

Clover stealthily slips into the storeroom she had just previously unlocked with her pen-mounted mini-laser. The fact that her intrusion would be made evident by the singed and partially melted lock was lost on her. The secret agent shuts the door quietly. Turning around she finds that the large, rectangular room is almost completely dark. From the faint light from an unseen source at the room's distant end Clover can determine that the room is not the suspicious one she and her teammates are searching for. The place is filled with boxes of concessions, packaging, and stuffed game prizes. The missing teens they seek wouldn't be in such an unprotected and plain location. Clover relaxes and returns to the agitated huff she had only just managed to forget.

"I so do not have trouble focusing. I can't believe she said that to me." Clover says, stalking her way through the storeroom and looking around for clues. Her distraction causes her to give the room a totally cursorial scan though, not that her powers of observation are stellar when she -is- focused; another point of contention between herself and her teammates. "I can out-detective Alex, like, any day of the week. I got into the storeroom didn't I?" Clover blows a raspberry and continues down the long storeroom with the arbitrary goal of inspecting the light source coming more from Clover's curiosity than any sense of duty to her mission.

Clover and her fellow World Organization of Human Protection (WOOHP) agents and friends Alex and Sam have been tasked with investigating the sudden disappearances of six teens. The glaring connection between all of these disappearances is that each of the teens had recently been hired by the Toony Town amusement park. The park has been around for more than a decade and has never been connected to shady accusations like recurring disappearances on its grounds before. This led the girls to infer that the park's recently new manager Tessa Montgomery is related to the disappearances. Tessa was a scientist in a classified government position before taking over Toony Town. Even the well-connected and resourceful heads at WOOHP couldn't remove any of the red-tape from Tessa's file to uncover data that might implicate her in the case. She's a black box and so the organization sent their three exceptional female agents to investigate the amusement park itself to find evidence of Tessa's involvement.

While Clover can be very capable as a secret agent her occasional bouts of cleverness are her biggest asset. Her impetuosity often gets her into trouble though. There was a mission where she became addicted to specially designed cookies which made her immensely fat over the course of a few days. She became an anthropomorphic cat on another occasion which was particularly embarrassing for her. She has also been captured more than once. When the girls split up in order to cover more ground Sam and Alex relegated Clover to searching the storeroom which seemed like the least troublesome place she could be. This pinched a nerve for Clover making her grow increasingly agitated.

"Ugggh! Those guys." Clover says, nearing the mysterious light source. She rounds a tower of popcorn bags to find an odd chair with a glowing, high-tech screen on one of its arm-rests. The thing looks a bit like a hair-dresser's chair, but it is very tall and wide. It has a footrest and a cushioned headrest. The most unusual thing about it is that there is a large metallic tank on its backside. The tank bears no indication of what is inside but it looks complicated and expensive. "Ooooooh. What is this thingie?" Clover says, tip-toeing closer to the chair. The screen on the chair's arm bears an incomprehensible jumble of terms and figures that are beyond Clover's comprehension. When Clover rests a hand on the chair's soft bottom though the screen flashes and begins to display an eye catch. The

words “Please have a seat. Get comfortable. Choose your favorite animal!” Appear, interspersed with pictures of cute cartoony animals in clothes bearing the Toony Town logo.

“Oh wow. Is this some kind of secret ride?” Clover says, watching the cutesy animals flying across the screen. She is immediately struck with the mischievous idea of playing with the strange attraction, if that’s what it is. Above her natural curiosity Clover wants to enjoy herself in spite of her nay-saying friends. “I’m totally trying this, hahaha.” Clover says. Forgoing all of the caution this situation demands Clover hops over the arm of the chair and plops into the seat. With a cheshire grin Clover beds toward the touch-screen console which has changed its display. A picture of a managerial-looking woman has appeared with a speech-bubble: “Thank you for your interest in employment at the fun, magical world of Toony Town. We love to welcome new friends here. Before we begin the dry part of the hiring process we like to have a little fun. On the next screen you’ll be asked to choose your favorite animal. There are no wrong answers here. But please, be honest.” When Clover has finished reading the schpiel she presses the button to continue the presentation.

“Oh so it’s like a training thing? Borin--Oooh! Aw they’re so cuuute!” Clover says. She is presented now with a large array of cartoon characters. All of them are very cute and cuddly. Among them are a crocodile in farmer’s clothes and a lion with big, poofy paws. “Hmmm. Oh the lion is so cute. Yeah I like him.” Clover reaches forward and clicks on the lion. She meant to click on the lion that is. The screen malfunctioned and clicked instead on a bear. It’s a female bear, very round and fluffy and wearing big, pink frock of a dress. The screen calls her ‘Mama Bear.’ It asks Clover to confirm her selection.

“Ack, no stupid screen. I don’t want this fat bear. Bring the cute lion back.” Clover reaches out again and presses the ‘No’ button to reselect her animal. The computer mis-clicks again causing Clover to accidentally confirm her selection of the chubby bear. “Oh come on. This thing’s totally busted. Dumb computer. Oh well. It’s not like it really matters.” The screen begins to load. After about a minute a text box appears asking Clover to ‘Please relax and await further instruction’. Clover scoffs and lays back in the seat, resting her arms on the armrests and her feet on the footrest. “Ok, this is lame. Wonder if Sam and Alex found anything yet.” As Clover is rising from the chair she hears a click and then the hum of machinery within the seat. She doesn’t have time to react to this however. As soon as the whirring starts four stern, rubber straps appear from below the chairs rests. These bind Clover’s arms and legs, instantly securing her to the seat. With great effort she can budge them, but the loops are too tight for her to squeeze her hands or feet free.

“What the?! What is this? Rrrrgh, can’t get my arms out. Oh no my blade thingie!” Clover inspects her boots which contain a super-sharp blade which would be perfect for cutting her leg straps at least. Unfortunately to access the blade she needs to click her heels together which the straps prevent her from doing. She struggles against the ties while trying not to cause a ruckus. “Dangit. Got to get out of this thing.” As clover pulls fruitlessly at the straps the humming chair produces a plastic tube of some kind which originates within the huge canister on the chair’s backside. It slithers over clover’s shoulder and she notices it with a start. It hovers before her face like a snake waiting to strike.

“Ah! What the he—ullp. *hack*” When Clover opens her mouth the tube shoots inside it and when it does so the canister simultaneously begins to pump out its contents. She thrashes her head wildly, but can’t shake the seemingly controlled tube from her mouth. Clover, writhing on the cozy chair with the tube deep inside her, watches as a white cottony substance slides down the tube and into her

throat. Sure enough it is soft stuffing of some kind. The tube is far enough inside her mouth that she can't spit the stuff out without gagging so she swallows it. She swallows a great deal of it, as the tank pumps it continuously into her.

"-Ung- Hmmp! -ung- Mmmp." Forgoing caution Clover shouts as loudly as she can.

The stuffing at first felt dry and scratchy going down, but over time it begins to cause an unusual sensation. It feels almost as though it is melting in her throat and dispersing. It feels virulent. And now that Clover has swallowed almost a gallon of it she is feeling very strange. Her skin tingles all over, as do the muscles and bone beneath. Her feet soon go numb and Clover cranes her neck down to investigate. She finds that her feet are swollen and stretching her boots tight. She gulps down a particularly huge wad of stuffing and watches in horror as her feet burst out of her boots revealing that she is transforming. Her human feet are gone, she looks down now on two big, plush nubs covered in what appears to be fake, brown fur. She has no toes, only four soft claws jutting from the place where toes ought to be. When feeling returns to her again Clover is terrified to find that she can control the feet. She kicks them as much as she can within the straps that have stretched to accommodate their new size. The changes are quickly spreading. Inch-by-inch and gulp-by-gulp Clover's body bulges with the stuffing which is obviously not ordinary cotton. How else could she be ingesting it?

Clover's legs are soon plush as well and steadily tear through the seams of the agent's red catsuit. Her unnatural stuffed parts are squishy and soft as one would expect which only scares Clover more. The stuffing fills out her legs nicely. She is even lifted off the seat a bit when her butt swells to an outrageous new size and is covered with soft faux teddy bear fur. Clover's belly is next. She is helpless to stop its growth. She can only watch as, with every big gulp of the transformative agent her stomach widens nearly a foot in every direction. Soon she looks down on the light brown fur of her transformed belly. Next an embarrassing change occurs when Clover's bosom bursts from her top. Her boobs bounce to a hefty new size as well and are fur covered. These lack nipples of course and looking south Clover realizes that her privates are gone as well. Every trace of herself is vanishing into the bloated, cushy body.

"Mmm! Mm-mm!" She groans into the tube which is finally slowing its injection.

Clover's arms are transformed in much the same way her legs had. Shoulders becoming burly and fuzzy. She watches as her hands are changed by the stuffing, she loses a finger on both hands and her remaining fingers become thick and pudgy, with pads made of leather and big, soft claws; her hands now little more than uselessly huge paws. Clover struggles, sitting in the tatters of her uniform. Her every motion causes her soft body to jiggle in an unnatural way. The stuffing has transformed her in all areas but her head. As the stuffing reaches Clover's neck she finds that she no longer has to swallow it. Indeed she can no longer swallow. She does gag though as her face is covered in plush fur. Clover feels the bizarre sensation of her skull being made soft and cuddly. Her cheeks grow jowly. In a moment of pure panic her eyesight is lost. She groans loudly until all at once her eyesight is returned. She finds that she no longer has eyelids though. She is unable to blink as she is looking out of the glassy, long-lashed eyes of a stuffed bear. The tube then removes itself from Clover's mouth, but this is not much consolation as she is so overstuffed that some of it drips from her mouth. This is remedied when, with a few final shrieks, Clover's mouth shuts itself and is sewn tightly shut forming a constant smile on the lady-bear's muzzle.

"Whats?! Huh? My voice?!" Clover says, somehow. A sing-songy voice has replaced her own and is emitted from someplace within her muzzle. Mama bear's voice apparently. It sounds as though it is being produced from a hidden speaker. "I'm-I'm stuffed! Help! Somebody help me!" Clover shouts in the unfamiliar voice. Between her shouts though she hears approaching footsteps. Someone must have entered during her transformation which had understandably escaped her notice.

"Hmm still talking? That's abnormal. Let me put an end to that." The voice says.

"Hello?! Listen, you have to he—mmm? Mmmmmm!" Clover's tinny voice is cut short leaving her with a tiny groan that likely only she can hear.

The visitor steps into Clover's view momentarily revealing herself to be a smartly-dressed intellectual-type. Clove realizes that this is the same woman that had appeared on the chair's instruction screen. 'Could it be?' she thinks. The woman eyes Clover derisively until she notices the shreds of her suit. She approaches with no shortage of thrashing and attempted shouting from Clover, and inspects.

"Oh! Ohhhh no. You poor WOOHP floozy. Haha Why did you use the chair?! Why would anyone touch a sketchy thing like this in the back of a storage room? Oh that is rich. Well I guess I can introduce myself to you now." The woman says, leaning over Clover's pudgy new body.

"My name is Tess Montgomery, the woman I believe you were sent here for? Now I'm sure you have some small questions about what you just went through so let me explain." Tess begins to pace before the distraught and silenced Clover. "As you may know I have a background in biotechnology. I excelled in, and am constantly intrigued by, nanotechnology. The potentialities of these small, intelligent machines boggle my mind. Imagine what we could do for medicine alone if we could engineer nanobots to target problem cells and bacteria. Well anyway, as a pet project I attempted to create a sort of nanobot cluster. The bots can only exist outside the body in this crystallized format, but once inserted the bots become extremely adaptable. They are able to manipulate the body on an atomic level. You have been injected with an enormous dose of my cluster bots and they have transformed you into this big and... rather well-endowed teddy bear. Now I haven't been able to engineer them for medicinal use yet, but with the money from the park I may soon be able to revolutionize the world of medicine." Tess concludes. She grabs Clover's hand and squeezes it playfully. It is disturbing for Clover to watch her boneless hand squishing and reshaping.

"It should be fairly obvious where your missing teens have gone. They've gone nowhere. They are all around the park helping me to test the limits of this technology. I suppose I ought to have told them this would be a part of their summer job, but if they knew that they would be furthering the next stage of medicine I'm sure they'd understand. When I heard you tramps were coming to stop me I had planned to catch you and put you all through this treatment, but look at you ... Clover" Tess says, grabbing Clover's ID tag. "No one has picked the bear before. I think you'll make a great addition to the park." Tess reaches behind Clover's head and hits a switch which releases Clover's bindings. The transformed agent moves herself uneasily. She flops forward and lands on her soft hands and knees. Her hefty stuffed boobs swing beneath her chin.

"Mmmm! Mmmmmph!" Clover attempts to yell, looking up at Tess with her blank eyes and static smile.

“Oh don’t bother girl. I control the nanobots. I control you, now. Your human body is like clay for the nanobots. And alas what has been changed can’t be easily returned to shape. This is who you are now, Mama Bear. Part of the Toony Town family.” Tess says. At this point Clover notices that Tess is holding a controller of some kind. She rises quickly in a fit of panic. She attempts to grab Tess’s controller with her doughy hands, but the woman bats her arm away with ease. Chuckling, Tess smiles and extends the controller to Clover while maintaining her grip. “Here, take it.” She says. Instantly Clover attempts to take the tablet from her. She has trouble manipulating her chubby fingers but when she does get a good grip she finds that she can’t budge the thing.

“Mmph?!? Hmmm.” Clover tugs gainlessly for nearly a minute.

“Feeling a little weak Mama Bear? I can’t have one of my stuffed test subjects trying to hurt someone. You have strength enough to walk around the park and give hugs, that’s it. That is your purpose now.” Tess says. She approaches Clover and wraps an arm around her waist. The woman lifts up the huge bear with almost no effort. Clover whirls her stubby arms and legs. Tess then drops Clover who whirls around in surprise. “Sorry, sorry. Here.” Tess says, holding the device toward Clover in her open palm. Clover quickly snatches it and looks at the screen. There are a number of selectable options including Incapacitate, Mute Subject, and Controlled Speaker. Clover presses the Mute Subject button, hoping it will allow her to speak. The button isn’t activated though. Her fingers can’t interact with the touch screen controls.

“Stuffed animals don’t have pulses my dear.” Tessa says, snatching the controller from Clover with ease. “Trying to unmute yourself? Maybe when you’re broken in I’ll let you greet customers. Well Clover I hope you’re happy with your choice of animal because this is it. This is the rest of your life. You don’t need to eat or sleep which is ideal for me because I can work you and the others 24/7 without pay. I’m sure you’ll get used to it huh?” Tess pulls Clover close, putting an arm around her shoulder. We’ll have to get you a bra or something though, because these things are just... lewd” Tess says, cupping Clover’s overinflated, fuzzy breasts.

“Mmmmh! Mm mmm.” Clover groans through her sealed muzzle. She is terrified. She can’t live like this. She doesn’t even feel alive, she feels like a stuffed toy and it is driving her insane already. There must be a way to contact Sam and Alex. Maybe if she could find them she could communicate with them somehow. Clover manages to slip out from under Tessa’s arm. When freed Clover runs toward the storage room’s exit. Thankfully she had wrecked the lock with her laser rendering it a push-pull door that can’t be locked. Running is awkward for Clover. Her feet are squishy and awkward making her feel like she’s running on sand. Also her body as a whole isn’t as supported as a human body so she wobbles mightily with every step. Naturally her hefty bottom and bosom provide further balancing difficulties. She does manage to make it to the door though. As she raises her paws to shove the door open Clover’s body goes limp and she falls on the ground. She is completely numb, unable to twitch a pinky or even make noises using her voice box. She is flumped motionless on the ground glaring around in a panic. She overhears Tessa rummaging through some boxes before turning her attention to Clover. Her heels clack and come to a stop just behind Clover out of her sight.

“Now you learn what happens if you disobey me. I’ve de-powered the nanobots to the lowest level necessary to keep you conscious. How do you like being paralyzed? If you cause enough trouble for me I can leave you like this y’know? Sell you as a game prize. Unable to sleep, unable to move or talk. That sounds like hell to me.” Tess says, stomping on Clover’s rear. The proposition terrifies Clover anew.

She'd cry if her plastic eyes were able. Her stitched face only smiles. "It's a simple deal. If you work with me you get to have a degree of freedom in your new body. Try to escape and you get paralyzed and I sell you to some horny furry. Got it?" Clover remains motionless obviously so Tess continues "Good."

Clover is suddenly able to move again. She gasps habitually, not having a biological need for it any longer. Clover stands sheepishly beside Tess. She is a bit taller than her, but she knows from experience that she is too weak to harm her in any way and if she tried she could end up paralyzed again. Clover is embarrassed and mortified, but her fear of Tess' punishment wins out over her desire to run. For the moment Clover decides to play along with Tess' orders. After all there's no way Alex and Sam would give up on finding her. It's only a matter of time.

"Good, very good. Well Mama Bear, no time like the present. Here put this costume dress on." Tess says, shoving a big, pink dress in Clover's arms. She groans internally and turns away from Tess to don the garment despite the fact that she has no privates to hide. The dress is a size or two too small, forcing Clover to stuff her plush body into it. As a result it hugs her curves very well. Her wide, pear shaped hips are accentuated and the dress terminates just above her toe claws. The dress barely contains Clover's breasts which threaten to spill over the dress' neckline with a moderate jostling.

"Alright! Go ahead out there and make people feel welcome. You're always smiling of course, but be active, give out hugs. Try to have fun." Tess says. "And remember ... I'll be watching you." She holds up the controller threateningly, causing Clover to wince. She never wants to be paralyzed again if she can help it. At least with control of her body she has some hope of escape. Clover steps hesitantly to the exit door, and shoves it open with a paw. She is embarrassed of being seen in her new bear body. Even though no one will know her true identity she still looks cartoony and ridiculous.

"Mmmh." She groans.

"Go on Mama!" Tess says, slapping Clover's butt so firmly that the bear tumbles out of the storeroom and into the park proper instantly catching the eyes of a group of playing children. She is soon swarmed by the sprogs and in spite of the soul-crushing experience she has been through, she has to admit that it is kind of fun to play with the kids as a big stuffed animal.

Epilogue~

The next day Clover is once again put out to work the park. She realizes that unfortunately Tess was probably not lying about working them all day. After Clover's experiences with not being able to sleep she is eagerly awaiting her friends' return. She was still unable to talk, locked with the other subjects in a sort-of employee's lounge. Some of the transformed teens are able to talk, but they are thoroughly broken in and don't have much to say by way of making an escape. One of them, the first to be kidnapped apparently, is able to talk, but believes that he actually is his character. All night he insisted on being called Wally Wallabee which was a dark omen for the rest of the victims. They had to pray that they wouldn't lose themselves to their roles the way he has. Or maybe it is another form of punishment.

Clover did finally spot her friends on the afternoon of her second day in Toony Town. She was being dogpiled on top of by a group of rambunctious kids when she saw two familiar figures. Alex and Sam walked by casually in undercover outfits. They were looking around, looking for her, but acting

discreet about it. Weaker than a child, Clover was immobilized until all of the children begrudgingly let her go. She runs toward them with her loping gate and her arms wide.

‘Guys you finally came back for me! I’m so happy to see you!’ She thinks. She shocks Alex by hugging her tightly.

“Woah woah woah. You’re friendly.” Alex says, when Clover remains clinging to her she adds “Umm, very clingy.” Clover faces Alex and tries to speak, though she knows she is still muted. She shakes Alex’s shoulders urgently. “Uhh hey Sam?” Sam, who had continued ahead turns around and steps impatiently toward Alex and Clover.

“Alex come on. How can you mess around with a mascot at a time like this? We’re supposed to be looking for Clover.” Sam says, glancing around carefully. Upon hearing her name Clover turns to Sam and points to herself.

“I couldn’t help it! She just ran up and hugged me.” Alex said. “Do you... you don’t think Clover’s in there do you? Clover are you in there?!” Alex shouts in Clover’s ear. After recoiling she nods heartily. Sam grimaces and pulls Alex aside.

“Yeah right, you think Clover would be caught dead in one of those things? Besides you never know what kind of person is inside those suits. Could be some creepo.

“I guess, but still...” Alex says.

“Just leave the bear alone, come on. We’ve got to find out what happened to her.” Sam grabs Alex’s hand and drags her toward the stockroom, the last place where Clover should have been. Clover chases awkwardly after them wishing she had some way to communicate. When she realizes that she can’t catch up to them she deflates, watching her friends disappear into the stockroom. She then catches sight of Tessa following the girls inside with a group of toughs. Clover starts to chase after her, fearing for her friends. Tessa soon notices Clover’s approach and holds the controller up, making her threat clear. If she takes one step inside the storeroom to save her friends she’ll be immobilized for sure. Clover’s hammy fists shake with impotent frustration. She’s helpless to save her friends and herself. Again she wishes she had the means to cry. When she is about to fall to her knees in defeat she feels a small pair of arms hug her rump. Another child has appeared. An adorable little blond boy is hugging her tightly.

“Yay mamma bear! Hee hee” He shouts into her rear. Clover soundlessly places a paw on his head and pats him gently.