

TOON IT UP: CALL OF THE MOB

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Commission done for Carv3r

Liliana Stewart leaned back, as far back as she could with her office chair. She slowly stretched her arms and let out a long, tired yawn, stretching as well for as long as she could. *Almost... almost there...*

“Have a good night, Ms. Stewart.” Liliana snapped back up straight in her chair, her head jerking about until it fell on the voice.

A bit of relief washed over her. It was just one of the scientists from the research department and not anyone “higher ranked”. “Y-yes!” The lady cleared her throat and politely waved good-bye to the man. “Have a good night.”

The man waved back and proceeded out the glass front doors. Once he was gone and no other footsteps could be heard, she slumped back again. *Almost done.*

Ms. Stewart was approaching yet another end-of-the-day at her job. She worked the front desk of a place called Happy Feeling Co., a company that made the strangest, wildest of products that were surprisingly popular. She spent most of the day greeting people as they came in, answering phone calls, directing people where to go, and dealing with... “oddballs”.

It was all the usual receptionist work one would expect. It was work that was incredibly tiring though after doing it day in and day out for years now.

Can't wait to be home. Liliana sighed, her mind wandering. *Gonna cuddle up under the covers... after dinner.* She frowned. *...I don't want to cook though. Maybe I should order out? Chinese would be good. Maybe a burger?*

Maybe pizza? Liliana's hand clenched the desk rather tightly, fidgeting and tapping the solid counter. Her heart started to speed up.

She took a deep breath and slowly released, her hand easing up and heart returning to its normal pace. *No. Don't want that. Shouldn't have anything fattening...*

The woman had been trying to avoid anything “fat” related for a while. She had done a good job so far, watching her weight and counting calories carefully. It had helped her avoid any “incidents”, as she would put it.

Maybe just something I could pop in the microwave, she thought, nodding softly, then rent a movie on Amazon and-

“Heeeeyyy, Liliana! Ready for the end?” Liliana sat back at attention but only for a split moment. She knew that voice anywhere, and it was welcoming.

It was Emiko Urasawa. She was a friend that worked in research and many “other” departments, as Emiko would put it. The glasses-wearing pal strolled up and leaned casually against the counter. It looked like she was done for the day.

Relaxing, Liliana spoke pleasantly, “Oh definitely. I’m tired.”

Emiko looked her over. “Just tired? Not *very* tired?”

“No,” Liliana chuckled, “I’m only very tired if I’m busy working on my other job.”

“Other job?” Her friend leaned in. “You never mentioned that before.”

Liliana hesitated, realizing she spoke without thinking. “Oh... it’s nothing important. Nothing that I had to deal with for a while.” She cleared her throat, awkwardly shifting the conversation away. “Soooo, how was work today?”

“Oh, lots of paperwork. Barely had time to start drafting the pitch for my next idea or get to the lab...” Emiko went about her day with casual indifference and apathy.

Liliana didn’t really hear it though. Her mind was stuck on that look Emiko had when she switched subjects. She clearly knew that Liliana dodged discussing her other job and looked suspicious. She thankfully didn’t press her, but the receptionist knew she would probably have to discuss it at some point.

Hopefully, not anytime soon.

“So, I’m thinking of hitting that nice bar I’ve been telling you about after work,” Emiko said, her mood lightening up, “The one down Grand Street? Want to get a drink?”

Liliana thought about it. That “soon” might come then, and she was still tired, so heading out didn’t seem so great.

But on the other hand, she rarely spent time with her friends as it was. “Well,” Liliana said slowly, “That might be-”

The phone suddenly rang, causing her to jolt. She looked at it, sighing. *So much for hoping to not deal with any more calls today.* She picked up the phone and put on her most cheery, professional voice. “Thank you for calling Happy Feeling Company. This is Lil-”

“BOSS! We's got a problem!”

Those gruff, deep words coming from a familiar, deep, equally gruff voice instantly shifted Liliana's mood. *Oh no... now what? This is going to be stupid.*

It was also going to be long and involving given past experiences. “Maybe another time, Em,” Liliana said, looking back at Emiko, “I'll talk with you later.”

“Oh sure, have a good night.” Emiko gave her a nod and a curious look but said nothing else. She probably, hopefully, assumed Liliana just wanted to rest tonight.

However, that wasn't going to be the case. Once Emiko was clear and out of earshot, Liliana returned to the phone. “You're not supposed to call me at work,” she grumbled lowly, “What if someone overheard? Do you know how much trouble I'd be in?”

“Sorries, boss, but we's-”

“Plus, I'm on a very long vacation here from all of that. Can't you just-”

“BOSS!” the voice shouted, the phone cartoonishly shaking in her grip, **“Dere's a problem dat needs dealin' with! We's needs yours big dummy brains!”**

Liliana twitched and a deep growl left her. **“Excuse me?”**

“Errrrr, we's needs yours smarts, boss!” the voice quickly said, **“Youse da smartest mook around, ya know dat boss!”**

A weird bit of satisfaction and pride swelled up within her hearing that. She cleared her throat, stuffing it back down. *No, not now! Not in the mood for you!*

Liliana took a deep breath and released it, burying it deeper. “Look, you guys should be able to handle this just fine. You've been running the show without me for the past few weeks just fine, right? It's been a long day for me, and I just want to go home and relax.”

Her words went on deaf ears. **“PLEEEEEEEASE, boss man! Purdy pleeeeee with extra grease ands cigars on top? Wes lost without youse!”**

Liliana frowned, annoyance starting to hit. However, that inner urge came crawling back, scratching, itching at her and feeding on her annoyance. Something buried deep, deep down wanted out. It needed to do some heavy lifting and throw its weight around.

She twitched. All of the irritation and frustration from earlier in the day was still festering within her too. All of those annoying phone calls, frustrating and rude visitors, unpleasant upper management types flirting or harassing her... it was so much! She just wanted to feel...

Powerful. And the opportunity to do so just presented itself.

“Okay, fine!” Liliana groaned, her free arm twitchy as she spoke, “I’ll come over and help you with this “problem” or whatever. I’ll be there in-”

“No, boss!” the voice pleaded, **“We’lls bring da limo ovah ta get youse!”**

“I can’t leave my car here at work, ya know.”

“One of da boys wills drive it back fors ya!” She didn’t feel good about that. She didn’t really trust these guys to handle her used/still nice car.

However, she didn’t see any other option in this scenario after agreeing to it. “Fine. That’ll work.” She huffed. “But, if you guys are picking me up, you better park a few blocks away so no one can see me with you clowns.”

“Park in da usual spot? Youse gots it! We’lls be dere soon!” Liliana didn’t wait for them to say goodbye. She just immediately hung up.

With that, she sunk into her chair, face in one of her hands. What was she going to deal with now? She had no idea, but she knew one thing for sure. “Fat” was back.

An hour later, Liliana had clocked out and was now several blocks away from her work. She peered around the corner of an alleyway, far from the sight of anyone she knew from her normal job. There was a large, black limo parked there, waiting for her.

Yep, there they are, like clockwork. If there was one thing about these guys, they were nothing if not loyal and true-to-their-word lackeys.

Liliana relaxed her shoulders, clutching her work bag, and walked towards the limo. She moved slowly, one step at a time. *I could... just not show up. I could just ditch them and that-*

One of the side doors on the vehicle swung open. *Never mind, they know I'm here.* She sighed and approached her destiny.

She stopped when someone slipped out. It was a toon cat in a thick green sweater that went down to his knees and had sleeves that covered his paws. He looked at her and tipped his bowler cap. **“Ready ta do sum drivin’, boss!”**

Liliana frowned but still approached. She reached into her bag and pulled out her car keys. He held out his sleeved-covered hands, and she dropped the keys into them. She looked him square in the eye. “Take my car straight home and nowhere else. You do remember what my car looks like, right?”

The cat eagerly nodded. **“Ah-huh, yah-huh!”**

An aggressive twitch came out of her at once. **“Don't scratch da car or else!”**

The cat didn't look phased one bit, just nodding once more before saluting her. **“No probs, boss! I'lls be fine! No needs ta get da pies out and toss dem at me!”**

With that, the cat hurried off, leaving a dust cloud shaped like him for a moment. He vanished around the corner, Liliana watching and worrying. *He's going to scratch it, I know it.*

What was done was done. She would cross that bridge when she reached it. She turned back to the open door of the limo. The inside was very dark and hazy, a subtle smoke scent coming from it. It was the definition of uninviting.

The woman had one last bit of resistance. She looked around, briefly considering just walking away. Perhaps she could catch up to that cat?

But it was only momentary. That looking for an exit turned into looking around for any potential witnesses for what she would do. Seeing that the coast was clear, she headed to the limo and slipped inside without a word.

The door slammed shut on its own as she slipped onto one of the sofa seats in the far back of the vehicle. Despite how it looked from outside, the lighting was a bit brighter. She could now make out another figure sitting across from her, a glass pane to the driver's side behind him.

It was a thin, noodly toon weasel. He wore a blue suit and fedora, casually twirling a lit cigar between his fingers. His eyes were closed, soaking in the ambiance of the car.

She looked at him exhaustedly as he opened his eyes, looking back at her. He lit up with a big grin. **“BOSS!”** He spoke gleefully, his voice the same as the one from the phone call. **“Dank goodness! Day boys ands me are lost without ya!”**

So you say, Liliana thought with an exhausted sigh, tossing her bag aside. She was even about to say the same thing outloud to him as well.

However, she found herself distracted by the burning sensation on her nose. The smoke from his lit cigar had grown so thick that it was visible even in this light. It was wafted off from the spinning stogie and floated all the way across the vehicle and into her mug.

The cloud was all over her sniffer, hitting it like a big slap. The scent was unbelievably strong and potent. Besides the burning, it made her eyes and nose water.

It was a great relief that it only lasted briefly. After a bit, her nose suddenly let out a big **SNORT**, sucking it all up like a vacuum cleaner. The irritating effect it had on her senses left. She shivered, her fingers twitching.

Then, something came over her once more. Her fingers dug into the leather upholstery. **“Dis better be important!”**

The words made her wince. She was never a rude or angry woman, no matter how exhausted or tired life might make her. She kept a pleasant demeanor, no matter how fake with people, only slipping around friends and family.

Yet, when it came to toons, especially *these* toons, they brought out something gruff, heavy, and deep within her.

Something incredibly deep that was coming now. It was something she wouldn't be able to stop and, secretly, didn't want to. It was going to help her be powerful, so she would just have to get used to that attitude.

“I'lls explain on da way!” The weasel popped the cigar in his maw and knocked on the window behind him. He called out to the hidden driver, **“Get movin', ya foo!”**

The limo shook, the engine roaring loud and shaking Liliana in her seat. Suddenly, it snapped forward and started speeding away in a flash. It whipped between buildings and back alleys before zipping back onto the main street.

The constant whiplash and sudden movements tossed Liliana all around the seat before throwing her against its back and sinking her into it. She groaned and then moaned. A thick cloud of smoke from the weasel's cigar had come flying down, smashing against her body.

Her pupils dilated. **SNORRRRRRT!**

Smoke sped up her nostrils even faster than before. Her entire body vibrated, quivering from the potent, hot scent. It smelled so-

Gooooooooood... Her nose bounced and then ballooned. Nostrils were sucked into it as it took on a large, bean-like shape. The nose pushed further out, brightening to a flaming red as it became a cartoony form. It looked like the weasel's snoot.

The scent dissipated as the remaining smoke was sucked up. Liliana's mind began to settle again, leaving that crazy, fummy loop it was in. She blinked a few times, eyes narrowing. She could just make out the big snoot on her mug now.

Liliana reached up and ran some fingers against it. It was so smooth and glossy, like it was polished to perfection. It was rather nice.

In fact, why should only a few fingers touch it? She grabbed it easily with both hands, gently squeezing and caressing it. Her right eye twitched, a small smile on her lips. ***Heheh, I's got mah big honkah back! Big honkah for a big, big-***

HOOOOOOOOOONNNNK! She squeezed a bit too hard and a noise bellowed out. It was the sound of a low, long foghorn, her sniffer quivering happily.

The vibrations from it went straight into her hands. **FLOOWMP-FLOOWMP!** White goop oozed out of her pores and encased them, swelling and softening into puffy, white cottony leather. She now sported thick, four-fingered white gloves.

Those goofy noises knocked sense again back into Liliana, who yanked her toony mitts away from her honker. Her face was bright red, lower lip quivering out of embarrassment. She looked at the weasel mook, who was quietly watching as he smoked.

"Youse didn't see nuthin'!" she spat out in a rather natural, deep, silly voice, **"Youse... err, youse just fuhgeddaboutit, okay?"**

The weasel nodded. **“No prob, boss! I's ain't gonna say nuthin' 'bout youse lovin' your big snoot! Dough, ain't nuthin' ta be ashamed about! What toon don't love dere big snoot?”**

Liliana cringed. She felt so embarrassed, but in two ways. One, she felt embarrassed for doing such a doofy, goofy thing. Playing and honking her nose? It was such a toony, or clowny, move!

Second and most importantly, she felt embarrassed for showing this dopey side out in the open. There was the need to have a big, intimidating, strong, man-in-charge sona, one that everyone could follow and respect. Showing such goofiness in front of her underling felt so wrong and weak! She wanted to be powerful!

“So,” the weasel said, moving on, **“Should I's giva ya the 411 den, boss?”**

Liliana sighed. She really didn't want to know at all. She wanted to be home or with Emiko, relaxing and enjoying her evening.

However, she was in deep now and there was the ever-growing part of her that was curious. They wanted to know about this “schmo” that interrupted her... no, **his** operation.

So, she opened her mouth to say yes.

Initially, she tried to. Her eyes fell back onto that cigar the toon mook was holding. It was the same cigar he had been holding since she got in. There was nothing new or different about it, having seen it multiple times. At most, the smoke coming from it looked normal now.

That was the thing. It was still the same, yet it felt as if it was calling to her. That scent she could pick up easily now with her toony snoot? It was inviting, pleasant on the sniffer.

It's bad for me, she told herself, *so bad. Always bad*. It was always also bad for her in non-health related ways too.

It didn't matter though. Her gloves tightened into her seat, thick leather digging into thick leather. She gently gulped, which actually came out as a loud, cartoonish **GUUULP!**

The weasel didn't wait for her to answer, going on assuming she did want to hear, which was technically correct. **“So, here's what's goin' on! Dis guy suddenly-”**

Liliana held her hand up automatically, the mook quieting. **“Before youse... before you start.”** She gulped again, this time quieter. “Do you... do... **do youse** got a smoke?”

The weasel smiled. **“Oh sures, but youse don't want mah crud. Youse got yours own private stash dere, boss!”**

Liliana moved her gaze over to the cabinet bar setup the limo had instinctively. Her eyes locked onto one of its drawers, knowing what was in there. Something in her was waking up loud and reminding her of all the important things she needed to know.

She opened the drawer and pulled out a large cigar box, plopping it into her lap. She quivered, excitement building as she dug into it. She pulled out a densely packed stogie and a gold lighter with ease. She stared at the initials engraved into the lighter for a moment, “WW”.

The gears turned in her mind as she looked at both items she held. They both felt natural, a perfect fit in her hands, like this scenario had been played out hundreds of times before and would do so for over a hundred more. She knew why and went with it.

She casually flipped the lid on the lighter open with a flick of the wrist and snapped the trigger on it, a flame lighting up. She brought her cigar's end to it and lit up. A dark plume of smoke began emanating from the burning end.

Liliana leaned her nose in and took a long sniff. *Mmmm, Cuban Toon Cigars. Da best smokes of dah Caribbean. Fit fors a fat, big shot likes me!*

She cringed again but not as hard that time. That voice was replacing the one in her head now, but she didn't want to fully fight it. It was becoming too normal to do so.

“So, youse ready nows?” Liliana nodded solemnly, leaning back in her seat. She brought the cigar to her mouth and took a long drag from it. Her shoulders tensed up before drooping down, now wider and broader. Her work shirt felt rather tight there now.

She pulled the cigar out and breathed out a thick cloud of smoke. **“Hit me with da scoop.”** Her ears wobbled and swelled, taking on a similar, disc-like shape as the mook's, even growing the same, light chocolate brown fur.

The weasel noticed the new additions and grinned. **“Youse got it! I's can tells yah all ears now!”** Lilian didn't get it, just staring at him blankly as she took another toke.

“Ahem!” the mook said, getting the hint his joke fell flat, **“So, da reason I's called is because of dis guy, youse see!”**

The next several minutes were spent listening to the henchweasel explain the situation. A lanky guy with brown hair and glasses had somehow gotten into their warehouse. Hearing that peeved off Liliana something fierce, asking how that could've happened. The weasel theorized that the guards may have been on break.

I'ms dockin dose dinguses' pay! Liliana thought, meanly smirking.

“Wells, dah boys found da guy 'ventually, checkin' out ours crates ands goods!” the weasel went on, **“We's dink it mites be sum newspapah guy doin' a story, but da boys ain't gotten him ta talk much and...”**

Liliana's mind started to drift when her henchweasel mentioned “goods”. The goods they had, that *he* had: pies. They had lots and lots of pies of all kinds, sizes, and crust types. All very, very tasty, delicious pies that people all over ToonTown and beyond wanted.

However, there were also specialized pies. They were specially baked into strong, crusty, tough, potentially changifying ways that could be utilized as toon weapons. Many toon gangs and crews wanted them while those piggie cops wanted them destroyed/eaten.

Her mind focused on the food angle of them. *Delicious, scrumptious, yummy pies.* She licked her chops. *Pies I wanna eat... I's loooove eatin'!*

Gurgle. Her stomach rumbled, shaking like a cartoon character. The vibrations from it flowed into her limbs, which thickened with a soft layer of fat. She didn't notice. *I need dinner.*

Gurrrgle. Her cheeks fattened up a little, her head looking a touch larger on her enlarging body. *Gees, I'm hungry. Really... really wish I's didn't skip out on dat guy buyin' everybuddy sum takeout for lunch.*

GURRRRRRRRRRGLE! Sooooo hungry!! Her entire torso swelled right up like a balloon. The buttons on her work blouse stretched and creaked, her flat tummy pushing out. It dipped down over her work pants, giving her a thick muffin top.

The loud gurgle made her snap back to attention. **“-so, we's got him tied up ands stuff. It's weird. It's almost likes da guy wanted to be caught.”** The weasel shrugged. **“Well, anywho, da guy asked fors ya by name ands dats where wes are! We needs ya ta talk to da weirdo.”**

“Talk ta me?” Liliana caught that part. This intruder wanted to talk to her... err, him. The **him** him. That felt very suspicious to her.

She took another drag off her cigar. She quivered, blowing it out slowly. **“Dis better not bes a trap by dis guy, or youse boys are in big trouble.”**

“Course not, boss! We's checked everyding out! No trackers or anybody loitering 'round dat would be backup!”

“Humph, better be!” Liliana grunted, **“Guess I'ms gonna have ta talk ta him.”**

The weasel's eyes sparkled. **“You'lls come down and solve dis den?”**

GURRRRRRRGLE! The two flinched and looked at Liliana's belly. It had grown more, untucking part of her shirt and starting to dip onto her lap. It cartoonishly vibrated.

“Wells,” Liliana huffed, patting her tummy, **“I's don't knows quite yet. I's can't do someding like dat on an empty stomach.”** Her eyes narrowed. **“I's need ta fills up first, stat!”**

“Youse got it!” The weasel pulled out a cellphone that looked as if it came straight out of the early 90s with how much of a gigantic brick it was. He stretched out the antenna on it, **“I'lls get ya yours favorite pizza, no prob!”**

The toon dialed and made his call, Liliana watching as she felt a sinking feeling. She had just dismissed having pizza earlier. She didn't want to eat something fatty and have another incident. Now, it was far too late to be concerned with that after getting so fat already.

Besides, she ached for pizza. She wanted it. It was right to have it, especially when she was so hungry. It would help her become powerful, helping her swell and balloon even faster.

Youse want it! The voice in her head chuckled. It sounded like a mixture of her own and someone else's, the latter louder than the former. ***I's want it! We's want it 'cause wes one ands da same! Don't da deny it! Embrace it!***

“Okays!” The weasel hung up and pocketed his phone. **“Food ordahed!”** He smacked the window behind him. **“Head ta da boss' favorite pizzeria, stat!”**

The limo sped up and a few seconds later, abruptly stopped. Liliana wasn't thrown around this time. She simply shifted and leaned with the movement of the vehicle. Her extra weight held her in place, her body moving like it was normal.

The side window by the weasel soon opened. Several pizza boxes were slid in by two large, gorilla hands. A bag of breadsticks followed, along with a gruff voice, “**chunky gots your ordah! Need sum napkins ta go with it?**”

“No danks, my fine, hefty ape friend!” The weasel placed the boxes beside him and pulled out his comically oversized wallet from his jacket. He took out a bunch of bills and stuffed them into the ape's hands. He also took out a coupon book and handed it over as well.

“Danks!” the gorilla toon chuckled, his thick hands vanishing, **“Have a gud day!”** The limo window rolled up and with a jerk, the vehicle was moving again, racing off to their base.

The weasel launched one of the pizza boxes at Liliana, throwing it like a frisbee. She easily caught it and opened it up. The pizza was completely undisturbed from the toss, looking fresh and delicious. She could tell what it was: extra cheese with stuffed crust.

Mah favorite! SLURP! Liliana licked her chops with a large, pink tongue and dug out her first slice. She shoved it into her mouth, and she devoured it. ***Soooo goood! Why don't I's eat pizza likes dis every night?***

I's means, I's do... I's dink? Her mind was hazy. That greasy taste was clogging up her thoughts more than just her arteries.

Not that she cared for long, continuing to chew and snarf down that piece. Her body happily swelled as fat poured in like a cement mixer. Everything grew thicker, chunkier, straining her clothing all around. The bottom buttons on her blouse around her tummy struggled harder.

Not only that, she was feeling warm too. Fur was beginning to sprout in patches all around her form. Thin brown patches, but still enough to heat her up and make her sweaty.

Liliana finished her slice, barely noticing a thing. **“Sooooooo,”** her henchman asked, leaning in eagerly, **“Youse gonna come down to dah warehouse ands talk to dis guy?”** He wiggled eagerly. **“Maybe push us ‘round a ‘ittle too?”**

“WellBURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRP!” Liliana's maw was only open for a few seconds before that mighty belch bellowed out of her. She shook from top to bottom, fat jiggling.

An intense heat came from below, her legs stretching open with her crotch out. Her dress skirt tightened against her legs, pulling up past her knees to mid-thighs. It tightened more and more, shifting into a pair of rather dressy-looking black shorts.

POP! Her cheeks turned bright red as that heat exploded. In her shorts, below her new boxers that transformed out of her panties, there was a bump. A human-sized bulge appeared between her legs, stretching out the crotch a little.

Liliana took a deep breath and slowly exhaled it before looking down. She considered the look she had. The shorts weren't exactly typical for a big boss no matter how snazzy they were. Yet, despite how tight and snug they were, they were oddly comfy and gave her a hit of pride.

She... they bit gently down on their bottom lip. They liked showing off their goods and making others, especially their goons, feel inadequate. Though, they needed to keep growing down there first.

“What was dat boss?” the weasel asked, **“Youse trailed off dere.”**

Liliana looked back up at him. **“Youse betcha I’ll handle dis pigeon.”** They smirked. **“Just gotta finish gettin’ into propah shape!”**

They started grabbing slice after slice, gobbling them down one after another like a wood chipper. Their body rumbled, brown fur spreading out from those patches and all across her body. More chub began to pack in, everything feeling tighter.

After finishing three slices in row, there was a loud **SPROOOING!** A huge, thick, furry tail shot out of their bottom, just above their rear. They hunched forward, their tail getting scrunched up behind them in a big clump. They readjusted themselves, letting the tail slip freely onto the seat beside them.

Liliana looked at their hefty, fat tail and stroked its fuzzy brown fur with their greasy gloves. Like their bulge and snoot, they felt a huge swell of pride. It was a large tail fitting for such a large boss as himself.

The growing toon quivered as delightfully mean memories filled their mind. They remembered smacking their mooks around and annoying people with their tail whenever they turned real fast. Sometimes it was on purpose, sometimes it was an accident. All the time, it was really funny and made such a satisfying **SMACK** sound.

With the tail situation handled, Liliana continued eating again. Fur finished covering them from top to bottom, leaving them a fine, chocolate brown coating with a lighter brown over their chest and tummy. Completely furry, they definitely felt the heat now underneath their clothing, stretching their collar and popping the top button on it.

Phew! Gonna really start sweatin' soon! They took another slice and chomped into it. ***Gonna smell all sweaty.*** They smiled happily. ***Heh, a nice, sweaty musk ain't bad for a manly crime boss likes me! Makes me mores in charge of dese guys.***

“Manly”. They liked that word. *He* liked it a lot. That was what he was, wasn't it? He ain't some purdy dame anymore, that's for sure!

“**BBUUUURRRRRRRRRRRPPPP!**” “Liliana” let out a hefty belch that shook them from top to bottom, his form getting heftier and heftier with thick limbs and massive gut that dipped over his thighs.

Heh, yeah, totally notta dame anymore! His voice and his inner thoughts were deep and gruff. *I'm not me.* His original voice was so small, so far away, like a speck on the horizon. ***Heheh, just a big, dumb, smartish weasel boss, dat's me!*** *...that's fine...*
I'm... fine with that.

Their old self faded pleasantly away as their new self fully asserted themselves. His torso ballooned once more, breasts gone and replaced with moobs. His gut and shape were rounder and protruding more than ever, his blouse seconds from breaking.

Then, it fixed itself. It shifted in almost a blink of an eye, taking on the appearance of a three-piece suit. It looked rather sharp and fitting, only partially ruined by the fact his gut popped from underneath it. Not that he minded. It just made him look even bigger and more in charge.

The henchweasel finished a slice from his own pizza box, watching the whole scene quietly. Once the belly came out, he asked, “**Howse youse feelin', boss?**”

“**Feelin' good, ya mook!**” The toonifying former woman quivered. His neck stretched a little, gaining a more toony, weasel-esque look.

“**Soooo, all stuffed den?**”

“**Stuffed?**” The boss chortled, his head wobbling and shaking. **SPROING!** His face shot forward, pulling into a long, almost banana-shaped muzzle. His big red nose sat at the very end of it, like a star on a Christmas Tree, highlighting its elegance and charm.

“**Me, STUFFED?!**” He laughed harder, his legs spreading out further. The bulge in his crotch swelled more and more, pushing against both of his inner thighs. It soon looked like he had stuffed a whole coconut down below, his poor shorts struggling to hold it back.

“Willy Weaseler is nevah stuffed!” The big boss snorted, one of gloved hands going to his belly and scratching it, **“He's always growin' bigger ands always expandin'!”**

The two weasels chuckled together. “Willy Weaseler is always growing bigger and always expanding” was a fun motto Willy came up with himself for his crime family. It had the double meaning of him always looking to expand his operations and group as well as always getting physically larger too.

It was a wonderful motto that filled him with pride. It was one of his brightest ideas ever.

“Glad ta have yah back, Willy... err, boss man!” the henchweasel declared, **“Just in times too! We's should be gettin' to da site soon.”**

“Good,” Willy said gruffly, taking another slice and stuffed it in his elongated maw. He was curious and eager to meet this mysterious intruder. What kind of schmo would break into his place, knowing full well that it was HIS place?

Dis schmo needs ta be taught a lesson. He chuckled evilly, piling in two more pizza slices. ***Willy Weaseler ain't sum chubby toon dat youse can messed with!***

“So please, can you do it! Can you turn me into a weasel like you?”

...well, dis is unexpected. How could a crime toon boss like Willy actually expect something like this to be fair?

Willy had arrived at his warehouse a few minutes ago, finding a pencil-looking dude tied to a chair. The weasel boss strode in with a mean grin and intimidating stride, pushing out his gut and making the ground shake with each step. A cigar shifted from one side of his maw to the other, a trail of smog emanating from it like a smokestack.

He was ready. He was ready to dish out whatever punishment was needed to be given to this clown. Of course, he would first pump him for info and figure out whoever put him up to this plan. That was only a given.

And yet, Mr. Weaseler got this instead. No sooner than he showed up and introduced himself, the human was spilling his guts to him. He was sick of everything, sick of being human. He wanted to be a toon, to be part of something bigger, better, and sillier!

Willy was confused. So was his gang of goons, coming in all shapes, sizes, species, and colors. After hearing all of that from the intruder, he looked at his men and, in return, they gave him a baffled shrug.

Willy looked at his henchweasel beside him. **“So, umm, dere really any need fors me ta be here fors dis? I mean... dis doesn't seem likes youse really need me.”**

“W-w-well...” the smaller weasel anxiously said, looking nervous, **“He wasn't talkin' befores dis, ands he nevah did mention nuthin' 'bout dis either!”**

“I wanted to talk to Willy directly! Only he could help me!” the “weirdo” pleaded.

“UUUUUUUUUgggggh,” Willy grunted, rubbing his face. *Dis is a waste of time. Dese mooks coulda heard 'bout dis without me. Alls deys had ta do was apply a lil' more pressure. Not like dis guy was gonna hide much if he's... likes dis.*

“Please, Mr. Weaseler! Please help me! I don't wanna be human anymore! I want to-”

“OKAYS, OKAYS!!” Willy groaned louder than before. **“Stop beggin', ya weirdo!”** He rolled his eyes. **“Youse can be a weasel ands work for me.”** The guy looked very happy, but Willy held up a hand before he could say anything. **“Just... stop actin' like a putz!”**

The weasel boss looked at his goons and snapped his fingers. **“Give `em da stretch, boys.”** The toons nodded and hurried over to the human. They untied him and stood him up on his feet, looking like they were helping.

Then, their gloved mitts grabbed ahold of different parts of him. Slowly, they pulled, stretched, rubbed, groped, and massaged everything. Everything human was slowly molded into something toony. A weasel began to form, one very skinny and very lanky.

After all, only one weasel in this crew could be huge!

“Make sure he's nice and ready ta do sum heavy liftin' when youse done!” Willy stated, watching them pull the guy's face into a long weasel muzzle.

The big boss looked away, letting his crew handle this. He took a long drag from his cigar and soaked it in. ***Peoples are so weird dese days.*** He shook his head. ***Da threat of toonifying dem doesn't scare dem much anymore.***

He frowned. ***Maybe human life is too much gloom and doom.***

Willy discarded the thought from his mind. That was too deep and too dark for him to want to reflect on, plus a bit too complex for his brain's mental capacity too. It was best to think about other things before he gave himself a headache.

So, he thought about other, more important subjects. For one, how did that guy find out where his warehouse was anyway? He didn't put out a sign-up sheet for people to come, visit, and join his crew... anymore. Do something foolish once, shame on them. Do something foolish ten times, shame on him!

Willy nowadays tried keeping his operations and himself underground. But, if this guy found him, maybe it was time to move out and set up elsewhere? The boys could find a new place to lay low. Though, he might have to help with that given this latest incident of incompetence on their part.

Hmmm... His mind wandered more. ***What if people are onta me? Might have ta go under again as Liliana. No one outside of da crew know I'm her.***

Willy frowned, blowing out a cloud of smoke. ***Or... is she me?***

He huffed and immediately dispelled that thought too. ***Naaaah, she's just sum dame I'm disguised as. Ain't no way I'm not in charge of nuthin' 'round here! I'ms just a good actah!***

He frowned more. ***Too gud an actah.*** Maybe he was close to being found out, maybe he wasn't. The idea of returning to her and letting her be in “charge” wasn't fun. He spent too much time in that role, as her, indulging in “normal” things and being “normal”. No pizza, no smoking, no pies, no pushing people around, no nothing! Just this boring human normal stuff.

Hiding from prying eyes was good, but he needed to be out more. Willy Weaseler was a slobby, fat, crime boss of a weasel. He should be moving product, toonifying wimps into loyal minions, getting belly massages, smoking cigars day and night, pushing around his cronies...

GURRRRGLE! And he should be eating more, a lot more too! All the fatty foods, especially pizza, should be shoved into his tummy! He was a weasel of excess.

He gently rubbed his belly, feeling empty despite eating a whole, extra large pizza not that long ago. He looked around and eyed up the many pie crates around him. ***Mmmm, all dis dinkin' ands plannin' is makin' me hungry!***

Willy pridefully strutted over to one of the boxes. Time for a nice, big crate full of dessert! The weasel boss could make his next move once he was done indulging. After all, to be as powerful and in charge as he wanted, he needed to keep getting bigger and keep expanding!

THE END?