

Toon It Up: Toon Sugar on Your Wedding Cake

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Commission done for ChinchillaChris67

“I’m saying,” Philip declared, smacking a feathery hand on the counter while pointing the other at the large dessert a few feet away, “My sweetiekins deserves only the best, so we need that parrot detail across each layer of cake!”

“And I’m saying that’ll cost extra!” Patty huffed, folding her chubby pink arms, “That design you provided is far more complicated than you think it is to replicate in frosting!”

Charlotte looked between the two toons as they went back and forth, arguing and going over the finer points of cake making. She wished she could interrupt, but when Philip got into this mood, it was best to let it run its course. He was a stubborn bird at times.

The redhead sighed, leaning back against a counter a bit away. This was certainly a way to spend a morning, no doubt.

She was at a toon bakery with her soon-to-be-hubby, Philip McSquawk, usually the most delightful of all red toon macaws around. The two had been dating the past few years, having met online at first during the lockdown. They had really hit it off, Charlotte never suspecting she’d have so many things in common with a macaw, let alone a toon.

Now, they were tying the big knot. The wedding was only a few days away now, and yet, there were still a few details being worked out. This was one of them, and it seemed to be giving one of the couple more of a headache than the other.

The two had come to the specialized toon bakery that was making their triple-decker wedding. It looked amazing, except for a lack of most of its icing. Philip was now arguing with the baker & owner, Pudgy Patty Bear, about that and the designs he had previously given her.

Charlotte watched the scene unfold for the longest time. It did amuse her to no end that when it came to this wedding, Philip was more of the Bridezilla than she was when it came to perfection. Shouldn’t she be the one breathing fire and causing mass havoc?

Personally, she was satisfied with how things were. Looking at the cake, she liked it enough. Sure, it still needed the complete frosting touch, but all those bells and whistles? She didn’t need them. It was going to look great without them and be incredibly tasty no doubt.

Thinking about that and looking at that cake, she already felt hungry.

“Okay, okay, I can do it!” Patty sighed, rolling her eyes. “I’ll get to adding your “special” designs to the best of my ability after I finish the frosting.”

“Thank you!” Philip looked over at Charlotte, giving her a feathery thumbs up and flashing her a dashing white smile. Always a bit strange to see a bird with teeth under their beak, but it was a toon thing and only came up when they wanted to smile like that.

“Just trying to save you a little money,” Patty mumbled. She pulled out a sheet of paper from behind her back, handing it to the bird. “Here, an estimate on what it’ll cost, including what you already paid for.”

Philip took it, gave it one look, and that cheery smile of his dropped like a boulder off a cliff. There was even an audible crashing sound as his hopes and smug satisfaction dropped to nothing before all their eyes.

“Hmph.” He frowned, brow furrowing. “That’s what I get for saying cost was no object.” He looked at Pudgy. “Mind if we discuss this more in your office?”

“Not at all, moneybags!” The pink bear grinned, a look of satisfaction now in her eyes.

The macaw then looked at Charlotte. “Looks like this’ll take some more time. Did you want to come with us?”

“Oh, I can stay here. You do what you need to do.” Charlotte leaned further back into the counter casually.

“Okay,” Philip quietly said. “Don’t worry, babe! Soon as we’re done here, we’ll go get some lunch and try to forget about this unfortunate mess.” Patty rolled her eyes, but said nothing, leading the macaw through a door to wherever they were going to have their discussion.

Charlotte was left alone in the kitchen. *He promised lunch over an hour ago.* She sighed, rubbing her face. *Why does he have to get so worked up? I’m so hungry.* Her stomach agreed, letting out a low grumble.

Is there anything to eat in here? She glanced around the bakery. Despite the location, there was nothing in sight that was made or being prepared.

Well, except for her wedding cake. She looked at it long, her stomach grumbling louder. Her hunger grew strong, her lips moistening in anticipation. She felt an ache in her tooth, the sign of her sweet tooth crying out to be satisfied.

It was all striking at once. Her hunger felt as if it was becoming insatiable.

Charlotte gulped gently. *It... it wouldn't hurt, right?* Her body stood up right and moved on its own, slowly stepping toward the island counter that held the cake. *It is mine, right?*

Stepping before, she looked around quickly. No one was there obviously, but she wanted to reassure her paranoid mind. Once clear, she reached for that cake.

No. Charlotte pulled her hand back. *Smaller.*

She looked where the icing had been done. Up close to it now, it seemed to somehow have even less icing on it. It was like only a twentieth of it had been covered. It wouldn't hurt to have a little bit of it at this point.

Charlotte drew a finger to that small bit of frosting and slid her digit through it. *Patty's still working on it. She'll just touch this up later. It's not a problem.*

She poked her finger into her mouth and sucked off that sugary coating. She shivered, her taste buds tingling with delight. It was really good!

But, was it good enough? It felt like it was missing something from it, an extra pinch of something that would make its sweetness all the better.

Charlotte looked around again, her heart beating fast. Her eyes fell upon something at the far corner of the kitchen, a jar. Its label read, "Extra Toony Sugar".

Bingo! She hurried over, took a tablespoon laying nearby, and scooped out a little bit of sugar. Carefully, she brought it over and poured it onto the cake, right onto an uniced portion.

She couldn't help herself. Her stomach gurgled loudly, need and want growing. She took the frosting tube nearby and squirted a little onto the part she placed the sugar on. She pulled a small bit off the cake. *Just this, and it'll be enough.*

She popped the piece into her mouth. Her pupils dilated the second that baked good hit her tongue. She froze for a moment before her mouth began to chew, starting slowly like an engine revving up. Her eyes spun, going faster and faster.

It... it tastes... divine! A heavenly glow from above fell upon her, an angelic choir singing from seemingly nowhere. She swallowed, quivering. *Who knew a little sugar could-*

SPROING! Her face went numb for a moment as it shot forward like a rocket. It grew almost a foot and a half in length, narrow and sharp at the end. The skin hardened and turned orangish, the nose pulling into it and leaving behind only slits to breathe through.

Her eyes stopped spinning, blinking several times. “Huh?” Her gaze narrowed, and she could see it. A hand immediately reached up and felt it, so smooth and hard. “Whaaaaa?” She had a beak, a long, orangish, crane beak.

Her short brown hair quivered. Its messy locks smoothed out, brushing and slicking back. The dull brown of it turned a vibrant, flaming red that shined like wet paint in the light. It grew to her shoulders, curling up at the tips there.

She never noticed, too distracted by her beak. “Is...” Her hands went up, grasping and stroking the long maw she had. “Is this real?” It moved and bent as she spoke, stretchy and rubbery enough to enunciate each word perfectly.

As she stroked her beak, that's when the white came. Soft white feathers, compacted so tightly together it looked like a white coat of paint, sprouted over her fingers. They cloaked her hands fully while also making the fingers grow longer and wider. They looked very much like Philip's own hands, just not red.

Whoa... She held them away from her face. That took a bit of effort given the length of her beak, having to really stretch her hands out to get them away from it. She turned them over and back again, her heart slowly racing. She wiggled each digit, a delight piano clink heard from each one.

“Oh dear!” She exclaimed, though with no noise coming out. She blinked several times, just to assure herself she was seeing things for what they were. Black eyeshadow coated her eyelids, eyelashes growing longer and thicker too. She had such a sensual, natural look now.

Suddenly, her legs snapped together, arms pressing against her side in an instant. She wobbled and vibrated for a moment as she stretched up. Everything grew longer on her, far more lanky and pulled on like a Stretch Armstrong doll. The ceiling was a lot closer than it appeared.

Looking down, Charlotte felt almost a twinge of vertigo from how far the ground seemed. Yet, she wouldn't look away. Her poor shoes had split open during that growth spurt. Three-toed bird talons had torn through the front, followed by the rest of the yellow-orange avian feet they were attached too.

Her shoes fell apart in mere seconds, her socks not far behind and leaving her standing there with bird feet.

She barely had time to register as the transformation continued to rapidly engulf her. The scaly, coarse skin of her feet that stopped at her ankles at first went up. It climbed her calves, knees, thighs, and disappeared beneath her shorts. She couldn't visibly tell where and when the change stopped, but she sensed it had done so at some point.

Considering how her shorts essentially became booty shorts with her increased height, one would assume she could tell visibly, but alas.

Looking at her legs, she lifted one and brought it back down again. They and her feet reminded her an awful lot of Philip's as well. Though the skin was black and stopped at his knees before the rest of his legs went feathery, they were quite similar nonetheless.

Wait... A thought hit her as white feathers began sprouting almost everywhere. They coated her arms, flowing from her hands. They crawled up from her hips and across her waist, covering all of her torso. The only part that they didn't cloak was her neck, which gained black feathers instead.

Am I... She looked at her arms, legs, and hands again, taking another moment to feel her beak. *...am I turning into a bird?!*

She suddenly cringed, thought not from the obvious realization. Her lower half wobbled as suddenly everything there ballooned. Her hips widened by several inches, their shape extra curvy and round. Her rear swelled, pushing out into a big, soft bubble butt.

Her jean shorts were incredibly tight and form-fitting. Her hands went down and futzed with the button and zipper on them, opening things up and releasing a lot of the pressure.

They then ran across her shape, taking it fully in. *Big...* She gently gulped, stroking her hips. Her fingers went to her firm buttocks. *So soft!*

Charlotte looked over her shoulder and towards her rear. At first, she felt dizzy again, the floor seeming so far away. Then, it became even farther... and oddly, she was able to twist and bend her neck more to see her heart-shaped bottom.

Her neck itself had undergone quite the lengthening in mere fractions of seconds. It was long, almost a foot and a half at that. It was flexible and bendy like rubber, able to stretch her head around fully to appreciate her big butt. She never noticed a thing about her new neck.

Soooo big! Charlotte blushed, turning back around and putting her head back into place. Her eyes narrow back on that beak, her mind still coming back to it again and again. *Long!* She slid her feathery hand from the back of it to the very tip, taking in its smoothness and feel.

It is... isn't too bad, is it? It's kind of like Philip's, but longer!

Her heart thumped comically, a pleasant feeling going up her spine. She liked birds a lot. She wouldn't be with Philip if she didn't after all. So, while this was all surprising as it naturally would be, was it worth getting all worried or shocked about?

Charlotte took a deep breath and released it. Feathers wrapped around her head, cloaking the last of her human complexion. *This is nice. It's... so warm and pleasant. It feels-*

FWOOMP! Her eyes nearly bugged out of their sockets as her chest heaved forward, throwing her a bit too. Her shirt stretched to its limits as her breasts ballooned into large globes. They stood perfectly out on her chest as if they were balloons, not one bit of sagging at all and feeling almost weightless.

Charlotte's eyes spun for a little, her mind woozy until she gave her cheek a bit **SMACK**. With sense returned, she looked down at her massive mounds. She whistled and grinned, bright, shiny white teeth in that smile. “Impressive! Big just like my big bird booty!”

The tingling and quirky feeling that had been blazing through her body began to subside. She could sense it. Everything had finished. Her transformation was complete.

And she very much liked it. *Ooooooh, Philly-poo is gonna love this!* Charlotte wiggled her butt, sliding her feathered fingers down her narrow waist. *He's gonna love his cute bird and wanna snug and hug and kiss and-*

GUUUURRRGLE! Her stomach cried out again, vibrational waves visually emanating from her tummy. She looked at it, rubbing it gently. *Hmmm, maybe a spot of cake first while I await my soon-to-be hubby! Hehehe~.*

With a glint in her eyes, she sped back to the toon sugar and back again to the cake. She returned with a ladle filled to the brim with the sugar, pouring it all over the ultra-size dessert. She snatched the icing gun and hosed down a big part of it too.

With prep done, she tore a huge chunk off the sweet without a care. She shoved it into her maw, her beak opening wider than it seemed possible. It snapped shut and began to chew.

Mmmmmm! Tasty! The cake was even more divine! All the party goers were sure to love it like she did as well!

She was lost in the sugary delight of the cake, unaware of everything. She never noticed her black top brighten to a snow white. She never noticed its cotton becoming soft satin. She never noticed her shorts turning white either. She especially didn't notice the lacing appearing around the leg holes as they began lengthening...

"I'm back, darling!" Philip declared, strutting into the room with a kick in his talon and a big grin on his beak. He waved around some paper as Patty walked in behind him, a dull, tired look on her face.

"I negotiated us into a nice payment plan that'll get us the perfect cake of our dreams!" sighed the red macaw, "It'll be iced just the way you-"

"MY CAKE!" Patty shouted.

SLURP! POP! Charlotte pulled a feathery finger from her beak and sighed. She looked at the two of them, a sly grin on her face. Behind her, a huge chunk of the triple decker cake had been devoured. She wiggled her fingers at them. "Hiya!"

The two of them took a long, hard look at the bride-to-be, their jaws getting closer to their stomachs by the second. There was no human, only a toon crane and a gorgeous one with the most impressive of figures. It was stuffed into an elegant wedding dress, opened at the collar to show her massive feathery mammaries.

"That cake is de-lish! So tasty, so yummy!" the crane giggled softly, a hand on her chest, "Patty, you do marvelous work! I completely understand why my sweet hubby wanted to get such a delightful piece of sweetness from you!"

There was silence from the other two, their jaws returning to place after reaching their stomachs. Then, there was a **THA-THUMP, THA-THUMP!** Philip's heart cartoonishly beated, stretching out his chest like a cartoon character.

Eventually, he broke the silence. "HUBBA HUBBA!"

ZIP! The macaw toon was on the crane toon in a flash. He swept her off her feet, bending her down to the floor before pulling her up close to his face. He held her affectionately, like in an old timey movie. "Where has this bird side of you been all this time?"

“Ooooooh?” Charlotte giggled, wiggling her eyebrows, “Does someone like this?”

“You bet I do!” Philip nodded eagerly. “You are perfect. Somehow more perfect than you already were before!”

“Charmer!” The two leaned in and kissed. Their beaks puffed up into cartoony lips at the tips, pressing and smooshing together. Silly kissy sound effects even played on and on.

Eventually, the two broke apart and Philip stood her up straight. “How? How did this happen, honey? How did you turn out so gorgeous?!”

“Oh, I know why,” Patty interrupted. The two realized the pink pudgy bear was now beside them, inspecting the cake on the counter. She held up a tablespoon and ladle on the counter beside the dessert. “I can smell the Extra Toony Sugar all over these and the cake! That stuff has super goofy properties that affects humans in... well, ways like that!”

She booped the crane on the tip of her beak. Charlotte rubbed it, whimpering, “But... but it tasted super good!”

“Of course it does!” Patty sighed, eyes narrowing, “I always use it, so do you know how hard it was NOT to use it this one time, especially on a wedding cake? Hubby here ordered that so it wouldn't cause problems at the wedding, but guess that was pointless since the bride has decided to toon it up anyway!”

“Awww, it's okay, Pudgy Patty!” Charlotte giggled softly, already bubbly again. “I'm fine! Philip is fine. We're both loving this!”

“That's not what I meant, but whatever.” Patty sighed, shaking her head. She looked at Philip and yanked the paperwork out of his hand. She pulled out a pen from behind her back and started scribbling on the papers. “However! We need to price adjust now for this development.

“Let's see here...” the pink bear toon mumbled, tapping her chin with her pen in between scribbles, “For use of kitchen supplies, having to de-toon-sugar-ify the cake, having to rebake parts of the cake due to consumption...”

The cake truly had a large chunk eaten out of it. Charlotte felt a little bad for that, but she could hardly be blamed. It was sooooo good, and her sweet tooth/part of her beak wanted... no, needed more of it!

“And that's your new total!” Patty handed the paperwork back.

Philip took it, looked at it, reached behind his back, and placed a monocle over his eye, where it somehow stayed in place. For a moment though as he comically gasped, the piece of glass flying off in shock.

“Oh me, oh my!” He fell back, Charlotte quickly catching him. “My poor wallet!”

“Ooooooh, I'm sorry, baby!” The toon crane nuzzled his face gently. “I promise I'll help pay for it if you want! Make things easier.”

“Oh no, it's alright!” He reached up and stroked her face. “It's just the price of love and for looking one's best. Pluuuuuuus...” He pointed at her puffy, white gown. “We're gonna save a bit on a wedding dress since you conjured one up! I think we'll even be breaking even!”

Charlotte grinned, and the two lovebirds kissed, hearts appearing and floating off their heads. Things had taken a strange turn, but it all turned out for the best in the end.

THE END