Nick was an unfortunate child. At age 8 he lost his parents in a car crash, sadly leaving him an orphan.

Soon afterwards, Nick was put in an orphanage, not having any other relatives he could go to. The only

family he had left, or at least, what he considered family, was a little plush Charizard that Nick called

Charry. Nick had Charry since he was a baby, a gift from his parents who happened to be largely into

Pokemon. Nick loved Charry, and after losing his parents, his attachment to Charry got even stronger,

considering it to be the best object to remember them by. Nick was bullied by some of the older kids in

the orphanage for carrying around a plush, but he didn't care. The plush was too important to him for

him to toss it.

Two years later, when Nick was 10, he found something that would change everything. A small crown

made of plush, lying in the far corner of the playground. He couldn't figure out who had lost it, but it

seemed to be the perfect size for his Charry plush to wear, so he placed it on his little head. Charry came

to life, the little eyes made out of the thread *blinking* and the small plush starting to move on its own.

The plush's mouth opened, which shouldn't have been possible, and the plush *spoke* greeting Nick like

a long-time friend. Nick was understandably freaked out, but after the shock, he was excited that his

little plush friend came to life. Nick had fun with Charry, playing with him in private whenever possible,

but Charry would pretend to be lifeless whenever another person appeared.

One day, a new staff member at the orphanage was hired. This woman was rather mean to the kids

whenever the kinder staff were not looking, and not even a few days after her arrival, had taken Charry

from Nick after she had judged Nick was "misbehaving." Nick pleaded with her to give Charry back to

him, but she said she would give him back after one week. However, when the day came when she was

supposed to give Charry back to Nick, she told him she had thrown the plush Charizard away. Nick

became greatly distressed hearing that and checked every garbage he could to find his plush friend, but

he couldn't. Charry was gone. The mean woman was fired after her superior had learned about what she

had done. The kind staff had offered to get Nick a new plush, one even offering him a shiny-colored

Charizard plush, but Nick didn't want it. He only wanted Charry. He went to bed terribly sad that night…

Nick had fallen asleep after a good hour or two of crying, but had woken up around midnight to a bright

pink light appearing in his room. Nick quickly sat up and looked at the pink light, before it grew into a

large pink portal, right there against the wall of his room. From the pink portal, a large shape stepped

through into Nick's room. It was a plush Charizard, but not just any plush Charizard. It was Charry, Nick

could tell, but Charry was now a good seven feet tall, and had quite the round belly on him too.

"C-Charry!" Nick cried and jumped out of bed, running and hugging the large plush Charizard, wrapping

his arms over Charry's big and soft belly. Charry chuckled and lovingly hugged Nick close to him, a plush

claw softly rubbing Nick's back. "I'm here, Nick. I'm sorry I was gone for so long." The big plush cooed

softly.

"I thought you were thrown away…" Nick sobbed into the belly of his beloved plush, who nodded softly.

"I was, that old witch threw me away right after taking me from you. But don't worry, I'm here now. And

I'm going to take you away from this place." Charry murred softly as Nick looked up at him. "You are…?"

Nick asked, then noticed something else. "C-Charry, your crown is gone…!" Nick said. He had never tried

to remove it from Charry's head in fear that it wouldn't allow him to live anymore. But here he was,

without it. "Don't worry. It's in a safe place. Now come on, we're leaving." Charry smiled and gently

picked Nick up in his surprisingly strong plush arms, holding him close and turning back towards the pink

portal. "W-Wait, shouldn't we tell someone I'm leaving?" Nick gasped, before Charry softly rubbed his

head. "Don't worry about that. Everything's taken care of." Charry said, before carrying Nick through the

portal.

Nick couldn't see for a few seconds, but when his vision cleared, he couldn't believe his eyes. Everywhere he looked there were things made out of plush. Looking down and Charry was standing on a plush road. Looking up and there was a blue sky and a small, bright but not blinding sun, both a good mile up in the air and made of plush. Looking around and there were plush homes and plush trees lined around, and past them he could a large plush palace, just down the road. That wasn't all though. He could also see large living plushies just like Charry walking around and conversing with each other. A wolf plush over there, and a Vaporeon plush not far away, a snake plush slithering down the road…there were living plushies everywhere! "Welcome Nick, to the plush kingdom, your new home." Charry smiled down at Nick lovingly and began walking towards the palace with Nick still in his arms.

"C-Charry…what's going on…?" Nick asked, confused as Charry carried him towards the palace, every plush they passed greeting Charry with a bow and a "Good afternoon, King Charry," or something of the sort. "While I was gone, I discovered powers I didn't know I had before, and I made this kingdom of plush where the two of us can live happily. We can play all we want here, from sunrise to sunset if you'd like, and no one here will pick on you. This here is my world, and I make the rules." Charry smiled and softly nuzzled Nick on the head. Nick wasn't sure how to feel about this. This was amazing to his ten year old mind, but also rather weird. "I know this will take some getting used to, but you'll love living here. I'm sure." Charry assured Nick as he arrived at the palace, stepping inside.

There, to greet them just through the palace doors, was a quite large and quite fat plush Lugia, who bowed. "Welcome home, King Charry and Prince Nick." The Lugia spoke in a male voice. 'Prince…?' Nick thought as Charry replied to the Lugia. "Thank you, Lightwing. Can you get me my crown and robe? As well as those new pajamas I made for Nick, please." The Lugia plush, named Lightwing, nodded. "Right

away, your majesty." Lightwing said before walking off. Charry smiled and walked further inside, heading

to his throne room. "I-I'm…a prince…?" Nick asked Charry, who chuckled. "Of course you are~! If I'm

the king, you gotta be my prince! Don't worry, you won't have any royal responsibilities." Charry replied,

arriving at a large plush throne. Beside the throne was a plush table of sorts that had things such as

pillows and blankets sitting on it. Charry turned and sat his plush rump on the throne, gently setting Nick

down on the throne next to him before grabbing a pillow and starting to munch on it.

"You're…eating a pillow…" Nick said, having never seen Charry eat anything before. "Hmm? Well what

else would a plush eat?" Charry chuckled with his mouth full before swallowing down the chunk of

pillow he had been chewing on. Soon, Lightwing approached the throne, holding soft-looking red robe,

an enlarged version of Charry's plush crown that brought him to life, and a pair of Charmander-themed

pajamas. "Ahh, perfect! Thank you Lightwing. Hey Nick, please go into that room over there and put

those on." Charry said as Lightwing gently handed Nick the pajamas. "Um…okay." Nick hopped off the

throne and went to the room Charry had pointed to, where he changed from his orphanage pajamas into

the Charmander pajamas he had been given, which were complete with a little Charmander's tail. Nick

stepped out of the room after changing, realizing how soft and cozy these pajamas felt compared to his

old pajamas.

Charry, now wearing his crown and the red robe that Lightwing had brought over, turned and smiled at

Nick. "You look great! I knew those would look cute on you." Charry said, causing Nick to blush a little as

Lightwing the Lugia plush softly chuckled. "Would you like me to escort Prince Nick to his room, my

king?" Lightwing asked. "Nahhh, he'll be sleeping here with me. Come here, Nick." Charry said and Nick

came over, Charry gently grabbing Nick under his shoulder and hoisting him up so he was lying on his

belly. "I took you while it was past your bedtime, so you gotta get caught up on sleep." Charry said to

Nick. "You should have waited until it was nighttime here as well, your majesty." Lightwing pointed out, to which Charry laughed softly. "I know, but I couldn't wait! Sorry Nick, we'll have to get your sleep schedule readjusted." Charry said and smiled. "For now though, time for bed." He said before a pink gas began to spill out of his maw.

Nick didn't have much time to react before Charry breathed a pink gas into his face. Nick inhaled the gas, and before he knew it, any tiredness he was experiencing was multiplied tenfold. Nick could only yawn once and lied his head down on Charry's belly before sleep took him. Charry smiled and with a soft chuckle, gently hugged Nick close, purring and nuzzling Nick's head lovingly. "Sweet dreams, Nick. We'll have lots of fun tomorrow." Charry said to the sleeping boy in his belly. In his sleep, Nick gave a little smile, able to hear Charry's words even while unconscious. He still was not completely sure about this new life in this plush world, but as long as he was with his loving plush Charry, perhaps it won't be so bad.