

Toon It Up: Wet Paint

By: Firingwall

“Annnnnnnnnnd done~!” Luminaria declared. The purple squirrel gal gave herself a hearty cheer and fist pump as she jumped and twirled into the air. Nothing like a job well done.

And now, time to pack it in there. She reached behind herself and grabbed her large tail. **SPLURT!** She wrung it hard, twisting it with all her might. Paint poured right out and back into the strategically placed, oversized paint bucket. Not a single drop missed the container.

“Mmmm, mhmmm, hummmmm~,” she hummed happily, her tail a-wagging as she closed up the lid. Her mood was perfect.

Why wouldn’t it be too? She looked back on her grand work with pride. The park bench was beautiful. Such a lovely black, like staring at the empty night sky. Beautiful work and a perfectly easy, well-paying job to boot. All the nuts and peanuts she could ever want! The city sure knows how to treat a squirrel right~.

She whistled happily as she pulled out a “Caution: Wet Paint” sign from behind her back. She carefully placed the sign in the middle of the bench; a soft ding heard.

There~. Now no one will get a butt full of paint! She grinned, patting herself on the back. *Onward; the next bench awaits!*

She grabbed her paint can and strutted away, heading down the path. It was hard work being such a talented painter, but those benches needed their paint jobs!

Soon, the area was empty. Faint birds and distant cars could be heard off in the distance. The bench and sign sat alone for a long time.

FWOOOSH! A strong gust of wind bellowed through suddenly, trees and leaves shaking about. The breeze struck the sign. **Fwomp!** It was blown clear into the distance, disappearing behind some bushes. The bench was left unprotected, its coat still very wet and glossy.

And as by pure unluck, a man came jogging up. His name was Terry, a guy who liked his morning runs when not many people were in the park.

He was finishing his water bottle midrun, tossing it into a bin, when he saw the bench up ahead. He slowed his pace as he approached it. *Need to cool down. Just a quick sit and back to it! Already hot out...*

He stepped up and turned around, slowly lowering himself on the black bench. A **SPLUURCK** greeted him when he did so. Soon following that was a cold, wet sensation that sent shivers right up his very spine and into his soul.

Oh crap! Terry immediately jumped to his feet and looked back. *Frick, how'd I miss that!?* It was so clear from the sheen and thickness of the bench it was just painted.

He knew the answer but reached behind himself anyways. Touching his rear and... yep! There was black paint all over his nice, red gym shorts. He had just washed them too!

Obscenities escaped his mouth, followed by a lot of mumbling. Something to do with trying to have a decent day for once, but it being off to a crappy start now. His mood was completely shot now. Things had gone completely south for him in his mind.

Looking at the paint on his fingers from the spot he touched, he sighed. At this point, what did it matter? He wiped them off on his shorts, cleaning the black paint off.

Though, that didn't clean the other paint off. Underneath that first layer, there was a layer of snow-white paint upon his fingers. Snow-white paint that seemed thicker on his skin and pudgier, like they were big globs.

Even with that, the situation with black paint was far from over. The paint splattered upon his rear and seemed to be growing. It was spreading over the entirety of his rear and shorts in the back quickly. Such a questionable, nerve-wracking sight!

If Terry had noticed that is. At that moment, he was far more occupied with getting back to his jog. He stretched his legs and arms, turning in the direction towards where he parked. He could at least get some running in before he reached his vehicle.

He took off, putting the thoughts of paint and ruined shorts out of his mind. However, the paint continued having its way and even more so. The paint was moving beyond his rear, spreading over his hips and around to his front. The shorts felt tighter and tighter on him as the gunk seeped through.

Then, as soon as it had fully encompassed the entirety of his bum, hips, and crotch, everything began to swell. The paint ballooned, becoming a large, round blob. It swallowed much in its expansion, even taking in some of his thighs.

His pace broke briefly, Terry nearly tripping and falling forward. He grumbled and muttered, trying to move his legs. It was like wading through hip-deep sludge. “Dammit, now I’m... I’m feeling tired. Just... need to keep moving...”

He attempted to trudge forward again. He moved one leg at a time, black paint oozing and circling around his legs. Spiraling, spiraling, spiraling all the way to where his shoes laid. The paint stuck hard to him, showing off the musculature and shape of his lower limbs.

But then, the paint shrunk inward. Shape, definition, clothing outline, anything, and everything became more featureless and empty. They simply shrunk down to noodley, thin legs.

Then they shrunk even more. Inches to about a full foot were quickly taken off the man in seconds. From nearly six feet tall, he was swiftly within the four feet range in no time.

Yet, despite the loss in altitude, his speed and pace seemed to be picking up. His legs were moving... and bending and stretchy in silly ways, but certainly were moving. That had brought a smile to his face, his mood starting to cheer up.

The paint finally spread to his sneakers, pouring in and around them. **Splurt, splurt, splurt.** Paint smacked against the paved pathway, black brightening to white with each step. The shoes themselves elongated nearly an extra foot, the caps widening as the laces vanished. They looked quite like slip-on toon shoes.

New shoes, legs, and hips, yet, Terry still saw nothing. He noticed his pace improving, his speed picking up. His groove was back, his smile growing bigger. He missed the way his stride got goofier by the second, exaggerated with bendy legs, but as long as he was moving quickly, he was good.

Though, moving quicker, he started feeling that heat again. The sun was higher in the sky now. Noon was fast approaching, along with the intense temperature that was sure to follow. He could already feel that sweat building.

He reached a hand up to brush his forehead, the hand that had white paint on it. He ran it across his skin, brushing away the beads of sweat that had formed. As they did though, the paint spread further down his digits.

Once the paint reached his palm, it moved on its own. It quickly swallowed the rest of his hand and its digits. It bubbled as well, swelling and swelling around his mitt. Ring and pinkie were combined together as the paint formed a big, pudgy, four-fingered glove.

But that wasn't all. The white paint left on his forehead curiously switched back to black. The gunk coated his full forehead before spreading over the top of his head. It soaked through his hair, sinking it into the goo and making his head a smooth, shiny dome.

While this was all happening, the paint below continued its climb upwards. It spread up from his hips and towards his navel. Crawling over his belly button and his waist, the paint bubbled again. His waist grew wider, the whole area rounding and making for a pear shape.

Bigger or not, his pacing continued to increase. His smile grew wider as he ran. **POP!** From where his null bottom should be, a thin, toony dog tail popped out. It wagged, excited by his brisk speed.

Paint over his belly expanded the area further, combining with his pear shape and packing on the extra pounds. The extra girth did slow him down momentarily. However, he got back into his groove again.

Phew! Been too long since I ran~. Gotta work off this belly! He grinned, his mind emptying momentarily before coming back. *Or do I? Heheheh, weight is fun and so is running.*

Yeah, yeah! Running is fun! He began to pant. Paint was dripping down from where his hair once was and along the sides of his face. It flowed over his ears, swallowing them up. **Pop-pop!** The top sides of his head bubbled and popped, two large, floppy, black ears appearing and slapping against the sides of his face.

His panting deepened, his tongue slightly visible. Then his jaws opened more and **PLOP!** His tongue shot out, turning from pink to gray in a blink of an eye. It was long, floppy, and wide at the end, hanging out like a dog's.

More and more the paint spread as he ran, more of him vanishing beneath its coating. Paint spread up from his gloved hand to his shoulder, the limb looking thinner and noodle-like. It quickly ran across both of his shoulders and to the other arm, thinning it up and giving him a matching glove.

Oozing up and dripping down, the black at long last engulfed his torso. Clothing and detail vanished from sight, the form smoothing over. It was completely, utterly featureless outside of its glossy paint shimmer. Then, another layer of paint appeared on top of it. Gray in tone like his tongue, it formed a t-shirt leaving him no longer so nude. In the center of it, the phrase, "Good Boy, Good Runner~" appeared.

At long last, with no spot else left to cover, the rest of the paint engulfed his head. Paint flowed over his eyebrows and eyes, cloaking his jaws and cheeks. His tongue shot back in as his mouth closed up. Outside of the ears, nothing was seen.

Terry skid to a stop and stood in the middle of the walking path. He made no movement or noise, only the sound of the world going around him. He was almost like a statue.

That is, until **WOOMP!** The area where his mouth was shook and shot forward. Out popped a light gray muzzle, long and wobbly with a big pudgy end. At the tip of that end, a big, black, orbish snoot laid. The muzzle wiggled and opened, the same tongue as before falling out as the man panted.

Pling-pling. The spot where the eyes were moved and blinked. His old eyes were visible for half a second, gone on the second blink. In their place, old-fashioned pie eyes.

“Wowzers!” The toon dog barked, his voice utterly silly and charming, “Dat was some good runnin’, right ‘ere!” He stretched his back and arms, the sound of an accordion playing as he bent nearly in half doing so.

Boooooing! He snapped back into position, wobbling a bit and tail wagging. “Nuthin’ beats a good ol’ run in da morning before some kibble and water!” His tail wagged harder. “Mmmm, speakin’ of which...~”

GUUUUURGLE! *Heheh, sometummy’s hungry~!* He rubbed his growling, vibrating stomach. Maybe he needed to have a little kibble before he left for his run.

But that was a thing to think about later. Right now, time to scamper back home to his favorite bowl and lap up some good food and water. He started up his jog again, his pace and stride goofier and bouncier than ever before. Yet, his speed remained.

On the way down the path, his eyes fell upon a fun sight. A purple squirrel was painting a bench. His tail went stiff. He stretched an arm around and smacked it, getting it back to wagging. He was a good boy! He didn’t chase squirrel gals around like some no-good mutt... without asking first~.

Strolling on by, Terry Yippers waved. “Heeeeeey toots~. You’re soooooo cute I could chase you all day long~.”

Luminaria looked up from her work and giggled. “Awwww, such a sweetheart! Sorry! This toots here has important paintin’ ta do!”

Terry nodded. Of course! Can't interrupt someone hard at work doing what they love. "Youse got it! You have a bea-U-T-ful day, darlin'!" He waved once more and skipped off on his merry way. His doggie dish awaited!

Luminaria sighed happily, turning back to her painting. "Awwww, retro toons are sooo adorable and silly! I wish I could meet more of them sometime!"

THE END