

3rd under 10
Third Installment of **10 stories under 10 pages** (6,000 words or less)
by Izhane Twilight

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CONTENTS WARNING

NC Plush doll transformation; NC Genital nullification; NC Gender transformation; Mind Control and Reeducation; Immobile TF; Living Doll TF; Cutification.

Cradle of the Cuddle Cult

The jackal's concussion cannon knocked in what was left of the crumbled door, as he and his archaeologist companion finally made it into the abandoned underground complex. They didn't even know if they would be able to find the opening in the wasted plains, but had now made it all the way to the heart of the lost colony. The colony was known only for being among the most peaceful and simple hidden societies at the beginning of the Militech Revolution. Beyond that, few people knew anything about it, as it was said that no emissaries or diplomats ever returned, presumably because of the danger of traveling the wastes, or possibly it was its utopian nature.

The decayed statues, dusty chambers, and lack of artifacts told the Major little, and Brad, the bat assigned to survey the ruins, even less, but 150 years after the Revolution had turned the major cities into over-policed cyberforts filled with soldier drones, the refugees were running out of options. Brad was assigned to find out how these people defended themselves for so long, why they disappeared, and to secure useful artifacts and information, while Sanjay was to scout and secure the complex for a possible new settlement.

Despite the lack of discernible artifacts, art, or even burial sites, Brad was still quite fascinated. Having to dig and search was half the fun. As Sanjay wandered around the mostly door-less chamber impatiently, Brad went to work dusting walls, and trying to reconstruct images, anxious to find out what had made these people tick, and where they may have gone. Eventually he found some sort of primitive machine attached to a slab against the wall. It was made of stone, bronze, and rotted wood. Next to it sat an old tome. The book was written in an obscure dialect, written without universal coding. Their books, machines, everything about them really did eschew the conformity of the post-revolution society. Brad knew he could decipher it given time, but Sanjay knew that this machine was the only apparent link, other than disintegrated statues and such, between the abandoned ruins and

the hidden knowledge of the colony

As Brad was scribbling in his notebook, and muttering happily to himself, Sanjay approached and was demanding a more immediate explanation.

"So does that tell us how to work this slab?"

"Yeah, probably... but this is also an amazing find. If I..."

"All you need to do is figure out how to work this door!"

"We don't even know if it is a door, Major. It'll take some time for me to..."

"I don't intend to sleep here tonight, Doctor. This chamber doesn't lead anywhere, and we have found nothing. What we are looking for is back there. This lever is the biggest, maybe we should just..."

"Major you don't kn..."

Sanjay pulled the lever in his foolish hurry, and rather than opening a door, both men were sprayed from several old carvings in the slab, with a viscous lavender fluid which soaked through their clothes, seeped into their pores, and began to steadily warm their bodies.

"Dammit, Brad! What the hell is this!"

"Me... I... You're the one who just pulled a str..."

"Enough, Doc... You're the digger, find something to get this stuff off! Come on, Dammit, it's starting to burn!"

"Burn? I feel fine... a bit warm, and dizzy, but... anyway, don't you have some rags or extra socks in that pack?"

"I'm not getting paw-rot, because you can't do your... do... yu..."

Sanjay started to get dizzy, on top of getting furious, as his skin was getting hot, but Brad couldn't quite figure it out. He was feeling a bit numb, but not woozy, in fact it was somewhat soothing, and as his own skin warmed under his fur, it was definitely more of a tingling, rather than a burning. Between the soothing warmth, and inebriating sweet scent starting to exude off of him, he was in fact quite relaxed and a little bit aroused, as he grew more sensitive.

The Major picked up the book and handed it to Brad.

"If you're so calm, then find out how to fix this!"

Brad reached for the book with a tipsy wobble, and brushed against Sanjay's hand. He was

getting a bit high as his head got foggy, so easily noticed how soft the jackal's fur was, and began to run the back of his hand along Sanjay's arm. Sanjay pulled away, dropping the book, and knocking a fine dust into the air.

"What's the hell's wrong with you!?"

"Who knew jackal fur was so soft?"

"Stop being weird, and just see... juts... if..."

Sanjay was burning up and could barely stand. He eventually fell onto his butt on the floor knocking up far more of the dust, which seemed attracted to the warm bodies and started to cover them. The dust clung to their clothes, which began to become rough and itchy, but it also started to make Brad much warmer, but was cooling off Sanjay.

The smell continued to rush to Brad's head as wooziness became calm, and as his clothes began to dry up and started to disintegrate off his legs and shoulders, the dust blended with his excited fur. His body knew this sensation was pleasurable, but he just felt to relaxed to be horny, rather as he felt softer, warmer, and more drunk, he only wanted to be close to someone. There was nothing sexual about it.

Meanwhile, Sanjay's clothes started to crack from the dryness and began falling apart, but he was to intent on not being defeated by dirt and goo to worry about modesty. He continued to fight to focus, and continued to try to be angry, but as the adrenaline pumped he could only feel his own body cooling down to a comforting warmth, and the blood rushing to his head was only making him more disoriented. He was also feeling an urge for closeness, but he was a soldier, not a little child... and he did NOT want to be that close to another man.

The Major was intent on resisting, but that only made him more aware as the dust blended into and softened his fur. Meanwhile Brad was drunkenly touching himself all over as the last of the dry rot that had been his clothes were fell away. This only pushed the gossamer dust deeper into his short fur, seeming to fluff and soften the bat hair.

Naked, and drunk on relaxing pleasure, the bat was left hugging his steadily fluffier furred body and caressing himself as if he was rolling on ex. He was rapidly feeling softer and softer, but also starting to feel cooler as whatever was happening seemed to be settling down, at least physically. The cooler his soft body got, the more his arousal faded into far more innocent physical urges. Between his cooling soft fur and skin, and giddy desire, it was becoming harder to ignore the other warm body.

Meanwhile, Sanjay was also growing colder, but assuming it was the nudity as his clothes fell away into dust as well, and taking it as a relief from the burning sensation. As the dust seemed to blend with his fur in the same fashion, he too was not only getting fluffier, but feeling softer, and smelling nicer. While he was glad his training allowed him to more easily resist the softness of his fur, tactile enhancement, and confusing desires to hug, cuddle, and nuzzle... especially since his only option was Brad... he was alarmed that his joints seemed to be becoming weaker and stiffer at once, though too focused on his own concentration to realize Brad was moving without any trouble.

Getting lonely and cold and growing compelled to snuggle anything warm and soft he could find, Brad started looking at Sanjay again. The jackal was looking soft and cute, and his brown fur was

taking on a glowing orange hue.

"Oh no you don't. You're the smart one.. you.. you need to get us out of this..." He handed up the book, grunting a bit at the effort it took to move.

"But it's getting cold, and we're both so much softer. It doesn't have to mean anything. We might.. freeze or something..."

"If you wanna... warm up... then check the damn book to see if we can... reverse... whatever is happening."

"Well if you're gonna be a grumpy gus, about it... I'll check the book, if it'll shut you up, but if I can't find anything..."

"If you can't find anything, we won't have a choice anyway."

As Brad read through the book, finding something came far more easily in his calm. He couldn't help but cuddle into himself and rub his legs together, as Sanjay balled up and tried to keep himself warm, even as he focused on the cold to ignore the pansy, girly feelings, the aroma hanging in his nose, and his soft body was wracking him with.

"Aww... well that's too bad..."

"What.. what do you mean?"

Brad was smiling and stifling a laugh as he felt giddy, and was only encouraged by what he was reading. "Well, I dunno for sure... I don't feel too smart right now... but I think it says that if a ... mish...uhn...air...ee can't con-vurt us before the um... tra... trans...furm... before this cloudy dust stuff senses the body is um.... I dunno I think cold enough to activate the next stage, that it's irr... ir...ee.. veesa... Oh! That we're stuck!" He giggled.

"Convert? Transform? Stuck? What is... what's gonna happen to us?"

Brad threw the book aside, knelt down by Sanjay, and tried to put an arm around him, as the jackal jerked back, even though they were both getting close to freezing. "Buts it's so cold, and we can make each other warm and comfie. Anyhoo, it said that the people who live here have to do that convhatever thingy, but nobody lives here! So we don't gotta choice, like what you said."

"Why... Why are you talking so funny? Why do I feel funny? This is bad, Brad! We gotta do somethin!"

"Hehehe... bad, Brad. It rhymes. You're the one being naughty, though, not letting me warm you up. I'm cold too!"

"I'm not no sissy, like you, and I ain't gu..gunn..nn..give ..."

Sanjay's teeth were chattering as his body temperature dropped below a safe point moments before Brad's, and just as the Jackal wanted to pass out, and Brad wanted to grab and snuggle him, the dust seemed to burst from their softened coats into lavender clouds around them. Between the sweet

smell, and the sudden burst of warmth and the tickling of the clouds on their sensitive skin, Brad couldn't help but giggle as Sanjay coughed and tried to crawl out, but the cloud followed him and once again seemed to be closing in on him.

Brad felt himself getting quite warm again as the cloud wrapped around him, and he wriggled softly, kicking his feet a bit as they were somehow cushioned by the cloud. In fact it felt as if his whole body was padded by the cloud, making his feet feel soft and warm as the it the ground without hitting it. The warm and soft sensations on his cold cuddly form only made him all the more giddier, to where he didn't want to have to pay attention to anything else, and so he didn't.

As the clouds of... fluffiness were closing in and condensing on the men, only Sanjay realized it was clinging to him as it congealed into a solid fluff that was once again blending into his fur, and becoming one substance with it. It felt quite nice... too nice, as he was cradled in a warmth that made him just want to curl up into the nearest pair of arms and just be protected... from what he had no clue, but struggled to keep telling himself it had to be better than what was happening.

Just like Brad, he too was feeling giddy, giggly, cuddly, and soft, but as his training kicked into overdrive, he knew he felt more like prey running from some intangible predator, and it scared him. He reacted by struggling more against the fluff surrounding him, making him dizzy and confused and scared. He had to resist, and resisting meant fighting. The more aggressive he forced himself to be, the more testosterone pumped through him, and the the more aware he was of his body. He couldn't feel aroused though, only more desperate to be cuddled, and thus only fought it harder with everything he could muster. Unfortunately, he was too busy over-thinking his alarm, to realize the harder he struggled, the harder it was to move, which didn't make much sense, as his joints were feeling softer, and far from tense. As confused and overwhelmed as he was, he never would have considered that this entire place was made to escape aggression and military repression in favor of exactly what was happening to him.

The doctor may have been more inclined to realize this, but as his own body was wrapped in fluffy warmth, all sense of arousal had turned to the same need for attention, and his foggy and giddy head could only want to play and be cute as he inhaled the intensified sweetness while the fluffy substance was solidifying into his fur... and only his fur. His wings were getting so cold as the gossamer fuzz was settling into fluffy blue fur on the rest of his cuddly form, that he didn't even remember they were there. In any case as he pounded his stimulated feet into the gathering fluff, it was as if his very flesh was spreading into the clouds he was kicking up. All Brad could seem to care about anymore was being as adorable as he felt, and finding someone to squeeze against his softening body.

That's when he remembered the Major, and looked over to the cute pink cloudy anthroid that was Sanjay, who was coping with a far different experience. Sanjay was doing all he could to continue to want to fight, but with every second as the lavender cloud, still fairly cloud shaped, in his case, settled into his fur and took over, it was as if the testosterone was draining out of him. Not only did he feel more and more like helpless prey, but the inability to move was feeling rapidly more like weakness than stress. He couldn't help feeling gentler and more docile, and what felt like stiffness and fight before, was transforming into such calm, that he was too calm and too soft to move. As his body finally began settling and softening, his only reaction was to feel girly, weak, and docile for his failure to resist, even if he had no choice.

As the cloud cleared around Brad, he could quite easily see what was happening to his comrade. The pink cloud was settling into a fluffy woolen coat, except for his belly and expanding chest of

pillowy purple fabric to match his... or more appropriately her... rounded ears, cute nuzzle-able muzzle, and foggy cylindrical forms at the end of her limbs.

Brad didn't seem to know much anymore, but he remembered what a lamb was, along with a kitty, and a puppy, and a pony... but whoever it was who came with him was definitely a cute little lamb, and it excited the cuddly, child minded mass of fluff that was once Brad. Just like had happened to his feet, the warmth and softness of the silky fluffy fur was washing through his body, and everything was starting to feel just perfect. He was like a warm pillow throughout his cuddly form, and was perfect for hugs and snuggles. And now he had even found a cute cuddle buddy. He clapped his fluffy paws together, and didn't even realize his wings were gone as he couldn't help but see, if not notice, he had no thumbs, but clearly big exaggerated bunny paws. They looked like bunny paws but had less form, more like a cuddle dolly. He knew what a bunny was! They were cute, and sweet, and soft, and he had bunny hands! He looked to see the great big fluffy, purple padded rabbit feet that were his own, and knew HE was a cute and snuggly bunny boy! Well sort of, at least. Just like his friend, he had no boy parts between his legs, or girl parts, but why would he? He didn't need anything like that just to snuggle and be loved. All he needed was someone to cuddle with.

The plush blue bunny scooted over to Sanjay who had been through a very different change. The pink lamb doll had focused so much on fighting the change mentally, she had ignored her body, and had lost control of it. As the cuddle bunny picked up the pretty pink lamb, she did not move, save maybe to squeeze herself against the warm cuddly plush she needed as much as he needed her. She didn't really even realize what was going on, as her body slowly snuggled and hugged up to the rabbit. Her mind was so filled with the contradictions of aggression and gentleness, resistance and affection, that all she was left with as the transformation finally settled, was a cloudy cuddly confusion, but at least what had been Brad was there to snuggle her close, nuzzle her lovingly, and pet the confused little dolly into a soft mindless bliss.

As the fluffy snuggle bunny plush settled into his own new body with the happy warmth of the cute little lamb, wiggling his big fluffy toes happily and sweetly nuzzling his mostly inanimate friend, he didn't notice the light or hear the near musical vibration from the middle of the chamber, but he did pick up the inviting candy scent, as the entity approached, and he looked up to the strange creature wiggling his toes and perking his ears in excitement as the nice-smelling and pretty lady approached.

To anyone else, she may have looked silly or juvenile, but to the bunny, she was beautiful. The cutesie, almost cartoonish creature, while very immodest in appearance, carried herself with a playful elegance. Her large, violet-furred, fluffy feet, each with three round, softball-sized toes, made for soft steps, which together with her gentle movements completed the very non-threatening, even nurturing aura of the fuzzy alien lady.

Her general form was that of a juvenile, if barely pubescent, anthroid, but with large digitigrade feet, and big four-fingered hands, a disproportionately large head with big round ears, bright pink, globe tipped antennae, and big, bright, blue eyes. She was covered in light violet fur, save the antennae and her gossamer pink fairy wings. If that wasn't cute or welcoming enough for the snuggly bunny, her outfit certainly was more than enough to put him at ease.

Her modest pink baby-doll dress was but a fair foundation. It was the white satin gloves with the lace frills on the wrists, the enormous pink bow in her hair which fell behind her ears, and in front of her antennae, in curly ribbons that went to her waist, and the big heart tattooed on her forehead that gave the bunny a feeling he did not understand, but that warmed his fluffy, little heart all the same, as

she leaned down a bit, smiled brightly, and spoke with a slightly squeaky but melodic voice that reassured but strangely excited him.

"Oh no, sweetie... seems I'm just a tidbit too late. I'm really sorry I didn't get here in time to stop the process, I'm afraid at this stage the transformation is permanent... but ah well..." She smiled big. "We always need more toys and pets for the other converts!"

The bunny plush did not care what she was talking about, but she sounded so nice, and he hoped she could take care of him.

"You'uh pwetty! Do you wanna be my fwiend? I don't have any fwiends... auw I dunt tink I do..." His ears began to lower as he realized he didn't really know anything about himself.

The creature knelt down beside him, and began to pet him softly. "Awwhawaw... aren't you just precious? Of course I'll be your friend, sweetheart. In fact, I am here to take you to a big and happy place full of loving people, and other beautiful dolls just like you, so you can have lots of friends. Does that sound good?"

"I uh... I guess so. Will deah be somebody to take caweh of me? I uh... I feel wonely all duh sudden..."

"We'll take really good care of you there, sweetie."

"I dun know... I'm scaewd."

Suddenly, as he realized he didn't really know anything... who he was, what he was meant to do, where he belonged... he became very confused. Fortunately, the woman was well trained to handle this sort of issue. She pulled him into her lap and hugged him softly, but closely, and everything started to make sense again.

"Shhhh. Hush now, precious. Everything is going to be ok, I promise. Besides, you don't want to stay here in this dusty old lonesome place, do you?"

"No... I wanna go wif you and be taked caewd of."

She kissed his cheek. "I know, and I promise you'll be happy where we are going, and there are plenty dollies like you for you to play with and cuddle with, and all the people there will love you very much."

He smiled and nuzzled her. "Ok... but can I take... um... oh. We don't has names..."

"Of course you can take her, sweetheart. And I'll even tell you what. If you're a good boy and share with the other dolls, you can keep her to snuggle with while you adjust. You can even name her, and we'll find a good name for you. How does that sound?"

"That sounds weal good!"

He excitedly picked up the lamb plushie and snuggled it close. The lady smiled and helped him up, steadying him while he found his bearings.

"There's a good boy." She petted the now empty-minded lamb plushie, who was content just to be touched and spoken to so gently. "And such a beautiful dolly you have." She kissed the lamb's nose, and held the bunny's hand.. "Let me clean up this tiny mess, and we can go to your new home, cutie."

The bunny smiled as she kissed his nose as well, and he cuddled the lamb excitedly, as she closed the book, put it away, reset the machine, and returned to take the doll's big fluffy paw, and guide him into a soft glow at the center of the room. As the three vanished into the light, destined for whatever strange and adorable new life awaited the dollies, the glow faded away softly, leaving the chamber much as before, only with an open door to welcome, hopefully, a whole new flow of converts.

The End...

At least for Brad and the Major ;)