

Toon It Up: Boxing Hopping Monthly

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Patron Story done for Danuki

RIIIIIIP!

“So... it’s coffee then, I suppose. Yay?”

James had opened his parcel, finding a supposedly “special” large bag of coffee and a bottle of coffee creamer. Outside of the mascot characters on them, they didn’t look as exciting as he was led to believe.

Though, maybe the pamphlet would explain it to him better. He took it and read aloud, “Thank you very much for your subscription to Toony Up, the only place that lets you receive special toon gifts every month!”

He frowned. He didn’t need the reminder. He was already so weirded out by this fact. But he could already hear his co-worker poking him and saying everything was fine.

And what a co-worker it was. Jerry was always energetic and excited, a bit hard on a slower, more beaten down James. He always seemed happy about something, just like the silly cartoony figures he had at his workstation. Still, he did his job and didn’t make James’ work difficult, so he was better than most of the people around him.

Though, James could never fully get used to him, especially after last year’s Christmas Secret Santa. Jerry had him, and his gift was this weird coupon for a subscription box service called Toony Up. You’d sign up for a year and with the coupon, you’d get an additional six months of toon product boxes free.

Jerry definitely was the guy who would like this. And ever since, the co-worker kept pestering him about it. “What did you get this month?” “I liked this month’s box a lot!” “Did you use the coupon yet?” Very annoying after a while.

So, James finally gave in and decided to humor him. He used the coupon at the website listed on it and surprisingly, two days later, the first box showed up. They were quick about things at least (and thankfully rather affordable too).

He finished the pamphlet and tossed it back into the box. Nothing particularly helpful. Just vague details about the silly products offered in these subscription boxes. All he knew was there was toon-related stuff in them and that was it. Didn’t make things less awkward.

Still, the first item was intriguing. He did like his coffee and creamer, picking both items out of the box. He could deal with this and, if he didn't like them, he could just pawn them off on Jerry or somebody else.

Looking at the items again, they still were the same as before. He was almost expecting them to change on him. Toons were odd. It felt possible that something they made or produced would become something else when he wasn't looking.

The coffee and creamer remained the same though and that was fine with him. He had a long night ahead of him, so this would be just the energy boost he needed. A few days off at long last, he could finally catch up on all the things he wanted to do.

Drip. Drip. Drip. The coffee had finished brewing, the last of it falling into his mug. He leaned in as he pulled his mug out, giving it a gentle sniff.

Not bad. Smelled kind of rich and strong. Nothing like he had before. Then again, he had bland, safe tastes when it came to coffee. This was the first new kind he had in years.

He poured some of the creamer into the mug, noting how thick and dark it looked. Definitely wasn't like the store-brand stuff he got.

Regardless, he stirred it gently and headed over to his desk. His computer was all set up and ready to go. He just needed to launch the game.

Time to finish Borderlands, he thought with a smile, taking his seat. He set his mug down and stretched his arms, cracking his neck. Time to wisely use his vacation to blow away the next eight hours on this game.

He took his cup again and gave it a sip. He licked his lips. *Hmm... not bad. Pretty good taste... still don't recognize it. It feels familiar though. It's... it's...*

He quivered. That was new. Sure, coffee helped wake him up and energize him plenty of times. However, this time, there was something else. The longer that taste lingered in his mouth, the stronger it grew. The stronger the flavor, the stronger the punch. He could feel sleepiness and stress melting away until...

FLOOOP! His ears shot up high to the top of his head and kept on stretching. Bright yellow fur sprouted over them as they climbed almost two feet in length, reshaping themselves. Their shape was distinctly rabbit... floppy rabbit as the long ears came crashing back down and slapped against his shoulders and chest.

James blinked, hand jittery a little. It felt like something happened, but he couldn't place it. He did place what that drink did though! That kick! He felt more awake and aware of himself and his surroundings than ever before!

Man, toons know how to make coffee! He scratched his face, unaware of some whiskers appearing. Light, bunny whiskers that appeared around his cheeks.

He set the mug down and cracked his fingers. *Okay! I'm hyped. Let's do this!*

He reached for his keyboard and mouse, fingers away from starting up. But just as he was about to make contact, his body lurched. His mind felt heavy and hazy, arms also pretty weighty as well. A wave of sleepiness had just punched him in the face.

James slunk back into his chair, rubbing his eyes. *What... what the? He yawned. Where did that come from? I just had coffee and...*

Without missing a beat, he grabbed the coffee mug and sipped. He shivered again, shoulders tensing. *Ooooh, waking up again!*

That powerful rush vibrated through, sending waves all the way down into his right foot. **Tap. Tap. Tap-tap. Tap-tap-tap-tap.TaptaptaptaptapTAPTAPTAP!** His foot slowly smacked the ground as the waves went in, getting faster and faster and faster and faster until-

RHHHHP! From the sock burst out a nearly two-foot-long, three-toed, yellow-furred bunny paw. Once free, it stopped its tapping and quietly relaxed.

James licked his lips, soaking in the taste before taking another sip. *Probably need some more.* **Taptaptaptaptap. Didn't have enough before. TAPTAPTAPTAPTAPTAP!**

RIP! Out of the left sock came another foot, another bunny paw. The two now matched perfectly.

"Mm, much better!" James sighed pleasantly. All of these days in a row at work must have really drained him a lot more than he thought. He chuckled, "Hyuck, gotta take sum more time ta enjoy myself!"

That sounded weird. ...Maybe I am tired.

As soon as he thought those words, suddenly, it struck him again. Before he could set the mug down, his body started failing him. His eyelids felt so heavy, and his mind foggy. He struggled to hold his arms up even! How exhausted was he?!

No... not again! He dragged his mug back over to his mouth and took another drink, a longer one at that.

Though, doing so, was it just him, or did it seem like there was a lot more coffee in his mug than he thought? Also, given it wasn't so long ago, the temperature didn't seem as hot or burning on his mouth or throat as it should've been.

Regardless, he still got the kick he needed. Not as heavy as before, but still strong.

POOF! Heavy or not, another change struck. Popping out above his boxers, a thick but soft, pink cotton tail popped right out. It wiggled gently until settling into place.

Mmm, so good. He smiled goofily, his teeth a little numb. **SPROING!** The top two incisors popped out of his mouth, pearly white and sparkling.

Maybe Jerry's onto something with this toon stuff. Toon coffee is incredible! It's so... so... so... He began to sag and droop in his seat. Again, it came and went. All that energy and pip were fading, even faster than before. *So... so much give and take... with a lot of taking.*

He snorted and sat back up. *No! Enough of this! Need more, a lot more! No more baby sips!* If he was going to game, he had to actually take a big drink here.

And by drink, he meant chug. **GULPGULPGULPGULPGULP!!!** He slammed down that coffee. The second he thought it would empty, more kept pouring out. It was something worth thinking about. But, the thought passed.

BLOOOOP! What was also concerning was his clothing. They felt tight on him. He could look... but he soooo wanted to be done with his tiredness and rather focus on his mug.

If he looked, he would notice his lanky frame... becoming less lanky. It was putting some meat and fat on his bones, his figure a bit chunkier. It especially grew heavy in the stomach, giving him some muffin top that dipped right over his sweatpants.

Bam! He slammed the half-full mug on the desk. He licked his lips and sighed. *Much better!* He blinked a few times. *Not tired one bit!*

...nope! Still not tired either. He smiled, his body a bit twitchy after all that caffeine. Did he finally kick that sleepiness to the curb? No more drops in enthusiasm and energy? Seemed to be the case at long last! Even waiting another minute or two showed promise.

Satisfied, James grabbed the mouse and booted the game up. He stretched his arms and leaned back, waiting for it to be done showing off its various company logos. *All energized, all hyped! Let's finally play some-*

A cold shiver ran straight through his body. He sat up as a thought hit him, a terrible, uncomfortable thought. *What... what if I start feeling tired again? What if my energy just drops and in the middle of a high-stakes shootout?! No... no that would be horrible!*

He still felt tingly and twitchy, but he couldn't risk it. Not one single bit. He grabbed his mug and took another shot. No chugging or gulping. Just a straight-up big shot.

An unfelt and heard breeze rolled through his hair as he drank. Its curly red locks straightened up and flattened down, its length shortening up considerably. Pink began to seep in, slowly infiltrating the red at the roots. It spread further up and to the tips, his mop now bright as cotton candy.

Burp! A sharp belch left his maw as he finished his drink, a lot of his twitchiness leaving with it as well. He blushed, but chuckled and rubbed his tummy. *Heh, felt good to get that out~*

His stomach quietly gurgled as he rubbed it. Beneath his shirt, yellow fur began trickling out of his belly button. It flowed onto his tummy and spread further and further out. It wrapped around his back and over his shoulders, not slowing down a second. The feeling of it was warm, but cozier and relaxing to a degree. He still felt energized, but not as tense.

The fur eventually crawled onto his limbs. It spread down to feet, matching the same color there. His legs plumped right up, fat pouring in and stretching out his sweatpants. With his thighs especially thick, his pants felt tighter than ever.

The same happened with his arms, expanding and furring up the same. However, upon reaching his hands, something shifted. Appearing just out of sight around the back, white gunk began seeping over his wrists. It circled completely around them, expanding into a thick band.

It then spread up and over the back of his hands and their palms. The material expanded and thickened, definitely making his mitts twice their size. They wrapped around the fingers, swirling around the ring & pinkies to combine them. The gunky material eventually softened, leaving him wearing a pair of pudgy white gloves.

Despite their size, James had no issue holding his mug. In fact, the mug and its handle appeared to expand to better fit the pudgy digits.

“Mmmmm!” James licked his lips, fur starting to reach his face. White fuzz circled his maw and cheeks as he boisterously spoke, “Dat’s some mighty fine coffee dere!”

Ba-THUMP! CREEEEEEEEAK! His chair cried out as lots of extra weight was suddenly stacked onto it at once. His belly had popped out from underneath his shirt, dipping a little onto his thighs. His rear wobbled as it expanded into a thicker, wider frame. It even dipped a tad over the edge of his seat.

His clothing wasn’t immune to this large boost either. After all the tightness, his attire grew to match his ever-developing girth. In the case of his white t-shirt, it still didn’t cover his belly, but it did fit a little better. It even turned yellow with a smiley face in its center.

His jeans more radically shifted. Denim turned to cotton, material softened and smoothed over. Belt loops and zippers vanished as pants legs shot up his legs, exposing their fluffy chunkiness. New bands and stitching appeared, blue turning to white. Soon, he sat there in a pair of white briefs, more comfortable but still snug on his bottom.

James sighed and rolled his shoulders. *There we go! Much more comfortable and energized!* He chuckled. *I can totally start this dang game... or could I’s?*

He looked at his large mug curiously. *Drink. Drink. Drink. DRINK. DRINK!*

His smile grew wide and maniac as he shoved the glass up to his face. He chugged and chugged and chugged, more and more coffee cascading down his throat and into his gut.

In return, his body continued to grow and grow. His figure widened further, legs shifting up and more to the sides as his body grew pear-shaped. His bum easily spilled over the seat’s edges, his figure getting squished between his chair’s armrests.

James quivered and quivered, pupils dilating. The last drops finally fell down his throat. A quivery wave ran from the tip of his head to his feet and back. Fur completely cloaked his face as **BOING!** His face shot forward into a cute bunny muzzle, wobbling a little.

BAM! He slammed the mug onto the table. **SPROOOOING!** He bounced into the air, his chair still stuck to his bottom. **BONK! BOOOOOOSH!** He hit the ceiling before crashing down onto his feet. The entire room shook, launching everything into the air before it landed back in their original positions perfectly.

“WOOO! Nows dat’s what I call sum goooood coffee!” The large bunny laughed, casually smacking his tummy.

BAUUUM! His tummy shook and for the first time, James looked down. He blinked, head tilting. *Huh... so much bulk and weight!*

His grin returned. *Aweeeeeeeesome!* He smacked his belly again with both his mitts. **BAUM-BAUM!** *Heheh, belly's gettin' a good beat outta it! Heheh~.*

He looked at his mug, sitting there on the table, empty at long last. *Guess I shoulda suspected sumding sooner, huh? All dat endless coffee... guess it went straight to... well, heh, everywhere~.*

Not that he cared or was bothered. What mattered was that he looked great! He wiggled his bum, his tail wagging a bit as well. All that heft and weight to throw around. Not bad at all!

Maybe he understood Jerry a little better now. Toons were a lot more fun, at least from this initial experience, and the subscription box was great! If this is what coffee and creamer could do, what will next month's box bring? Oh, he was so excited he could-

SLAP! “DUH! Hyuck, bein' drinkin' dis whole time! I's got a game ta play!” He chuckled and pulled his chair off his butt. He set it down and stretched it out like it was the easiest, most natural thing to do. “Got tons of energy, tons a time! I's go as long as I need!”

He cracked his fingers, wiggling them gently before reaching for his mouse. He grabbed it... and it was so puny in his mitts.

“...” He looked at the keyboard and pressed a single finger on one of the keys. Five keys were hit instead of one.

“Hmmmmmm,” James huffed, looking over and wiggling his fat fingers. “Big digits are a prob. Gamin' gonna be a lot tougher dan I thought...”

THE END?