

Toon It Up: Boots of a Dark Bird

By: Firingwall

Commission done for ChinchillaChris67 of DeviantArt

Sorry. Feeling super sick Can't make it. Resched later XX

Liar. Brenda Gage watched from afar, out of eyesight of the familiar face she had spotted in the crowd. That text message from before had come to mind.

There he was, her boyfriend. Well, “supposedly” he was her boyfriend. The supposedly sick boyfriend that she was worried about.

There he was, looking healthy as could be. There he was, holding hands with another woman. There he was, looking into her eyes like he had done with Brenda. There he was, chatting and laughing with her, getting closer and closer.

And there Brenda was, watching them silent and still as could be. Only her eyes moved, following the couple down the boardwalk and over to an ice cream parlor. They disappeared inside, not visible in the semi tinted windows.

Why? After standing there in silence for so long, that was the first word she thought after “liar”.

With that thought came something else: an intense ache in her heart. She had never felt this way before, so betrayed and used. She was such a fool.

Earlier in the day, Brenda had spent twenty minutes at a restaurant, waiting by the door for her boyfriend. She had spent even longer waiting for him to finally say something to her. She had texted and even called him a few times before she left her apartment, seeing how he was doing and if he was getting ready for their brunch date.

This had happened before, and she was understanding. Things happen. People can get sick. Unexpected events crop up. Sometimes they just couldn't get together, and he wouldn't let her know until after the fact.

Perhaps she was foolish for excusing this as many times as she had. However, she didn't want to screw this relationship up. She felt like they had a certain connection. Plus, the times they did get out there and have their dates, they were always so nice.

After getting that text, she had decided to go out to the boardwalk and visit its many shops. Even if she was just browsing, she always loved the atmosphere and pleasant vibes. It was her favorite place in town, especially on lovely days like that day.

Now, she felt like a complete, utter idiot and tool. Everything had come crashing down since she saw him. Her heart only ached more, and her breathing was difficult and rapid. She didn't cry, but she felt she was on the verge of doing so.

She looked at that ice cream shop and thought, if only for a minute, to make a move. She wanted to head straight inside and confront the cheater. She wanted to let him have it!

However, she couldn't. Her body hesitated, her inner self dismissing the thought and keeping her in place. She just couldn't. She was mad as hell, but it... it wasn't her. Herself, her whole being wasn't one for conflict and confrontation no matter the situation.

That only made things feel even worse. For a moment, she wondered about that. Could her lack of attitude, her pushover of a personality... could that have led to this betrayal? Could she just lack a certain spice or appeal? Was she... was she just no good?

Her heart only sank. It would continue to do so if she didn't leave. After a bit, she finally turned and started walking back to the boardwalk's entrance. She couldn't stand it any longer.

Her body trembled, her stomach churned. *I just wanna go home.* Her eyes felt heavy and puffy. *I just wanna sleep the rest of the day.* Her lower jaw twitched. "M-maybe tomorrow w-will b-be better... maybe tomorrow... tomorrow..."

"Hellllllllloooooo!" A chipper, pippy voice called out, shooting directly into her ears. She nearly stumbled from that shock.

Brenda snapped her head to the right to where the voice came from. First, she saw two buildings, and then a large cart stuck between them. It looked like a tourist trap cart, covered in all sorts of knick-knacks and novelties visitors would flock towards. There were flip flops, keychains, shells, the whole works.

Then she saw her. Beside the cart was the brightest of pink beasts. It was a dog woman of the toon variety. She seemed to be a springer of sorts and wore a cute pink dress and pink apron. All of it was wrapped around an incredibly curvaceous, stunning figure.

The dog gal was a few yards away from Brenda, but her voice had seemed close, calling out specifically to her. In fact, when she looked at her, the dog's tail started wagging excitedly.

The dog adjusted her sharp glasses and waved to her, her pudgy gloved fingers motioning to come over. Brenda found herself doing just that after a bit of staring. The figure was certainly strange, but there was just such inviting energy coming from her she couldn't resist.

“Hiya, stranger!” the dog chimed again once Brenda got nearer. She bowed, her large breasts showing a lot of cleavage that made the human feel awkward. “I’m Jessie the Pink Pupper, owner of this totes cute stand!”

She leaned in, looking Brenda square in the eye. “Are you okay miss? I saw you looking all mopey and sad. That’s no fun! You wanna talk about it?”

While not the most tactful of words, Jessie continued to extrude such an overwhelming, friendly, warm aura. Brenda felt only more at peace being around such a comforting, sweet toon. So much so, she began to talk...

“...and that’s... that’s why I look... look so sad.” Brenda didn’t just look it, she felt it. The feelings had come back hard as she finished her story. It was so painful, everything aching and not just her heart.

For her part, Jessie had been listening patiently. Her tail wagged at the start, but the longer the story went on and the more that was revealed, its movements slowed until it was still. She never interrupted or said anything, the perfect listener.

Brenda took a deep breath and slowly released it. “I’m... I’m a big fool, aren’t I?”

“Na-ah!” the dog huffed, folding her arms. “That boyfriend is a ruff meanie! He doesn’t deserve you at all! You have nuthin’ ta be upset about!”

The human smiled. Some of the pain lessened. “Thank you... I...” She cleared her throat, her bottom lip quivering. “I know. I know that. I know it’s not my fault, but I-I can’t help it! I just feel this way! I’m so upset. I wish I could just get back at him.”

“Wish? Why wish when you can just do!” Jessie clenched her fists, tail wagging, “I can help you ruff ‘em up, figuratively or literally if you want!”

“Th-thank you, but... it’s not that simple.” Brenda looked down at her feet. “I just don’t-don’t have the will... drive, inner strength, or whatever to do that!” Her expression fell even more solemnly. “I just can’t do it. I’m too weak.”

“HMMMMMM!” Jessie cartoonishly rubbed her chin. “Sounds like this is something you'll have to do on your own!”

“Wait... didn't you hear m-”

CLICK! A light bulb appeared above the pink dog's head, lighting up before disappearing just as fast. “Ah-ha!” She clapped her hands together. “I got just the thing to make you feel better and get back at that jerky jerk!”

She went around the back of her cart, saying, “Got something here in my “special” compartment that'll do the trick!”

There's a loud squeak of a door being opened, and Jessie disappeared out of sight. The cart cartoonishly shook as rummaging sound effects banged and echoed from the vehicle. Brenda couldn't help but be a little nervous by that.

BANG! Whatever door had opened before slammed shut, and Jessie popped back into view. She hurried out from behind the counter and presented a box to Brenda. It was a large, grey shoebox with the words “Dark Boots” scribbled onto it with a sharpie.

“Here we go!” Jessie struck a pose with a wink and peace sign in front of her closed eye. “Walk a mile in these and feel a whole new you!”

Brenda took the box and opened it. Inside was a pair of leather boots. They were long, going up and over part of the calves of the wearer. They had straps along the sides, giving them a gothic vibe, and had highish heels to them.

She wasn't sure what to make of them exactly. They definitely weren't her style, that was for sure. They were a bit too bold and forceful for someone like her.

However, when she tried to hand them back, Jessie pushed the box back with her puffy paws. “Nah-ah! Try them on first! I think you'll be surprised with the results.”

That warm, friendly aura won Brenda over again. It couldn't hurt, right? The dog meant well, so why not placate her silly idea?

The human gently nodded, Jessie grinning. The toon reached behind her back and pulled out a floor mat, laying it down on the ground. Brenda stepped onto it and took off her tennis shoes, placing them beside the mat.

She slipped the boots on one at a time. They were a perfect fit, almost like they were made for her! Plus, she didn't even struggle with the heels, no wobble or shake in her stance.

This feels nice. Brenda did the straps one at a time, her body gently warming. Each strap she did, she felt a little... better? Maybe not totally better, but that sadness and pain subsided a tad every time.

After finishing tightening her boots, Brenda stood up straight and looked down. They truly were a comfortable fit. Yet, they weren't her. They were far removed from her sense of style and looked so ridiculous on a plain woman as herself.

"I don't understand," Brenda said to Jessie, who watched eagerly, "Is something supposed to happen?"

"Welllll, let's see!" Jessie leaned in, her tail wagging even faster now. "What do you think of your boyfriend now?"

Brenda was naturally still upset and angry. How could she not be? She opened her mouth to say and express it, but nothing came out. The anger and frustration was there, but something else wasn't. At least, not as strongly.

Sadness. She didn't feel as depressed or weak in the knees. Her heart ached only slightly. Everything felt a little less than before.

Before she could ponder this surprising development, Brenda twitched. Something changed, causing her to look down. Her jeans had shrunk up into jean shorts from the last time she looked, now midway up her thighs.

But that isn't what truly drew her attention. Her now visible legs were different. Greyish, whitish skin ran from her calves up to her knees. They were scaly and rough to the touch, but if one were to look, her skin still looked flat and smooth like fresh, carefully brushed paint. Her thighs were a similar way but coated instead with ink black feathers.

There was a similar change with her feet. She couldn't see or feel them, but they had also taken on a bird look. Toes had gone down to three with golden talons at the end, skin now grayish and rough. They bunched gently against the toe caps of her boots, but not much more.

"N-n-no way!" Brenda stammered. She looked at the dog with shock, pleading in her eyes. "What's happening to me?! What's going-EEP!"

Her hands jerked forward like a wet towel being snapped. Her fingers stretched out at the tail end of the snap, growing and shifting into four-fingered, black talon-esque bird hands with their own stubby claws. Feathers sprouted rapidly over them right after, making her mitts look like long wings.

“This is so weird,” moaned the transforming lady, looking between hands and wiggling her long, feathery digits. She looked at Jessie again, the shock lesser in her eyes now, “What’s happening to me?”

“Oh, it’s all part of the process!” Jessie explained in the most chill, laid-back voice, “Nothing to be worried about. Roll with it and see where it goes.”

“Well, I don’t thin-OOOF!” Brenda was jerked to the left and then jerked to right, people passing by or stopping to watch the scene jumping back in surprise and hurrying away.

Her shirt and shorts stretched, merging together. Denim and cotton became soft satin. The colors blackened and clung vigorously to her figure, highlighting, in her opinion, its bland shape. The sleeves shrunk in and the collar plunged, showing some of her cleavage. As the skirt portion raised further up her thighs, her outfit finished becoming a striking black dress.

Brenda looked down again at herself, trembling. *Crap, crap, crap! How much is this-*

She couldn’t finish her thought. There was an eerie, purple, hazish glow from her inner thigh. She opened her legs a bit more and found that an Ankh tattoo had appeared, nestled perfectly on her feathers as if they were flesh.

Seeing it, Brenda felt a cool wave wash over her. A cool, chilled, calming wave that relaxed her body, mind, and soul. The sight of her changing? The sight of her bird-ifying? Why make a big deal out of it? She felt fine.

For instance, those black feathers spreading from her hands and down her arms? Those were fine as well. In fact, that slick, black coating looked quite nice. She felt oddly deep and... dark with them.

She would’ve kept admiring them for a bit longer before there was another jerk of the body. Her backside was thrown back with a big, unseen shove. Her rear swelled and inflated into a big bubble butt, her dress tightly conforming to it. Her hips and thighs swelled to match, enhancing her curvy shape.

Brenda looked back to see but found new feathers sprouting and blocking her line of sight. A hole had opened above her rear in her dress, thick, long black tail feathers sprouting out.

For the first time since she started changing, there was a streak of color that wasn't just black or gray. It was a deep, bloody red, as if they were dyed in some parts.

“Wow... wicked.” Her voice turned smooth and dark, a coating of midnight blue eyeshadow and eyeliner appearing on her face.

There was no more shock or awe, just mild amusement at best. She felt neutral, like everything she was seeing was as natural as it could be. It was far from the case, but that didn't phase her one bit.

“Wicked indeed!” Jessie chimed, her eyes sparkling as she watched Brenda slowly change, “You look soooo dark!”

Dark... Brenda twitched. Her brown hair rapidly shrank and shrank, black feathers replacing it and forming a puffy, raised crest in the back. Not all of her locks shrank away, bangs remaining above her forehead, now turning dark blue with black streaks in it.

“Mmmm... yes. Dark.” Brenda started to smile. She did feel rather dark. Today had been awful and anger-inducing, casting a deep shadow over her life and very being.

She could roll with that, use it to fuel her.

The bird-ifying woman quivered, black feathers spreading up her torso and onto her neck. She felt a strange, powerful sensation rising within her. It wasn't physical strength, but a different kind. It was the kind of strength that brought her... pride.

It was allure. She felt alluring, pleasing. Her chest rose, her mounds swelling fast and stretching her dress. They rose to D-cups, perfectly spherical and held aloft, unaffected by gravity. They gave her low neckline plenty of cleavage to show off.

Yes... dark and beautiful, she thought cockily. Her smile grew, even turning a smug grin as feathers reached her head. They covered the last bits of her skin, leaving no trace of her old visage behind. Even her ears vanished, sinking into her head as the coating rolled over them.

Beautiful, dark, haunting... yes. Her face felt numb as low **pops** could be heard before **SPROING!** Her mouth shot forward, teeth, nose, and lips merging together, turning smooth and gray. It all formed into a sharp beak that curved down, black lipstick at the end of it and a golden nose ring appearing where the new nostrils were.

The numbness faded as her transformation finished. Brenda rubbed her head and then felt her cockatoo beak, stroking and tracing its shape. She was quiet, her smile fading.

“Soooo, how are you feelin’ now?” Brenda flinched, remembering that Jessie was still there, standing even closer. Her pink fur appeared to glow far brighter now than it did, her cheery disposition radiating physical warmth it felt like.

It was too much now for the dark bird, forcing her to step back before she could even think of answering.

“I feel... something.” Brenda spoke slowly, her voice entrancing and almost coming off as a dark coo.

Something was right. She couldn't pin it all down. She felt attractive and beautiful without being able to see herself, but it wasn't that. She no longer felt upset or mopey. Peeved? Sure, but that was it.

“Hmm, well, how do you feel about this?” Jessie reached behind her back and plopped down a large, clearly bigger than her, full-length mirror in front of the dark toon.

Brenda looked into it, her heart racing. After a bit of gazing, her smirk returned to her, pride increasing. “Mm, I like it.” She leaned in, pushing her ballooned chesticles out. “I could love this.”

Could? No. She *would* love this. Besides her obvious look, she was a whole new woman. Everything she felt before from her worries to her fears were gone. Her self-confidence was boosted, her attitude new and dangerous. Just the thought of the old her made her almost laugh.

Brenda was reborn under a cloud of dark feathers and gothic attire. She loved it.

And with it, she knew something had to be done. Now that her fears were gone, payback was in order. She needed to go right now and find that jerk of a former boyfriend.

Plus, she just needed to get away from Jessie. Her positive vibes were making her nauseous. Sure, she was thankful for her new boots, but a dark bird could only take so much.

Instinctively, Brenda reached into the pocket of her dress and pulled out a wad of bills. She slapped it into the oversized mitts of the pink dog without really looking at her, her gaze elsewhere down the boardwalk. “Keep the change. Gotta do something.”

There was a cash register sound from Jessie, her eyes turning to dollar bill signs. The bird toon gave it no mind, already strutting her way down the boardwalk in her tough boots, her hips

swaying cartoonishly from side to side. People quickly got out of her way, some gawking and ogling as they did.

In no time, Brenda was back at the ice cream shop. She was prepared to head inside and look around for that cheater. If he wasn't there, she would interrogate the minimum wage slaves for clues about where he went. She would be very persistent and forceful if she needed to.

However, it would not come to that. Her soon-to-be ex and his girltoy conveniently left the parlor as she walked up. They were still close, laughing happily and eating some ice cream cones. They looked like a normal happy couple to any ignorant passersby.

Not to her. She knew their true, gaudy colors and quickly got in front of them.

The duo looked surprised by the sudden appearance of the cockatoo toon but couldn't say anything. Brenda was faster. Well, faster in a monotone way. "So, sick are we? Don't look all that sick to me. Frankly, I'm the one feeling sick, disgusted, grossed out here."

The "girltoy" didn't say anything, looking confused. The guy's expression was the same, but it looked like the gears in his head were turning. "So, am I to assume this was the case with every other date before that you couldn't make it too? So mean, so cruel, so dark of you."

Eventually, it seemed like the switch was flipped in the guy's mind. "Wait... Brenda?!"

"Brenda?" The "girltoy" looked between the two of them, even more confused. Apparently, she didn't seem to know about what was going on between them.

"Mhm, Brenda." The toon placed her feathered hands on her chest, eyes locked to the guy only. "The new, darkly improved Brenda." Her voice was heavy and flat, feathers sliding down her figure to her hips. "A Brenda you'll never get to feast on."

Her gaze eventually drew over to the other woman. "Perhaps you didn't know what was happening. How terrible. You should leave before he trades you in for someone new too."

The duo said nothing, at a complete loss for words for what was happening. Not waiting for a response, with a quick, smooth motion, Brenda snatched the ice cream cone from the guy and flicked him on the head with her other hand. He stumbled back onto his butt.

She stood over him like an imposing mountain, her shadow blotting out the sun. "I'll take this. You owe me after all. Oh... and so that we're clear, we're done. Stay out of my life."

With that, Brenda turned and strutted off. She felt so gosh darn good, better than she had ever felt in her entire life! It felt incredible to speak her mind and push around those who wronged her, despite how flat her tone was.

She was a whole new birdy woman, one with some delightful ice cream too! She took a big lick of her cone, licking it like a parrot would if offered some.

Brenda quivered. Things had turned around so well, she should keep this train going. Perhaps it was time to go somewhere else to have some fun. She liked the boardwalk, but it felt too bright for her dark soul.

Maybe it was time to hit one of the clubs in the area or check out that heavy metal concert happening that she heard about at work. There were plenty of enticing options for a hot gothattoo like her to check out now.

It was time for this bird to experience life in a whole new, independent way.

THE END