

A Speech To Remember

~1,100 words

By Fengune | Mass Eevee TF | Speech changes | Second person | Mind changes

Today is the day you have to give a speech about innovation.

You're backstage at a tech convention nervously scrolling through social media to distract yourself. When you come across a strange post from one of your friends. It says.

'I'm a fluffy eevee. I love being a fluffy eevee. Everyone should be fluffy eevee's!'

You frown, That's not exactly something they would normally post. But just when you want to respond to them the stagehand comes up to you.

"15 minutes till you're up. Better start getting ready." They say.

"Oh right, thanks." You thank the stagehand. Putting away your phone.

Luckily you've prepared quite a bit for this. Even having made speech cards for yourself. Though it would probably be best if you went through them one last time.

So you pick them up and start reading.

'Greeting'

Right first is the greeting. Telling everyone who you are and what kind of speech you're going to give.

'History'

Then it's about the history of innovation. About how there was a time where some thought that everything had already been invented. And how wrong they were for thinking that.

'Fluffy eevee'

Oh right that's the part where you tell everyone *how good it feels to be a fluffy eevee~* Wait what?.. *'I'm a fluffy eevee. I love being a fluffy eevee. Everyone should be fluffy eevee's!'* The post quietly repeats itself in your mind.

Foreign thoughts invade your mind. About having *a nice fluffy tail to wag~*

"5 minutes till you're up." The stagehand informs you.

"Vuh?!" Right, thanks." You exclaim surprised. You shake your head trying to clear it.

What were you doing again? Oh yeah, your speech. You don't know what came over you.

You glance at the card you're holding and read it.

'New technology'

What? You thought for sure it said something else before. Something about **being a fluffy eevee?.. 'I'm a fluffy eevee. I love being a fluffy eevee. Everyone should be fluffy eevee's!'**

You shake your head again. Now is not the time to space out again!

You shuffle your cards into the right order again. Trying to keep your focus on your speech. There's a lot of people here. So there's a lot of pressure on you to get this right.

"Okay, you're up. Good luck out there." The stagehand says.

You shake your head to clear your thoughts and walk out onto the stage. Seeing hundreds of people sitting there in the audience.

The room is silent. All eyes are fixed on you. You feel the weight of responsibility, the pressure to deliver a speech worthy of their attention.

You walk up to the microphone. Put your speech cards onto the desk. Clear your throat and start.

"Hello and welcome. My name is **Eevee** and I.." You clear your throat. What's wrong with you today? **'I'm a fluffy eevee. I love being a fluffy eevee. Everyone should be fluffy eevee's!'**

There's that thought again! Is it getting louder? No matter. You need to give the speech. There's no going back now that you're standing here!

"Sorry about that.. I'm here with you today to tell you all about innovation. The **vee-ry** reason we're able to hold such a convention in the first place."

You did it again.. Can't you control yourself? **'I'm a fluffy eevee. I love being a fluffy eevee. Everyone should be fluffy eevee's!'**

That thought! it really is getting louder. You need to focus! But it keeps nagging at you. And there's this strange pressure growing at the base of your spine..

"You know there was a time where some people thought that everything was already invented. As we know now. That just isn't true. But it is important to remember that."

'I'm a fluffy eevee. I love being a fluffy eevee. Everyone should be fluffy eevee's!'

As you feel the pressure quickly growing stronger. You cry out **"I-I'm a fluffy eevee. I love being a fluffy eevee. Everyone should be fluffy eevee's!"** As a big fluffy brown tail with a cream tip bursts out of your pants. Now slowly wagging side to side.

You freeze, your heart pounding in your chest as you realize what you've just said out loud. You glance around the room, expecting to see looks of surprise or shock on the faces of your audience. But instead, you're met with a bizarre sight. You can't believe your own eyes.

"We're eevee's?"

"Their right.. E-Everyone should be fluffy eevee's..."

One by one you see the people of the audience growing eevee features. Some with ears changing into large brown ears, some growing a fluffy tail like yours and others with a fluffy cream colored mane.

You can see some people's eyes are growing larger and turning darker. As their face pushes out into a short muzzle.

There's even some whose hands or feet are changing into three toed paws!

The audience doesn't seem bothered by it. Instead just shuffling in their seats to better fit their new body parts. Wagging their tails, flicking their ears or scratching behind their ears with their new back paws. They're still looking at you. Captivated by the notion of being eevee's.

As you look at your audience embracing being eevee's. A strange sensation washes over you. You want to embrace it too. You want to have paws to play with, ears to perk up at and a fluffy tail to wag in excitement. You want to be a fluffy eevee!

You feel your tail wagging faster and faster as you think about it. You need to help everyone be a fluffy eevee just like they're meant to be!

"We're all fluffy eevee's!" You exclaim.

The room fills with murmurs of agreement, excitement and eevee-like speech.

"Vee~"

"Fluffy eevee's~"

"I-vee love wagging my tail~"

You feel your own transformation progressing as you watch the audience change with you.

Your ears elongate and shift to the top of your head. Becoming pointed and covered in brown fur. A soft cream colored mane grows around your neck. Matching the tip of your tail.

Your hands tingle as they morph into paws, each digit merging into three toes with pink paw pads.

Your nose darkens and your face pushes out into a short muzzle. Your vision shifts slightly as your eyes change. Growing larger and darker in color. Brown fur starts covering your entire body and you start to shrink down.

In only a couple of minutes. You stand at the stage not as a human to give a speech about innovation. But as a fluffy eevee to convince everyone to be fluffy eevee's too.

The nervous feeling of giving a speech now feels like a distant memory. As you revel in the joy of being a fluffy eevee.

With a content sight. You jump forwards and join the audience exclaiming a loud "Veee!!"