

PLUSH CUDDLY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“This sure is a nice apartment!”

“Senpai... Please try to focus.”

The senpai in question, Ritsuka Fujimaru, awkwardly laughed off the attitude correction that her Servant had attempted to steer her into. Mashu Kyrielight was absolutely right of course. They hadn't been exploring this vacant apartment complex for the fun of it. In fact, that it was vacant at all was already a testament to just how *unusual* the circumstances were. It was a fancy and clean building. It was powered. There were signs that people had been living there.

Not *just* living there. Half-eaten food and drinks were left on tables, lit cigarettes in ashtrays; it was as if a bunch of people *had* been living in the complex but had suddenly just up and *disappeared*. But of course that was why Ritsuka and Mashu had been dispatched there in the first place. As the Master and Servant of Chaldea it was their responsibility to investigate anomalies like these. And *whatever* had happened in this apartment building had caused a Singularity.

“Hmm... This *should* be the apartment the readings were coming from but there aren't any enemies. I also can't see anything that indicated magecraft was used.” It was a *big* and fancy apartment and they had only explored a couple of rooms together. If they could contact da Vinci then perhaps their next steps would have been easier, but all they got was static when they tried to reach them. **“Master? Maybe we should split up and search?”**

Ritsuka nodded at the suggestion. If there was no present danger then it would be fine if they were a few rooms apart. One could just cry out for the other in a worst case scenario, and in delicate situations like these time *could* be of the essence. In the end they did just that, with the two women departing to opposite ends of the lavish apartment in search of signs of... *whatever* had happened in this Singularity.



“Is this the master bedroom? It’s... very big.” It had been obvious when they had first stepped foot in the apartment that it belonged to someone who was *very* well off. But Mashu noted it again in what *seemed* to be the master bedroom. It was larger than what even a living room might be in a regular home, with a large canopy bed with hot pink curtains. Hot pink, in fact, seemed to be the primary color of the decorations. Whoever the room belonged to *really* liked the color.

But they also *really* seemed to like plushies. The bed was full of them – all sorts of animals and all in different sizes. Yet this wasn’t what had caught Mashu’s attention. Walking by a low dresser (painted hot pink of course), her attention found itself fixated on a bunny hairclip. It was cute, but that wasn’t *why* she ended up picking it up. **“Mana is clinging to this... was it used in a spell?”** That meant it was dangerous until she knew what it had been used for and putting it down was the most sensical response. Yet...

She put it in her hair.

It took a moment for the Demi-Servant to question it. **“Huh?”** And another moment later, all of her armor disappeared so that she was left standing not in her regular clothing but *something else entirely*. A purple, leotard-like outfit that had white chest cups – that *clearly* were too big for her chest size – bound to a white collar by purple straps at the sides. There were also long, black gloves that only wrapped around her middle fingers, and black thigh high tights. Along with a purple ribbon bow ties around her collar... she wasn’t wearing much else.

“A-AH!? What happened to my clothes!?” Her thighs and butt were *completely* exposed along with much of her above-averagely sized bosom. The white around her chest was loose, but thankfully it rested against her chest in a way that concealed her nipples. Still, it was *extremely* embarrassing and the young woman’s face was bright red from the sight and feel of it all. **“Wait... I can’t summon my combat gear?”** It must have been the hair clip’s fault, right? How could something so cute be so dangerous?

As she was quick to learn, knowing what had caused the problem didn't mean the solution would be an easy one. **"I can't, like, get it off or anything!"** She had immediately attempted to pull the clip right off, but it was like it was glued not only to her hair but her skull – because she *had* considered looking for something sharp to just cut the hair it was attached to off. Despite how large and fancy the room she was in was there didn't appear to be any mirrors either, and so the fact that the hair bound to the clip had begun to *change* wasn't *immediately* obvious to Mashu.

But that didn't mean it wasn't happening, now did it? In fact, starting beneath the clip itself the light purple coloration of Mashu's hair began to change. It didn't darken, but the hue of it shifted to a coloring that would likely be considered more 'normal'. Instead of purple a light brown emerged, but near the tips of these strands the brown became darker. This discoloration jumped from one strand to the next, and the next, ultimately dyeing not only the hair on her head but her brows and pubic hair as well.

Yet at least as far as the hair atop her head was concerned, a change of color wasn't the only thing that would happen to it. **"Am I imagining things?"** Mashu had continued to try and tug the clip off, but it felt like her hand was rubbing up against softer hair? No, not just softer. It was tickling her neck? She grabbed some and slid fingers down its length. **"Wait, my hair is *totes longer and stuff!*"** She could feel it slipping through her fingers and before long? She pulled forward a length of darker brown that was *curling* before her eyes. It reached all of the way down her back where it took on these subtle drills, bangs parting so that both eyes were visible but some reached her nose.

"And it's all brown? That's *soooo weird!*" The Demi-Servant probably should have been a little more alarmed than this, right? Yes, but a part of her felt oddly at ease seeing her curly hair so brown and beautiful. *Doesn't this mean I just styled it all pretty this morning? Well, I'm a hair genius!* She blinked, and in the process her violet eyes turned brown themselves. Brown in color and larger in size, with thicker lashes applied to her lids to boot, they looked like the eyes of another woman altogether. Something that was becoming truer by the second.

It might have been obvious to an outsider look in from afar, but to Mashu? She hadn't noticed the unusual way she was speaking. Her sentences had been peppered with very airy, vapid sounding phrases that gave the impression she was somehow less intelligent. This... was *actually true*. Her head was filling up with nonsense that didn't suit the woman she had once been as much as it suited the woman she becoming.

Case in point? **“Mr. Teddums, what do you think? My hair is totally pretty, right?”** Rather than spare anymore time caring about how bizarre her hair was she pivoted to look over at the bed of plushies and flipped curled locks over her shoulders. She was speaking to one of the teddy bears. It had a name? She *knew what it was*? Not just the name: she knew the entire history it had been given... by her very imagination.

She grinned almost childishly at *her* bed of stuffed toys, even though said face gradually seemed even farther from that of a child than it already was. Her age was visibly enhanced, lips bloating and nose crinkling a touch. The quality of her skin was just as suggestive of it as her features, for an aging process wore it down. Rather than a young woman she seemed, perhaps, to be a little over the age of *thirty*. Mashu’s mind had changed to reflect this. Her memories had been set entirely askew, and slowly but surely she recognized this apartment as her home and her life as that of a very rich, albeit very immature woman.

The ill fit of her ‘outfit’ (if you could call it that) became less of an issue soon after she became otherwise unrecognizable from the neck up. Because of the outfit’s cut it was simple to perceive these changes too. Take her hips for example: they swung wide, creating a gap between her legs oh so briefly before the rest of her lower body followed suit. Thighs jiggled to life, plush flesh finding skin tightening around them as they stretched several inches. On the other hand her ass pushed out behind her into a big, bubbled heart shape.

Boy, I love being spanked! ...Was this really the time for that thought to cross her mind?

In a way? *Kind of*. Mashu felt horny because of her physical changes. With her ass bigger, the leotard was pushing a little into her cheeks and hugging her pussy more intensely in the front. But there was likewise the sensation of her nipples rubbing up against the white cups of the ensemble. She didn’t recognize that she was leaning forward in slight, because her D-cup breasts had begun to *balloon*. They filled the cups so that erect, engorged nipples rubbed against the top’s undersides without a bra. The thin straps that connected the leotard to her collar were pulled tight with tits heaving, both orbs rivaling her head in size once perky *G-cups* finally halted their forward motion.

“Mmn... This isn’t the time nor place for that, is it?” For how horny she had felt throughout her transformation it ultimately became incredibly easy for her to push the urge to touch herself away as the final adjustments to the woman’s mind settled into place. Pretty brown eyes wandered over to the plushies on the bed. *Her* plushies on *her* bed. **“I**

wouldn't want my babies to see me and stuff!" That was the reason for it. She clearly had a very *unusual* obsession with her plushies if she didn't want them to see her masturbate.

With her loins no longer aching, *Ludmilla* perked up and skipped over to her bed. Her revealing garments didn't bother her, and in fact in private she *loved* to show off more skin. It was such a freeing feeling for her! And when she had girls over to sleep with her – in the spare room of course – they always loved to see her plush, dynamite body wearing so little. **"Hmm~? One of my babies is missing! Where did you like go, sweetie!?"**



Despite how many plushies were crammed on the bed she could *still* tell that one was missing. Where was her favorite, big plush rabbit? **"Where is her highness? I must have left her somewhere else in the apartment! Oh dear! She's going to be suuuper late for her royal address! Heehee! We should find her!"**



On the other side of the apartment Ritsuka had found another bedroom. It was still very large, but it had a normal, queen-sized bed and there were *no* stuffed animals to be seen. Chaldea's Master didn't know that this was Ludmilla's spare bedroom that she used for *sexual rendezvous*, nor that plushies weren't allowed because of her bizarre, childish perception of those toys.

"This room is pretty empty but there isn't really anything suspicious." She had been ready to write it off and check the next, but she then noticed a closet in the room's corner. **"Guess I'd better check there too."** It would be a problem if she didn't look and it turned out they missed something because of it that's for sure.

The closet was concealed with a regular door and so she turned the knob and stepped in. It was a small walk-in closet full of gaudy, fancy outfits – many oddly revealing, and it was illuminated by a light she triggered with a switch beside the door. **"Now is there anything in—!?" SLAM!**

Before she could even ask herself this question aloud the closet door slammed behind her. Ritsuka spun around to try and open it again... but there was no knob on the inside? "**Hey!**"

The moment she considered charging at the door to knock it open she was struck by an overwhelming feeling of unsteadiness. "**Wh-What...?**" The air was thick. This was magecraft, wasn't it? As dangerous of a realization as this was, Ritsuka couldn't seem to find the strength to do anything about it. She wobbled there powerlessly as the clothes that covered her body were stripped away by this spell so that she was left completely nude. "**Why!?**"

What kind of spell would need her to be *naked*? What was the intention behind it? Regardless it was clear enough that she had fallen for a *trap* – and now she was about to pay the price for it. Her entire body began to tingle all at once but peculiarly she felt strangely *light*? Which ran contrary to the fact that she felt *bloated* all of a sudden too.

“UUURP!”

She blushed a bright red after bellowing out a loud burp that did absolutely nothing to alleviate the unusual sensation in her tummy. "**Wh-Why did I...?**" Pass gas so suddenly? That wasn't *quite* what had happened though. All of the excess air in her stomach had been forced out as it *filled*. Not with food or anything normal like that, but with *cotton*. It *continued* to fill in fact, soon replacing flesh, bones and blood before her stomach began to *push out*.

Not just forward, though it *did* bulge straight ahead. Her tummy pushed out on both sides as well as in her back. "**Holy—!?**" As much as Ritsuka would have liked to finish that thought of shock she found herself unable to. She gagged on the synthetic taste of this cotton beginning to replace more and more of her body. Breasts bloated and merged with her rounding gut, nipples erased and her lungs and heart likewise replaced with a stuffed animal's insides.

Her exterior looked *bizarre* as a direct result. Like a human was being inflated like a Mario character taking the P-Balloon powerup albeit on a slightly smaller scale. She didn't quite grow *as* large, but her whole torso was already larger than her head. Unable to hold herself up, her body toppled back so that she landed on her ass. But even then... the cheeks of her ass had merged into the circular shape of her body.

Seemingly her body would not grow any larger, but that didn't mean it wouldn't look any weirder. Perhaps the fact that it was still covered in human skin made it look even more uncanny than it would have

otherwise, so perhaps it was for the best that this changed next. Soft, velveteen strands began to sprout from, weave across, and inevitably replace the skin around her chest, belly, back and butt – all having merged into a single rounded oval shape anyways. Ritsuka found herself incapable of looking down to see this. Her neck had locked into place.

She couldn't see that her arms and legs were growing shorter but not slimmer. Hands and feet looked as if they were being absorbed into her wrists and ankles, leaving stubs in their place that came over with white velvet tips. The pink from her torso clad stubby, plush limbs that were only one third of the length they were supposed to be. And oddly? A rounded ball popped out where her butt should have been. A *tail*.

Confused and scared, Ritsuka *wanted* to cry. She didn't know what was happening to her, nor would she have been able to comprehend it even if she could. Without her voice she couldn't call for help... and without tear ducts she couldn't cry. That became the case as the pink began to wrap around her face. The delicate features of a human woman were pushed away, cheeks growing rounder than humanly possible while the shape of her head followed suit.

She gagged one last time, a response to cotton filling her mouth from the back and seeing to it that her tongue and teeth became part of it. Yet none escaped, for lips were sealed by a white growth that had been born from her nose. It covered the entirety of where her mouth had once been, a plush animal snout with a black beaded nose... between two eyes that lost their lashes and brows, drying and darkening until they were little more than black beads themselves.

Ritsuka's hair turned pink but did not grow from this point on, instead shortening until she was *completely* bald. But this didn't mean that the top of her head was featureless. Instead, a pair of long, hot pink ears with white inside stretched about eight inches from the peak of where her skull had once been. She seemed to understand what she was as she shrunk down to be only 3'5" tall in height – a height that was respectably *large* for just what it was she had become.

A stuffed rabbit.

She didn't say anything about it. She *couldn't*. This new form of hers had no vocal chords through which she could push air and no mouth through which she could open to deliver speech. She was just a big, chubby, hot pink stuffed rabbit sitting in the middle of the walk-in closet on her plush bum. It was strange. She could still see out of her new, beady eyes. She could also hear through her bunny ears and feel through the material that made her skin. It was like she was *alive* but not simultaneously. So as much as she wanted to cry for help? She couldn't.

She sat in silence for about ten minutes before the sound of the closet door slowly creeping open stirred her consciousness back to attention. **“Oh there you are! Her esteemed majesty, Queen Bunsalot!”** An unfamiliar woman began chattering once she stepped in. She looked *huge* from Ritsuka’s new perspective... and what was she *wearing*? But stranger still were the words she had uttered.



Queen Bunsalot? Is that supposed to be my name? But my name is... The plushie’s consciousness hitched. What had her old name been? It wasn’t Queen Bunsalot, but... *was it?* No, wasn’t she *Queen Bunsalot, the ruler of the Plushie Kingdom?* That all *felt* accurate. It felt even more correct when the woman picked the bunny up and held her close, smothering the stuffed animal’s face with her soft tits. *Ludmilla’s chest is always so soft... H-Huh!?* How did she know the woman’s name? It was like...

She had been with her a long time. She could *remember* Ludmilla and the fantasy life the unhinged thirty year old had given her. She had adopted it as her own life. Her own being. And now Queen Bunsalot had embraced her identity wholly. She was a rabbit now, but the story Ludmilla had given her was one of a human woman who had been cursed to become a stuffed bunny. But not all hope was lost, for the other stuffed animals made her their queen because she was so kind and gentle! Not to mention she was the biggest of the plushies!

A part of Queen Bunsalot pushed back against these memories, but little by little that voice grew quieter. After all, Ludmilla was hugging her so gently. And oh! Now she was taking her somewhere in her arms! **“You totally need to your people their royal address for the day, right! Let’s go back to the Plushie Kingdom!”**

Ah, of course. My people await my kind words!