

A SPLASH OF MOM PAINT

By: Firingwall

Patron Story done for Danuki

“Ooooh, yes!” The employee squeaked eagerly, her big, fluffy curled tail swaying behind her as she looked at the picture on the phone. “We most definitely have that color in stock!”

“Good!” Himiko pocketed her phone, smiling. “I would like to get a few cans of it.” In her mind, she pleasantly thought, *well, that was remarkably easy!*

Himiko Inoue was a mom on a mission: granting her daughter Mai's birthday wish. She wanted her room painted in the same color as her favorite cartoon character, Gumball Watterson. She wanted that bright, shiny shade of blue all over.

The mom was more than happy to do so, planning on letting her husband do the painting part while she handled the purchasing. There was only one problem: finding that specific paint color. It was a lot more difficult than she could've expected.

Everywhere she checked, nothing looked right. No hardware store or paint store had just the right vibrancy of the shade of blue she wanted. Sure, there were plenty of blues that came close, but none that matched the sparkle of that cartoon cat boy.

After trying everything, there was only one option left. Himiko went to her city's Toon Town district and found a paint and art supplies store. From her research, toons had the best range of colors, ones somehow beyond the limit of human paint. They were colors that never faded, always shined bright and vibrant.

“No problem!” Luminaria, the purple squirrel Himiko met inside, said happily. The toon was curvy in such an exaggerated manner, making her jiggle with each casual movement she made. The mom had no idea how that squirrel managed with such a rack and puffy tail.

The purple toon sighed blissfully then, her tail swaying happily from side to side. “Awww, ya know, you're just so sweet!”

“Err, am I?” Himiko wasn't sure how to respond to that.

“Mhm!” Luminaria nodded, her head a blur for a moment when she did so. “Not many parents would come to Toon Town to find the best paint in the world for their kiddies!” She adjusted her large glasses. “You're *super* special and sweet!”

“Right...” Himiko was flattered, but did find the toon’s enthusiasm a bit much, especially with how she leaned over the counter to say that. She cleared her throat. “So, what aisle do I-”

“OH!” The squirrel applauded her big, chubby paws together. “I’ll lead the way! Just follow me to where your dreams will come true!” She happily twirled out from behind her counter and towards one of the aisles. She motioned with her puffy paw.

Okay, guess I’m doing this... Himiko followed closely behind, but not too closely. That big purple squirrel tail swayed a lot as Luminaria walked.

Himiko couldn't help but notice the size of the store as they went. It was so wide and vast. So many aisles, its paint department was enormous with rows of glass bottles, squirt tubes, tubs, and cans of all shapes and sizes. She couldn't help but think of how small the store looked from the outside compared to how it was within.

Eventually, they took a few turns and ended up in a lane full of blue. So many different shades of blue. “We should be in the right area, but finding specifically what you want might take a bit unless... here we go!”

They took a turn onto a different aisle of blue paint, finding another toon there. It was a bright green racoon guy with messy, neon green hair. He was on top of a ladder, mumbling to himself as he looked at the different cans on the highest shelf. At the bottom near the ladder was a flatbed cart full of blue paint cans.

Luminaria brought Himiko over to him, the racoon not noticing them. “This is Ken!” the squirrel explained, holding her arms out towards him. “He works in this department. Looks like he's busy removing all the expired cans.”

“Paint expires?” Himiko asked.

“Ken here knows the entire paint department like the back of his paw!” Lumarina continued, not seeming to hear the mom's question, “He'll help you find what you need! Right, Kenny-poo?” She gave the ladder a big, hearty smack on its side.

A sharp rattle, vibrating wave ran right up the ladder and straight to Ken. The racoon flinched, shaking in place. He started falling back, waving his arms wildly as he tried throwing himself forward. It worked, but he ended up smacking one of the paint cans on the ledge.

BAM! The can rattled. **GURRRGLE!** It suddenly rumbled, making weird, stomach-esque noises. Its sides pulsated, stretching out like a wall in a horror movie and fading back rapidly. It shook, getting further and further off the ledge.

Eventually, it went right over, falling right at Himiko.

However, the mom had first sensed the danger when Ken struggled to stay on the ladder and had already taken a few steps back. The can fell safely in front of her.

Though, upon landing, the lid popped right open and bright blue paint splashed right out. It got everywhere, coating her feet and part of her calves. “DAMMIT!” Himiko shouted, taking another step back despite the futility of it. She said some other things but with far more colorful language and under her breath.

“What the fudge?” Ken remarked, looking down for the first time at them. He pulled some earbuds from his raccoon ears. “Who bonked the lad-”

“I’m sooooo sorry!” Luminaria wailed, ears twitching and paws grabbing Himiko’s hands, “That shouldn’t have happened! Ken should’ve been more careful!”

“Careful?!” Ken snorted, climbing down. “Okay, I know you hit my ladder, Lum. Don’t you blame me for scaring me like that!”

“Your poor shoes!” the squirrel sniffled. She looked at Ken. “You get some paint thinner right now to clean up this mess!” The raccoon opened his mouth to say something again but closed it. Himiko suspected that he realized he wouldn’t get her to listen at all.

Ken huffed and turned, walking away. Luminaria turned back to Himiko, trying to grab for her hands again but the mom yanking them away. “I’m sorry about your shoes! Maybe our specialized toon paint thinner will get that gunk off them!”

Frankly, you should be the one getting that stuff given this is all your fault. Himiko only thought that. She was pretty sure the purple toon would ignore her culpability in this again if she tried. Instead, she just said simply, “It’s okay. I’m just happy I was wearing my old tennis shoes for this shopping trip.”

Himiko looked down, ready to take another look at the dismal sight below. However, she saw something she was not expecting. The blue paint on her shoes and legs was bubbling.

And the paint on the ground flowed towards her, like out of The Blob. The goop came together, wrapping all around her shoes and pouring into them. She could feel it press against her skin and soak through her socks. It was so squishy and wet, sending a chill through her.

Not too long after that, she felt something different. That wet feeling was gone, but she could still feel something cold. Something cold and hard.

The paint solidified and molded, taking shape. The thick paint blobs that surrounded her feet shrunk and thinned, three pudgy bumps forming at the front. The paint thinned and thinned, its texture taking on the appearance of fur.

It took only a few seconds but Himiko understood. She now had three-toed, pudgy, blue-furred paws. Her shoes and socks were gone. She could feel that dense tile flooring.

“WHAT?!” Himiko squeaked/shouted at once.

“Oh no!” Luminaria gaped, slapping her paws against her cheeks. “The expired paint is on the move!”

It most certainly was, crawling and bubbling up her legs, It met with the splatter already there, combining and spreading. It dried along the way, taking on the same, light blue fur and sheen as her feet paws did.

However, once it reached her shorts, it did not go over them like her shoes. It went right underneath, disappearing up those leg holes. Himiko quivered, feeling that paint slither across her skin and against her shorts. Not being able to see it made it so much worse.

It especially was worse when she could feel it reach her underwear and flowed under it too. “Do something!” Himiko whimpered at the squirrel.

“Don't worry!” Luminaria flailed her arms. “Ken will be back with the paint thinner and this will be-”

“OOOOOO”! Himiko let out a loud, heated moan, eyes twitching. The paint had finished crawling over her loins and bottom then. It was uncomfortable, but for that brief moment, it made her feel so toasty and so good.

However, whatever good there was was replaced by an unpleasant tightness. Her clothing started squeezing, digging into her goopy/fuzzy flesh.

First, it was her thighs, plumping and growing dense. They gently pressed against each other, rubbing gently. Then it was the hips, widening and rounding until she had a curvy, cartoon, mom-esque, lower half shape. Finishing it off was her butt, ballooning into a heart-shaped behind that was full and firm.

When her ass was finished, it became too much. *Too... tight!* She reached down and undid the button on her shorts. It made satisfying pop when released. The zipper even went down too, giving her bottom-half more breathing room.

Better... Himiko sighed.

It was sort of better. Just the relief itself didn't undo all the concern she had when seeing her figure this shapely. She ran a hand along her hips and then over her big booty. The sensation of it made her blush. *What's with all these curves?*

POP! A new thing soon distracted her. Coming out from between her shorts and shirt, a long, thin, blue tail sprouted. It had the same glossy sheen as her paint fur. It swished happily once before going stiff as a board.

Himiko stared at it. The gears in her head began to turn. It helped her ignore that icky feeling of the blue paint going up, under her shirt. Her torso thinned, tummy flattening and her waistline narrowing a tad. It made her hips pop more.

A thought occurred to her. She looked at the tipped over paint can, seeing the label on it. “*Gumball Blue*”, she thought, the gears turning faster, *wait, this is-*

“*OOOOOO!*” That paint reached her breasts, pouring into her bra and then swallowing it too. She couldn't feel it after a few seconds.

Her cheeks went bright red as her chest slowly swelled. It pushed against her top, mounds forming more spherical globes that her blouse clung to. The top two buttons on her top popped, fabric stretching out to reveal blue, furry cleavage.

“OW!” Luminaria mumbled, rubbing her forehead. The buttons had struck her straight in the forehead.

Himiko didn't really care, her mind focused on her current issue. The name of the paint can, the blue fur, and the body? She suspected she was becoming a certain toon character.

Though, the character she was thinking of definitely didn't have a figure like this!

The blue paint poured out of her sleeves and flowed down her arms. It coated her hands into big balls at first. Then, the balls shrank down, reshaping themselves into four-fingered paws. On her palms, spots bubbled and swelled, forming thick pads that turned pink.

Wait, do those cats have pads? Himiko thought. She couldn't remember them having any when she watched that show with Mai.

She would've thought more, but the paint was coming out of her collar at last. It climbed over her neck, reaching the underside of her jaw. "Uuuuuuuugh," she groaned, her voice cracking and shifting, "Soooo gross! *Where's Ken? Shouldn't he be here right now?*"

"Any second now!" Luminaria promised, "Just give it a little longer!"

Hearing that made something boil within her. An anger was rising, one that she never felt before. She was usually a pleasant, relaxed individual despite the stresses of raising a child and working in customer service. It was probably because of what was happening to her now, but she felt like it was more than just changing.

"Is so infuriating..." she mumbled. She noticed her voice now and confirmed it to herself. She was indeed becoming Nicole Watterson, Gumball's mother... just with extra curves. She definitely didn't have a figure like this on the show.

She didn't think more about it, feeling the paint going up over her head. It swallowed her hair and ears, a buzzing noise coming followed by nothing for a moment. At the top of her head, the paint bubbled and stretched, forming pointed, cat ears that flickered.

The goop finally flowed down, covering all of Himiko's face, the last trace of the old her that wasn't her clothes. It was hard to breathe, that gunk tightening and going into her orifices. Panic began setting in.

However, it was over almost as soon as it started. Vision came back, and she could breathe again.

She panted heavily, hand paws going up and feeling her mug. She could feel her new cat whiskers upon her face and a cute, feline muzzle. She couldn't see the pink cat nose at her muzzle's end, the light blue fuzz around it, or even the dark blue eyebrows above her rather round eyes.

But, she knew. She knew it was all there. She was Nicole after all.

Himiko stood there, blinking a few times as she tried processing it all. The silence was only broken by a worried Luminaria, asking, "Are you okay?"

The cat mom responded by pulling out her phone and checking herself in it, confirming fully what she suspected. "I'm Nicole..." *A super, pervy furry fan art interpretation of her. This is so messed up.*

"I'm Nicole..." Himiko quivered, her free paw feeling and groping at her mug. "I'm... I'm a frickin' cartoon character!" A vein bulged comically on her forehead. That anger from before was building, frustration and rage pouring into it as well.

"I'm so so SO sorry!" Luminaria said quickly, bowing several times. "I'll be sure to reprimand Ken properly when this is all over!"

But it's all your gosh darn fault! Himiko felt madder still. *You stupid, overinflated, nut-filled headed, uncaring, fault-dodging-*

At that moment, Himiko took a deep breath and released it. Her hand paws tightened into fists, but she held it together. *No. Do not explode.* She felt if she went on, she would burst. It was a scary feeling, one that felt so natural to do too.

"Okay! Okay. I got it!" Ken's voice was first heard from around the aisle before the raccoon appeared. He stepped over to the two, pausing when he saw the Nicole-ified Himiko. His expression hardened, looking her over.

"Come on, use the paint thinner!" Luminaria encouraged.

"Umm, judging by how things have gone, I'm not sure if this will be so simple anymore."

"Wait!" Himiko spoke up quickly, "What do you mean by-"

"Never mind him!" Luminaria waved her paw dismissively, "He's just being a Negative Nancy! Just spray her with the bottle and fix her, please!"

Ken frowned but did as he was told, shrugging casually. He aimed the bottle at Himiko, spraying her several times in the face. The mom made several cat hissing sounds and batted at the bottle with her paws.

After a few moments, Himiko felt her face. Still fuzzy and cat-like. "Not to sound all negative..." she spoke, two veins now suddenly bulging on her forehead, "But when do I return to my old self?"

Luminaria scratched her chin. "Hmmm... this might be harder than expected. Expired toon paint doesn't come off with normal toon paint thinner after all."

“Excuse me?”

“Expired toon paint is complicated. When it bubbles and takes something over, the form it takes stays that way and can't be removed by normal means, it would seem.”

“This is why I was removing those cans and why I didn't think this would work,” Ken huffed, glaring at Luminaria.

“So, I'm stuck like this?” Himiko asked. Something felt very tight and twisted inside her mind.

“Oh no! We just need a more specialized thinner for this job!” Luminaria smiled, looking proud about knowing what the solution was. “I know we're all out, so I'll just have to order some more.”

Himiko stared, everything feeling like it just stopped and went deathly quiet in her mind. She took another deep breath and released it. “Alright then. So, how long will it take to get here?”

“Oh, just a few weeks!” Luminaria cheerfully spoke, “It is special after all! However, everything's fine! Just relax and enjoy-”

CRACK! The sound of breaking glass emanated across the room. Nicole's right eye began to twitch and blink rapidly. “So, you're telling me that I'm stuck as this curvy, over-sexualized, version of a cartoon mom cat for several weeks **without any chance of turning back to normal... AND ALL OF THIS WILL BE JUST COMPLETELY, UTTERLY HUNKY-DOREY?!**”

The entire time she said that, Himiko grew. Growing and growing, voice deepening and turning into a bestial growl. Her eyes glowed a blinding, otherworldly pale light. In response, the two toons themselves shrank, getting smaller and smaller and shaking badly.

“HOW ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE ALL OF THIS RIGHT AFTER LOCKING ME INTO THIS CARTOONISH, UNPLEASANT NIGHTMARE?!” Himiko snarled, drool dripping from her mouth as her entire head seemed to shift into something utterly demonic.

“W-w-well...” Luminaria gulped, weakly raising a hand, “We could supply you with free paint and supplies for whatever you need. Free of charge!”

Pop. In a blink of an eye, Himiko was back down to her regular, curvy Nicole size and form. She had on a sweet, motherly smile, looking positively cheery. “Why thank you! That is so very kind of you to offer!” She stroked her chin. “I’m sure I’ll need several cans, but I don’t have a cart. If you point me to where they are, I could-”

“NO NEED TO WORRY!” Ken declared, “I’ll go get one!” He zipped off, leaving a dust cloud behind.

“And I know you’ll need brushes and tarps too! I’ll go grab them after I put that order in for your paint thinner!” Luminaria zipped off as well, leaving behind a very curvy dust cloud shaped like her.

Himiko nodded pleasantly. *Now that's good service.*

The cat mom looked down at herself and sighed. She looked so odd, truly a furry fanart take on Nicole stuffed into her old clothes. The bright, flattish dimensions of her combined with the 3D appearance of her clothing made for a wild contrast, but one that oddly fitted The Amazing World of Gumball in her mind.

I hope it doesn't take that long for paint thinner to get here. Himiko pushed her arms inward, pressing her breasts together. They looked even bigger doing so. *This is going to be so awkward to explain at work and the next parent-teacher conference.*

Though, Mai is probably going to love it... Hiro too. Her daughter and husband were going to enjoy this for very different reasons she suspected.

THE END