

# Cuddly Heart of the Park

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Patron Story Done for Danuki

The door slammed open with a huff, a grumpy woman stepping in. She muttered under her breath as she kicked the door closed behind her, “Why do I have to fill in for Ted? Can’t this park go a day without its stupid mascot?”

The answer was no. At least, that’s what her supervisor, fellow employees, and corporate would say at least. At Snug-N-Hug Park, the lovable mascot was everything.

Snug-N-Hug wasn’t a large theme park, but it was reasonably sized. It had several rides and plenty of food & entertainment for all ages. However, its big attraction that had won the hearts of all visitors was its goofy mascot, Snuggleworth. Susan didn’t quite get it. He was just a generic bear with pink fur and a bowtie. Friendly and cute, but in a market testing sort of way.

Either way, some sucker wore the Snuggleworth suit and walked around the park to entertain the little kiddies walking around. That usually was Ted, but not today. He was out sick and, for some reason, Susan, a vendor pushing a balloon & plushie cart around, was the next best pick for the job.

Told to go “get into character”, Susan now found herself at the far back of the park where all the costumes and outfits were stored. She rubbed her forehead. She tried to tell her supervisor that it wouldn’t work, but he insisted it would be fine and help her attitude. That last remark really got to her, but she needed the job.

She stepped further in, glancing at a rack of uniforms, similar to what she wore at her cart job. *Ugh... I’ll be back to you soon enough after I play dress up.*

In the far back of the room, Susan found it. Mr. Snuggleworth himself. Snuggleworth in many different pieces, some on a bench and some hanging from a rack. It was a bit eerie with the soft, dim lights of the room.

That being said, the costume seemed off even with the lighting. The fur wasn’t as bright, and the pieces looked rather stiff. When she saw Ted in the costume walking around, there was so much life and energy in it. Maybe it looked better in motion and in the sunlight?

Either way, it was time to do the deed she was not looking forward to. She walked over to the rack and unhooked the main body, limbs, and head. The second she did, the costume slipped from her grasp and hit the ground with a thud, pieces falling apart.

Her heart skipped a beat at the sight, but quickly relaxed. It looked like it could all be easily reattached to one another, like the hand gloves and paw shoes. She let out a sigh, shaking her head. *Don’t need a heart attack before the day even starts.*

Putting all the pieces on the bench nearby [so many pieces. Seemed needlessly complicated to her], Susan started to undress. Just down to her shorts and t-shirt, stuff that wouldn't get in the way or cause her to overheat in the suit.

Once dressed down, she looked at the creepy costume in its messy state again. *Frickin' weird...* She grabbed the leg pieces, some plus-sized, foam-ish leggings, and the squishy paws, and sat down on the bench herself. *Still don't know how this will work...*

She got the leggings on, which hugged them oddly. It was like she slipped into a marshmallow almost, just one that made it hard to bend and move her leg. She put the other one on, pulling it and the other up and over her shorts' legs.

Her legs felt so weird and itchy. This was going to be an uncomfortable afternoon she suspected. Still, she put the paw shoes on, tightening them up around the ankles. While roomy, they at least fit and didn't feel all that bad.

Though, the real test was walking around. She stood up... or at least tried to. As suspected, the tightness of the stocking made bending and moving her legs a hassle. It took a little bit to eventually get onto her feet, but even then, she wobbled and swayed hard. *How the hell does Ted do this every day?*

Still, after a bit of swaying and adjusting her arms, she found her balance. Her legs felt stiff, even numb, but she did it. She was standing. Progress!

*Okay... next step is the arms, then the body... but maybe I should-* "Eep!" Just as soon as she got her balance, it started giving out. She felt her body wobble and shake, like in a second, her face would connect with the ground.

She quickly tried to straighten out, flapping her arms like a crazed bird. It took embarrassingly too long looking like a fool, but she got back her sense of balance.

Susan panted and panted, brushing her forehead. Her shoulders drooped, heading falling back. "Uuuuugh, maybe I should just tell him I can't do this? I really don't think..."

She trailed off. Looking up towards the ceiling, did it... did it look closer now?

She shook her head before turning it down. *Yeesh, wearing this crap is getting to me and it's not even all on! I just... just...*

Susan's eyes fell upon her legs. Her soft paw shoes and even softer, but tighter leggings. The leggings had a thin layer of pink fur on them to better match up with her costume's torso and head. Though, the fur seemed thicker, brighter... more real.

A toe twitched. A paw shoe toe twitched. Susan's attention moved to her feet, finding that numbing feeling spreading down to it now. Her jaw started to lower, watching each of the toes of the shoes start to twitch individually, moving by themselves. The fur on them seemed to brighten as well, looking quite similar to her leggings.

Just as she took it in, the numbness there had ended. She could feel again... feel the cold, dirty tile beneath her feet. She shivered and tried to move them. The digits of the paw shoes reacted, bending and moving how she wanted her own toes to.

Susan's jaw fully dropped, everything emptying from her mind. Her "feet" twitched and shook then. They grew wider and wider, toes pushing outwards as the sides rounded. They felt heavy, growing heavier and thicker by the second.

She couldn't say anything, just watching it all unfold. As she did though, she spotted something new. The holes where she had slipped her feet into were completely gone. The paws were fully one with her legs... and so were the stockings.

There was no difference between the two now; the pieces of costume had merged. Her legs grew even more numb, her limbs beginning to shake. From her ankles up, her skin bubbled and swelled. Fat and pudge were coming in, swelling her ankles, then her calves, and lastly her thighs, matching perfectly with the size of her feet paws.

Her thighs thickened and thickened, fur looking more and more real. Eventually, her thighs gently pressed and rubbed against each other. She couldn't even feel part of her shorts anymore, just the sensation of fuzz against fuzz.

Even still, she had to check. Managing to push past her initial shock, she reached down with both hands. She pressed against her "legs" and squeezed them. Yep, very real. Forget wearing marshmallows, it was like having them for legs, but more stable and hairy.

She shivered, a nasty thought entering her mind: the costume in the park and how it looked so realistic. It made a lot more sense. She needed help, right now!

She tried to stand up and start running, but she couldn't. She still remained bent over a little, hands on her thighs. Her soft... squishy... chubby... fuzzy... thick thighs... legs.

Why did they feel so good?

*Chub is best.* She flinched. *Chub is great~.* Something was in her head. *Chub is for me~.* She frowned briefly. Why was she thinking that?

The frown was brief, however. A look of curiosity and intrigue soon settled on her face as new thoughts entered her head. Her eyes creaked over to the bench where the rest of the costume laid. They fell on its arms and paws.

She could feel her face warming, followed by her turning around to face them. Her hands reached for them. She didn't know why. She just wanted them. She wanted them on her now.

She grabbed the arm pieces, similar to the legs and pulled them up and over her t-shirt's sleeves. They were just as squishy and tight as the leggings, also an utter pain to move in. She

grabbed the gloves, several sizes and one digit too short for her small hands. But she managed to slide them on.

She struggled with the last glove paw for a little bit before she could properly look at her arms. They were already starting to swell, pink fur growing soft and fine in texture. She could feel the weight of them as fat came in, her shoulders struggling to keep them up.

She could feel her face heating up, no doubt red by this point. However, she wasn't embarrassed or feeling bad. In fact, she was feeling rather good.

The longer she looked at her chubby, beary arms, the longer she felt a new swelling of emotions flow through her. Pride and joy. Her harsh tone softened as she giggled, "My arms are so thick... so chubby and pink~. Hehe, perfect for cuddles and squeezes~."

She didn't quite know where that came from, but who cares? She just wanted to feel and squeeze them so badly, quickly reaching up to touch them.

Oh right! Her paws! Seeing them now, they had changed too. Her gloves had already combined with her new arms, twitching as their coloring brightened. Soon, fingers were moving and bending, gripping her plushy arms. She could feel the fur and fat in them now, especially against the thick, red pads on her fingers and palms.

Susan grinned, holding her hands up. She wiggled her fingers, her big, fat, animal-ish fingers. They brought them to her face, rubbing their fur and pads against her skin. Oh, it was nice! It was just like pressing a stuffed animal against one's face.

*Chub is best~.* Those words came back. *Snug is great~.* Wait, wasn't that... *Chub is for me~.* Maybe she was hearing things wrong?

Either way, she couldn't disagree with any of that. Susan proudly looked at her arms. Chub was indeed great! She looked at her fat, pink legs. Chub was for her!

But then as she looked at her legs, her eyes fell on her body. Her thin, narrow, shapely, fit body. Suddenly, everything didn't feel so great.

"I'm too thin... not enough chub and snug." She mumbled under her breath, her head turning to the body piece of the costume. She could fix that.

She reached for it, her hand shaking a little as she did. Something else in the back of her mind was saying this probably wasn't a good idea... but it quieted down. She wanted this. She wanted this so, so badly now.

She grabbed the body and unzipped its back. She slipped on her bear legs first. **Pop-pop.** They went through the leg holes without much fuss. She went fully into it then. She pushed her head out through the hole at the top without issue. **Pop-pop.** Her arms slipped in through the arm holes last.

She reached around back and pulled the zipper up. The body was now on.

And awkward it was. Even with the chubby arms and legs holding the body in place, the costume felt so weird. All of its weight was placed down on her shoulders and the back of her neck, like it was trying to fall forwards. It felt like there should've been some sort of support within the costume itself to stay in place.

The whole weight thing was quickly becoming a problem too. Even with her wider legs and paws, she felt like wobbling and swaying. The center of gravity was just wrong.

Susan huffed and huffed, waving her arms again to get support. The issue would soon pass. Everything would be fine. Just give it a little more time to work its magic.

Soon, that time would come. At first, the torso seemed to sag, drooping lower on her. However, then its shape shifted. In the chest, the area thinned and pushed in. Towards the bottom, the area was growing out and round. The dull, fake fur began to brighten as the holes where she stuck her limbs through closed up.

Her shape continued to change more and more. In the chest area, two mounds started to grow. They were subtle, but round and firm. At least, for a moment before sagging slightly.

The bottom grew more and more. She felt a warm sensation from her crotch, but it passed as her own body numbed and faded. Her fat legs spread a little further out as her bottom grew rounder and rounder, as if they were pushing them to the side. Soon, her figure was positively toony, having a big-bottom, pear-shaped figure.

Not that she minded. Susan just looked down with utter delight and joy. Her hands gripping her new, squishy, soft body, she sighed. Her mind was fuzzy, blurry even. All these new thoughts, sensations, and feelings in her... it was just wonderful.

Wonderful as her body. It was so big, so wide and round. So squishy and soft to the touch. It... it... it was made for cuddling~.

She twitched, her pupils dilating. It was made for cuddling. She was made for cuddling. Cuddling and hugging people! Hehe, she had been a big cuddler for all of her life after all.

Part of that didn't sound exactly right. She frowned for a moment. *Do I like cuddling?*

That frown only lasted for a moment. She smirked and nodded. *Oh thinking about such things is such a pain in the butty butt! I should just think about cuddlin'!*

She reached down and grabbed the bowtie, the large, blue piece of clothing that was the only thing Snuggleworth wore. Thinking about it, Susan was rather... nude to say the least. But on the other hand, there was only toony SFWness and thinking was overrated anyways.

She put the bowtie on, not even bothering to adjust it so it'd fit on her neck. It just simply sat on her wide shoulders and chubby chest without issue. "Heheheh, now dat's just dashin'! Snuggleworth is ready to snug and hug! Snuggleworth looves his snugs and hugs."

She gulped, shivering. "Snuggleworth... **I wanna snug and hug~.**"

Susan's pupils dilated, her smile widening more and more. Her hands and arms moved automatically as she sat down on the bench, grabbing the head. Her throat began to widen, her adam's apple popping further out as her bowtie was filled.

*Hmmmm... if I wanna hug and snug... she thought. Her eyes look down to her gut, which she playfully jiggles. Then... then I should be Snuggleworth!*

Susan twitched. *I should be him.*

"**Chub is best~.**" The words slipped from her mouth, the head piece hanging high above her head at first. "**Snug is great~.**" The head began to lower and lower. "**Hug is for me~.**" The head piece descended over her head.

The head was on, the final part of the costume was attached at long last. It was difficult to see out of. The eye holes for it were small and hard to see out of. If this costume was just a costume, she couldn't imagine walking around in this without a lot of tripping.

But normalcy was never in the cards for her here. Soon, her vision started to fade, the world completely going black. Her mind felt dizzy and woozy, despite a layer of bliss over it. She just couldn't focus or think straight.

Except for one line of thought. *I wanna be Snuggleworth.*

The muzzle on the costume head twitched. It seemed to grow, just by an inch or so. The nose of it jittered, the sheen on it brighter as it turned cold. The mouth shook and moved.

Eventually, the muzzle opened, revealing fangs and a big tongue. Out of it came, "**I wanna be Snuggleworth.**"

"**I wanna be Snuggleworth!**" The ears on the head of the costume wiggled. They bent forward ever so slightly, the color on them brightening.

"**I wanna be... be...**" The fur began to brighten all across the head, sense and feeling coming back. The mind was focusing again. It knew one thing and one thing only right now that was utterly important.

"**No... I don't wanna be Snuggleworth.**" The eyes opened, whites bright as snow and irises a deep, lovely pink. "**I am Snuggleworth~!**"

The big, fat, pink-furred toon bear grinned. He stood up, placing his paws on his hips and pushed out his gut. He was complete.

Snuggleworth grabbed his belly and gave it a good shake. It cartoonishly jiggled like a bowl full of Jell-O. He chuckled and hugged himself. Ooooooh, that felt good. He loved it. He loved every second of his new self. He felt perfect.

***Heh. maybe I can be the fill in for Ted... or maybe they need two Snuggleworths walking around. More snugs and hugs for everybody!*** He chuckled. Maybe he could talk to his supervisor about the idea later. This was a bear meant to be seen, not stuffed behind some random cart, selling things. Plus, more bears mean everyone would be happy!

His ears jittered. A creak rang out suddenly. He turned towards the door. A familiar face was standing in the doorway.

“Hey! I know this is all special the first time around, but enough hanging around here!” His supervisor huffed, rubbing his sweaty face. “There’s a lot of kids here waitin’ to meet ya and a lot of frustrated parents are stuck dealing with them.”

The plushy bear gasped, smacking his cheeks. **“That’s horrible!”**

“Just get down to the meet-n-greet area already!” The supervisor clapped his hands and motioned over to him to get out of there.

Snuggleworth was more than happy to comply. He playfully adjusted his bowtie and gave a thumbs up. **“You got it boss man!”**

He was more than ready to meet his fun fans of all ages. They deserved all the hugs and snugs they could get. After all, who wouldn’t want a hug from such a lovable bear like himself?

*THE END*