

Blue Fuzz on Vinyl

By: Firingwall

Patron Story done for Danuki

“Lookie what I got!” Something was shoved into Steven's face. It was so close it was a smudgy blur in his eyes.

“Okay, knock that off!” Steven huffed, pushing the item back, “I can't actually see it.”

Taking a better look now, Steven was unsurprised when he saw what it was. It was yet another vinyl record. Why wouldn't it be that too? His roommate, Calvin, was a big vinyl buff. Most of the living room of their shared apartment was occupied by a large record player and shelving meant to store his wide collection.

Steven didn't really mind it. Even though Calvin would play his records for hours at a time, he was into what he was into. It didn't hurt anyone, he never played his music too loud, and outside of these moments of childish excitement, he was still the best roomie he ever had.

“Lilo & Stitch?” Steven said, looking up from the record at Calvin.

“Mhm!” He nodded eagerly, pulling the record back. “The official soundtrack of the movie! Isn't it cool?” He seemed incredibly proud of that fact.

Steven looked between him and the record again, seeing the adorable alien and human leads of the movie on the sleeve. Something about it though felt... off.

“I found it at this cool garage sale on the way home!” Calvin explained, not noticing the blank, puzzled expression on his friend's face, “I don't know why, but I felt I just had to stop by. And it turned out great! These green ladies had the most amazing record collection I've ever seen, even better than that shop downtown!”

“Green ladies?” Steven looked more puzzled.

“I didn't have time to check all of their boxes, but I found this and had to take it!” Calvin ignored him or didn't really hear him, just going on. “I'll have to stop by tomorrow and really look around! Who knows what else they might have!”

He took the record out of the sleeve and popped it into the large player next to them. “I love the soundtrack to Lilo & Stitch. All the Elvis songs, the original ones... oh! So damn good! I can't wait to hear them like this! They're going to be amazing!”

He was about to place the needle down on the record, but then came a low buzzing noise. Calvin paused and reached into his pocket, pulling out his phone. He read whatever notification had come in, his expression dropping, along with his jaw.

“CRAP!” he shouted, making Steven flinch in surprise, “I forgot about the groceries! Crap crap crap! I forgot to pick them up on the way home!”

Oh right, it was Calvin's turn. Now that Steven thought about it, when Calvin arrived home, the only thing he was carrying was that record. He hadn't seen a single thing else before or after that sleeve was shoved in his mug.

The whole situation made him chuckle. “Someone got distracted by a garage sale again. This always happens, dude.”

“It does not!” Calvin huffed, hurrying back to the entrance. He grabbed his keys from the hook, quickly looking back and saying, “I'll be right back! I'll make dinner tonight.” Then, he was out the door with it slamming shut behind him.

Steven was alone once again. He sighed and took a step towards his room, stopping quickly. The record sleeve was on the ground, right under foot. He stepped around it and picked it up. Calvin may love his collection, but he was pretty bad about putting his sleeves away when their records were in use.

Steven looked at the Lilo & Stitch soundtrack again. That wrong feeling came back, and he thought he understood why. The movie came out in the early 2000's, long before the nostalgic record boom came back in full swing. As such, it was highly unlikely Disney actually released the original soundtrack on vinyl.

Whatever Calvin had bought, it couldn't possibly be official. It was a fake, a bootleg, or whatever the term was when it came to vinyls. *Calvin isn't gonna like this.*

Steven placed the sleeve down on a speaker and glanced at the record player, the vinyl still slotted in and ready to go. A hint of curiosity struck him. He loved the film's soundtrack as much as Calvin did. Sure, when it came to vinyl, he never noticed much of a difference in sound quality between a CD and a record. He wasn't an audiophile. However, listening to the music would still be fun.

He thought back, remembering how Calvin played his records, and got things started. Keeping the volume at a reasonable volume, he moved the needle into place as the record spun.

Stepping back, he listened for a moment. There was some gentle crackle briefly at first, but soon, familiar music began to play. It was the opener of the album, Hawaiian Roller Coaster, his absolute favorite song from the movie.

...sort of. Yes, it was the song, but the singer and the child choir, singing in their Native Hawaiian, were wrong. They were so garbled and off, the pitch wrong and the vocals deep.

It left Steven confused, standing in front of the record player in disbelief. Was this because it was an unofficial copy? Did Steven play the record wrong? He didn't know. All he could do was shiver.

And when he shivered, vibrations went into his ears. They shot up the sides of his head to the top in almost the blink of an eye. When they reached the top, they kept on moving, growing wider, longer, and smoothing out on the insides. They thinned, blue fur growing over them while darkish pink sprouted on the insides. They looked like that of an animal's.

Steven never noticed a thing. He was distracted by the instruments kicking in, which relaxed him. They sounded completely normal. Perhaps that first part was the only issue, a side effect of this being unofficial. Now things would settle down, barring another issue here or there.

No. That was not the case. The singing kicked in again, and it was that creature-like, strange voice from before. The lyrics were the same as always, but that singer... who the hell were they?

And, why did they sound so familiar? He closed his eyes and listened closely, trying to discern their identity. His ears bent back, focusing all their might on it. His hairs quivered and streaks of dark blue ran through his black mop.

It then hit him, his eyes opening. "Stitch." It was the titular character from the movie, singing in all of his odd, garbled, weird sounding glory.

Is this a cover? Steven thought. Perhaps this was more official than he thought it was.

It was puzzling to think about why Disney might've released a Stitch cover version of this song and straight to vinyl back in the day. So, he just focused on Stitch's "glorious" singing, taking it all in. Such a strange novelty.

As he listened, more shifted in his appearance. All of his hair turned dark blue, slowly shrinking and pulling up away from his shoulders. It shrunk back into his head almost, leaving him with a cut that was part buzz part fur in appearance. Actual fur appeared around his eyes with circular, light blue patches.

Eventually, the song faded out. Steven was left standing there with a loss for words. *What the heck was that? Seriously, what even was that?!*

Before he could think further on it, the next song began to play. It was Stuck on You, the classic instruments playing and doing their thing like they always did. For the briefest of moments, Steven forgot the last song and nodded with the beat.

Then, Stitch came in. **“You can shake an apple off-”**

Steven didn't hear the next word, snorting and laughing too hard. His nose twitched and bounced with the chortling, slowly swelling into a bulbous shaped snoot. The skin turned bumpy and blue, jutting out an inch or two from his face.

What the hell? He snickered. *Another cover? ...is every song a cover?* The thought of that alone intrigued him. If that was the case, he should probably wait until Calvin got home and they could listen to the rest of the songs.

On the other hand, why not keep going? Steven listened to the short song, taking in Stitch's unique pitch and voice that went along with the normal instruments. It was so strange not hearing Elvis sing any of this.

Yet, as it went along, Steven began getting into it. It became oddly relaxing and enjoyable to the ears. His fingers tapped against his side with the beat. Each tapped had them gently extend, thickening and turning blue as his nose. Eventually, he had short, stubby little claws.

The same thing even happened below. His foot tapped along, claws poking out of his socks and scraping against the floorboards.

The song eventually faded, Steven's tapping stopped. The next piece started playing right away, familiar guitar playing. *Oooh, this one!* His head nodded to the beat. *I love this one!*

The electric guitar came in, Steven humming along with the beat. Burning Love kicked into high gear, his second favorite song on the soundtrack. It always makes him want to shake and move with it. In fact, it's making him want to really move along with it now.

Stitch's vocals kick in, and Steven isn't surprised. He was expecting it now given the last two songs. Frankly, it was pretty amusing and adorable at this point.

So, Steven listened and hummed along with the song, nodding along with the beat. Blue patches of fur began sprouting everywhere across his mug, a shade darker from his top jaw up

and a lighter shade, like the patches around his eyes, from his lower jaw down. His hair shortened further and further too, becoming one with the fur.

As the last trace of his face was covered in fuzz, the lyrics “It's hard to breathe” are heard. Steven suddenly is overwhelmed by the urge to sing and so he did alongside Stitch. He quivered doing so. It felt so good to do that!

Then when “hunkhunkhunk of Burning Love” kicks in, that groove hit harder than ever before. He shook his hips with the beat, getting his butt wiggling. It was so good! He was caught up, pulled into the music like he had never been before.

As the song closed out on that final, long holding note, there was a small pop. A familiar, short little blue tail popped out above his rear. It wagged, happy as can be.

Steven loved it. He loved everything about this. Who cared if this record was official, unofficial, bootleg, or whatever? Stitch's covers were incredible! He was having the time of his life, and all he wanted was to hear the next song and how that would go.

The next one up was Suspicious Minds. The Elvis song was a bit slower and less energetic than previously, but with Stitch singing it, it seemed faster and livelier. Steven was grooving to it, shaking and twisting with the beat. He sang along as well, his voice popping and cracking every so often.

His hands and feet twitched too, digits jerking a bit. Thick, puffy blue pads popped out on his fingers and palms, blue fur sprouting around them and covering his mitts. His socks completely tore as his feet swelled, gaining fur and their own pads as well.

In what felt like no time, the song came to a close. “Because I love you too much, baaaa-**COUGH! HACK!**” It felt like the air in his lungs was cut off, leaving Steven hacking at the very end.

He coughed and coughed, hitting his chest a few times. His voice deepened, his tone more garbled and off sounding. “**Whoa, Steven wonders what happened there!**” he remarked, unaware of his own sounding voice. He rubbed his throat. “**Ooooh, Steven missed the end of the song... that's disappoint-**”

Heartbreak Hotel started up and all that disappointment faded away, along with him even noticing how similar his voice was to Stitch's now. His ears perked up, and he began singing. He sang along with Stitch, their voices blending together perfectly.

He shook his hips from side to side with the beat. Fur flowed down from his head and up from his hands and feet. Dark blue covered his arms, legs, sides, and back. Light blue went down the front of his neck, over his chest and down his belly. His clothing felt itchy, but he couldn't notice a thing.

Heartbreak Hotel soon finished out, Steven belting out “you could die” as loud as he could, not remotely in tone with the original song. His head shivered, its shape shifting and rounding out. His jaws widened, face pushing out into a short muzzle. His nose seemed to stretch and swell with it, popping out more on his visage.

There was no Steven now if one were to walk in. There was an anthro-ified version of Stitch dancing and grooving to music now, wearing clothing that seemed just a little large on him. Not that he noticed.

Steven, for his part, just chuckled, rolling his shoulders. His body felt electric and energized in a way that he never felt before. It was like he was ready to explode, start moving, start dancing, start causing a little destruction and trouble at the drop of a hat.

He placed a paw to his chest, feeling his heart race. This record made him feel so alive.
Heh, Calvin onto something about records... music sound good. Real good!

“*You look like an angel.*” The Devil in Disguise started up. Steven froze for a moment, pupils dilating and turning as blue, black, and big as Stitch's was. He soon grinned, flashing a sharp, toothy grin.

His hand shot over to the record player and grabbed the sound dial, turning it all the way up. He started swaying and dancing again, singing along loud and proud. It was hard to tell if Stitch was still singing on the record or if it was just Steven alone now.

Either way, he was in the zone. Everything faded out around him. He never even noticed how baggy his clothing was becoming or how the floor crept closer. All he knew was that he loved this song and felt like letting loose all of this pent up energy.

“Sorry about that!” Calvin called out, huffing as he stepped through the front door. He carried many plastic shopping bags with him, struggling the entire time. “Took longer than I liked. I'll start on...”

His words drifted off as his mouth stopped. The bags dropped, followed by his jaw soon after. He stepped further into the apartment, the door swinging shut behind him on its own.

It was a mess. Everywhere he looked was a mess. There were so many scratch marks on the floor... and even the walls?! Things were knocked over or broken from sofa cushions to the electronics. It seemed like the only thing spared was the record player.

And speaking of which, the shock of the situation fell off as he realized the device was going. It was playing... something? It sounded like Elvis as if he was run through some kind of weird, creature-like filter. It sounded so strange to his ears.

His ears wobbled, beginning to grow longer, sprouting blue hairs as that music tunneled through them.

This isn't right... Calvin hurried over to the record player and shut it off. It had to be a glitch or something wrong. He certainly didn't need anything else broken. Plus, he could barely hear himself think with how loud it was blasting.

Once the music stopped, his ears quivered again. Slowly, they shrunk back down and moved to their original space. The hairs faded away, leaving him with his old ears.

Calvin never noticed a thing. His attention was back on the mess that was his apartment, looking up and all over. "What the hell is goin-"

"HEY!" He jolted, nearly hopping two feet off the ground. A loud shout came out from behind the counter near the kitchen. **"Stitch want music! Put music back on!"**

Then, stepping out from the counter, a short figure appeared. It was blue, fuzzy, fluffy, cute, and looking very upset as he carried a cereal box he was eating out of.

It was Stitch. The cartoon character, the one from the cover of that record he bought earlier, was standing there, glaring at him. Calvin could only grow more flummoxed than before, staring at the sight of the Disney creation, eating his cereal, and wearing...

Wait, is that Steven's shirt? Stitch wore that familiar gray tee he last saw Steven in before he left. It was far too big for him and had claw marks in it, like he lost a fight trying to pull it off earlier. This was far too much, too much to handle or think about.

Calvin didn't know what to say, processing every bit of detail and sight he was seeing.

Stitch didn't seem to appreciate the lack of an answer or the awkward staring. He dropped the box and curled up into his little ball form from the movie. He rolled on over, bounced out of his ball shape, grabbed a record sleeve from the floor, and smacked Calvin right in the shins.

“Play music, play music!” Stitch demanded.

“H-hey! Stop that!” Calvin grabbed the cover and tugged on it, struggling to pull it from Stitch's grasp. Eventually, he won, and the little ball of blue fuzz rolled away.

He quickly inspected the item, his music lover instincts taking over despite the sheer bizarreness of fighting a cartoon character for it. It was the sleeve for the Lilo & Stitch soundtrack he had just bought. *How appropriate...*

He looked at the sleeve and then at the record still set up in the player. The vinyl was still there from when he put it in earlier. Steven must've played it while he was gone.

Wait... where's Steven? Calvin looked around again, seeing no trace of his friend. He looked down at Stitch, the little creature angrily tapping his foot. He looked at the shirt he wore, really taking in how oversized it was on the blue chaos gremlin.

The gears began to turn in his head as he looked back at the sleeve. He looked it over, closer than before. There, he saw something tucked into a bottom corner of the record. It was blue text and very easy to miss. You'd have to look really closely to make it out.

Squinting hard, Calvin read it aloud. “Stitch-ifying Cover Songs on Side B. Normal Songs on Side A.”

He went quiet again, his hands and record dropping to his sides. Stitch. Steven's shirt. Those words on the record. The green ladies dressed in all black with long noses and yellow eyes that he bought the record from.

It all clicked and hit him like a sack of bricks. “Oh, you gotta be kidding me!”

“PLAY MUSIC!” A second later, a large sofa cushion, tossed at full force by Stitch, struck Calvin in the face.

THE END