

Cologne of Gator Kings

By: Firingwall

Patreon Story done for Danuki

“What the hell?” Jerry had only taken a casual glance into one of the open tent booths on his right when he came to an abrupt stop.

On a wide table, amongst several other random trinkets and items, was a clearish, brown bottle. The bottle was shaped like an ape and not just any ape. It was shaped to look like the one and only Donkey Kong.

But, perhaps the strangest thing of all wasn't just what the bottle was shaped like. It was that it appeared to be, of all things, a Donkey Kong cologne bottle judging by the cap on top.

Jerry was only further baffled. He was no stranger to the oddities that popped up in flea markets. He visited the local one every time he possibly could. Even if he didn't buy anything, he loved to look at the rare old junk or curios that were for sale. He had seen plenty of odd things people were selling, even that day.

This bottle was the strangest thing he had seen at one of these visits.

Jerry walked over, staring straight at the bottle and nothing else, almost as if he believed it would vanish the moment he took his eyes off of it. It did not, and soon, he was at the table and looking down at the glass bottle. He started to reach for it, just to touch it.

“**Heeeeeeeyo!**” a goofy, hefty voice greeted his ears from the side, “**Find sumthing you like dere?**”

Jerry turned and flinched. There was a large, wide purple tanuki before with the jolliest of grins on his chubby muzzle. He wore thick, four-fingered white gloves and a t-shirt with a Pokéball on it, several sizes too small for him. His belly popped out from underneath proudly.

How the heck did he miss him when he stepped into the tent? Jerry gulped, clearing his throat and trying his best to be polite. He couldn't handle toons really well. They were always so... extra, to say the least. He'd never seen one at a flea market before too. “H-hi, I, ah...”

The *toonuki* took his hand and eagerly shook it, the poor human wobbling almost in a blur from it. “**Da name is Dan! Saw you were checking out some merch! What did you have your eye on dere?**”

“Oh... umm, this thing?” Jerry pointed at the Donkey Kong bottle.

Dan grinned, eyeing the bottle pleasantly. **“Now dat's special! For one of da release events of Donkey Kong 64 back in da late 90s, Nintendo had several bottles of cologne made. Dis stuff is super rare since not many people ‘ppreciate da scent dey was goin’ for and got rid of dere’s!”**

The toonuki looked very proud to know this rare Nintendo lore. Jerry just remained confused. It was just such a strange product, one that he couldn't believe was actually real. Would Nintendo actually license out their character for something like this?

Not helping him feel any less suspicious was all of the other video game merch on the table. Actually taking a look at the other things on display, everything felt so... off. There were Metroid themed garden gloves, Halo spray paint, a plushie of a Hunter from Resident Evil, a Kirby paintball gun, and even a vinyl record of the soundtrack to the first Bubsy video game.

What was this stuff? It couldn't be real.

Dan seemed to be picking up on his disbelief from the look on Jerry's face, since he suddenly said, **“Hmmmm, not sure ‘bout dis, eh?”**

“Oh! I, ah, it's just-”

“It's fine!” the toon chuckled, his belly jiggling pleasantly. **“I's get why you'd be sus. Here's da ding, it's all real! What I's has here is the greatest, most obscure collection of video game merchandise ever made!”**

He playfully nudged Jerry, who was almost knocked over by it. **“Could ya believe all of dis was in the back of sum closet of a magic shop? Ain't doin’ anyone any good dere when it can be sold to da fans who’d actually like and appreciate it!”**

That didn't really change Jerry's mind. He felt even more suspicious of all of this “merch” if it was in the back of some magic shop. It had to be bootlegs or something similar, right? Chinese knockoffs? Something from south of the border? Probably made in some Toon Town district or the like? It was hard to say.

Still, despite his suspicions, he was curious. His eyes fell back onto that clearish, brown, ape-shaped bottle. He had to wonder what exactly the “official” scent of Donkey Kong could be, or what someone thought Nintendo would think would be the scent of their big primate.

“Sooo, interested?” Dan asked, looking between the bottle and Jerry, **“You certainly got an eye on dis!”**

“Oh, well... I'm just... curious, is all.”

“Nothing wrong with that!” Another playful nudge from Dan, another big effort by Jerry to stay standing. **“Why not have a sniff? Maybe you'll like it!”**

“Well, I guess I can do that.” It wouldn't hurt to just give it a sniff and see what this thing was actually like. Presumably, it was going to be bad since this was made back in the 90's. Surely the cologne would've aged terribly, and its scent now just putrid to the nose. It was probably a bad idea to even try it if this was for real.

Still, curiosity got the better of him there. Jerry gave the toon a nod, who happily grinned.

Dan took the bottle and sprayed a soft mist into the air to the side of them. He stepped back and motioned for Jerry to walk into it. He did so, feeling some of the liquid still floating about on his cheeks.

It was... strange. The mist softly stung his skin and even his nose as he sniffed, but the sensation faded quickly. Instead, he focused on the strong odor of it. It smelled like coconuts, almost to be expected given the character.

Then, it shifted. The scent took on this weird, old leather... musky scent? It was hard to describe it, but it feels like he smelled it somewhere before. Perhaps at the reptile house at the local zoo?

“What do you think?” Dan asked, stroking his chin and looking at him.

“It's... ah, well, it's something, I guess?” Something was certainly right. It was potent and hadn't aged as badly as he expected, despite the coconut scent only staying for a moment. It left him a bit intrigued in all honesty. Though, not enough to buy it.

It did at least make him want to take another sniff. He took a whiff of the air, his nose making a rather silly snort sound when he did. He unexpectedly took a huge huff of it, that leathery scent burning harder in his nose. Still intriguing, but still not enough.

“Well, I don't think I'm getting-”

WOOOOMP! His face lurched, shooting forward. Numbness struck it as green, rough scales sprouted around his lips and over his mug. His nose flared, stretching and fading into the top jaw as it came out. Teeth sharpened within his mouth, some growing longer and poking out of his lips.

Sensation came to his mouth as the growth stopped. Jerry didn't have to narrow eyes to see it. He had a big, long gator muzzle on his face.

He quickly reached up and felt the heavy jaws, feeling their roughish texture and hardened features. His heart raced, his mouth struggling to make the proper words. In the end, all he could muster out was, "What the crud?!"

"Whoooooa!" Dan looked just as surprised as him, slapping his paws against his own mug, eyes nearly bugging out. **"Dat's unexpected!"**

"What's wrong with my face?!" Jerry whined, his body trembling.

"I dunno! Dat shouldn't have happened!" Dan looked at the cologne bottle closely. **"Should've expected something more ape-like or-"**

He paused, squinting and muttering to himself as he closely examined the bottle. **"Ha!"** He slapped his forehead and laughed, his belly jiggling. **"Dat explains it! Dis expired a decade ago! Da formula is degraded, so da results are different! Mah bad!"**

Jerry twitched. "Wai, what do you mean by results being dif-" He twitched again, this time with a rumble behind it. His hands jittered, fingers vibrating each.

He held them up and pulled them away from his face. They were growing green scales now as well. His pinkies merged with his ring fingers, everything thickening into meatier proportions. Fingernails thickened and pushed to the tips of his digits, forming thick claws that could stab through almost anything else with enough force.

"WHAT!" Jerry's heart raced. What the hell was happening to him?!

He didn't have time to think about it. **RIIIIIIP!** He jerked his head downward. His shoes broke open in the front, three, green clawed toes coming out. Green, scaly feet followed, the sides of the footwear splitting open to make room. He now stood on large, reptilian feet.

And he didn't even have time to properly comprehend that either. **GUUURRRRGLE!** His stomach rumbled cartoonishly and then ballooned, forcing itself out in a blast similar to that of

an airbag. It was so wide and round, his feet disappearing right out of sight. His skin was green like his hands and feet, except for his belly. It looked goldish and was fairly smooth instead of rough like the other scales.

Jerry gulped. *No... no way... This can't be real.* He blinked a few times. *Can't be... can't be real...* He reached down, slowly, hesitantly. He pressed one of his fingers against his gut, careful to not scratch it with his claw.

His tummy, poking out from under his stretched shirt, was dense but soft. The feeling of it was strangely pleasant. Pressing it felt delightful.

Why does that feel good? He shivered. The back of his pants slipped down, a short, green, scaly tail slithered out. It was fairly small for a gator but strangely fit him.

He gulped and pressed his full hand against his belly. He quivered again, hair falling out now and revealing the scaly skull beneath. *Really good.* His hand clenched a little, squeezing some of his tummy fat. *It's just so-*

“Enjoying yourself?” Jerry flinched. The toonuki was right beside him with the biggest grin on his face. His eyes went from Jerry's face down to his big, scaly belly and the hand squeezing it.

Jerry could feel his cheeks warm, nerves starting to hit him. “I... I, ah, well, you see, I-”

Dan laughed, stepping back. **“It's okay! I understand completely!”** He placed his hands on his gut and playfully patted it, getting a good beat out of it. **“Dere's nuthin' wrong with enjoyin' one's hefty size and weight!”**

“Umm, I don't kn-” His body cartoonishly rumbled, losing his words. His form grew bigger and bigger, especially in the lower half. His belly expanded more, popping further out until his shirt only really covered his chest. His pants stretched, barely capable of staying on his wide load. His shape was positively toonish.

Jerry's heart raced so fast. He stared down at the vast amount of belly and girth he had obtained. Why did it all look so good on him? Were the fumes from that cologne messing with his mind? That was probably it, right?

And... did he really mind it in the end? He put both of hands on his wide gut and gently squeezed with both of them. His eyes closed, soaking in that sensation. It really did feel so good.

He hardly noticed when Dan playfully sprayed the bottle again, right in front of his snout. His gator-esque mug snorted it right up automatically. More weight came to him, but in the form of muscle power. His arms and legs thickened, tightening his pants and sleeves on them.

The strength and power he could feel. Along with the weight, it all felt incredible. Jerry liked it, liked it a whole lot. He couldn't deny it or think otherwise.

His head quaked, shifting now itself. The remaining bits of hair fell out, leaving him completely bald. His cheeks and jaws swell out more, making his muzzle look even wider. His noggin rounded, his brow thickened, wrapping a little more around his enlarged eyes.

Then, one final surge struck him. He widened further, now even bigger and girthier than Dan. His entire torso looked fairly round and pear-shaped, his legs shifting more to the sides as he developed thick haunches. He looked just like King K. Rool, only wearing street clothes.

Jerry snorted pleasantly, eyes opening and revealing bright white eyes with black pupils. One of them was bloodshot, though not as bulging as the real character's. He didn't notice nor would he care if he did. All Jerry could do now was grin.

Grin and smack his rather gold-plated belly when an urge struck him. It jiggled cartoonishly, a pleasant feeling washing over him. Everything felt so right. He was strong, powerful, in charge, and huge.

“Heheh,” he chuckled in a deep, heavy voice, **“Now this is something!”**

“I'll say!” Dan chimed. His eyes sparkled as he stared at that golden belly. **“It's great to see someone else dat 'ppreciates big bellies like me!”** He jostled his gut, letting it bounce. **“Maybe you'd like ta buy dat cologne now.”**

Jerry scratched the tip of his jaws. After all of this, that did sound like a good idea. Perhaps Nintendo was onto something with this cologne, even if the results weren't supposedly “right” and it having expired a while ago.

“Hmm, maybe I could buy...” The gator man trailed off. He took another look at the bottle, seeing where Dan set it down on the table. He took a very long look, staring directly at its ape-esque shape and figure.

Irritation began to arise, a new annoyed feeling hitting him. That ape, that Donkey Kong, he couldn't stand it anymore. That stupid, irritating Donkey Kong with his smug look and annoying overconfidence. It grinded his gears.

He may like the smell and results of that cologne, but he no longer wanted any semblance of that ape back in his domicile. Jerry looked at Dan sternly. **“Got a different bottle you can put that cologne in? I don’t want it if I have to keep staring at that... Kong everytime I use it.”**

“A new bottle?” For the first time, Dan looked unsure. **“I dunno. Dat bottle and cologne are meant ta go together, like peanut butter and jelly.mmmm, PB&J sammy.”** He licked his chops, rubbing his tummy.

The gator cleared his throat, the toonuki snapping out of his food trance. **“Err, and, anyway, I don’t even have another bottle ta put it in. I can give ya a discount dough since da product ain’t doing what it’s supposed to be doin’.”**

It was a fair and reasonable statement and offer. Jerry would’ve normally just understood completely and argued no further, taking that deal. However, he felt slighted for some reason, anger rising within him. **“I will accept no such deal! I’m the customer, and I should be treated like a king!”**

He looked down at himself and nodded. **“Plus, I am a king anyways!”**

Dan chuckled. **“Wellllll, not really. You’re just a copycat, a lookalike, belly buddy!”**

That set something off in Jerry something fierce. He snapped his jaws at Dan. **“I will not be talked to like that! I’ll... I’ll... I’ll gather a crew and come back to raid this tent like the pirate king I am!”**

Dan lit up, clapping his puffy paws together. **“Oooooo, I would love to see that! That would be so cool!”** There wasn’t a bit of sarcasm in his voice at all when he said that. He seemed genuinely sincere.

Jerry did not care, just snorting at him. He’ll get back at the toon tanuki for this dishonor. First, he just needed to find the right people. Who would...

He took a look around and, thankfully, found just what he was looking for. There were a bunch of toon gators chatting together over at another tent in the flea market. Sure, they weren’t as bulky or buff as the Kremlings, but they had girth and weight, just like him.

Jerry hurried off towards them, ignoring Dan, who was politely waving goodbye. They were perfect and totally would work for him! He was a king after all... and a toon with a big gut like them. Heck, it was even bigger than theirs. That demanded great respect after all!

They would team up and raid that tanuki's shop of all its goods. Then, they'd hit another shop and get a new bottle for the cologne. And then after that... perhaps another tent for new clothes. Jerry needed some stuff that would actually fit and not squeeze him, stat!

THE END?