

The Inanimorphs Chapter 3: Soft and Squishy: Part Two
(Were-Lugia Plush TF)

Last time on the Inanimorphs...

Happy birthday, Nate!!!

After all the guests left, Miz changed back. She stretched, helped clean up, and left with a wave.

Nate was left standing alone in the living room, with a distracted expression in his eyes. He snapped himself out of it and grabbed his figurine, the cosplay, and the pillow and brought them to his room. The figurine went on his trophy shelf, the pillow on his bed. The cosplay went on a hanger in his costume rack, up in his storage room next to a costume of Monstercat and a costume of a Lugia with stuffing everywhere except the head. With a puzzled look in his eyes, he scratched his head and thought, "What's this? This isn't supposed to be here. But hey, let's see if I can fit into it." He took the Lugia costume off the hanger and started fitting it on. He stepped into the legs, which easily slid up. He slipped his hands into the split-apart wings of the costume, which were filled with stuffing around the fingers to look like Lugia wings. He zipped the back and the front zippers, which made him look like a Lugia from the neck down. He grabbed the head, and put it on. He looked in the mirror and saw an almost lifelike image of Lugia, although with a crudely stitched seam that went around his body vertically. With amazement, he exclaimed, "This fits perfectly? Wow! I wonder who put it here, because I don't know whose this is." Then, all of a sudden, the seam glowed red and a burning pain seared through Nate's left arm. He let out a yelp of pain and slipped out of the suit as fast as possible. He looked at the left wing and discovered a tag. He read it, and this is what it had on it:

Dear Nate,

This costume will inflict the Curse of the Were-Plush to you when you fully put it on. No cure, either. Whenever you feel the need to doze off, you turn into a living, breathing Lugia plushie! Have fun!

The letter was signed with an almost illegible SL, obviously written by something inhuman. Nate glanced down at his left arm, and was taken aback. The seam had left a stitch-shaped scar on his arm! He scratched at it, and it hurt.

He asked himself, "What the heck? It left a SCAR? I gotta tell Miz!" He rushed downstairs, checked that his parents had come back, and rushed to Miz's house.

He rushed over, knocked on her door, and waited anxiously. Miz opened the door and asked, "Why're you-" He grabbed her arm and yanked her into the living room. Nate explained, "Sorry for the barge-in, it's an emergency! I've been cursed!" He pulled back his sleeve to show the long, stitch-shaped scar. "This is what I'm showing you." he told her with a tense twang in his voice. He added, "To make matters worse, whenever I feel tired, I turn into a living, breathing

Lugia plushie! There's no cure, either! In fact, I feel tired now from all the running!" Miz did a double take and asked Nate, "Hey, are you smaller?" Nate stared back down at himself and realized he was, in fact, shrinking slowly. Miz now was a half a foot taller than Nate, and a tingly feeling started at his arms. The scar was beginning to grow into a very real seam. The same happened with the other arm. Soon, his skin started to bleach to look the same as a Lugia's feathers, and softened into a silky, silver fabric. Miz stretched out her hand and stroked his arm, and she instantly squeezed it. She exclaimed, "Your arm's fattening up!" She was right-Nate's arm was growing larger. Soon enough, his fingers swelled massively and stitched themselves together. The seam stretched up to his shoulders. His arm had become a fabric Lugia wing. The other did the same. His stomach turned a brilliant shade of blue, while the rest of his midsection turned silver. The seam stretched even further, to encompass his legs and neck. His toes merged into three and became stitched together. A bump formed on his backside, and a silken silver tail began to grow out of the stub. Two sharp spikes protruded out of the end of his new tail. Another seam formed across the ridge of his back, and the skin turned into silky fabric. Blue plates fanned out vertically from Nate's spine across from each other. Finally, the seams reached his head, and his neck grew out about a foot and a half, which was still no taller. He was shrinking as his lips grew out and formed a beak, which was made of silky cloth. His teeth went back into his head, and were replaced by two large protrusions on the sides of his beak. The back of his head elongated as his hair was replaced by fabric. Now, his head looked like one shape. Finally, his eyes glowed a brilliant shade of red. The fabric around his eyes elongated and turned blue, looking like spikes, but covering his eyes. His mouth stitched itself up, but still could open and close. Nate was only able to walk a few inches before he started to collapse on the ground. Miz ran over and caught him, and he slumped over in her arms. He began to snore as his hands and feet filled with soft, cushy stuffing. The rest of his flat, paper-thin body began to slowly swell with stuffing and shrink to the size of a very large plushie as Miz took a peacefully snoring Nate to her room and put him on her bed. It was very late at night, so the only choice Miz had was to sleep with the newly plushified Nate. That night was a good night. Miz had all the pillows on the floor, and Nate was holding Miz in his gigantic, silvery wings, and she was grasping Nate's large, puffy body. He had her head in his embrace. The two were obviously in love with each other, because they had large smiles on their faces. It was, in fact, going to be a better day tomorrow. The next day, Miz woke up and shook Nate awake. He arose and stretched, nearly breaking her fan off her ceiling. He hopped out of the bed, but fell flat on his face. Miz helped him up, and hugged him. He hugged back, and she moaned, "Oh, you're so soft!" Nate started to feel weird. Miz thought, "Oh no! He's awake! He's changing back!" Nate shuddered, and started to thin out. His skin changed back, and his head shrank into its human form. The seams sank back into his skin, but left the scar on his left arm up to his neck. He slowly reverted back to his human form. The only part of the Were-Plush that was left was a silver strip of hair in his normal color, a dark auburn. "Cool!" He shrugged, then kissed Miz and left after getting his clothes back on--his clothes had fallen off with his shrinking body, his underwear had merged with him after changing--he left the house.

When he returned, he took a nap, not knowing that he had been blessed with a power that was amazing, and it would get put to good use someday. I'm sure it'll come in handy someday or another.

Look out for the next chapter, The Hoods! A Pokémon special is coming!