

# ***Toon It Up: Giggling for the Crowd***

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Commissioned for for Redfearnmatt

*It's over... thank God!* Mason Jones slowly rubbed his face as he trudged his way across the parking lot to his car. Every part of his body felt done. Sore, tired, exhausted, any other similar word, he felt it.

It has been the case for a long time now. He worked at a large hardware store, not unlike Home Depot or the like. His job was restocking, but it was more than that. It involved early morning hours, coming in to unload the boxes and crates that arrived for new products, putting those away, opening them up, and then putting that new stock up on the shelves or in their proper spots before customers arrived hopefully.

Day in and day out, that is what Mason did. He'd arrive around 5 AM and leave, if he was lucky and his boss was in a good mood, an hour or so after opening. Day in and day out for always it seemed.

Today felt worse than usual, but that was the culmination of several months of stress and frustration. The job was tough and needed him to be very active, naturally. Things just had been spiraling though lately. He couldn't put his finger on why, but every day he left recently, he was feeling more and more drained.

He yawned, stretching his arms before hunching forward again in his walk. *I can't keep doing this forever.* He paused for a moment between two parked cars. *Ma-maybe I should just move on?*

He shook his head. *No. Not right now.* Another idea popped into his mind. *M-m-maybe move to a different department?*

That idea was dashed just almost as fast as a cold shiver went up his spine. His mind drifted to what that would entail. It required dealing with customers, interacting with all sorts of different people with different moods and attitudes. It... was uncomfortable.

*I-I-I can't.* Mason fidgeted. It was difficult enough talking with customers for the limited amount of time he had to already. Having to deal with them all day long?

He could only groan, continuing his walk. He was in a rut, an endless, depressing rut. The man wanted to leave his job, find something that would be better for him mentally and physically. Where though and with his level of skill and experience? It felt like he would run into the exact same problems as his current job if he went anywhere else.

The thought was severely depressing him further. *Just gonna go home... and sleep. He took a breath and nodded. Yeah, just go home and-* “Huh?”

At the far end of the lot where all the employees were forced to park, he found his car. Stuck under one of its windshield wipers was a flier. He glanced at the other vehicles nearby, seeing that a few of them got hit as well.

*It is that time of season.* He sighed, walking up and pulling the paper out from underneath the wiper. *Who wants my vote now?*

Flipping the flier over, it was far from what he expected. He was struck by bright colors and goofy, old-timey imagery. **Come one, come all! The Flying Goofball Circus has arrived!**

Mason blinked. *A circus?* When was the last time he had ever heard about a traveling circus these days? It seemed like a product of a bygone, more iffy era than something modern and current. Yet, he held that paper in his hands that proclaimed the arrival of one into town.

The flier listed several different things to see, including events, games, attractions, and a grand show unlike anything ever witnessed. The colors and imagery were gaudy as could be, just an eyesore. There were cartoonish animals all over the ad as well, looking cute and silly.

Mason stared at the paper for a while. It was ridiculous-looking, but yet, his heart began to rise the longer he looked and the longer he thought about it. *That could be fun.*

His eyes reached the bottom. *It's today!*

His heart raced more. He gently bit his bottom lip. He still felt very sore, incredibly so. However, perhaps he needed this? Maybe it was a sign. He wasn't a fan of crowds or being around many people, but this could be just what he needed: a fun pick-me-up.

Mason took a deep breath and released it. *I'll go.* He winced. *Later. Take a nap and go later.* He started to smile for the first time that day. This could be what I need.

“Dank ya, dank ya!” the goofy voice of the performer cried out, “Watch as I stuff my head into dat mouth and emerge unharmed! It's all ‘bout dat trainin’!”

The crowd cheered and howled. There was so much clapping it felt like the world was shaking. The excitement in the air was overwhelming.

And there sat Mason, in the stands, surrounded by all. He felt very, very, very small. To say he was uncomfortable was putting it mildly. It felt to him like he was being swallowed by an endless sea, seconds away from drowning.

He tried not to think about that for a second. If he did, he would crack. Instead, he focused his mind on other things.

For one, Mason didn't think circuses were still popular even if they still were running. He expected to show up and find not many people checking it out. However, there was quite the crowd when he arrived and even a bigger one for the big top show. Maybe he should've passed on the latter, but what was done was done.

Second and most obvious, the entire circus was run by toons. From the vendors to the clowns walking around to the showmen and women alike, all were toons. They came in all shapes, sizes, genders, and species, all with a larger-than-life aura. The cartoony mascots and animals on the flier weren't lying at all.

Thinking about that, his mind was drawn to another thought. *Always thought people didn't really like toons.* Maybe he was wrong about a lot of things, especially a circus of toons being a big draw.

“TA-DA!” Mason snapped to attention as the voice from the center ring cried out. The bright yellow mouse toon performing had just pulled his head out a feral, cartoon lion's maw. He grinned and flashed a thumbs up. “And dat's how it's done!”

He blushed. *I missed the whole thing.* Sure, he wasn't that interested in animal performances like this, but he still felt like he was missing out. His attempt to distract himself from the crowd had made him miss the show here.

The mouse and even the lion bowed to the audience several times before walking out of sight, everyone clapping. “Give Tiny Squeaks and Brucehearted a big hand!” A new voice declared, the crowd applauding louder.

A large, black top hat rolled out into the center of the ring before sitting on its top. It began to wiggle and shake before... **POP!** A bright pink bunny with long, wavy, curly red hair jumped out of the hat, scooping it up and placing it on her head. The ringmaster had returned.

“Thank you, thank you!” Bunba the Floof declared, waving to everyone. Like the mouse, her smooth, cute voice was loud and clear, easily heard over the roar of the crowd from down in

the ring. She spun around, blowing kisses and bouncing for the crowd. “You have all been a lovely audience!”

Mason blushed even harder looking at her. The pink bunny was incredibly curvaceous and flaunty. Her very large breasts bounced and jiggled like Jell-O with every little movement she made. Her butt flashed a few times during her spins, the skirt flapping up.

“Now den, let's get to the super duper fun stuff, friends!” Bunba declared. “It's time for audience participation! I'll need a sweet, little volunteer!”

All at once, a sea of hands shot up in the air. They squirmed and wagged, desperately seeking the attention of the fine bunny gal. A lot had shot up around Mason, the poor guy having to dodge when the two guys beside him eagerly wanted in as well.

“Oh ho ho!” Bunba haughtily laughed like a rich girl in some anime. She waved her hand at them. “I appreciate the love and interest, my dears, but today, for this thing, I'll need the gloomiest, saddest person here to volunteer!”

She pulled up on her lips, stretching them into a smile. “I wanna help them turn that frown upside down and fill them with giggly cheer!”

For a moment, Mason felt as if he was called out. His mind wandered. His down life, hard job, terrible social anxiety, nerves, and more? Perhaps he was that person she wanted?

But just as soon as he thought of it, he shook his head. *No*, he thought dismissively, *I can't be it. People are having it worse. There's no way I'm that. I'm just being selfish.*

Plus, would he even want to be chosen? All of that attention by the crowd and being next to Bunba would be a lot. He wouldn't be able to stomach it.

*She's probably just picking someone at random anyways.* The lights began to dim, a spotlight shining down on the ringmaster. *It doesn't matter.*

“And now, let's pick our next contestant on the Price is...” She cleared her throat. “Ahem, pick our special somebody!” She giggled softly, clearly amused by her own little joke.

The spotlight began moving away, sliding out of the center ring and over to the stands. It slid across the audience, who cheered and waved as it passed over them. The light grew narrower and narrower, moving faster and zipping all across the crowd. It kept going and going...

Until it stopped.

Until it stopped right on Mason.

Mason was as still as a statue. His mind kept slowing whenever the light grew near, but now? It felt like it stopped working once it was on him. It only started up again once he heard...

“And there we have it!” Bunba declared, a new spotlight appearing on her. Even with her so far away, he could see her eyes intensely looking at him. She waved excitedly. “Handsome friend, come on down!”

Mason didn't say anything or even move. Bunba giggled, bending down a little and slapping her knees, whistling to him as if he was a dog. It didn't do anything. He was still frozen over in shock from being picked.

Adding to that was the audience. All attention was on him, people looking, staring at him, cheering away. It felt like it was everyone, no... more. So many eyes all trained on him at once. The staring, even if they were happy and cheerful, was utterly nerve-wracking.

He remained glued to this spot, his entire body stiff and unsure what to do.

After some time, Bunba giggled again. “Awwww, ain't you just shy? I say we help him out!” She held out one of her thick gloved hands and snapped her fingers. There was a mighty **CRACK** that emanated throughout the entire tent, echoing as if it was a cavern.

Then, Mason felt something wrap around his waist. Looking down, he saw large, dense, green arms with thick, dark green paws “hugging” him. He was hoisted off the ground with one big lift, finally getting something out of him, a loud gasp.

He looked over his shoulder. The arms belonged to a neon green raccoon man. The toon gave him a playful wink before casually carrying him down the stands. The human looked for help, but the audience merely applauded, laughed, or cheered. He tried to move any part of his body, but outside of his head, his entire being remained stiff.

It only unstiffened the moment he was let go and that was when he was right in front of Bunba herself. His legs snapped down, letting him at least stand and not fall on his butt like a chump.

The bunny grinned at him and looked at the raccoon. “Thank you, Ken! You're such a helpful sweetheart!”

Ken blushed and chuckled. He looked to the crowd and did two bows to both sides of it before walking off, disappearing beneath the stands.

“Let's give our lucky friend a biiiiiggggg hand!” The crowd clapped some more as she waved to them. Mason said nothing, stuck to his new spot now. Now that he was up close to that bunny and her enormous globes, which looked even bigger next to her, his embarrassment overwhelming and suffocating.

“Soooo!” Bunba slipped over to Mason, putting her face very up close to his. He flinched. “Mind telling everyone your name?”

He shook anxiously. He tried looking down not to stare her face to face, but quickly diverted his eyes off to the side when he realized he was gazing into her deep cleavage. He gulped, lips jittering. Slowly, he managed out, “Ma-May-Mason...”

Despite how quiet he was, his voice came out loud and clear for the entire tent, much like the other performers' voices had. It must've been a trick of the toons, he supposed.

“Mason!” the rabbit toon declared, give him a small clap. “Pleasure to meet you! So, how are you today, hun?”

“I... I... I...” Mason tried to answer, but the words wouldn't come easily. “I... I'm j-j-just ner-nervous.” Everything was slowly eating away at him.

Bunba didn't seem to mind, nodding. “I understand. I can tell by looking at you there's a lot more going on.” She patted him gently, reassuringly on the shoulder, causing him to twitch. “Don't worry! It's nothing to be ashamed of. We all have our own issues that need help with.”

The pink toon turned back to the audience. “In this case, I'll be the one to help him! I think it's time for my special enhappifying performance! He'll feel so much better!”

The crowd cheered, and Mason felt even smaller than before. If she wanted to help him, she wasn't doing a good job so far.

She leaned back in close, her muzzle going up to his ear and whispered into it. “Just keep your eyes on me, hun. Everything is gonna be alright!”

The human slowly looked back up at her, trying his best not to stare at her big, bouncy bosom as he did. “I... I don't know about this.” His words were quiet, only for them alone to hear them. “M-maybe you should've picked someone else. I-”

A glove finger pressed against his lips. “Don't worry, hun!” Bunba smiled. “Trust me.”

“And now, watch this!” Her voice boomed excitedly. She held out her other gloved mitt, wiggling her fingers for dramatic effect. She took a long, deep, huge breath, her cheeks cartoonishly bulging to the size of bowling balls. Mason stepped back.

Bunba shoved her gloved thumb into her maw and blew. Her cheeks deflated back to normal, her hand inflating in return. It ballooned until it was as large as her head!

Taking her thumb out and holding her huge hand to the crowd, she waved and declared, “And now, folks, behold! This is the happy, magical power of Booping!”

The rabbit reached over and pressed her puffy thumb against his nose. **BOOOOP!**

**PFFFFFFFFFFFFFF!** Her glove instantly deflated, shrinking back down to its proper level of puffiness. His nose wobbled and almost instantly inflated in response. It puffed up into a round, inky black snoot fit for a canine.

The entire act was only moments long, but it felt so much longer. The sensation of it left him quivering and his mind swirling. Warm, pleasant, happy thoughts and feelings invaded every part of his body as “air” flooded in. It was so much, positively dizzying!

Bunba pulled her hand away and stepped back. “Soooo, how are you feeling now?”

The young man shook his head, a loud, cartoony rattle emanating from it. He never noticed it. “Ahhh... I feel... I feel...”

That's when he noticed something strange. His eyes were on Bunba and not just her face, but all of her. He felt... nothing wrong. His eyes wandered to the ever-watching crowd, all eyes glued to him. He could feel their stares, but yet, it didn't hit him. He felt...

“I feel... I feel pretty good!” He said it but almost didn't believe it. All of his anxiety, concern, and worries were absent. It was a miracle.

It made him feel even giddier. His ears seemed to wiggle with joy. Or, it was because they were growing, inflating to being about half the size of his head. They curved and lengthened into some kind of animal's, brown fur growing out inside while pink sprouted within.

“You hear that folks?” Bunba giggled, applauding happily, “He's feeling better already!”

The crowd cheered. That brought some embarrassment to him but not much. It just made him a tad bashful, awkwardly scratching the back of his head. He didn't even need to look away or at the ground.

“And soon, he'll be looking even better!”

“What?” **FWOOMP-FWOOMP!** Before he could even fully comprehend what she just said, those cartoonish noises went off. The hand scratching behind his head felt heavier.

He pulled it around and gasped. His mitt was thick and puffy! Brown fur was covering it from top to bottom, outside of its underside where bright pink pads laid. His digits were down to four each, just like the gal beside him.

“N-n-n-n-no!” He stuttered and gasped. His eyes went to his other hand, discovering the same thing had happened to it as well.

Just as he turned to Bunba, there were loud **BFOOOOFS!** His shoes and socks exploded off his feet like confetti. Two long, equally brown and furry as his hands, paws were there. They were longer, wider at the toes, and had four very puffy digits with pads.

Mason audibly gulped. “Bunba, what's g-g-going on?!”

The bunny merely giggled. “It's all part of the act! Just enjoy it, silly billy!”

His arms suddenly thinned, looking a little noodly. Fur was spreading from his paws onto them, but in a lighter brown coating instead. There were still some dark brown, but only as spots that dotted his limbs.

He looked at his arms, jaw slightly agape. He wanted to say something more, say something in response to all of this craziness, to the loss of his shoes, and especially to his new fur coat coming in.

Yet, he simply couldn't. The longer he looked, the more something shifted within him. There was something... nice in that fluffy, luscious fur of his. Something that gave him a weird sense of pride and joy looking at it. Something that made him happy.

Something that made him feel giggly. So giggly that one giggle just happened to escape his throat. A giggle that was higher in pitch and had a sense of breeziness to it.

It was all weird to him... and rather itchy. Fur was getting under his shirt now and also into his shorts, having come up from his feet paws. He started scratching there, shifting in place.

Bunba merely smiled, repeating herself. "Again, just enjoy it all!"

"I... I think..." He coughed. "It's... It's hard..." He coughed again, his pitch raising. "It's hard to *enjoy it when I feel sooo itchy though!*"

"Oh, that'll pass, silly! Just enjoy the wider feeling you're getting!"

"*Wider* feel-" **WOOOOMP!** At once, his hips shot out wide. They grew ever round and curvy, shapely like Bunba's. His thighs thickened to match, gently pressing against one another. His shorts struggled to contain his enhancement, tightly hugging his form.

Mason gulped and hesitantly looked down. His cheeks reddened at the sight, his jaw slowly opening. "Well, there's definitely something *wider about this, that's for sure, hehehehehe!*"

The words flowed out of his mouth so naturally, like they were simply the right thing to say... and because it was funny to him! He certainly felt that wideness now and it's not-

**BUHMP!** His butt ballooned, inflating into a large, full, firm, wide butt that would make that bunny proud. The button on his shorts popped open to allow more room, part of his fuzz-ified butt showing out the top in the back.

Mason felt that growth a lot, cheeks reddening further. He looked over his shoulder, just barely able to see his enhanced derriere. Without thinking, his hand went to it and squeezed.

He shivered. *That... feels nice*

"*Hehehe, wider feeling is right!*" The words came fast, followed by a giggle as well. He knew it wasn't right, none of this was. Yet, the sensation of it was so pleasant, and giddiness was setting in. Maybe this wasn't so-

"So wide!" **SLAP!** Bunba suddenly slapped him right on the rear. His butt bounced, sending shivers right against his entire body. The bump in his pants vanished almost instantly. "Look at the dump truck you got, girl!"

“Eeeeeeeek!” Mason squeaked, his voice rising to such a high pitch, girly peak that it seemed impossible for him to achieve.

Then less than a second after, Mason just giggled and giggled, wiggling his hips from side to side. *Ooooooooooh, that felt so fun!*

Everything felt so much better, so much fun! That enhappifying boop definitely worked! It made him want to wiggle his hips more. Wiggle them so much that a short but puffy brown-layered tail would pop right out above his rear and wag away.

Mason looked at Bunba sheepishly. “Danks! It is a biiiggg bottom, ain’t it?” He gave it a big slap himself with both of his hands. Cartoonish **SMACKS** followed, white gloves instantaneously appearing on his paws.

“You’re definitely looking better, I say!” Bunba leaned in. “But, how are you feeling? Feeling better about being picked now?”

“Oh yes, yes, yes!” Mason declared, eyes sparkling bright blue with joy. “I feel stupendous, Bunba!” He bounced for joy, his shirt lifting slightly and revealing his thinner waistline. “Super stupendous!”

He landed. **BLOOOOF!** His chest thrust forward. Hefty C-cups extended from his barren land, stretching and conforming his shirt around the rather perfectly spherical orbs.

“Ooooo/Ooooo!” Mason and Bunba gasped at the same time, though Mason was the only one to giggle... and giggle.

The young man(?) couldn’t help himself. It felt so perfectly natural, right even to giggle and maybe laugh too! Everything was so floaty and happy on the inside, all of those concerns and embarrassment having drifted off somewhere far away.

Bunba had cured him of everything it felt like and, perhaps, maybe even a little more than he realized on top of that.

“Well!” Bunba declared, looking up and clasping her mitts together. “You’re looking great and feeling even better...” Her eyes widened, a certain sparkle twinkling in them. “But you know, more booping is always good.”

Mason's eyes positively sparkled right back. *"More booping? Yes please, pretty please, hehehe!"*

"Sounds like she wants it!" Bunba called out, turning to the audience. Mason's tail wagged. She? Yeah... "she" sounded nice!

"What do you think, audience? Increase her boopage dosage?" She didn't even finish that sentence before the crowd roared, a tidal wave of applause following. Mason loved it. Everyone wanted her to have more booping too!

"Alright, serious BOOP time!" Bunba took a gigantic breath, her cheeks puffing out even more than when she first did it. She blew into her glove, which inflated into the size of a beach ball, her digits looking so puny on the bloated palm.

The bunny grinned and turned to Mason, who had eagerly leaned her face in. "BOOOOP!" **BOOOOP!** The tip of the fat thumb pressed into the former human's nose.

**WOOOOOOMP!** Mason's eyes rolled back and shut tightly as her entire body quaked. An overwhelming amount of pleasure and joy came rushing into her all at once, spreading out from her nose.

Her face burst forward in one mighty shove. Her nose inflated just a smidgen more, extending further out as everything stretched. A dark brown, furry muzzle came forth, only a few inches long but cute and appealing. Sharp, triangular teeth gleamed in her mouth when she smiled brightly.

Wherever there wasn't fur before on her skin, it blossomed now in a single wave. She felt warm, pleasantly toasty all over. That itchy sensation was long gone, like she had grown accustomed to this experience already.

Her hair began standing on end, wafting and looking like it was being blown back by a strong gust. However, her locks were really shrinking and retracting back into her head everywhere but between her pointy ears. The hair that remained grew longer and puffier, pulling into a sharp, pointy mohawk.

Lastly, her breasts jiggled. **Pssssssst.** Like someone had plugged an air hose into them, they grew significantly more. Her top lifted as they expanded, showing her flat, toned navel. Its collar shrank down as well, allowing some tasteful cleavage to be displayed.

Then like that, this large rush abruptly ended. Her breasts finally stopped after reaching a mighty, godly set of E-cups that put almost all women (except for Bunba) to shame in the room. They wobbled like an inflatable castle, free from any confines or support to hold them steady while remaining perfectly round and raised.

“Ta-da!” Bunba declared to the crowd. “Have a lookie!”

Mason slowly opened her eyes, revealing the whites of them were now a bright yellow, making her baby blue irises pop even more. She blinked once and then twice.

And she giggled and giggled and giggled even more. She couldn't help it! Her head felt so airy and sweet. Booping cured all the blues in her.

“Now I'm pleased to introduce to you all...” Bunba placed a hand on the former human's shoulder, “The one, the only, lovely, goofy Star Madison the Hyena!”

Star blinked again and then again as the audience roared. *Star Madison?* She slapped her fluffy cheeks and shook her head, her mohawk and ears flopping about. There was a bit of clarity after hearing those words and not just giddiness alone.

She looked down and got a face full of light brown, furry cleavage. *Whoooooa...* Her paws went up to them and placed themselves around her globes, gently squeezing them. Her tail wagged. *Big!*

Her mitts slid down to her waist and then onto her hips, a smile subtly forming over time into a huge grin. The giddiness came flooding back. She loved this. She loved it all!

Star had become a beautiful, giggly yena girl! Everything about her screamed happy, joyful, eager, and energized. All of that tiredness, aches, and nerves from before? Not a thing anymore!

That bit of clarity right now helped her. She could now appreciate everything that had been booped to it!

“Sooooooooo!” Bunba placed her paw on Star's shoulder one last time, the hyena's tail wagging excitedly. “I'll ask you the same question from before, even though I think we all know the obvious answer: How are you now?”

*“Wonderful, heeheehehehe!”* Star giggled, placing her paws against her cheeks and rubbing them. She swayed her hips back and forth, letting her booty bounce. *“I don't feel shy, sad, glum, tied or whatever anymore! I'm, like, soooooo happy, hehehe!”*

The yena turned to the audience and waved to them... and then jumped up and down, waving harder. Her melons bounced cartoonishly with her hopping. *“Hiya everybody, hehehe! Star is feeling sooo much better now! Thank you all for the yummy support!”*

“Star! Star! Star! Star! Star!” The audience eagerly cheered. “We love you!” “You rock, girl!” “You're the best!” “Wag dat tail!” “Giggle and laugh more, please!” Star definitely did just that, her heart soaring.

“You are indeed the best yena we've ever made or had!” Bunba added, taking Star's hand and shaking. “Thank you for being such a good sport and good giggly pupper!”

*“No no! Thank **you** for making me the best I can be, hehehehe!”*

“Of course! Now, you can return to your seat! There's still plenty of show left, and we need to make room for our other “Stars”, if you get my meaning.”

The new toon happily nodded and turned to where her seat was. She started merrily strutting her way back, giggling and swaying her hips the whole way.

People she passed by as she got onto the stands congratulated her or stared in awe silence. It didn't matter who, she winked or blew kisses to them all. She loved her adoring fans and wanted to show them a little love right back for everything.

Eventually, she reached her original spot and sat down with a big **BOOF!** The two guys beside her scooted over to make sure she had room. They looked at her nervously, cheeks bright red and faces showing some shy anxiousness.

Star looked at the two guys and giggled. *“Aww, ain't they cute! I hadn't noticed before! Ooooo, I just wanna eat them up!”*

The yena girl's arms snapped out, sliding around their waists and pulling them in close. Their faces turned beet red. *“Come on, boys! Don't leave a girl sitting all alone, heeheehee! Enjoy the show with me!”*

They nodded and did so, trying not to make eye contact or stare at her chest... much.  
*Awww, they're so precious.*

So, the now new trio sat together, silently enjoying the rest of the big top. Star watched happily, no longer thinking about the crowd around her and just feeling so much better. All it was good for once.

Though, her mind did wander elsewhere at some point. *Hmmm, work is gonna be tricky! I wonder how I explain this cute new look and attitude, hehe?*

Toonification wasn't exactly an unheard of thing nor was it something businesses hadn't dealt with before. She knew of a case a while back about a lady transforming into a big, buff wolf while doing her maid job at a hotel. They ultimately accommodated him.

With her thought on work, memories of it came back, especially from that morning. All the roughness and difficulty of it, the unending storm of pressure, and more... she could still feel it as if it had just happened. Her ears and tail lowered.

*I... I can't do that. I can't return to handling stock anymore!*

Her ears and tail perked back up as she nodded to herself. *It's time for a change! This yena isn't gonna settle for backroom, stocking labor anymore, hehehe!*

And the way to do that? It was to work the front end, as it was called. The store always needed more cashiers, regular and head. Maybe she could do that? Interacting with people sounded like a lot more fun, at least for now.

Star grinned her sharp, toothy grin, a few snickers leaving. That was what she would do. Until she found someplace better where she could be seen even more, she would see if she could transfer departments. After all, she was a hyena that deserved to be out in the open, no longer afraid, and to be loved by all.

**THE END**