

Smoke It Up: Agreeable Toony Ursine

By: Firingwall

Commission done for Shy Gal Skye on Discord

Come on, come on! Evelyn huffed in her mind, *please be ready soon! I can't take this anymore!* The woman was on edge, leaning against the counter of the store. She had been seeking out this storefront for a long time and, at last, finally found it.

“Okay!” Eve, the employee behind the counter said, looking up from her phone, “Boss is ready to meet you!”

Finally! “Good!” Evelyn cheerfully said, making sure not to let her impatience get the best of her. She definitely had to be on her best behavior, more than usual. She was in a special place and meeting with a special person.

This was a magical storefront that moved on its own, run by witches. The big boss, a witch named Cassidy, was the woman she was meeting with. The employee there, Eve, was also a witch. It was a strange, unusual setting to be sure.

Though, Evelyn certainly didn't look out of place in it. She, herself, was a strange person to most onlookers, a Shy Gal. A human-sized version of a Mario Shy Guy, but female and with a figure that she took pride in. Evelyn had the normal Shy Guy mask but wore a black robe and had striking, bright red hair that hung out of her hoodie along the sides and over one of the eyes.

Eve stepped along the counter and opened the swinging door attached to it. “Come on through! I'll take you to Cassidy!”

Evelyn smiled beneath her mask, giving the young witch a pleasant nod. “Thank you! Sorry if I looked tense. It's just that this is very serious.”

“I apologize for the wait, but do understand,” Eve spoke, meekly, “Cassidy is very busy as the owner, head of our coven, part owner of another store, and... well, a lot of things. She just had to make sure she cleared all the important things first before she could talk with you.

Makes sense, I suppose. Evelyn nodded, coming through the door. She followed the witch through the door behind the counter and into the backroom. For as mystical and magical as the storefront looked with its tomes, potions, and enchanted items, the backroom looked pretty generic and like any storage room of any store.

Evelyn followed Eve all the way up to a wooden oak door in the far back of the storeroom, a brass nametag on it reading, "Cassidy". Eve knocked on it. A womanly, mature voice came out. "Come on in!"

Evelyn took a deep breath and released it, along with many, bottled up nerves she had. *Okay! Skye, Misty, I'm almost there. You two are going to be fixed!*

Eve opened the door and let Evelyn into the room, staying behind and closing the door on her. The Shy Gal surveyed her surroundings. It looked like a normal-looking office outside of the green and black color scheme and more witchy, magical decor. Normal desk with computer, normal chairs, normal plant in the corner, and even some normal-looking filing cabinets.

The person behind the desk was far from normal. It was a witch, one with a long nose and chin. She had olive-green skin and her hair cut into a cute, bowl cut-esque style. She didn't look at Evelyn right away, bookmarking an old tome and setting it aside before doing so.

"Welcome, welcome!" The witch smiled brightly, looking rather welcoming all things considered. "You must be the Shy Gal! My name is Cassidy, leader of this particular coven, owner of this magic shop, part owner of Witchy-Toon-"

"I heard from your friend out there," Evelyn said abruptly. She paused and cleared her throat. "Sorry, but I have urgent business that needs dealing with right away."

Cassidy gave her a look, quiet momentarily. Evelyn gently gulped, realizing she shouldn't have interrupted.

Yet, the witch merely smiled again. "Well, alright. Please sit down." Evelyn did so right away, taking a seat and scooting the chair closer to the desk. "Now, what is the problem?"

"Okay... I have a huge problem!" Evelyn explained, "I need a magical solution to deal with my friends."

"Umm..." The witch leaned back in her chair, a bit put-off. "Just so we're clear, I don't engage in any violent or dangerous magic. If you have problems with your friends..."

"No! Sorry, poorly phrased!" Evelyn cleared her throat again. "My best friends, Misty and Skye, have been struck by some sort of terrible, transformation curse!"

"Ah!" Cassidy sat up straight, nodding her head. "Now that is something I can deal with! I have had my fair share of experience with TFs and know the ins and outs of it. Please, explain the situation in full detail. I'll need to know everything if I can help."

Evelyn nodded, feeling relief that the witch was taking her seriously. “Okay, well,” she began slowly, “I don't know the exact dates of when this all happened. For one, it happened after Christmas. The other was after the lockdowns lifted. So, it was like months apart.

“Both of them won't tell me exactly what happened!” The Shy Gal looked to the side and huffed, then down at her feet. “They say I'm trying to ruin their “fun”, but honestly, I can't imagine how much fun they could be having like this!

“So crass, dopey, dumb, and overeating! They've been stuck like this for almost a year!” Evelyn looked at Cassidy, pleading behind her mask, “As their friend and leader of our clique, I need to fix them and get things back to normal!”

The witch scratched her chin. There was a look in her eyes, one that said she was lost in thought. “Hmm... well, what did they turn into?”

With a big huff, Evelyn grumbled, anger rising, “They turned into a bunch of stupid, big, gruff, rude, crude toon bears!”

At that moment, Cassidy went quiet. Her expression shifted, her stance off. She looked to be on edge about something.

Not that Evelyn really noticed. Finally saying that out loud got her on a tizzy. “One of them is a big polar bear that’s always drinking cola and burping a whole lot. Just absolutely rude! The other is a fat grizzly that’s constantly shoving pizzas down his...” She paused for a moment. “...*her* gullet, I mean.

“Can you imagine anything so gross and rude?!” However, Cassidy didn't say a word. She looked even edgier now and rather upset. It was a brief moment, her composure and friendly demeanor returning. The sudden turn put Evelyn a little on edge herself, especially when she noticed the witch's right eye twitched every so often.

After sitting there in silence for fifteen awkward seconds, Cassidy cleared her throat. “S-so, your friends, Shy Gals, have turned into a bunch of big toon bears, you say?”

“Big toon bear *guys*!” Evelyn explained, getting back on track, “Just... just the complete opposite of who they were! I don't recognize them anymore! I don't get it. I just can't begin to comprehend what I'm seeing with this. I hate it so much! I want my friends back to the way they were!” She internally cringed, realizing she sounded a bit like a whiny child.

Cassidy's mouth twitched slightly, strained and annoyed. It lasted only a moment as well, Evelyn still picking it up. She started to worry if she was getting a bit too carried away there in her passion.

“Well,” the witch said, clearing her throat again and, thankfully, ignoring the childish outburst seemingly, “I can't imagine it being *that* bad. Toons are pleasant individuals after all, even if they can be a bit rude or whatever.”

The Shy Gal's concern waivered, annoyance rising. “You're... you're not getting it. I can't have my friends like this! They're complete pain-in-the-butts, causing so much trouble with their little ticks and sloppy behavior! I... I just can't be around them! I want to know if there's a magical solution that can fix this!”

Cassidy's expression seemed almost stonier now. “Hmm, so... you want to be able to hang out with your friends again? Is that what I'm getting here?”

“I mean, suurrre, that's the end goal, but I want them back as their cute, classy, Shy Gal selves.” Evelyn sighed, shaking her head. “Can you just imagine, seeing your own friends in such a state?”

“I could.” The answer was flat and rather cold, Evelyn unsure of how to read Cassidy's answer. The witch leaned back in her chair, sighing. “Well, after hearing you out, I think I have just the solution you need. Something that'll make you all the best of friends again with no issues whatsoever between you guys.”

Evelyn's heart rose. “Really?”

“Of course!” Cassidy beamed with brightness, her caring smile returned. Evelyn felt a lot better now.

The witch reached into one of her desk drawers. “I know just what you need to make everything bright, sunny, and happy for you again.” She could hear the drawer open, a hand soon after rummaging around for something. What could it be?

Then, it felt like the world went cold. The witch's smile harshened, her eyes narrowing. “*What youse needs is ta just smoke it outs, and everydang wills be okay!*”

That voice coming out of her maw was so gruff and heavy. Evelyn's heart slowed, a realization hitting her. That voice sounded an awful lot like her friends.

However, she had no time to think or even react beyond surprise. Cassidy pulled her hand free of the drawer, clutching some long, thick, and brown. It was a comically big cigar.

Then, Cassidy reached forward... and forward. Her arm stretched like an elastic band, cartoonish really, holding the end of the cigar out towards her. Evelyn did not move or pull back, too shocked by what was happening.

The cigar went in without a fuss. It entered the black o-shaped hole that represented her mouth and made contact with the real mouth behind it. Cassidy pushed a little further, the cigar getting stuck in the hole and even in her mouth, unable to move from them.

Evelyn was frozen, a cold sweat on her forehead as she watched Cassidy smirk. The witch raised her free hand and... wait, was she wearing a glove before? Evelyn blinked and realized Cassidy's hands were both sporting thick, white, pudgy, four-fingered toon gloves.

That raised glove hand snapped its fingers, the other hand releasing the stogie. At the very tip, the cigar lit up, a soft smoke wafting from it. In shock, Evelyn gasped.

It was the wrong move. Smoke poured into Evelyn's lungs from that unintentional gasp, getting a big huff of it. "***Dat's da ticket!***" Cassidy chuckled, pulling her arm back, "***Breathe it ins ands let it outs!***"

Evelyn quivered, her body tensing up. The taste of that cigar, its flavor was powerful, overwhelming to the system. Her eyes watered, water marks appearing around her eyeholes on the mask itself. *Too... too much...*

Too much! The Shy Gal reached the cigar, grabbing it with one of her hands, covered by the overly long sleeve of her outfit. Her grip tightened. *Need to tear it out.* Her mouth refused to spit it out and even if it would listen, it was jammed too tight into her mask's mouth.

However, her hand failed her too. *Need out.* The cigar didn't budge. *Too much, need out!* Still no listening. *Need to...* She quivered. *Need to...*

Need to blow~. Her grip lightened, her body relaxing. She gently pulled the cigar free without a single bit of issue. She held it in her mitt in such a casual, relaxing manner it seemed like she had smoked all her life.

And like an experienced smoker, she casually puffed the smoke out in a steady stream. The hazy fog blew out of her mask like a kettle, forming a large cloud in front of her. She blew and blew and blew until...

FWOOMP! As the last bit of smoke left her lungs, something burst. The bottom half of her mask cracked and shattered into pieces. A large, thick, black, ursine muzzle popped right out. At its very end was a pudgy, round, even darker bear nose, twitching gently.

Blink-blink. Cartoonish sound effects came from behind the remains of her mask, a silence following. *Wha... what?!* Evelyn reached her free hand up, pressing it against her muzzle. It traced its shape, thick gums, and bulgy nose.

“What?!” The voice that came out was not her own. It was gruff, deep, heavy... and terrifyingly familiar.

Also terrifying was her hand. It moved without her input, casually bringing back that cigar it held and placing it in the side of her muzzle. Her muzzle made no attempt to spit it or anything of the like. It just stayed there, casually like she was used to doing such a thing.

Evelyn's eyes went from the cigar to the end of her snout, taking it all in. **“Why's dat... da buck is... what is dis guff?”** She cringed heavily on the inside. Her voice was so wrong.

She looked to Cassidy, hoping for something, anything to why she did what she just did. She found the witch casually leaning back in her chair with her arms behind her head. She had a smile on her face... and big boar ears that popped out of her hair. That made the Shy Gal flinch.

“Dat guff is youse, yah silly doof!” Cassidy chuckled. Evelyn definitely didn't imagine it. The green woman was speaking with the same, exaggerated Brooklyn accent as her friends... and her now.

“What's da big idea, ya schmo?!” Evelyn snorted, pointing at her face. **“What's with dis mug of mine and why am I's talkin' like da bear pallies I's got?”**

“Wells, let me explains!” Cassidy snickered, **“I's figured it out when youse was talkin' about dem friends of yours, Ruddy Tubby and Cola Skyler.”**

Evelyn felt a vein bulge in her head. **“Dose fine, handsom names ain't deir names!”** She cringed again. Why did those words come out?

“Dey are deir names,” Cassidy huffed, **“Dat's who dey are and want ta be called, so I's respect dat ands youse should too, boi.”** Evelyn frowned but said nothing.

With no response to her, Cassidy cleared her throat. Her crescent moon earrings jingled when she did, raised above her black locks after the ear change. Evelyn blinked and saw that they had changed. They were now pizza slice-shaped.

“Anywhos, I’s knows ‘bout dem because I’s met dem before.” Cassidy rolled her shoulders. Her outfit looked a little tighter on her. *“We’s met at a Pizza O’Clock once ands got ta talkin’. Dey told me ‘bout how a pink dog selling cola ands da pizzeria weres da ones ta have changed dem. Didn’t put two ands two together until now.”*

The witch smiled. *“Gotta say, deys sum good fellas. Very friendly ands lively. Every buddy loves dem...”* Her eyes narrowed. *“Except for youse.”*

Evelyn fidgeted. She felt very uncomfortable. It sounded like Cassidy was accusing her of hating her friends and their happiness. She didn’t, right? She wanted what was best for them after all. She just hated the forms they were in... the forms they loved and enjoyed.

She felt a hollowness in her stomach, guilt pouring in. She wanted a little bit of relief. Instinctively, she took a long drag from her cigar.

Relief came. She quivered and shook, but tension did melt away. It was strange, hard to explain, but it wasn’t... bad?

Evelyn shook her head and blew two streams of smoke out through her snoot. She looked at Cassidy and explained, the cigar staying perfectly in place in her maw, *“Look, mah friends are... deys ain’t actin’ normal! Dey’re so weird, rude, and... and-”*

“Tsk!” Cassidy scoffed. *“Dey’s actin’ normal. Normal fors a couplah of fat toon bears. Ever dink what may be rude ands weird is normal ta dem? Dey love it!”*

The witch pointed at Evelyn accusedly, both of her arms swelling. They swelled and swelled, sleeves tearing and revealing thick, brown-furred, chubby limbs beneath. *“Ya know, deys could change back whenever deys want. Did ya know dat?”*

“...n-no...”

“Mhm! Dat’s right. Dey don’t because dey’s happy! Dey love demselves as dey are ands wanna keep bein’ likes dat! Ain’t no curse or whatevah. Dey’s happy ands as deir “friend” ands “leader”, youse should be happy for dem too!”

The guilt hit Evelyn even harder now, quivering. **RIP!** A fat, black bear tail tore out of her outfit, wiggling gently above her rear, but she hardly even noticed it.

“**N-no!**” The Shy Gal tried to muster up something, anything to say in response. She was fueled solely by her frustration now, but it was failing. “~~Youse~~ don’t get it!”

“**No, no, no!**” Cassidy wagged a finger at her, huffing. She seemed to chubbier all over from her skin tight outfit to her wide cheeks. “*Frankly, I’s dink youse just needa ta see dings differently. See dem da way yours friends see dem!*”

“**But I’s don’t wanna!**” Evelyn grunted, her body taking another drag and exhaling it. She really didn’t want to do that nor did she want to keep smoking. It didn’t feel right. Her body was electric, pippy, and kept on shivering pleasantly from doing so. She shouldn’t be doing this.

Yet, deep down, she liked it. She didn’t mind necessarily if her body kept acting on its own to keep her smoking.

It was something she could think or try to comprehend, but she wouldn’t. Two big **POPs** distracted her. Her arms bolted upwards and held in place, hands held out, still covered by her sleeves. Then, those sleeves pulled back, retreating until her hands were uncovered.

Evelyn was wearing fat, four-fingered white toon gloves too.

“**No ways!**” Evelyn blinked several times. Yep, still wearing them. They were just like Cassidy’s and, of course, just like her friends, Ruddy and Skyler. She shook her head fiercely, the cigar staying put in her maw. *No, no! Misty ands Skye!* The other names just came so easily to her, slotting into place like they were the correct ones.

“**Toots!**” Cassidy said. Evelyn snapped back to attention, seeing the witch smiling. She held out a new cigar to her. “*Can ya help a fella out? I’s do a finger snap like I’s did for yours cigar dere, but these gloves make dings hardah! Plus, da bigger I’s get, da more mah magic gets alls gummed up.*” She chuckled, shaking her head, “*Wells, dat’s da price of handsumness as deys says!*”

Evelyn had no interest or intention of doing anything for this trouble-making witch. Yet, her body moved on its own yet again. One of her fat gloved hands reached behind her back. Suddenly, she felt something in it.

Pulling it around, she discovered she now held a honeypot-shaped lighter. Her jaw dropped, her hand moving automatically, barely letting her take it in. She reached over, her arm stretching like Cassidy's had before, and lit the witch's cigar before stretching back.

"Wowzers!" Evelyn snapped the lighter close with a flick of her wrist, like out of a movie or show. The movement was like second nature to her. "~~Howse~~ did I's do dat?!"

"*Ain't dat sumding?*" Cassidy chuckled. She put the cigar in her mouth and took a long drag. After, she slowly blew it out from her mouth and nose, her face stretching and reforming into that of a boar muzzle. "*Toon physics and logic are a dang beaut, ain't dey?*"

The Shy Gal cringed, hating how much she felt like agreeing. The thought of being able to pull out anything she wanted was incredible. Extra masks, new shoes, big sandwiches, large cases of beer, more cigars, and- *UGH!* She hated where her mind was drifting off too.

She needed to take back some control. "Looks, whaddja want?" she asked, trying to sound tough and serious. "~~If it's money, I'lls pay whatever youse want ta stop dis!~~"

"*Ain't no stoppin' dis!*" Cassidy snorted with a delighted laugh, her voice deeper somehow. She leaned back, her black hair fading away and being replaced by more brown fur. "*A witch... a big boar guy likes me can't stop a ding!*" A soft, thick beard sprouted along his chin and along his jaw. "*At dis point, beddah ta let da changes keep rollin'.*"

The new guy leaned back in, quivering as he did, getting larger and fatter. "*Even if I's coulda, why should I's do dat? A gal likes youse should finish experiencin' da whole ding. All da thrills ands fun of bein' a big, fat toon bear! You'lls get ta understand what yours friends felt ands why deys like it!*"

"*And if youse don't like it by da end-*" **BOOF!** "Cassidy" inflated and swelled all over. Evelyn blinked. There was no witch left anymore, just a large, fat boar wearing her clothes. "*Den I'lls change ya back, no prob-blame-O!*"

Evelyn was half-listening, half-staring. She wasn't really phased by the fact that the small witch was now a wide, burly boar toon. Honestly, he felt almost normal... nice to look at. Her heart started beating quickly. He was such an attractive gentlepig. Did he have a-

She snorted, shoving the invading thoughts from her mind. “Youse promise I’llis go back ta normal if I’s don’t like dis?”

Cassidy nodded. “*‘course! Bein’ a toon is no funs if ya ain’t havin’ fun!*”

There was no way out of this or changing his mind as far as Evelyn could tell. “Humph, fine!” **RIP-RIP!** Two, black, fuzzy, roundish bear ears poked out of her hood. She reached up and touched them, the ears gently flicking when she did so. “So, what do I’s have ta do?”

“*Keep on smokin’ til ya finish changin’! Youse gonna take forevah if yah just stop smokin’ dat ding!*” Evelyn nodded. She felt no disgust or apprehensive at the idea of smoking. It made perfect sense with what she had to do and... smoking just felt natural.

Evelyn glanced at her cigar. *Just keep smokin’ ands takin’ it in. Don’t mean I’m gonna change mah mind. I’m gonna stick ta mah beliefs... probably... maybe.*

It was best not to think about this anymore. *Bettah smoke it up den... heheh.* She chuckled but didn’t know why.

Evelyn took a huge, purposeful drag without any unconscious influence or motion doing it. She held the smoke inside her lungs, choking it down as long as she could. Her body quivered, face twitching. *Darn it, why does it taste so gud?*

Her fists clenched, her toes doing the same. **RIIIIP!** Both of her Shy Guy boots burst open, splitting from the toe caps and down the sides. Out burst thick, pudgy, four-toed black bear paws with the thickest of pads and stubbiest of claws.

Evelyn looked down at them, surprised by the outburst. That shock relaxed her body just enough, the smoke no longer constrained. She coughed, thick, gray smog coming out of her maw and even nose.

Releasing it then, the sensation was incredible. Her worries and tension seemed to melt off of her. Her legs and arms trembled, slowly swelling and swelling. Eventually, **RIIIIIIP!** Her stockings split open, her sleeves ripping down from the cuffs to the shoulders. Out came thick, black-furred arms and legs that matched her muzzle and paws perfectly.

Evelyn stared at her arms. Despite the weight of them, they were easy to move around. They felt almost rubbery, super bendy and malleable.

Then she eyed her bottom half again. She was more upset about this. She did like those stockings and boots. They were her favorite pairs.

And yet, looking down at her legs, and at her feet especially, she felt... at peace? Her paws were so big and goofily toony. She wiggled their toes, making adorable pat sounds on the ground. She liked them, and she liked the feel of the floor below them.

“Nice footsies dere!” Evelyn looked up. Somehow, Cassidy had come around and was sitting on the desk in front of her. His desk creaked loudly from the weight of his ass. He wore tight short shorts and a t-shirt that had the slogan: **Full Hog, Full Belly. Ready to Ride**

The sight of him in front of her with such a massive, wide, chubby body nearly made her choke. *He's... he's...*

SNORT. Evelyn took a huge snort from her cigar, quivering intensely. *He's handsom!* Her body heated up faster. *So handsom...* Her stomach gurgled, swelling more and more and eradicating her narrow waistline. *So very handsom! POP!* There went her belt, snapping off.

I's don't get it... Evelyn gulped, more smoke going down. *Whys don't I's get it?* Her gaze traced him from top to bottom, taking in every inch of his thick form. Her body continued growing, filling out her chair quite nicely.

Her tracing stopped, halting right on top of his crotch. Her eyes focused on his bulge, his massive, almost coconut-sized bulge. *He's sooo big!* Evelyn trembled, toes clenching, *big as... as my friends!*

With a soft but still gruff moan, her legs spread open. A big bulge of her own appeared between her crotch, stretching what remained of her tights there. It was slightly obscured by her outfit and belly.

If he's handsom... Evelyn's mind began to race, a cold sweat breaking out as a certain thought entered her mind. *Den... den my pals ares too! I's... I's don't-*

“Tubby buddy!” the boar huffed, waving a gloved hand at him, **“Youse okay? Youse was kinda zonin' out dere!”**

Tubby buddy? Evelyn snorted. She didn't like that. She doesn't like being called fat. It was... She looked down at herself. Well, she was quite fat, to be fair.

Another thought struck her. If she liked such fat, handsome bodies like that boar's... did she like how her body was looking now?

She tried her best to pull herself from this ledge. *"It's... It's just distracted,"* she told "Cassidy", taking another puff of her cigar, *"Ain't nuthin' but oooooooooooooo!"* Her words broke in a deep, pleasant moan.

All at once, her clothing rapidly changed. The hood portion of her hoodie broke away and morphed into a baseball cap, a picture of a cigar in its center. Her red outfit split into two more pieces, the material shifting and becoming a pair of shorts and t-shirt. The shorts were bright blue short shorts, tightly hugging her bulge. The t-shirt had a cartoony bear on it giving a thumbs up, a word balloon beside him saying, ***"Fat Bear Week Every Week!"***

The only thing left of her old outfit was her broken mask, still covering half of her face.

Evelyn looked at her outfit. She loved her old clothes. It made her a Shy Gal after all! But this? It was nice. Goofy logos, tight clothing that highlights her shape and figure... it was good? Good like her friends?

"Like dat outfit!" The former witch spoke up, smiling brightly.

Without missing a beat, Evelyn happily replied, *"Danks! Yours is purdy handsom too, Cass!"*

"Cass"? the boar snorted, ***"Ain't no Cassidy! Da name is Porkchop!"***

"Heh, dat's a good name!" Evelyn cringed. What had she been doing? She felt like she was losing herself more and more. What she wanted and desired were being tossed out. She and her friends shouldn't be like this, but... but it was feeling so good!

So good and pleasant and soft and squishy and weighty and-

Evelyn shook her head. She needed to calm down. She took a big tote from her cigar, holding it between her fingers as she did. She blew it out slowly, feeling the smoke dancing against the inside of her mouth and nostrils. *Oooooh, dat's da stuff. Cigars ain't... ain't half-*

CRACK! The chair she was in gave way, all of the legs on it breaking at once. It could no longer support the stress brought on it, especially when her body kept growing and growing. That last puff put it over the edge, her weight far too much.

BLOOMP! Her fat rear hit the ground with a big thud. She sat there astonished for a few moments, only movement being the blinks under her half-mask, which could be heard due to their cartoonish noise.

She eventually looked down at herself and the broken legs around her. *Oh no no! I's gone and done it! I's broke dat comfy chair! Ahhhh shucks, has I's really gotten dat fat dat I's could smash a chair?* That was an embarrassing revelation.

However, said embarrassment was overwhelmed by new feelings rushing forth: pride and accomplishment. *Heheh, furniture bettah beware, 'cause dis fat ass is gonna be a-comin' fors ya!* Just thinking that made her heart race eagerly.

Perhaps there was joy in weight filling her up to the brim.

"Youse okay dere?" Porkchop held out a gloved hand to her.

"I'ms..." the soon-to-be bear muttered, *"I'ms not sure."* She took a drag from her cigar and released it quickly. It helped her relax some more.

And all it cost her was her chest. She saw her breasts fall back, shrinking and widening, fat filling them. Soon, they were pushing against her tee as a pair of moobs. She hated the sight of them.

Well, a small, *very* small part of her did. They looked good on her... them? They and them felt like they fitted Evelyn a lot more than she or her did currently.

"I'ms changin', gettin' bigger..." Evelyn gulped gently. *"Ands I'm not so bothered anymore 'bout it. I's just... don't get it!"*

"Wells, it seems likes youse gettin' why everybuddy likes deir shape nows." Porkchop grinned. *"Ands you probably understandin' why dey like da feelings dey get from it!"*

Suddenly, the large boar pressed his belly into Evelyn's, their bellies squishing like foam against foam. The former lady quivered. It felt good. His belly against theirs... their small, somewhat chubby belly.

Evelyn cringed. *No... dis ain't... no... I's shouldn't... everyding's just...*

The entire room rattled as his belch shook what felt like the entire building, his blubber jiggling along with it. *"It's Feel Fan-tastic! Dis... dis is amazin'!"* He groped and squeezed his belly. *"It's got it all and I's luuuuuuu it!"*

It wasn't a joke. Evelyn finally understood everything. The feeling, the sensations, the appreciation, the pride, the shape, and all of these new wants and urges. He understood Porkchop and, most importantly, his bear pals. He got it all!

"Dat's great ta hear!" Porkchop grinned, giving a little clap. *"Ya know dis calls fors a celebratory belly bump!"* Evelyn knew what that was, both instinctively and from experience. It was something Ruddy and Skyler had always suggested doing. Evelyn had found it rude and gross, not to mention dangerous given how small he was before.

Oh, what an utter fool he was! *"Youse got it, bub!"* The two toons grinned and leaned back. **BA-BOOSH!** They threw their bellies into each other, colliding and sending jiggle waves down each other.

However, Porkchop ended up being knocked back into his desk. *OH!* Evelyn realized now that he was the bigger of the two. He had several inches on the boar and extra width to boot. *"Sorrries 'bout dat!"*

"Bwahaha!" the boar toon laughed, standing back up straight, *"Dat was mah fault. Shoulda made sures my stance was bettah befores doin' dat! Amateur mistake!"* He smiled. *"Youse should keep dat in mind in case youses belly bump with a hippo or ans elephant! It's an 'portant lesson, Evelyn."*

The bear nodded but felt an annoyance. Evelyn. *Evelyn.* That was his name, but... why? Why should he settle for that? It felt so wrong, so small, so... dull. He got why his friends changed their names right away as well! This one would not cut it!

"Hey, could ya call me someding else? Dat name is bor-RIN! Call me... Puffhuff!" It took only a moment for the name to come to him, but once it did, it slipped off the tongue with ease. It sounded and felt so normal, so him. It was like it was always his name, he had just forgotten it.

"Heh, whateverah youse say, Puffhuff!" Porkchop took a big drag off his cigar and blew it into the air, adding to the smog-filled room, *"So, nows dat youse done, do ya wanna still change yours friends back? Howse about changin' youse--"*

“Pfffffft!” Puffhuff snorted, waving his gloved hand dismissively, *“Ain’t no way dat’s happenin’! Dis is poifect!”* He huffed, frowning. *“Dough, it’s got me’s dinkin’. I’s needs ta meet up with da boys right now! I’s wasted so much times bein’ such a mean dope! I’s gotta make dings right!”*

“Of course!” Porkchop nodded. *“Youse outta do dat! Nows dat youse got the toony spirit in ya, youse can do da right ding!”*

“Mhm!” Puffhuff started to turn to leave but stopped. *“Saaaay, youse wanna join me? Youse ain’t a bear, but I’m sure da fellas would love havin’ ya around!”*

“Naaaah!” Porkchop sadly shook his head. *“Still gots sum work dat needs doin’.* *Plus, after I’m done, gotta me with my special big, tubby rat! He’s not gonna expect his handsum pork roast poppin’ ups outta da blue!”* Puffhuff nodded, feeling a touch glum to learn the boar had a boyfriend. However, he wasn't going to let that get him down. Plus, a fat rat did sound like great boyfriend material, so why get in the way of that?

“Gotcha! Wells, I’ll catch ya later!” the black bear said with a pleasant smile.

“See ya!” Porkchop nodded. *“Keep in touch! Yours bear boys has mah number, so if ya wanna catch a breakfast, brunch, lunch, dinner, or midnight snack togethah sumtime, do let me know!”* Puffhuff liked the sound of that.

With that, the bear turned and began to leave. **SMMACK!** The boar slapped the big guy right on the bum, his rear shaking and jiggling in his short shorts. Puffhuff looked over his shoulder and slyly smirked, purposefully shaking his rear as he walked. He liked that.

Soon, he was out of the office and walking through the backroom, heading for the front. He could smell the scent of their cigars and smoke all over the place now.

However, the scent wasn't just from that. Stepping back out front, the entire store was radically different. Gone was its mystical, magical vibes and products. In place was a dirty, old, wooden floorboard smoke and beer shop. Shelves of cigars and smokes were all over with glass cabinets & fridges along the walls.

Behind the counter now was a large, fat purple toucan guy. He looked at Puffhuff, smiled quite big with his beak and waved. Puffhuff suspected that this was that witch from before. She cleaned up pretty well as a thick bird man.

“HOPE DA MEETIN’ WENT WELL, BUT I’S SUSPECT DAT IT DID!” the toucan chuckled, eyeing up the black bear.

“Oh it did!” Puffhuff chuckled back, playfully stretching and pushing his gut out, **“Meetin’ went wells ands nows I’m gonna go check up on da boys.”**

He glanced around, eyeing up the shelves, fridges, and displays. **“But before I’s do dat, youse got any recommendations ons what a couple of bears would like?”**

“BURRRRRP!” “BURRRRRP!” “BUUUUUURRRRRRRRP!”

“HA! DAT WAS GOOD!” “Youse was beddah!” “Boys, da clear winner was me!” Three large, heavy bear toons laughed and laughed. They were having the time of their lives on this nice picnic at the park. They’ve been drinking cola, smoking cigars, and eating tons of pizza.

“YOUSE ONLY WON BECAUSE OF MAH SODA!” Skyler huffed, poking Puffhuf in the belly.

“Ands mah pizza!” Ruddy added with a snort.

“Okays okays, youse two win ‘cause youse two has the best jobs!” Puffhuff chuckled.

“Darn straight!” Ruddy grinned. **“I’s love workin’ at Pizza O’clock. All da pizza I’s want alls day ands everyday!”**

“ANDS GETTIN’ TA KEEP ALL THE LEFT SODA IF DA PLACES DAT ORDER IT GETS TOO MUCH? IT’S A DREAM COMES TRUE!” Skyler sighed, rubbing his cheeks. He eyed the black bear toon with an amused smirk, **“SO, WHEN’S DIS LAZY BEAR GOTTA GET OFF THAT FAT BUTT OF HIS AND FINDS HIMSELF A GOOD JOB?”**

“Plenty of places out dere for a bear of yours qualifications, bub!”

“Okays, muddah and Fadduh, keep your pants on!” Puffhuff chuckled, **“I’m already lookin’ inta dis nifty cigar shop in ToonTown. A big bear and hippo run da joint, and I’m dinkin’ of doin’ an interview dere. Da place just speaks ta me!”**

“But enuff of dis job talk, let’s talk ‘portant business!” He inched closer to Ruddy. **“Youse been puttin’ on more weight, I’s see!”**

“Mhm!” The grizzly toon chuckled, rubbing his tummy.

“*But is it enuff weight?*” Puffhuff scooted even closer and put his gloved mitts on his pal's belly, groping and rubbing. **“*Gotta inspect it for propah weight ands size.*”**

“*Youse do dat!*” Ruddy sighed blissfully, soaking in the feeling. He looked over at Skyler. **“*Youse help too if youse want!*”** The polar bear didn't need to be told twice, already upon his pal and feeling away. The three chuckled, belching once more.

For Puffhuff, things were just great. It had been over a month now since he reunited with his pals and joined their fat bear toon lifestyle. He had never felt happier engaging in all the lazy, crude, rude, hungry, and silly things they did. He could hardly believe that he'd ever had a problem with it!

All the wasted time spent nagging them and wondering how to change them back. He could've spent that time overeating, belly bumping, belly rubbing, snuggling, sleeping, and burping together! He was such a dummy before but no longer!

Plus, he finally got to smoke toon cigars now. Man, what would he be without his cigars, right? He'd be such a boring, stubborn, stick-in-the-mud lady wearing a mask! So goofy to even think that he could've been anything less... or anything small!

THE END