

# Toon It Up: Boxing Seasonal Warmth

By: Firingwall

Patron Story done for Danuki

“Well, this is light.” Samantha Willis held the box up to her head and shook it. It didn't sound like there was anything in it either. This was a peculiar predicament to find herself in.

Samantha was a subscriber of a special, monthly box series called Toony Up. It made perfect sense for her to join it. She loved toons and their silly antics. Why not get something especially silly and toonifying every month that she could enjoy?

That December, though, the box felt different. It was like it was hollow on the inside. Surely, there must've been something within it, right?

Closing the front door, she took the box over into her living room. She stabbed the tape with a pen nearby, breaking through with ease. Opening it up, the box wasn't empty. It was filled to the brim with packing peanuts and paper stuffing.

She narrowed her eyes and dug through the mess. Her hand brushed against something rather quickly. It was papery and thin. Pulling it out, she saw that it was a green envelope.

*This is... weird.* Samantha hadn't been a subscriber for this particular “loot box”, as it was, for long. She never was around for past December boxes. However, she assumed it would be something seasonal in theme, like a foam antlers headband or Santa hat.

Then again, toons were toons. Weird and unexpected was something they did **very** well.

As such, she opened the envelope and gave it a peek inside. There was a small card with a cute generic toon dog on it. He was in a Santa outfit, waving from a sled and with a speech bubble above him that said, “Happy Holidays!”

Samantha opened the card and found a message. It read, *“Thank you, loyal subscriber! From all of us at Toony Up, we want to send you a special, warm greeting this season for spreading the toony love around the world with us. For these cold times, allow us to help you get through this winter month in style while looking your fluffy, silly best!”*

“Sincerely, Pawser Meowkins, owner of Toony Up...” Samantha read out loud at the end. She checked the envelope and then the box with one hand, the other holding the letter.

There appeared to be nothing else besides the card. “Well, that's disappointing...” Sure, it was nice to get a thank you for your loyalty and continued patronage. Although, given that she usually got a really nice gift every month, receiving just a simple card was underwhelming.

Samantha reread the message again. ““Help you get through this winter month...” What does that even... huh?”

At that moment, she noticed and felt something odd. What she noticed is that the lettering looked a lot shinier than it did before. What she felt was that it was wet.

It seemed as if the ink for the text had just been written. Yet, on the other side of the open card, it was unstained. Not a single smudge at all was seen anywhere.

Only she could feel the wetness of the ink, and that made something in her mind click. Looking at her hand, the black ink was all over her fingerprints.

Yet, it wasn't really normal ink, was it? The ink had bubbled and condensed on her fingers's undersides and even on her palms, somehow sliding down there. The areas were thick but soft. They were much like the pads of an animal.

“Oh...” It all came together in her mind. “That's what's up here.” Toony Up didn't fail to deliver her this month's gift. The card was her gift!

A sense of relief fell over as light gray fur began sprouting around her pads. *Phew! Was worried there a sec'!* She held her hand up closer for a look, seeing dark fur cloak the rest of her hand. *Now, time to see what I get this time.*

Her digits slimmed down to four, combining before her eyes. She was used to it. Toons usually didn't have five fingers. The idea of five digits always felt like overkill to her when her mind started to get silly. Four was plenty!

Samantha looked at her other hand. It was changing too, despite never touching the ink. Everything was proceeding as it should now.

From there, fur shot up her wrists and then her arms. *Oh! It's fast this month!* Her fur fluffed up, stretching her sleeves when it disappeared beneath them. She started feeling warm, her cheeks growing rosy. *Probably for the best! Gotta stay warm this winter, after all!*

Curiously, spots and rosettes began appearing on her arms as a darker gray pattern amongst her lovely fur. They were quite eye-catching, making her heart flutter with joy at the sight. “Ooooooh! How stylish! Heheh, the total cat's pajamas!

“Gotta say, circles are *soooo me! Like, OMG, I'm totally rockin' it and stuff!*” Samantha giggled, a breezy, airy tone coming from her now. Fur had crawled right over her neck.

“*My my, my voice sounds totes cute... cute like my fuzz spots!*” She wiggled happily, waving from side to side. She could feel it now. The silliness was invading her brain.

It was invading everywhere else too. Fur was enveloping her torso, poking out of her collar and below her shirt's hemline. Fuzzy coating seemed to shift her body type once it was in place. Her waistline thinned and narrowed to cartoonishly slim proportions. Her breasts rose, stretching out her top. It was difficult to tell if her breasts had swelled or if her fur was just very puffy around them.

Her shirt wiggled as a bright pink dye appeared in its center, spreading out like a napkin absorbing water. The pink spread from top to bottom, from shoulder to sleeve end. The sleeves shrunk to a shorter length while her collar dipped, puffy fur popping out. In the center of her top, a cute smiley face cat appeared.

“*Ooooooh, totes adorbs!*” Samantha chimed, stretching her shirt out to get a better look at it. “*This is, like, sooooo me!*”

There was some tightness that followed, coming from below. Her pants were stretching and bulging. The top button on her jeans popped as her hips widened to a nice, rounded shape and figure. Her thighs swelled, matching with them.

Besides the tight sensation, Samantha could feel the silly warmth going further down. Her feet suddenly stretched, popping and cracking. It sounded painful, but all she felt was just a pleasant tickling sensation. Her socks split open as three pudgy animal toes poked out with lovely gray fur and cute toe beans. Her feet bent up, shifting her onto the front of her feet, making her stance more animal-like than before.

She didn't mind that at all. What she did mind was that her pants were unraveling. Denim slowly came undone and evaporated, leaving her fluffy legs exposed. The vanishing went further and further up until she was in her underwear.

“*Oh sugar!*” she declared, smacking her paws on her face, “*I'm going from G to PG to R in a heartbeat! Dis ain't good!*” None of her previous gifts had done that before!

And then, her underwear vanished. It felt as if the world had stopped. Her cheeks and then her whole face went redder and redder. She was about to blow steam out of her ears like a boiling kettle from embarrassment.

And yet, there was nothing. She had no pants and no underwear, but nothing was visible. Her crotch was fur coated and null. Anything potentially censor-bar worthy was gone.

Samantha blinked, a few cute piano key sounds being struck with each one. Then, she grinned. *“Ooooooh, okie-dokie! I’m totally safe! I’m just totally max, innocent, toony cuteness!”*

**POP!** She whipped her head around, catching something extremely fluffy in her line of sight. There was a long, leg-length tail with a dark tip and spots & “circles” along the top side of it. It swished about eagerly, the puffy fur making it look extra-

*“Keeeeeeeewt!”* cried the toonifying lady. **Pop-pop!** Her ears shot to the top of her head and swelled out into fuzzy cat ears. They twitched once set into place. *“So kewt! Everything about me is soooooo kewwwwwt!”*

All of her body had been silly-ified & cute-ified. All that was left was her head, and the changes were making their way fast. Her autumn-burnt hair lightened little by little, turning to a dazzling snow white. Streaks of gray went through it as her hair grew spikier and messier, giving it a wild, stylish look.

*“Yeaaaaah, kewt!”* Light gray fur sprouted around her mouth and nose, darker gray everywhere else. *“I’m totally kewt!”* Whiskers popped out on each of her cheeks, her fur getting puffy and growing out away from her head. *“This month I’m feelin’ super duper kewt!”*

Samantha could feel the silliness in her everywhere. Every part was swarming, even her mind. The toon ink from that card had been incredibly potent and worked fast. She could feel it soak in her mind now, changing not only how she spoke but how she felt and thought fully.

*“Maximum kewtness now, that’s me!”* Her eyes swelled into big, cartoony round ones. Her whites were super white while her irises turned into black dots. *“And maximum warmth, also moi! I’m soooooo fluffy hot that I could scream!”*

*“But I won’t since that’s not kewt!”* Her face pushed forward at long last, jaws stretching into a short but charming muzzle. Her teeth turned to fangs; her tongue was now extra pink. Her nose blackened and shrunk down to a small cat snoot, resting at the tip top end of her mug.

Samanta stood there, blinking for a moment. “Hmmm...” She scratched at the bottom of her muzzle. “*This is, like, all just guesswork and stuff! Maybe I should have a lookie!*”

She knew what to do. She had done it several times before in the past, and even if she didn't, an instinct kicked in. Reaching behind her back, she simply thought, *mirror time!*

Like that, she pulled out a hand mirror and held it up to her face. A sly cat grin came to her as she began to frump her hair. “*Well, shucks!*” She turned her head from side to side, getting different angles on her muzzle. “*It's true! Ain't I just darlin'? Snow leopard is so in this season!*”

Casually putting the mirror behind her back, another thought came to mind. She grabbed the card and read the part about “helping her through” the cold. “*Hmm, is this warm enough?*”

She scratched her head like a cat rubbing their head. Question marks started floating off her noggin. “*Well... there's only one way to check!*”

**ZIP!** A dust cloud was left behind, shaped just like her, as she ran for a window. She threw it open, a huge blast of cold air and snow blowing into her face. It seemed more zealous than usual snowfalls, comically covering her entire head.

**Pop!** Her eyes poked out of the snow, blinking a few times like a xylophone had been struck. She wiped the snow from her face in one brush of her hands. “*Cold, buuuuuuut-*

“*WARM!*” Sparkles came off her eyes as she clenched her hands together, holding them to her face. “*I still feel toasty as toast in a toaster!*” She giggled. “*This isn't just kewt, it's hawt! It's perfect for the season!*”

She slapped her paws down on the window sill and leaned out. Her apartment faced the snowy street where many cars passed, and even a few pedestrians walked around despite the winter. She hollered into the air, scaring all below. “*Hello, winter wonderland! Sammy Willies is ready to face you in all her fluffy, toasty glory!*”

Sammy grinned. *Hope next month's box makes me extra warm too!*

**THE END**