

Pogo:
Stuffed

By suitmation

A giant grey plush kangaroo pads softly down the hallway of a darkened apartment. His footfalls barely make a sound as he comes to a stop in front of a hall closet. Pogo starts to rummage quietly through its contents until pulling out a small shopvac and its long set of hoses. He knows that his first friend will be hard to make, but this tool and the element of surprise should aid his attempt.

Tom sleeps peacefully in his large bed, his slightly pudgy frame heaving under the covers with each snore filled breath. His dreams are strangely filled with visions of the roo plush that Cory had brought home earlier, mixed with memories of his own childhood partner, a plush raccoon he had named Sneaker. Sneaker was a gift given to Tom while he was in the hospital with pneumonia as a young child. When he left to pursue college, the plush coon was left behind on a shelf filled with his childhood trophies and mementos at home.

Tom wakes up slightly dazed to a heavy pressure on his chest. He blinks a few times in a sleepy stupor and attempts to reach for the lamp on his nightstand, but realizes that whatever is on his chest is holding his arms down as well.

“Lemme get that for you Tommy boy!” a strange, almost cartoony voice says in the darkness. Tom feels the weight shift slightly over his chest and with a click, the light comes on... As his eyes begin to adjust, the form of his captor comes into focus. Staring back at him is the large grey roo plush that Cory brought home earlier in the evening, although its strangely more animated than before...

“What the hell Cory get this thing offa me!” Tom says with a snide tone.

“Oh Cory isn’t here right now, hes.... around tho. Allow me to introduce myself. I’m Pogo! And I really would like you to be my friend!” Pogo says as he bounces up and down a bit on the helpless man below him.

Tom seeing the plush move assumingly on its own begins to get nervous and try to get out from under it, but he’s surprisingly heavy for just a plush toy. “What the fuck!! Let me go you fre-*mmk*!!” Tom’s protests are ended by the tip of a vacuum hose being shoved in his mouth.

“Nuh uh uh! You don’t wanna wake up your roomie do you? Now just be a good and quiet little raccoon while we make friends!” Pogo says, the tone of his voice oddly calming to Tom. The roo knows that their roommate Dave won’t hear a peep. He’s such a heavy sleeper that nuclear war could break out and he would barely even notice.

“Raccoon? I’m no raccoon!” Tom thinks to himself as he tries to shake the hose from his mouth, to no avail.

Pogo takes the other hose and stuffs it right into his pouch as far as it will go. “Don’t worry Tommy boy, you’ll be my friend in no time! Plus you’ll get reunited with one of your old friends too!” he says as he flicks the vacuum switch to the “reverse” position. Tom tries to protest but as soon as the vacuum kicks on, he finds himself unable. After an initial blast of air into his waiting maw, he suddenly finds it full of... stuffing? His cheeks bulge out as plush material begins to work its way down his throat. He chokes on it at first, but in just a few seconds the gag reflex subsides and all that’s left is a pleasant tingling sensation.

“See it’s not so bad is it? You’ll love being a big plush roo won’t ya Sneaker?” the name clicking in Tom’s mind, starting a change of personality. “I saw it in your dreams earlier... I know that you miss having that little guy around, and who wouldn’t with his cute little face?” the roo remarks. Tom’s face beginning to widen as more plush is pumped into him. His face begins pushing out and forming the beginnings of a muzzle, nose turning shiny and black. White fur begins to sprout around the muzzle and a black mask pattern forms around his eyes.

“What the hell is happening to me?” Tom wonders as he slowly succumbs to the mental prodding of the big roo, his words working on convincing the slowly forming raccoon that this is all for the best. “It does feel good... to be a raccoon...”

“That’s the spirit Sneaks! Soon you’ll be making new friends and hunting for shiny objects all day!” Pogo giggles to the forming coon as the changes spread faster now. Grey fur springs up over Tom’s face, his ears pointing and starting to climb up the sides of his head. The stuffing causing his chest and stomach to barrel out slightly as more grey fur travels down his neck to his waist. His face stuffs and widens out to a more coonish proportion.

Pogo starts to sit up, and move over to the side of his changing friend. Sneaker doesn’t try to escape, instead he uses his new free hands to run over his growing and changing belly, delighting in the sensation as the spreading changes travel on a wave of that pleasant tingling feeling. His arms and legs changing now, becoming softer and plushfilled as the grey fur travels down them. His hands and feet becoming stubby overstuffed paws, each digit tipped in a small plastic claw and a vinyl pad. His stomach fills out to its fullest size as he runs his new paws over it. They sink into the plush shape as his entire torso is now a nice over-pudgy toony form, covered in a medium grey fur. His hips widen out into nice big haunches as a small nub forms at his lower back, growing and stretching out into a nice fluffy plush-filled raccoon tail.

“This feels sooo nice!” Sneaker giggles as the last of his changes take over, physically and mentally. His big stuffed body resembles a human-sized plush raccoon save for one thing, his head. The last of the stuffing donated from the roo’s more than willing frame invades the last of his head, fully forming a nice toy raccoon noggin. His

ears finish their trip to the top of his scalp as a small tuft of dark grey fur forms a patch of hair between them. The dark fur around his eyes finishes its filling out, and his muzzle reaches its full size. The inside of his mouth is now pink felt, his tongue a stuffed red felt pillow framed on either side by two cute plastic canine teeth.

Sneaker giggles to himself as Pogo turns off the vacuum, almost sad that the filling is over. But is it? Pogo pulls out the hoses and pushes the machine over to the side, not needing its special abilities anymore. He pats the pudgy coon on the belly as he reaches into his pouch and pulls out something special...

"You aren't finished yet, until I can reunite you with your old friend." He unveils a small raccoon plush, looking just like a small version of what the former Tom had now become.

"Sneaker!!! I missed you!" The giant stuffed raccoon says, bolting upright in bed.

"Yep! I have my ways of finding old friends... Now open wide, we have to finish the job." Pogo says before taking the small plush and stuffing it into the big raccoon's maw with an "erp!" It migrates up into his head, turning into pure plush stuffing, while converting his brain to the same. As his mind is fully changed to that of a giant plush raccoon, only living for fun, friends, and shiny objects, his eyes begin to gloss over. They slowly turn all black, new unblinking glass eyes staring out from a black fur mask, a contentedly happy expression filling his face.

"How you doin there Sneak?" Pogo says, waiting for a response from the suddenly silent coon.

"..... I'm.. I'm great!" Sneaker rejoices before jumping on top of Pogo, hugging him tightly.

"Easy there Sneak, there will be plenty of time for that later on. First we have one last friend to make here, and I know he's gonna love making our acquaintance!" says Pogo while getting off of the bed, beckoning the coon to follow.

"Oh yes, I can't wait to see his face when we cuddle him awake!" the coon exclaims as he follows Pogo out of the room and back into the hallway. Both of them softly padding off into the darkness....

On a shelf hundreds of miles away, in a childhood home, a row of sports trophies sits dusty and untouched. A small dustless patch between all the awards the only evidence of what once sat there. A long forgotten friend.