to do this. It's just... man, this feels so weird- but I don't *hate* it, I think." His face flushed a bit, thrown off by trying to describe the tangle of feelings and emotions and senses flaring from the changes continuing, and worried that he wasn't explaining himself very well.

But Parker nodded, like he'd gotten every word and thought it clearer than polished glass. "No, no, I definitely get that- it's a lot to take in, but *man* is it an experience all on its own worth reliving..." He gazed over wistfully at a shelf in his office nearby, where he had displayed a soft, cuddly green beetle plushie and a pair of polished, ornate scroll cases carefully resting on a stand. Arti found himself nodding along in agreement, eyes drifting over to follow his gaze before Parker seemed to realize he was lost in his thoughts. "Whoops, ah- I'll continue the changes now."

Arti had barely nodded when he felt the fur crawl up his hips- swallowing up his underwear whole. He blinked at the inoffensive, fluffy view of the near-hidden seam line along the arch in between his legs, suddenly glad for Parker's warning about clothes and needing to strip beforehand from earlier. Who knew what the fate of his coat and pants would be if he didn't take them off first...

The fur marched on, leaving something short and fan-like unfurling from his backside, but Arti was too taken with the changes climbing his torso to notice. Lore the fursona was cute, and *fat*- and when the fur hit his stomach area, the outline and shape of it seemed to expand, and *stretch* in something bigger, rounder. His old flat, twinkish chest was quick to follow

suit, growing thick in size and sagging over the burgeoning gut as the fur rushed over his belly and torso to meet their arms.

Now came the fun part- the arms. After his shoulders were washed and dusted with more blue fur, the outline of Arti's arms grew softer and tubbier as the fur hurried down to cover what skin was left on his torso. But that wasn't all, Arti knew, drawing in a sharp breath of anticipation at the prickle of something thicker than fur along the bottom half of his arms. A length of smooth, thick fabric like leather cascaded down from his arms, and cascaded out even further, the wave of rich purple fading to neutral, nocturnal black as the material reached closer to Arti's arms. A few wires sealed inside along the 'bones' of the wings, giving them a firmness and structure to be more easily flapped and wielded, in ways that true wings in this position might be held. They were so *warm*, too- the smooth texture was so nice to the touch, Arti noticed, feeling a faint urge to wrap another person up with his arms and wings... if they'd like a good hug, that is.

The fur on the end of his wrists cut sharply to an even deeper blue as the pelt enveloped his palms, his hands and fingers growing large and a bit silly looking after the fur had squeezed together two of his fingers so hard they had become one. Arti's heart dropped when he felt the sudden change of pressure bearing down on his wrists, like a picture frame about to be hung over a nail in the wall, before suddenly realizing it was far too loosely nailed into the wall to be used for anything. Arti quickly plunged his hands into his lap to keep his hand-paws from falling off- and accidentally crushed and caved in even more of his hollow legs, letting out a little yelp of surprise.

A new weight settled over Arti's shoulders, too, as a brightly colored, puffy vest of smooth vinyl and vaguely 90s fashion slipped past the heavy wings on his arms to settle at his sides. Making sure his paws were deftly secured to the end of his arms, he ran his palms and pads over the fun, glossily smooth material, feeling suddenly so *comfortable* wearing it over all this thick, fluffy fur. This vest was so cool, and tastefully colorful and stylish- this and many others of the same kind, were the only clothes that Lore would ever need to wear. And he was *loving* it, giving a delighted little wiggle at the texture on his paw pads.

And... well, Arti could feel it, the changes were arriving at his head, now. The fur surged up his neck, the folds and rolls accentuated by fluffy fur before moving onto his face. Wasting no time, Arti blinked as his face was pulled forward as though it were bordering on elastic into a cute, short muzzle, his tongue stretching to match the length and teeth taking on the shape of adorable, short fangs poking out of his mouth. The feel of his mouth and tongue going strangely dry and his fangs softening into material that could not cut into any food if he tried had Arti tickled pink, and he opened his mouth into a wide, joyful, half-open mouthed grin, finding it an oddly comfortable position to leave his mouth in. Perhaps it was that he no longer had any need to conserve moisture in his mouth, or maybe some sense of pride in his... craftsmanship? Did that make sense, when he wasn't actually an object made by human hand?

The fur continued on, catching his eyes and ears, and offsetting his glasses caught a little bit in the fur of his muzzle. His ears rose to the top of his head, and grew, and grew, larger and more sensitive, capable of hearing pitch he couldn't even *conceive* of as a human- and the first sounds his powerful bat ears picked up when his hearing returned, were the words of a soft, gentle voice.

"Oh, your glasses- here, let me get that for you." The voice washed through his ears and thrummed within his very core, and a familiar blurry shape appeared in front of him, fussing with the glasses caught in his fur. He removed them and smoothed over the fur in their place with a careful hand, Arti hitching a tiny breath at the contact. The curly dark hair tumbling down his head grew from root to tip a bright, rich purple, shrinking in size into an adorable tuft of curly hair nestled between his large ears, and tufts of blue fur grew out along the sides of his face, as well. His eyes widened in proportion over his face, sinking inward slightly as the color in his eyes faded blank white sclera, flattening into the thin white film one might be able to see through if they looked closely... though if they were looking into it closely from the *outside*, they would see nothing at all inside. Once set in, as well, the eyes of the fursuit head remained frozen open, never needing to blink again.

His vision cleared once his eyes had changed, and coming into relative clarity was the visage of Parker with a hand still stroking his muzzle, smiling

at him gently, affectionately. Arti didn't have a heartbeat or any need to breathe anymore, his chest long since hollowed out, but his chest filled with warmth looking upon his partner, so overwhelmed with- with *love*, for him. At the very tip of his muzzle, a pink, wide, heart shaped nose appeared- the first of many. A smattering of blue freckles spilled over his face and onto his shoulders, each one of them in the shape of a heart no matter how small, the palms of the pads on all his paws shaped into soft, blemishless pink hearts, even a big heart of lighter blue appeared across his chest, the love inside of him swelling all the bigger and brighter- truly, even clear in just an inferior representation of this being, **love** was a core aspect to his very nature.

Arti's paws were shaking, he realized, taking it all in, his gaze simply unable to leave Parker's face. He was so overwhelmed- with love, with awe, with wonder, with realization, it was really only hitting him then and there just how *real* everything about this was, here in this moment.

"Am- am I really going to be like this for the whole *weekend*...?" Arti stammered out, his voice barely a whisper but still thundering in his own sensitive ears. Getting to experience all this comfort, and sensation, and *love*, Arti was just mystified that such an opportunity had been offered to him, *him* of all people. Did Parker even *know*, the extent to what he had offered him so readily? Did he really love Arti *this much*...?

Parker looked bashful, scratching the back of his head and waving a hand in defense.

"Ah- I mean, I know this is a lot to ask for, especially for your first time trying out what c4c can do- that was my bad, I should have let you test it out beforehand with something you'd rather have instead, like Medic or Solly, or something else maybe..." Parker rushed and rambled on, as though there was a time limit barring him from saying what he wanted to say in full. "I know it might be a bit uncomfortable to smuggle you into the con as a fursuit, but I wanted to let you know I'll try my best to make *your* stay there as comfortable as possible, too, like it's really awfully nice of you to volunteer to be my fursuit for this, so I want to like leave you full motor controls and everything outside the times I'm wearing you, and even outside that I'm totally okay with you walking around all you like even more often

than my wearing you, but if this is all still too much and you realized you don't actually want to do this that's totally alright, I just want you to be--"

Before Parker could finish the thought, Arti interrupted him with a kiss, one that Parker reciprocated after only a moment of surprise. It wasn't that Arti didn't often do the engaging of such affections, but with so much love and wonder welling up inside, he couldn't resist expressing it... feeling only a little strange doing so with a dry mouth and furry lips.

Arti threw his arms and soft, warm wings around him to pull him closer, kissing even harder before breaking away to attack from the side. He didn't let up, giving Parker numerous little pecks on one cheek and then on the other cheek- even if he realized halfway through doing it he was just stamping his cute little heart shaped nose to his cheek while making "Mwah! Mwah! Mwah!" sounds with his mouth. Parker was giggling and blushing as pink as Arti's nose at the barrage of affection, though, so he was perfectly happy with his results.

Pulling back, Arti gazed into Parker's eyes, taking in the dazed, overjoyed love reflecting right back at him, a smile on his face like he couldn't believe this was happening to him. Arti felt so much love, so much trust for him, he made a choice silently as he leaned close to whisper into Parker's ear, reaching an arm past behind him.

"I can't wait to have so much fun together with you this weekend," Arti whispered.

He gave Parker one more nose kiss on the cheek, before flicking a switch on the change4change hardware...

And the fursuit went slack, the individual pieces falling apart from each other with nothing holding them together.

It was only Parker's own usually subpar reflexes that let him catch the expensive looking fursuit head while the rest of the suit fell to the ground. He blinked, speechless and sputtering before he looked to the computer where Arti had reached over his shoulder. There, the fursuit paw glove laid

pointing dramatically to the setting 'Allow Motor Controls', currently set to 'No'.

It only took a slightly embarrassing amount of time for him to put two and two together, when Parker had the setting for the fursuit set to 'Yes' when he had set it up, and that Arti had literally just *displayed full motor functions himself* for a good few moments after he had finished transforming. Parker chuckled, burying his face into a hand upon realizing he'd totally undercut the impact of Arti's grand gesture of trust.

He peeked out from behind the hand to look at the fursuit head in his other hand, smiling apologetically. Parker heaved a sigh, bringing the head closer to his own.

"Good lord, what did I do to deserve you..." Parker groaned, nose nuzzling the fursuit head's cute heart-shaped nose like there was no tomorrow, before stooping to gather up the rest of the pieces. The paw gloves, the boots, the rest of the single-piece fullsuit... Parker folded the fabric gently, carefully, picking up the soft, warm stack to carry it out of the room and to his bed, where his open duffel bag lay.

He set the pile of folded fursuit down, giving the warm head another stroke down the muzzle and a fond smile... before Parker felt a *lurch* in his stomach, a deep desire hitting him with the force of a truck, his eyes widening with shock.

What was he going to do, have a beautifully crafted fursuit of his fursona Lore and *NOT* at least give it a try on, test out wearing it before going to the convention?

Parker almost tripped over his feet in his haste to undress, casting off the greater layers and throwing on some lighter clothes to wear underneath. He rushed back over to the bed, scooping up the pile, shaking out the fullsuit to its full, unfolded length, and began to unzip.

Arti's phantom heart was racing, feeling his body suddenly being lifted up and opened with such *hunger* after the calm of being set down on the bed.

He'd panicked earlier, so overwhelmed with love and affection that he just didn't have the words to communicate it all to Parker, that he'd pivoted to humor- comedically removing himself from the conversation when he had set up the expectation that he was going to say something.

He'd realized his mistake too late, though- this wasn't a discord call that he could immediately rejoin, he didn't have any way of clearing up any misunderstanding or explaining himself should the need arise. He was stuck, there, his slack body being folded up like a stack of clothes before he could say anything else, forced to trust that Parker would take care of him for the rest of the weekend.

So Arti had settled themselves in for a nice comfortable night, surprisingly cozy in the pile he'd been folded into, when Parker had lifted up his body and shaken it loose, eagerly opening up the zipper. If Arti could have recoiled at the cool, *alien* sensation of Parker's hands reaching in and brushing along the *inside* surface of his body, he would have, the shiver of discomfort and thrill gone unnoticed within his inanimate form.

Parker reached further into his body, finding the arm sleeves and pushing his arms through- an innocuous act that sent a *lance* of euphoria and pleasure thrumming imperceptibly throughout Arti's soft body, and a second as Parker pushed his other arm through the other sleeve, his hand poking out the other end. The sleeve of the fursuit arm was the *perfect length* for Parker's arm to fit inside, a thought as loud as thunder struck through Arti's pleasure-fogged mind. Something within Arti, something he couldn't quite place consciously, responded so fervently to being *used* and *worn* in that way Parker was so eagerly engaging in, exploring the inside of the inanimate fursuit's form and slipping it on as though he were stepping into a fresh pair of onesie pajamas.

Perhaps it was related to what had become of his sense of self upon no longer being in 'human' form- a human, a living person, had no inherent purpose, beautiful in that each one had a life to make that of their own... but an object? Especially one so beautifully crafted, and designed, and cared for? An object like the fursuit Arti had fully *become*, that Parker had unzipped and was helping himself to try on? An object such as this truly had a *distinct*

purpose, an intent to be used for specific reasons, and in return for satisfying that function it would require the care and maintenance between usages for it to continue on.

A function, a purpose, that as Arti felt Parker's legs stepping into the suit's own accompanied by another blinding spear of pleasure lancing through his body and mind, Arti could feel he was very, *very* good at fulfilling.

Arti felt the gloves and boots being picked up off the bed next, shivering in the ecstasy of Parker's fingers slipping into the odd number of digits that the gloves had, gripping and relaxing his hands inside the paw-gloves and wiggling his toes in the boots. Arti had already felt the sensations of his strange, silly paws on each other before, having tested the texture and the odd number of digits curling on each other in wonder while the changes had gone on. But *here*, it was so different- this was *Parker* moving and flexing the digits of his paws inside them, he was *wearing* the paws and moving them himself like he would gloves, just as they were *meant* to be. The true difference between then and now was Arti testing how his hands felt, as opposed to Parker testing how the *gloves* felt *on* his hands, soft and comfortable as they should.

Parker zipped up the fursuit over his body and slipped on the colorful, stylish puffy vest over the suit after a moment of struggling to fit the wings through the arm holes, the weight on Arti's shoulders feeling as natural as being worn. Parker lifted up the fursuit head from where he'd left it before on the bed, turned just enough to see Parker slipping into his hollow body before getting scooped up and bouncing in Parker's furry sleeves as he hurried to the bathroom.

Parker halted once he reached the mirror, his haste momentarily put on pause as he looked in the mirror. From the head smiling brightly under Parker's arm, Arti could see the thoughtful look on Parker's face as he gazed at his reflection, his body entirely covered by the beautiful suit from the neck down. Parker turned the head to look down at it face to face, and Arti gazed back, unblinking, as his wearer gave him a small smile, brimming with gratitude.

"Thanks for this, again. I really mean it." Arti's nonexistent heart did one last little flip at the words, and Parker spread just a bit wider- before he looked back up at the mirror, lifting up and placing the mask over his head.

Arti would have wondered how it felt on the other end to be the one putting on the fursuit head, or hoped that Parker could see out the eye film alright and wasn't too suffocating- that is, if he could wonder anything at *all*.

If the feeling of his *sleeves* being worn felt good, then here, at his head? The place where his remaining human sense of self felt most concentrated, having a purpose and a function and being used and *worn* as its design intended? Arti could hardly form a thought in their own head from the sheer mind-melting bliss.

Outside the thick fog, the tide of pride and pleasure Arti's mind was submerged in, Parker was utterly silent, so taken with the reflection in the mirror. Arti's vision had not faltered externally, only internally, so his eyes could still see the furred, cozily soft figure of a bat person with heart shapes all over their body, wide and smooth wings, and an expression stuck in that of joy and delight at presumably whatever or whoever it saw in front of it.

And then, they began to *speak*.

"I'm... Lore." The jaws and the muzzle of the mask did not move, nor could Arti have made them move even if they had wanted to. The voice came from the wearer within, quivering with realization and understanding and identity. "That's *me*. I'm... me..." The words pierced through the fog like shots rending the sky, captivating Arti's own attention through even the pool of his bliss.

"My name is Lore, I'm a bat who loves fruit, and singing, and the night sky... I'm so cute, and I *love* being cute, so much more than being cool, or handsome, or pretty, although I do still like being those things sometimes too..." Lore went on, and Arti felt every word wash over them, transfixed by the reflection in the mirror just as much as their wearer. Something about seeing the body of the bat in place of their own, while those words of affirmation and identification came *from* that same form- Arti realized it didn't matter that it was only a fursuit and wasn't real or that they weren't speaking the words themselves.

The power in such an action was undeniable and irrevocable, and Arti felt an invisible shiver run through his inanimate form in response.

"I think 'he' might still work fine for me, but I don't think that's *quite* right, being honest... maybe a 'they' could work, too? Or even other things eventually, once I get a feel for them?" Arti could feel the slight current of air inside of the mask change as Lore hitched a breath, before it bubbled out into joy. Arti felt a twinge of something, too, hearing Lore discover and experimenting with their identity while they watched themselves in the mirror.

"There's a lot of things for me to try out, it sounds like... so many new things, and I get to try them all while really feeling like *myself* in a way I've never felt before." Arti could practically *feel* the warm smile settling on Lore's face inside the suit, gazing at *their* reflection beyond just Lore's own. "This is so special to me- and I can't wait to try these things together with you, at the convention. I... thank you so much, L- Arti."

Their voice stumbled, catching on the wrong name as they spoke to their fursuit, bubbling into a laugh at their mistake, holding their arms together and hugging themselves and their fursuit through it, spinning and twirling out of the bathroom in euphoria.

Back in Lore's room, they collapsed onto the bed, breathless with laughter, arms and wingspan spread wide. The notion that they were going to end up spending the whole night sleeping in full suit was broken when lolling their head naturally ended up popping the fursuit head off, rolling just off to the side next to it. Revealed underneath was Parker- just Parker, just as it always was- but the shine and gratitude in their eyes as they turned to meet the fursuit's eyes came from Lore, it could tell.

"I can't wait for tomorrow... big day to prepare for." Lore smiled, so full of warmth and joy. "Thank you for doing this with me, it means more to me than I can even say. I love you so much, Arti... and Lore." Giving the fursuit head one last kiss on its heart shaped nose, they drifted off to sleep, comfortable and content.

The room was silent now, other than Lore's soft snoozing, leaving the fursuit head... leaving *Arti* some time alone to think.

This was... a lot more than they expected, agreeing to being a fursuit for the weekend, of all things. They loved and trusted Parker, even more so now than they did before, but being riddled with sudden thoughts and feelings about the nature and purpose his existence served was... a startling element of this to contend with, to say the least.

But in a way... this was sort of what they wanted, right? They were hoping to spend some intimate time together alone with Parker, and got free admission to a furry convention out of it, too, just in a form that they *did* agree to being. And as for having to wrestle with the existential nature of being an object- well, they could keep a lid on it for one weekend, right? Right? It'd be fine.

Arti watched Parker sleeping for a moment longer, before the slumber claimed them, as well.

Big day ahead of them, indeed- Lore's big debut at the convention tomorrow was something that neither of them wanted to miss.