
A Soft Plush (Plush Eevee TF)

You find yourself wandering into a cozy, dimly lit plush store,
where the plushies are piled high almost spilling from shelves.
The store smells of fabrics with a subtle hint of lavender.

An overwhelming warmth and softness envelops you, making you feel relaxed and at home.

The store seems to have just about every plush you can think of!

You can't help but gravitate towards the Pokémon section, where an adorable Eevee plush
immediately catches your eye.

As you reach out to touch the plush, a spark of electricity flows from the plush towards your hand.

Causing you to feel an odd tingling in your fingertips.

The sensation quickly spreads up your arm and throughout your body.

At first you think nothing of it.

Thinking it must have been some static electricity.

But then you notice your hand stretched out in front of you gradually changing, your skin turning
into a soft brown fabric.

Like the Eevee plush you were about to touch.

Your heart races as the transformation continues, your body shrinking and taking on the shape of
an inanimate plush Eevee.

Your fingers fuse together, forming three small toes with pink paw pads beneath each foot.

As you try to call for help.

You realize that you can no longer speak! Your mouth has disappeared!

Replaced by a wide, stitched on, permanently happy grin.

The rest of your face doesn't fare any better. Eyes changing into stitched-on brown eyes.

Causing you to only be able to look in one direction.

Nose turning small and black, as it gets covered in fabric.

You struggle to come to terms with your new reality.
Attempting to move your new limbs, but to no avail.

Your legs have become short and slender, your arms mere stubs,
and your once mobile body is now filled with plush stuffing.

As you struggle your transformation continues.

You feel a slight itch at the base of your head and realize that your ears are transforming. Growing into long, pointed, furry ears with dark brown interiors.

Just like the Eevee's.

Cream material starts growing around your neck. Growing and growing. Until you have a fluffy cream coloured mane.

Lastly a brown bushy tail with a cream coloured tip grows from your rear.

Your transformation is complete, and you find yourself sitting on the ground.

Unable to move or call for help. A worker from the store picks you up and puts you onto the shelves.

Right next to the Eevee you wanted to touch.

As you sit there you can feel your once-vibrant emotions and memories being pushed towards the back of your mind.

Replaced by an overwhelming sense of comfort and contentment.

As you stare out into the plush store through your new immobile eyes.

You watch as other people browse and admire the vast collection of toys and trinkets.

Completely unaware of the profound transformation that has taken place.

Days turn into weeks, and you become more and more accustomed to your new life as a plush Eevee.

The once-terrifying transformation now seems like a distant memory.

As you embrace the simple existence of providing joy and comfort to those who hold and hug you.

The store has become your home,

the other plushies your family,

and the joy on the faces of children who pick you up, your new purpose.