

John arrived at work as usual to the toy factory and immediately noticed something was wrong. Someone had been tampering with one of the machines, the program had been changed to something new. Not sure what to do he began setting up as usual for the day hoping that when the tech finally showed up he would be able to set the machine right again. He was always late though so John decided to continue with the normal setup without him. He goes ahead and wheels over a big container of blank plush toys lining the drop shoot with the conveyor into the machine when it suddenly shifts knocking him off balance. John stumbles backward onto the conveyor and into the mouth of the machine falling over and landing face down on the belt. The container of blanks locking into place and starting its drop of blanks immediately after. The machine which was supposed to be off suddenly starts on its own.

As John tried to get back up some arms extend out and grab him by the wrists and ankles, he shouts with fright and tries to pull away but they are too strong. The arms flip him over and rotate him onto his back, his arms and legs spread wide, unknown to him an error message pops onto the machine's control screen. Immediately after the screen shows an automatic correction for the error, inside more arms reach out ripping at the clothes covering John leaving him naked. His skin pimply up with the cold as he blushes bright red and struggles and yells more. Another error message pops onto the screen, this time a block descends resting against his lower back. John feels a sharp jab unsure what has happened he looked back as the block recedes leaving behind a plush purple tail with a black tip and stripes attached to his lower back the error being corrected. He yells as loud as he can but the tech has still not arrived so he struggles the arms holding him splayed not even budging as he fights as hard as he can.

Two more blocks descend closing around his legs he tries to pull them free but the arms hold him until the last second. John feels a prick in each leg as well as a lot of pressure around his feet especially. He hears them hum and feels them vibrate around his legs "w...whats happening" he yells again trying again to pull his legs free and fighting against the arms holding his arms. Soon enough the blocks recede as he looks on a frightened look etched on his face, his new legs are revealed. Plush purple and black just like the tail his toes fused and stitched together in a paw like shape, seems running down the length of his legs. He tries to move them but to no avail, they seem to be inert like those of a plush toy. He yells again "I don't want to be a plushie" but again no one is around to hear him, he notices behind him on the conveyor the blanks being drawn in also. The one immediately behind him having its legs done and the one behind it having its tail attached.

John Tries again to struggle as two more blocks descend towards his arms this time, again he is too slow and they close before he can pull his arms free after the clamps release. Again there is a prick and some pressure, although less than last time the blocks still hum loudly and vibrate. Again he tries to pull free but can't the blocks holding his arms too tightly. Finally they release and he looks at them completely immobile his hands stitched into a paw like shape seams running down their length just like his legs and tail the same colours too. He dreads to think what is next but he can already see it descending towards him, the largest block yet. It closes around his body, the seal on this one feeling weird. His crotch feels like it is being crushed and the pressure around his middle seems heavy but there is little to no pressure on his chest. He cries out again still alone as the block hums the loudest yet he feels himself getting pulled and pushed inside the block as it vibrates around his body, a different feeling to all the other blocks before it finally opens. John looks down as best he can his whole body from the neck down not responding as he sees two white fluffy orbs on his chest and a fur pattern down his sides matching his arms legs and tail.

Looking over at the view port he sees the tech finally entering the factory through the door. John is about to yell again when he hears a noise and looks up just in time for a block to close around his head. This is it he thinks as the block vibrates and hums around the only part of him left unchanged. He thinks he is about to die but then the block lifts off and he can still see he tries to move tries to

make a sound but he cant. He is completely changed into a purple plush tigress as the machine prepares for testing. It squishes him almost flat, he feels no pain but does feel the cold of the steel press and the pressure it applied to him. The he is folded in two giving him a quick glance at his new body with its feminine curves and blank stitched crotch before it releases him to lay flat again. He also caught a glimpse of the other plushes behind him one getting squished one just getting its head done and more behind at various steps he just went through. He feels something being stitched to his upper thigh right before he goes into the light of the factory.

The tech watching as the first plush comes out “hey John you shouldn't start the machine with the packager still off and you should have told me about the changed program before we started to” he yells looking around for John. Unable to see John anywhere he shrugs assuming he when on break or something he pauses the machine for a minute while the packager warms up and he inputs new programming into it for the new plushes. John meanwhile was screaming inside his own plush head unable to move or make a sound his face stitched into a smile as the tech starts the conveyor going again and he is sent into the packager. Inside he is pressed into a box just barely big enough for him with a simple design on it and a small amount of text saying Tigress Plush. It isn't long before he is stacked on a pallet more tigress plushes in boxes being stacked on behind him ready for shipping to the stores.