

Toon It Up: Socially Smelly

By: Firingwall

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Home sweet home. Riley thought, trudging through the front door. It had been a long, long shift on her feet dealing with crabby customers. It had worn her down so much, but it was over. Home sweet home indeed.

“Kira!” Riley called, closing the apartment door with the back of her foot, “I’m back!”

“Great!” The sweet, caring, shy voice of her roomie/girlfriend/partner for life came calling back in all of its glory. It was music to her ears, relieving some of her pressure already. “I’m in the bathroom, hun!”

Riley smiled, slipping out of her dress shoes. She started towards the bathroom.

“**BURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRP!**” The disgusting sound blasted through the entire apartment. Everything rattled and vibrated like a mini earthquake, even throwing the arrivee off balance. The sound was gone not long after it started.

For anyone, that heavy, gross belch would disturb them. For Riley, it was relaxing in a way. She knew what it meant and what was going on. After several months, how could she not?

She continued strolling and stopped in the doorway of the bathroom. Kira was there, but only for a few seconds longer. Her head sat on top of a wide, fat, brown-furred donkey toon and it was gone soon after. Her face was finishing pushing out into a thick donkey muzzle, her gut gaining several more pounds and shoving itself against the sink counter.

This massive beast of burden gave her no alarm. He was Doofy Darren Donkerton, and he was Kira's weretoon-side.

Riley remembered her first encounter with the big lug, despite all the mind changing alterations that happened in the initial transformation. Kira needed a job and sought out a newly opened pizzeria, Pizza O'Clock. It was run by toons but the opening was for everyone. Kira went and came back the ass they were now, reverting back to normal the following day.

Kira had been off and on being a male donkey toon ever since. She was happy, and Riley was happy for her too. She wasn't sure about Darren at the start, but she grew to love him just as much as she loved Kira.

Though, right now, there was something different going on about this transformation. The donkey had a fancy-ish jacket on with dress pants and an undershirt. He even kept his belly tucked in behind the latter too! She's never seen him this dressed up.

Darren looked at her after finishing his change, smiling brightly. **“Heeeey, good lookin’!”** He leaned in and gave her a big smooch on the head, **“Welcome home!”**

“Thanks,” Riley said with a smile, looking him over again. “Looking good today as well, Doofus. Never seen you look so snazzy.”

“Heh, danks!” Darren chuckled. **“Dere's dis big get-together fors big toons likes me tonight! Lotta guys froms work are gunna be dere! Plannin’ on gettin’ sum good minglin’ done!”**

“Sounds like fun!” Riley patted him gently on the shoulder. “Enjoy, big guy!”

“Oh no no!” Darren said, smiling brightly, **“Da ding is, I's can invite a plus-one to da event, ands I's wanna invite you!”**

The woman nearly did a double take, stepping back. “Wait what?”

“Mhm! Come with me to da event! Da boys would love ta meet ya!” Riley went quiet, her mind working into overdrive. Her? In a room with tons upon tons of heavy, fat toon guys like Darren? She loved the donkey, but the idea of her going seemed... ludicrous.

“I's can see dat look on yours face!” The donkey nodded. **“Ain't nuthin’ ta worry about. It'll be fun! It's sumding we can do together outside of hangin’ at dis apartment. We's never really goes out ands does dings!”**

“Are you sure?” Riley frowned. “I would be the only nor... human person there.”

Darren waved his hand. **“Dontcha worry a dang! It's a place full of jolly, chubby toon dudes. Everyone is super nice ands stuff. Dey'll treat ya swell, promise!”**

He leaned in, his eyes growing bigger, swelling into these cartoonish puppy-dog eyes. He sniffled on top of that, asking, **“Pwease wome with me!”**

The sight was utterly ridiculous, especially such eyes on a large donk like Darren. Riley broke out into a fit of giggles seeing it. He got her good.

“Okay, okay! I'll come along!” she said with a smile. Darren cheered right up and gave her a big hug, smothering her in his moobs.

She may have smiled, but deep down, Riley was still worried. How was this going to go?

“Bwahahaha! I’s can’t believe you passed up on dat!”

“Hey, if it’s gonna cover all mah belly, dat shirt ain’t worth it no matter how catchy dat tagline is on it!”

“True dat!” More laughter and chuckles filled the table. Riley sat in the middle of it, quiet and so very, very, very small. Small in a literal sense too for very good reasons.

There she was in a sea of large, fat, toony animal guys. This get-together was set up in some kind of large ballroom with tons of tables to gather at and even more tables filled with food of all kinds. There was an area open for dancing, but most were chatting and dining.

It was a jolly, happy gathering, though one that had a very distinct, musky odor to it that was intense on the nose.

There was Riley, sitting at one of those many tables beside Darren. On the other side of her was Roy Buckbutt, the donkey's beaver manager from Pizza O'Clock. Others at the table were Memphis Ratterton, a rat manager at a different location; Porkchop, Memphis' boar boyfriend; and toon bear and hippo couple named Smokey Steve and Gutton respectively, the duo running a smoke and cigar shop.

They were all very large, very wide, and very proud of those facts. They also all wore casual clothes, making Darren's more formal attire stand out more, not that he seemed to mind.

With the exception of Roy, it was mostly a table filled with other couples. It made it feel like a big group date for Riley, the situation somewhat more comfortable.

Even then, she still felt very much out of her depth. Darren had been doing most of the talking while Riley sat there awkwardly. She had said only a few words whenever someone asked a question, but that was it. She never interjected herself in at all.

So, she just sat there, observing the other couples and Darren. She looked at Memphis & Porkchop and Steve & Gutton. They all looked very, very happy, nuzzling and occasionally feeding one another. She glanced at Darren, who happily looked at all of them.

Do I match up? An ugly, unpleasant thought hit her. She looked at the couples, at Darren, and then at herself. She felt even smaller, lesser.

Am I good enough for him? It stung in her mind. *Would Darren want someone like them? Someone less me, less human?* Kira loved her, and the two matched each other well. Darren loved her, but matching? They weren't even close.

“Aww, youse two are such an adorable couple.” Riley looked up. Memphis was looking at her and the donk, though his eyes seemed to focus almost entirely on her. **“Yep, sweet dang ya are! Just a gal and her big fat ass!”**

Darren snorted, smacking the table. **“Darn straight! Gal and her big fat donkey!”** Riley was sure he missed the joke, but she didn't push him. The response had caught her off guard and made her seriously blush.

“Youse a lucky gal, I's say!” Gutton the Hippo spoke up next, staring at her proudly, **“A big fat donk-a-donk likes dat? Deys da second best in chubby cuddles and huggles.”** He leaned against Smokey, nuzzling him. **“Da best is bears dough, obvs.”**

It almost felt like the toons read her mind or, at least, her emotions. She cleared her throat. “You... you guys don't think it's weird I'm with Darren?”

“course not, silly billy!” Roy laughed, shaking his head. **“Ain't nuthin' wrong with what youse two got goin' on! Youse two love each oddah ands dat's what matters!”** Riley was taken aback. That was a lot more insightful and straightforward of a response from these toons than she thought she'd get. It actually made her feel a little better.

“Pluuuus,” the rat added, **“With your size, who could blames ya for wantin' ta be withs him? Youse can really spread ands lay out ovah dat mass of donk chub real easy-like!”** She blushed. She did like laying on top of Doofus when he was on the couch. He was really super soft and squishy.

And from there, things really opened up a bit. Riley found herself able to talk with the other toons easily now. The conversation got naturally flowing, things moving smoothly. They shared gossip, laughed it up, talked about what they liked to eat or their favorite places. When one got down to it, despite everything, toons were pretty easy to get along with.

“...as much as I love how Darren is willing to try anything I make,” Riley said, half an hour later in her talk with the group, “He does really eat through the food budget... and can be a bit gassy too.”

“Ain’t nuthin’ wrong with that!” Smokey Steve chuckled, letting out a big toot. The other toons nodded or verbally agreed, thankfully no one else farting like him.

“Dough, I’s get what ya mean ‘bout da other stuff.” Roy stroked his chin, patting and rubbing the donk’s belly, said donk sighing pleasantly, **“Takes a lot ta feed a big boy likes dis! Maybe we’s can do a pay raise. He is a good worker after all!”**

“Danks!” Darren smiled brightly. **“Dat does sound nice, but da food budget isn’t dat bad. I’s usually spend time as my human self, Kira. Less of a big eater!”**

Though, I think she’s picking up some of your traits. Riley thought, eating some of her fried chicken. *She does get a lot hungrier now... and burps and scratches herself more.*

Smokey nodded and changed the subject. **“So, what do youse two do for fun when Darren is outs ta play?”**

“Oh, we’s don’t usually go out,” Darren said, scratching his face.

“Yeah,” Riley continued, finishing her dinner, “We usually just stay home and hang around the apartment. This is probably the first time we’ve really gone out together like this.” Saying that outloud, Riley felt a twinge of guilt. She made it sound like she didn’t like being seen in public with her big, tubby donk.

“Dat’s a shame!” Porkchop commented, thankfully not misreading what she said, **“Youse two are a cute couple. Youse should get outs more, I’s say! Ah perfect toon ands great lady as yourselves should be seens ands envied!”**

“A toon ands a lady...” Memphis chuckled. He stared at Riley, carefully studying her. He looked far more perceptive and focused than one might expect from a toon. **“Youse knows, I’s been dinkin’, maybe it be bettah as ah perfect toon ands an even perfecter toon!”**

“Huh?” Riley mumbled. Suddenly, the table was filled with mumbles and murmurs. Everyone was shaking their heads, sizing her up, and agreeing. The only one who wasn’t beside Riley was Darren, who curiously looked at the others.

“Mhm! I’s sees what ya mean!” Porkchop spoke up, looking at his boyfriend first before gazing back at Riley, **“She would makes for a purdy good, hefty toon too!”**

That, Riley understood. “Wait, me?” She looked at them all rapidly, “Be a big toon... like Darren... like you guys?”

“**Mhm!**” They all agreed and nodded at once. She looked at her donkey, who seemed to be following what they were saying now.

“**Riley as ah big chubster likes me...**” Darren stroked his chin, nodding along with them. “**Dat could be fun! I's dink she be a purdy handsum toon if she wanted ta be...**”

“**Ah-huh! Plus, den youse guys could go out all da time!**” Porkchop added.

That seemed to get the others roaring in agreement. “**Dey could eats together!**” “**Cuddle!**” “**Belly bump without one-of dem gettin' knocked downs!**” “**Da big burpin' contest!**” They all laughed, coming up with more and more ideas and “activities”.

Riley looked between them wildly, starting to feel drowned out and overwhelmed again. “Ex-excuse me?” She managed to interject, causing them to quiet down at once and look at her. “I don't know. I don't think I would make for a good toon personally.”

“**Why not?**” Roy asked almost immediately.

“W-well, I don't think I... I have the right personality or aura or... what have you!”

The toons all laughed, even Darren. “**Bwahaha!**” Porkchop chortled, “**Dat's funny! Ain't no right ors wrong personality fors bein' a toon!**”

“W-well,” Riley gulped, “I... well, it's just that I don't think I would be anything special or even... “big” for a toon.” She looked at Darren. “When Kira changed, she went from quiet, shy, and reserved to...” She waved her hand over the big donk. “...well, all of this!”

“**Yeah!**” Darren chuckled proudly, smacking his belly, “**A big ton of flab and love!**”

“And I love that, but you're more than that too. You're so much more outgoing, energetic, up for anything, and louder!” She looked at herself. “Me though? I'm the same inside as I am outside. There isn't anything to bring out or toonify.”

“**Toonification ain't abouts just makin' ya loud ors any of dat stuff!**” Memphis smiled warmly, blowing out a cloud of smoke from his cigar. “**It's abouts makin' ya da bestest version of yahself, even if it means just addin' mores or a tons mores onta ya!**”

“I don't know about-”

“Awww, don'ts be so hard on yourself!” Smokey Steve chuckled, waving off her dismissive attitude with a wave of his gloved hand. **“I's cans tell froms just lookin' at ya! Youse got a bunch of tooniness ins ya already!”**

Riley gave him an odd look. Before she could say anything, Doofus Darren interrupted, **“Yeah! I's can see it too!”** He looked down at her affectionately. **“Tooniness is ready ta burst right outta ya!”** He nuzzled her face. **“Youse could makes for a great toon, Riley!”**

Her face went beet red. Soon, the others were joining in as well. All around her, everyone started praising and cheering her on, saying the same thing over and over. She had toon potential, she already had the toonies in her, and so on. The amount of praise made her squirm in her seat.

“W-well, thank you!” Riley gulped, her body feeling rather warm. “I guess, well, maybe I *could* make for some kind of toon. Maybe a bunny girl... sly vixen...” Her eyes look down to her lap, her hands clenching her knees tightly. “Something fluffy like that.”

The very thought makes her quiver pleasantly. Maybe they were right. Maybe she could be a toon. Maybe not like them, but something at least!

Riley looked up, as if staring out into the sky despite the clearly visible roof overhead. “I wonder what kind of toon I would be...”

“Wells...” Roy said, stroking his chin. **“Likes I's said, I's dink youse could make for a great big toon!”** He nudged her playfully. **“A BIG toon!”**

“Yeah!” Gutton agreed. **“I's was already imagining Darren's plus one woulds be a big, flabby fella him, so I's dink youse be a great big, flabby guy too!”**

Riley blinked. *Me? Like Darren? Like them?* She looked between everyone at the table. *I do love him, but being like him? I... I don't see it. It's too farfetched.* The thought of being just like him almost made her laugh, forcing her to keep down her chuckles.

“Youse was expectin' Rile here ta be like me?” Darren asked the hippo, more curious about that comment than anything.

“Mhm!” Gutton nodded. **“A big tubbster likes youse!”**

“Same!” “**Yep yep!**” “Ah-huh!” The others agreed with him.

“**Riley is cutes ands alls, but when wees first heards youse was bringin’ sumbody,**” Smokey explained, “**We’s just naturally dough dere’s be someding more is all!**”

“**Mhm!**” “**Yeahs!**” “**Totally hads sumding else in minds!**” “Me too! What was youse dinking shes look like?” Riley leaned in. She was curious. What did they have in mind about her?

“**Wells, I’s was picturin’ dat dey has dese fluffy, circle-like black ears!**” Porkchop said, answering the question. He continued on talking, but his voice went quiet, and so did the others when they nodded and yapped in agreement.

At that moment, Riley’s ears wiggled. They shifted to the top of her head, growing inky black fur and reshaping themselves into something more circlish & triangular. They matched exactly what the boar said, wiggling happily once in place.

“**I was expecting a nice tail!**” Gutton said. His voice came in loud and clear again, her ears picking up a deep bass in it and everyone’s voice now. The bass seemed to reverberate down her spine to just above her butt, a short, narrow black tail with a white end popping out

“**Nice?**” Smokey chuckled, shaking his head. “**No no! Nices ands fluffy!**” Her tail wiggled, growing wider and puffier. The white tip end turned into a streak that ran down the top front of the tail.

“**Nice, fluffy, ands BIG!**” Roy declared, smacking the table. Her tail grew longer and bigger, almost as long as her forearm and as wide as her narrow waist.

“**SUPER BIG!**” Memphis declared, “**Da bigger da tail, da more obvs ands awesum its be!**” Everyone cheered and clapped, Riley blushing. **FWOOMP!** Her tail exploded into a huge, gigantic skunk tail that was almost as long as her body and far wider than it. It curled at the tip, fluffy as can be.

Thankfully, the back of her chair vanished, converting it to a stool so it wouldn’t obstruct her glorious new addition.

Somehow, Riley was unaware, pondering what they said. “I’d have a big tail...” She thought it over aloud, her tail swinging pleasantly behind her.

“**Yeah!**” Darren remarked, dreamily imagining it, “**If youse have a big tail, it probably would sway ands bounce all fancy-like when youse walk in dose pretty heels of yours!**”

“**Heels?**” Roy tapped his chin. “**Personally, I’s dought yours partner would wears sum big, oversized shoes!**” **WOOMP-WOOMP!** Riley’s feet wobbled, and her heels ballooned out into a pair of fat, oversized, red sneakers.

“**Nah!**” Memphis waved his hand dismissively, “**Dey goes totally barefoots ands let deir big, puffy feet and toes do’s alls da walkin’!**” Everyone nodded. Riley’s new shoes vanished with a pop, revealing big, black-furred, three toed toon paws. They were nearly triple their old size.

“*We’s been disagreein’ a lots on what we’s dink, but I’s knows dere’s one ding we knows dey have!*” Porkchop pipped up. “**Big, puffy, four-fingered toon gloves!**” All of them laughed and agreed, holding up their own big gloved hands.

Riley quivered, feeling an unexplained pull towards them. She held out her own hands, that had been laying in her lap this whole time. Holding out like one of the guys, she flinched. She now wore the same pair of huge gloves as them, three times the size of her hands.

Before she could even respond, the others piped up. “**Yeah!**” “**Just like dem!**” “**Nice gloves, sweets!**” “**Deys lookin’ good!**”

Her heart began to race as her eyes traced over them. She bent them around and back, wiggling their digits. *So big and plush...* She twitched. *They’re just like they said I would have... what Darren’s toon partner would have...*

“**Hmmm...**” Roy leaned in close to Riley’s face. “**Are we makin’ ya feel inferior with all dis talk? We ain’t meanin’ to! Just havin’ fun speculatin’ is all! We’s can move on ta talkin’ ‘bout sumding else.**”

Riley looked at her gloves, then at Roy, at Darren, and then the rest. “Well...” She rested her gloved mitts on the table. “What else did you think I’d be like?” Her heart pumped eagerly. “Ya know... just kind of... curious.”

“**Ooooooh, ya wanna know more?**” Memphis smirked.

“**Ya don’t have ta,**” Darren said to her, looking between her face and gloves. “**I’s love ya just da same no maddah what!**”

“N-no!” Riley gulped, “I-I do want to know more!” She looked at the other toons. “What... what else did you think I'd be like?” She was in deep, and it was more than just curiosity pushing her forward. Something about this excited her.

The group exchanged looks, smiling warmly. **“If youse wanna knows more,”** Gutton chuckled, **“I’s dough’t youse have a big black sniffer of a snoot!”**

Riley felt her nose twitch, pulsating at the end. Out of eyeline, the tip of it turned black, spreading over the bridge and to her nostrils. It pulsed again, swelling. Again, more swelling. It slowly inflated into a big, pudgy, cartoony animal snout, slick and black.

Gulping, Riley reached a single gloved finger over and pressed her snoot. **BOOP!**

Such a delightful sound! And such an incredible result too! Her sense of smell flared up. All the aromas, smells, scents, odors that filled this entire room she could pick up. All the pizza, cigars, food, musk, sweat, and other fragrances invaded her sinuses.

Everything smells nice. Riley looked up at Darren, who looked back at her with a smile. *He smells... reeeeeeally good. My big, dopey, donk smells goooooood.*

“I’s dough’t dey have sum nice lookin’ white hair too!” Smokey suggested. Sure enough, Riley's hair was bleached to a pure snow white.

“Don’t forget chubby!” Roy stated, **“Likes we said, we’s alls dough’t Darren would be datin’ sumbuddy with sum girth! Someones real proud ‘bout dere shape!”**

Oh boy... Riley quivered. All at once, her clothing felt tight, squeezing on her limbs and torso. Checking for herself, she had gained a layer of fat over everything. Her fit and slim figure was washed away by an extra fifty to seventy-five pounds right there. Even her face was rounder with chubby cheeks.

Riley poked at her stomach as it pushed against her dress-up blouse. It was soft and tender. It wasn't unpleasant nor did it feel bad on her. Maybe being on the heavier side of things wasn't as bad as she thought. Perhaps her parents had overblown the whole situation growing up.

“And dey be a sharper dresser too!” Porkchop blurted out, making Riley flinch. There was an excited, eager look in his eye as he nudged his rat boyfriend.

“Mhm!” Memphis agreed, **“Only da best outfit dat make dem look deir best!”**

Riley quivered, feeling several things at once, a chill, a release of pressure, and odd textures against her body. Looking down, she found her answer.

Her entire outfit had shifted. Her skirt had been replaced by a pair of elastic, dark purple shorts. They hugged and clung to her hips and lower half quite well. Her blouse had become a t-shirt with visible sweatstains around the pits. A phrase was written across it: **“All the Love Plus 50lbs More!”**

No shock or horror from her. Only a smile. It all looked good, great even on her. She was dressing like the guys. Maybe not like the sharply dressed Darren, but that was fine. This outfit just felt so good, so casual, like her skin or fur could properly breathe with them on.

“Of course,” Roy said with the biggest, delighted grin on his face, **“Dey be a total crude slob dat didn’t care how dey acted, looked, or talked!”**

Before anyone could add anything or agree with Roy, Riley felt a twitch. Something deep from within her burst forth all at once like a raging geyser. **“BURRRRRRRRP!”**

That guttural belch blew out of her mouth. It came forth so easily, so free and untamed. For the briefest of moments, masked by her surprise at that outburst, she felt pride swell up at it.

And before she could react to that, the other toons roared. **“Hey! Nice one!” “Dat’s muh gurl! You da best!” “Check dis out! BURRRRRRP!” “BEEEEERUUUUUP!”**

Riley blushed again but couldn't help but smile. **“Heheh, danks youse guys!”** That got a surprise out of her. Her voice was deeper, even containing their goofy, Brooklyn-esque accent. However, there was still a touch of her left, some lingering femininity in it.

“Hmmm, dat’s my voice now, ain’t it?” She spoke to herself mostly. She tried to switch to her old, natural accent but it wouldn't come. **“Huh, guess I’m ones of da boys nows, eh?”** It was like she always had such a dialect and tone. It was so odd, almost concerning even.

“BIG GUT!” Then she forgot all about it as the large hippo belched out another idea.

Porkchop grinned, patting and groping his own belly. **“Dey’d totally need a big tummy likes ours, right? One dey would be so proud of!”**

GURRRRGLE! Riley's pupils dilated. Pure bliss struck her like a bat to the head. Her belly popped out from underneath her shirt, flopping onto her thighs. Her body widened and swelled with it, stretching out to better hold her new girth.

She looked down at the new blubber she gained and found herself grinning now. Her heart raced, her mind swirling. It was that pride again, much more noticeable and not remotely unwelcome. **“Yeah! Dat's one fine lookin' gut, if I's do say so mahself!”**

Hmm, maybe talkin' like dis ain't so bad either! It fits me well... like dis big fat gut!

“Dey totally wanna pat it!” Riley eagerly patted her belly, quivering from the sensation.

“Play drums on it!” The patting turned to a good, rhythmic beat, drum noises actually being heard.

“Squeeze and grope it!” Riley immediately stopped her drumline and began kneading her stomach. It felt incredible! It was like squeezing marshmallows! So soft!

“Dey totally want others ta plays with it or belly bump!” Darren blurted that out, the first time he actually suggested something. He and Riley shared a look, the donkey blushing and awkwardly saying, **“Sorries, couldn't help buts join in dere!”**

Riley didn't say anything, but the look in her eyes didn't show annoyance or displeasure at him joining in. If anything, she looked amused.

Her gaze went down to his belly. *Heheh, maybe it'ds be fun ta smoosh out guts together! Big chonkers should do dat every so often, right?*

“Da most handsomest skunk toon evah!” Memphis declared.

FWOOMP! Riley's face numbed, shooting forward. White fur erupted around her mouth and snoot as it converted into a muzzle. Her head wobbled, swelling in spots and growing black fur, soon resembling that of a skunk. She clenched her eyes shut briefly and when she reopened them, they were round, white circles with black dots.

When feeling returned, Riley reached up and felt her noggin. Her hand slid over her big muzzle and wide cheeks, an eager, bright smile filling her. **“Nows dis feels good! I's bet I's looks like da most handsomest skunk ever!”** She didn't need to bet, she knew it was true and it filled her with such joy.

“Dough, since deys be a slob, deir hair be such a mess!” Smokey Steve pointed out. Riley's hair grew out. Locks became messy and curly, bangs falling down and covering her eyes. Despite that, she could still see just fine.

Riley didn't seem to notice, feeling her face and then feeling her tummy. There was a brief moment of silence before she asked, **“Youse knows, if I'ms a skunk, don't I's have fur?”**

“Right right!” Porkchop nodded. **“Youse has da best black ands white fur!”** Just like that, fur sprouted over every inch of her. White covered her tummy, chest, and front of the neck while black cloaked everything else. Like her hair, it was unkempt and kind of musky.

Riley didn't care, running her gloved fingers through her fur. She chuckled, pride in her voice, **“Both da most handsomest skunk ands a big fat slob, right? Da total package!”** Everyone nodded and agreed, the new skunk happily scratched her tummy and belly button.

She was all of those things and probably more! How could she ever doubt she could be a toon? She was both a good and good-looking toon! She was almost perfect for Darren!

Almost being the keyword, her eyes falling down on her body briefly before looking up. With a heavy gulp, her body quivering excitedly, she asked, **“Doofy Darren's perfect boyfriend would have sum nice fat moobs instead of boobs, right?”**

That was a sparkle in many of the toons' eyes. **“Of courses hes would!”** Porkchop answered first, **“Boobs ares boooooorin'! Moobs ares bettah!”**

Riley quaked, her hands clenching the table as she shuddered. Her last notable, visible female trait deflated right there. Somehow hanging in until now, her breasts pulled back little by little, but not all the way. They widened and sagged onto her tummy, a perfect fit for her figure. She was more like one of the guys now than even remotely like herself!

“A big fat ass dat dat ass can enjoy!” Roy blurted out. Riley gruffly moaned, pleasure spiking all over. Her frame grew somehow even wider, her rear inflating with it. It lost its shape and perkiness, becoming so wide and flabby. It stretched her new shorts to their limits, her ass crack popping out the top.

Everything felt so good, so amazing! She loved it! How could it get any better?

“A big bulge too!” Steve suggested, a lewd grin on his mug.

Riley froze up, a spike of immense pleasure running down her spine. The crotch of her shorts burned, pushing out into a sizable bulge. Her legs opened up a little to make room for it like it was second-nature to her.

The former human was quiet, eventually able to look down at herself. She said nothing, staring at that lump in her crotch. She could feel it bunching up in there, pulsing every so often.

She was so quiet that Darren broke the silence, looking at Smokey with concern. **“Might've gone too far, dude! She's not-”**

“Bwahaha!” Riley let out a boisterous laugh, grinning at Darren. **“Nah! Dey ain't gone too far!”** A mad, smug look was in her eyes. **“Dey ain't gone far enough! Darren's partner has a HUGE BULGE!”**

The skunk pulsed, letting out a huge, lust-filled moan like never before. She stretched her legs open farther as her crotch inflated like an airbag. A bulge almost the size of a volleyball filled her loins, so sensitive and full of pride.

Darren's jaw dropped comically at the sight, his tail and ears wiggling delightfully. His eyes gazed strongly at that bulge. He was excited. He was right to be.

“Oooooooh!” Roy exclaimed, also looking over and checking out Riley, **“Lookin' handsome, dude!”** The beaver paused, tapping his chin. **“Errr, handsum, dudette! Whatever fits dat youse like!”**

Riley thought about that. Her gender was female but... “dude”. That sounded nice. It fitted them well, along with him, his, bro, man, and all of the above? Why settle for before when “dude” was perfect for *him*?

The skunk man smiled. **“Dude is fine! Darren's perfect partner is a big, handsum, hunky, gay boyfriend aftah alls!”** He playfully nudged the donkey. **“Riiiiights?”**

“Ah-huh, ah-huh!” Daren eagerly nodded but still looked a bit sheepish about it.

“Ya know...” Riley leaned in close to Darren. **“I's dink your poifect boyfriend would also be fattah, biggah!”** He quaked, swelling and growing taller, rising head and toe with the other toons. **“He's be just as fat as youse fors equals cuddlin'!”**

WOOMP! With one final lurch, Riley's body ballooned. His belly swelled and bumped the table, shoving it forward and against the other toon's guts. He was now as big, wide, and heavy as the others.

He WAS just like the others. Another fat, wide, crude, lewd, slob of a toon animal man.

“BURRRRRRRRP!” Riley happily let out another belch, his belly jiggling happily. He put his arms behind his head, showing off his sweaty pits and pushed his belly out further. **“I'd says he'd look 'bout likes dis, wouldn't he?”**

“YEP YEP!” *“Totally dat fat ands cuddly!”* **“Just da poifect fit for Dooty!”** **“Whose wouldn't wanna fatass like dat?”** Riley sighed. That was such a boost for his newly overinflated ego and pride.

FWIIT FWOOO! The thick skunk looked to his wolf-whistling donk, the large beast of burden staring lovingly at him as hearts floated off his head. **“Hmmm, howse dis, big guy?”**

“Wweeeeeell, youse didn't havta swell on my account! I's likes ya just da-”

“NOPE!” **SMOOOOOCH!** The skunk grabbed him by the collar and pulled him into a big, slobbery, cartoonish kiss on the muzzle. He pulled back, chuckling, **“Dis is beddah. Youse and I's both knows it is! Pluuuuus, would I's been able ta do dis?”**

BUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRP! Riley let out the largest belch he ever made, right in Darren's face, causing it to wobble and gums to flap as the hot air hit him.

Darren's eyes swirled before he shook his head. **“Welllls, I's do likes dis....”**

BURRRRRRRRP! Darren returned the belch, the fumes going straight up Riley's big sniffer. So much pizza and junk food all mixed together in that crude gas. Man, did he love it! He wanted to pounce right on him and start making out!

The donk leaned in and affectionately nuzzled him. **“I's really likes all of ya!”** His hands went down and groped that wide, thick belly, the skunk putty in his grip. **“All da best, soft chunk ins alls da right places!”**

The two chuckled and kissed again, more affectionately and sweetly this time. Riley leaned in, making sure his belly pressed into Darren's and rubbed gently. The guys were right. That felt fantastic to do!

After a bit of kissing, Riley sat back down and sighed. He realized everyone was looking at him with star-filled eyes, excited and giddy like school girls seeing their best friend confess their love to a popular guy. It was almost adorable.

“Ya know,” Roy said with a smirk, nudging the skunk, **“Whiles wes imagined what Darren’s poifect boyfriend might looks likes, we nevah could dink of a name fors dem! Youse got any idea?”**

“Riley” didn't even have to think. The name came right to him, easily slotting into his mind like it had always been there. **“Yay! Da name is Reekle Stripes, da fattest, smelliest skunk youse evah saw, bub!”**

Reekle, so crude and gross, but so him! The skunk loved it like he loved every musky, blubbery, wide inch of himself.

He scooted his seat closer to Darren, leaning against him. **“So!”** Reekle said, **“Nows dat we’s done ‘peculatin’ ‘bout what I’s looks likes, what nows?”**

“Pizza Time Round Two!” Memphis declared. He raised his gloved mitts into the air and clapped, a large gorilla toon strolling up with a huge cart full of pizza boxes. **“Tonight’s big shindig is catered by Pizza O’Clock, so let’s eat up! Dese figures don’t stay in good shape without a truckload of calories aftah alls!”**

Reekle's big tail swished happily, a green odor that smelled like burnt pepperoni wafting off of it. He loved pizza, especially if it meant it could help him stay his best, roly-polly shape after all! Plus, if he got an onion-covered one, he could probably make his natural stink more potent and even add some bad breath for his enjoyment.

He could never imagine thinking like that or even wanting it until today, but there it was. Reekle was satisfied with who he was before, but after this? He understood. He got why Kira liked being Darren. He didn't need some big personality shift. He just needed to toon it up and let go of his restraints, have some real fun.

Reekle laughed privately to himself. If only his family, friends, and even his co-workers could see him now!

THE END