



Claw Machine TF

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Modifications to story by [JaneDoe-2010](#) Rev. 1.0 (March 26, 2022)

As consciousness flooded back, suddenly Elizabeth heard someone say, “Hey, don’t worry; we’ll get you out of there!” She recognized the voice, it was her friend Becca.

Elizabeth said as she blinked groggily, “*Hnnh... Where am I?*” The world suddenly began swimming back into focus around her. She felt so weird, one minute she had been walking with her friends through the arcade in the mall, and then... her memory was hazy but she remembered a claw wrapping around her body and pulling her into some sort of machine.

Elizabeth excitedly yelled, “H... Hold on! What is going on?” as the redhead rubbed at her eyes looking around in a panic at her surroundings. Sure enough, she was trapped, inside some sort of glass box with a glass wall between her and the arcade, she was also surrounded by a large pile of pillow soft human-sized plush toys, and beyond the glass wall were the enormous faces of her friends staring in at her from the arcade.

With a start, Elizabeth realized that she was inside a claw machine, and that her legs were pinned beneath a large number of giant stuffed teddy bears surrounding her which were too heavy to move, preventing her escape. Then suddenly it dawned on the girl, “*No, wait... These aren’t human-sized plushies... I’m a plushy-sized human and I’m trapped inside the claw machine!*”

Becca, her closest friend since childhood, pulled out her coin purse, slamming it onto the machine in front of Elizabeth. Her eyes burning with determination as she slotted in the exact change, then gripped the claw machine’s control in her hand.

Elizabeth looked up to what seemed like a fantastic height above her. She watched as a gigantic claw rattled around moving above her, swaying back and forth, before it began lowering down just above Elizabeth. She thought, “*I’m going to be saved! Becca will save me!*” A smile dawned on the redhead’s face as she lifted her hands towards the claw that could free her.

Suddenly she felt her body lock up as the claw was about halfway to her and she whimpered in fear. Elizabeth’s eyes widened as she thought, “*This machine grabbed me and shrank me to this size... Could it be that it still has control over me?*”

She found that she couldn’t speak her own question, though; she was frozen in a shocked silence. All Elizabeth could do was watch as the giant pincer slowly lowered towards her, its three prongs slipping over, then past, her cheeks.

Elizabeth heard Becca call out from outside the machine in her supposed triumph, “Yes! I got her!” Becca, sure that she had her friend tightly in the claw’s grip, hit the button to withdraw the claw, and it started to rise. But if she could have made a sound the redheaded girl would have let out a whimper as the cold metal dragged along her cheeks it began pinching at her ears. Her internal whimper only grew to a shriek as the claws caught on her ears, tugging on them, trying to lift her by her ears, and yanking hard along their length.

Elizabeth wanted to cry out, “St... Stop! It feels like they’re going to tear off!” Through her tear-stained eyes, Elizabeth could see that Becca looked concerned, but she clearly wasn’t able to stop the claw once she had hit the retract button. Instead, Becca could only watch the claw retract upward as it continued to pull at Elizabeth.

Sure enough, something gave out, and Elizabeth’s ears started to stretch, lengthening at the unrelenting arm’s pull. Elizabeth could see what was happening in her reflection in the glass. Since she couldn’t move to try to escape the claw’s grip, she could only watch as her ears stretched, and moved, until they sat atop her head like some animal.

Now Elizabeth began thinking about her companions in the machine and a new realization hit her. Elizabeth wondered, “Were all these bears once girls like her? Were these inanimate bears looking up at her, watching her transformation, knowing perhaps that she was soon to be one of them?” Liz now became really worried that she might soon become just another toy, a prize to be won, and owned, by whoever played the game and was successful at retrieving their prize.

An instant later her new ears began to itch, confirming Elizabeth’s fears, her ears were now becoming animalistic. Tan fur was beginning to cover them, with tiny black furs at the tips, like whiskers but on her ears, before long her hair turned Orange! Her ears itched madly, as the new fur on her ears came in, the long hairs made her skin feel scratchy and rough and Elizabeth screamed in her head, “H-hold on, I don’t want to become an animal, or a toy! Please Stop!”

A short moment of control returned to her, and she managed to tug her head from the claw’s grasp and fell back onto the pile. As she thought about her friend looking in at her thru the glass, Elizabeth’s face flushed with embarrassment, her new ears twitching, happy to be free of the claw. Elizabeth realized she could now hear the machine much clearer, in fact all the sounds were more vivid and focused. Hearing the sound of movement far above her, Elizabeth looked up to the claw, as her captor and perhaps only way out of the game, rattled back to its resting place.

Elizabeth heard someone say, “Oh come on, you missed Becca! Don’t worry; I’ll grab her for you!” Elizabeth could see one of Becca’s friends grinning from ear to ear, as she gave the girl a thumbs-up while looking at Elizabeth. Elizabeth heard Becca say, “Yeah, but... What if we’re hurting her?” She looked into the machine unintentionally at Elizabeth’s pleading eyes; Becca wished she could talk to her furry friend and reassure her.

Becca’s friend laughed, slipping in her own coins and said, “Hey, how could we hurt her?” Elizabeth glared back at the girl, balling her hands into fists while thinking, “How could you hurt me? How do you think?” She shouted at the girl, her eyes glaring daggers. But apparently Elizabeth’s small size, combined with the fact that she was inside the machine when they were not, meant the two could not hear her and her shouts went unheard.

Then the claw lowered once more, this time grabbing Elizabeth by her belly. She started to moan, but her whole body went numb at the touch of the claw, and once again she found herself frozen, unable to move or speak, and thought, “Wh... what’s happening now? I feel... Ooog...” Elizabeth moaned in her mind as she looked down at her changing form. Just as before, once the claw came to life her whole body stopped obeying her commands. But this time, there was a warm numbness spreading throughout her body, as though she were being stuffed full of cotton. Her hands and feet felt weird as they transformed into mitten like tan paws, replacing her individual fingers and toes and removing any chance of climbing out or using them to grasp anything.

Sure enough Elizabeth could see reflected in the glass, her whole form was beginning to look as though it were bloating slightly. Worse yet, the itching she had experienced before as the hair grew out on her new ears returned, doubling in strength, and all over her body as a new coat of fur formed over her whole body.

Elizabeth wanted to plead aloud, “*N... no! Not more fur!*” But like the rest of her body, her mouth wasn’t working so speech was impossible. With her eyes fixed forward, she could barely see her reflection, although that was at least made easier by the claw. As it tugged on her, it moved her into a better position to see her reflection, and inside she let out a silent scream. Elizabeth was now covered from head to toe in a soft, lush brownish fur.

In her mind Elizabeth laughed to herself weekly thinking in a bit of self-deprecating humor, “*Or is it ear to toe, since my ears are on top of my head now?*” She groaned internally as the claw caught around her head once more. This time tugging on her neck and making her head swell as it pulled against it.

Elizabeth watched her reflection as her nose and mouth stretched away from her face forming a muzzle, with stitching sealing her lips together. Now even if she could have moved speech would be impossible. She watched as her nose became a simple stitched on patch at the tip of her muzzle, and she could feel her eyes freeze open as they became simple stitched on features, unmoving, yet bright and cheery. She found it strange she could still see, but only in the direction she was facing.

Much to Elizabeth’s surprise, this time the tugging was enough to dislodge her from the other stuffed animals, though her body was still changing as the claw continued pulling. Her heart pounded with dread as it turned her, changing her view from one of her friends to her reflection in the mirror at the back of the machine which displayed her dire situation much more clearly.

What she saw was a plush toy that was somewhere between a girl and a fox, with a near fetishistic body. Her breasts and ass were now huge, and the changes had left her with a definite hourglass figure, although that was somewhat hard to examine given her locked pose and fixed field of view.

But her embarrassment was only beginning as the claw caught hold of something as it pulled, her dress, tugging it off and leaving her naked and unable to cover herself. Now

Elizabeth wished she had worn panties! Then the claw lost its grip again and Elizabeth was sent tumbling, landing atop the other plushies, ass-up towards her friends. Elizabeth whimpered mentally, dreading what her furry fox ears would soon hear her friends say as she thought, *"Oh my God they can see me like this, and they're looking at my ass! I don't even have any clothes and I can't cover myself up!"*

For a moment, for some reason, Elizabeth found she could move a bit and sat up on her knees reaching trying to grab for her receding dress, but she had no fingers and her paws had no claws to catch hold. Elizabeth could only paw futilely at her dress as it was being carried away by the claw out of her reach. That was in itself both horrifying and humiliating to the girl, and she thought, *"I don't want to look like some muzzled fox-girl, some furies' dream!"*

But her situation was about to become worse as Elizabeth's body suddenly changed poses on its own, and then froze in a classic begging posture. Something deep in her heart told Elizabeth that that was how she would remain forever and she was none too happy about it. She didn't know how to explain it, but it was almost as though she could feel that this was the natural form her body was supposed to have.

Becca's friend thumped at the machine with a scowl on her face and said, "Damn it, I was so close too! But hey, I was right, see? No damage to the plush toy at all." Becca replied, "Yeah... I guess its fine! I don't know what I was so worried about; after all it's just a toy, how can it feel anything anyway? Still, I mean... I really wanted that one, you know? I can't explain why, it just seems familiar!"

Elizabeth was mortified at what she heard, what was her friend saying, and she thought, *"It...? Who's a Plush TOY? Hold on, Becca, what are you talking about, it's me Elizabeth... I'm not a toy!"* Unfortunately her new begging pose was not very stable and she fell over landing with her back against the front glass of the machine. Now stuck facing the back of the machine, Elizabeth could barely make out the look on her friend's face in the mirror's reflection. Elizabeth was really afraid as she watched her brunette friend's blurred face crinkle into a pout as she began to lose hope of getting the toy.

Elizabeth heard Becca's friend say, "Well then, one last shot, okay Becca?"

Although she wanted to run, to escape, Elizabeth remained there frozen, both literally and with fear, wondering what was happening to her and why she was now a prize to be won. Elizabeth thought to herself, *"My friends... They don't even know who I am anymore? Are you kidding? There's no way that they can think I'm just some sort of plush toy! I was human! I was Elizabeth their friend!"*

But as much as she wanted to yell out for help, her muzzle was sewn shut, her pleas and cries remained silent, and thus went unheard and unanswered. All she could do was stare ahead at whatever she was facing. Slowly, Elizabeth started to realize that her becoming a plush toy completely explained the cottony feeling of being stuffed that her body had felt earlier and why it was now impossible for her to move, she was simply a toy, a

child's plaything. And then an even more frightening thought occurred, "What if they give up trying to win me, who will take me home with them?"

Inside Elizabeth let out a silent, anxious, whimper as the claw once again grabbed her, pinching at her butt and tugging on it slightly but not finding any purchase along her smooth rounded ass. Elizabeth was truly afraid, if her friends didn't get her this time they might give up and she would be stuck in the machine until someone else won her. Suddenly the claw caught on at the base of Elizabeth's spine, pulling at her backbone and extending it out while she could only remain still and be subjected to yet another punishment.

Elizabeth hoped that this nightmare was almost over, but the machine had one more insult for her, she watched her reflection as the claw dragged a fox's tail out from her ass, stopping only when the thick and bushy appendage was nearly as long as she was. But then her silent prayers were answered as her tail caught in the hooks and her body was lifted from the pile. The claw had somehow caught hold, and was holding fast to the tip of her tail; it looked like the foxy girl's freedom was imminent.

Becca cried out with joy, laughing, as the machine carried her new plush toy to the return chute and exclaimed to her friend, "Oh wow, you did it!" Meanwhile, Elizabeth watched as the looming pit grew ever-closer, then she felt herself being released, falling, tumbling into a dark hole, and down a dark slide. She emerged into the bright lights of the arcade and felt the warmth of her friend's embrace.

Becca's friend looked at the toy with a somewhat superior smirk and said, "Honestly, I don't know why you wanted that silly plush toy so much, but hey, I'm glad I was able to win you something!"

Becca beamed as she lifted her new fox plush out of the chute with both hands and said, "Yeah, thanks!" Her thumbs cupped under Elizabeth's breasts which felt strangely comforting to Elizabeth. Becca told her doll, "I'm gonna call you Vixie and you're gonna be right at home in my collection!"

Even if she had been capable of uttering one, Elizabeth didn't have a response, as the realization of her new fate settled in. Elizabeth was now a toy; she would be posed, played with, and displayed for all to see. Resigned to the horrified humiliation of being naked, unable to move or speak, and being carried away by her friend, Elizabeth had but a single thought, "*What now?*"

Vixie would have a very long time to find out as she sat on the display shelf where Becca placed her, waiting, and hoping for someone to play with her so that she could at least pretend to be a real person, being moved, and seeing something other than the unchanging view from her shelf.