

Silervale's Special Prize (Plushie TF, Silervale)

Silervale turned to the camera with a triumphant smile. "Alright, Chat, it's time for our special prize giveaway! Guess what I'm going to be giving away today!"

At once, Chat went wild with excitement. And guesses, most of which were pretty lewd. Silervale did her best to maintain her composure as she read through the really embarrassing ones. A mold of her asshole...? *Really?*

Finally, she decided enough was enough. "That's riiiiight!" she said, reaching off camera. "It's a one of a kind, never before seen, super cute and cuddly... *Silervale Plushie!*" With a grin, she held up her cute little friend: it looked exactly like her, if a lot more chibi. "Isn't she cute, Chat? I think she's *almost* as cute as me...!" Chat couldn't have been more delighted.

"Now," she continued, placing Plushievale on her lap so its head poked adorably over the edge of her desk. "Any second now, one of you guys is going to be chosen to be the recipient of this amazing, adorable little mini-me. And you better take care of her, okay? I know what you guys are like! No doing lewd stuff with her! It's not allowed!" Naturally, this only made Chat want to do it more.

After a moment, the results came in. "Ooo, looks like we have a winner! The prize goes to SilverCuddler9! Congratulations! We'll have her boxed up and shipped off to you A-S-A-W-why is the camera glowing?! H-hey!"

As Silervale stared in shock, her camera lit up, its lens shining a searing pink. With a gasp of shock, she dropped Plushievale and leapt back, her arms raised, but no sooner had she left her chair than the light dropped, and a pencil thin beam shot from the camera's lens and stabbed straight into her chest. With a gasp, she froze on the spot, unable to take another step or scream or do anything other than stand there, her eyes trembling. *H-Help! What's going on?!*

As she struggled to figure the answer to that out, the beam swept to her right arm, and like a punctured tire, it started to collapse, shriveling till it was barely half its former length. The smaller it became, the stranger it felt. Tingly, as if it had been stuffed full of cotton.

Inside, Silervale screamed in terror. What was it doing to her?!

By the time the beam moved on, her arm had been reduced to little more than a stub, a chubby, tingly stub that refused to move no matter how hard she shook it.

Like a laser at a concert, the beam swept swiftly over her other limbs and reduced them to chubby little tingling stubs as well. This done, it turned its attention to her torso, collapsing it to half its former size and leaving her boobs and buttcheeks sticking out of it. After a moment, it gave them a touch too, shrinking and stuffing both of them as well, though they didn't become half as small as her other parts.

Spinning her tail into a small, stuffed facsimile, the beam finally snapped to her head, and all at once, Silvervale's thoughts turned to cotton wool. *Ooh... Oooh...* she thought, her vision blurring. *What's... What's happening to me now...?*

With a pop, her ears puffed up, fabric and stitched and stuffed, a pair of plump pyramids glued to the top of her head, and with another, her hair rippled and replaced itself, transformed into a layer of carefully cut fabric. Her mouth followed a second later, becoming a big white crescent, dumb and happy.

Finally, her eyes vanished, replaced by two simple circles of felt, as bland and emotionless as any other doll's, and with that the beam flashed one last time and—

Silvervale found herself on a bed. Not her own bed, that much was clear from what she saw around her: Silvervale posters, Silvervale figures, a Silvervale d-dakimakura (mercifully unused, at least as far as she could tell). She'd have to be a real egotist for this to be *her* bedroom.

"Oh my God, you're here!" cried an unfamiliar voice, male and nasally. As she struggled to turn her inanimate body towards it, the source stepped into view instead: a tall young man with greasy hair and pimples and a shirt bearing her face that read: 'Silvervale's No. 1 Fan!' "I can't believe it! I mean, I know I won the giveaway, but..."

Internally, Silvervale swallowed. *Oh no. P-please tell me I haven't turned into some pervert's fuck plushie! Please...! Please, there's been a mistake!*

Bending down, her new owner leaned closer, his enormous face filling her entire world. "D-don't worry, Silvervale," he said. "I promise I won't do anything weird with you. I'll just take care of you until you turn back!"

Inside, she swallowed. How could she possibly trust that to be true?!

"A-assuming you do," he said. "I-I-I mean, of course you will. Why would we assume otherwise, right?"

Silvervale wanted to burst into tears.

"A-anyway," he continued, blushing redder than ever. "While you're here, you don't mind if we cuddle a little, do you?" And before she could even *think* a response, let alone actually say anything, he'd rolled into bed, snatched her up, and hugged her tight against his chest, so tight she felt her stitching would snap.

Nnn~! Nnnnnn~! Oh God, let me goooooo...!

"Wow," he said, squeezing her even tighter. "You're so much softer and huggable than I was expecting... You don't mind if we stay like this for a while, do you? ...Thanks, Silvervale! You're the best!"

Silvervale, crushed, her entire body taut with the pressure and just about ready to burst, could only whine in his grip, pleading for a mercy that wasn't coming. *Nnnn~! How did this even happen to meeeeeeee...?!*