

Beware the Easter Eggs

By: Firingwall

Commission done for Tomblappy

Mmmm, this is nice. Sylvester Sylgoo leaned further back into the bench. *Feels like forever since we had a beautiful day.*

It was certainly true. The last pleasant day felt like an eternity ago despite it only having been a few months. This past winter had been a rough, freezing one. So many blizzards and ice storms had passed through, keeping him hold up inside for so long.

So, no matter how awkward or less-than-comfortable the bench he sat on now was, Sylvester was going to enjoy it. The sun was finally out, only a few clouds in the sky and nowhere near blocking the warm rays. He soaked it all in, his eyes closed and arms resting behind his head, legs stretching out occasionally.

This was just what he needed.

Sure, he still had some work to do. He was a comic artist, and there were some pages left to finish on his latest Sylvia Skunk romp. It was a tale quite similar to his own, the lovely skunk getting to enjoy the lovely spring weather in her own world after a harsh winter. He was certain he could get it done if he put his mind to it in only a few hours.

However, the weather was too nice to resist after being cooped up. He took a little stroll through his neighborhood, wandering over to the small park a few blocks away. Finding a nice, empty bench and quiet spot in the area, he sat down and hadn't moved since.

Sylvester took a deep breath, sucking in that fresh air. It was that perfect time of spring. Right after winter had ended and before all the pollen suffocated the town. It was just right.

Though, it was also a bit warmer than expected. His hands unconsciously moved, tugging at his collar. Perhaps he was a bit too dressed up for a stroll and to sit out in the sun. It might start feeling like summer in a bit.

But hey, he liked his outfit. He loved his black jacket, dress shirt, and black pants combo. He wore it everywhere, even when he worked. It felt wrong not to be wearing them.

Feels good. Sylvester sucked down another breath of air and released it. *I should do this every so often. I feel like I can fly through the rest of work!* He smiled. *Heh, yep. Should be done in no time with the lines and-*

SPRRROOOOING!

What the heck?

Sproing! Sproing! Sproing! Sprrrrooing! The goofy noise was getting louder and closer. It seemed so far at first, but now, it was only a few feet away. It was coming up from behind.

The closer they got, the odder the noises became. The “sproings” were strange, warped even, like a cartoon sound effect that had gotten distorted or pitched lower in the studio. It would almost be creepy if the sounds still didn't give off such goofball energy.

SPROING-OING! THUMP! Sylvester felt a small shake in his feet. The sound had now come from the front of him.

“**Heys youse!**” A gruff, goofy voice greeted his ears. Sylvester finally opened his eyes and looked down.

There was a toon standing before him, a very short one at that with how he would barely reach his hips if the human stood up. It was an orange rabbit wearing a pink vest, blue bowtail, and bowler hat. His visage and color design said cute, but the aura and voice said otherwise. It almost felt like he should've been chomping on a big cigar.

Sylvester stared blankly at the little guy. *Who the heck is this?* He said nothing, and the bunny, in turn, said nothing as well. He just looked him over from top to bottom, studying him like a piece of art in a museum.

After a bit, the bunny's black nose made a cute little twitch. “**Youse look like the kinda chump I'm lookin' for!**”

And whatever potential cuteness Sylvester might have found in the silly toon was gone like that. His arms slid off the top of the bench and against his sides as he stood up. He looked down at the toon with a long frown. “Excuse me?”

“**Mhm!**” The bunny nodded, seeming to talk to himself and pay no actual attention to Sylvester. “**This is a real sucker in need of some fixin'!**”

Sylvester's mood sunk lower. He wasn't sure exactly what to make of this rabbit toon, but he knew enough. He wasn't just going to stand there and take it. “Look,” he spoke firmly, pointing down at him, “I don't know what your issue is, but you can just scram, Mr. Bunny.”

“Mistah Bunny is my dad's name!” the bunny exclaimed, now actually seeming to hear him. **“I'm Peter Cotonkrail, if ya must know!”** He let out a gruff scoff. **“I'm a bunny with a plan ta fix up this season, starting with you!”**

“I mean...” Peter looked Sylvester up and down. **“It's Easter Season, and youse just walkin' around lookin' like dat? Pa-Leeeeeeeeeze!”**

“I really don't have to take this.” Sylvester started to turn and walk back towards the park entrance.

However, that's when he saw the bunny make a move. He reached behind his back with a gloved mitt and pulled out a small basket, filled with, naturally, Easter Eggs. They were painted in a wide range of colors, but there was just something off to them. Despite the range, all the colors were muted and darker, like they were in the shade during sunset.

“Time for your dose of Easter Tidin's!” Peter declared. His other hand snapped into the basket and yanked out one of the eggs, baby pink. His paw gripped it tightly, but not enough to actually crack it.

Then, his arm spun. It rotated like a pitcher working out the kinks in his arm at first. Then, it spun like a cartoon pitcher, a blur to the eyes that Sylvester literally couldn't track. He wasn't sure what was happening, but he didn't like it one bit.

He opened mouth to say something, but what he was going to say never came. **WHISH!** Peter's arm stopped on a dime, and the egg flew in a blink of the eye, right at Sylvester. Despite its size versus his mouth, it flew right into the maw without a single bit of resistance. The shock sent him back down onto the bench.

GULP! Down the egg went, through the mouth and down his throat, somehow going faster and easier once it was in. In the back of his mind, he noticed the taste of sweet, fresh strawberries as it passed over his tongue. It was something he usually enjoyed under different circumstances. Not right then.

Sylvester reached for his throat in a vain attempt to stop it. It was far too late, barely catching and noticing the cartoonish bulge of the egg going down his throat. It hit his stomach a second later.

And once it did, Sylvester shook. He rapidly vibrated in his spot, like he was smashed between two cymbals in an old cartoon. Vibrational waves floated off of him even.

Eventually, the shaking concluded. The man, razzled and dazed, was left groaning. “What...” he uttered, struggling to find the word at first after that brain rattle, “What was that?! What did you just-”

SPROING! Sylvester was then thrust back onto his feet. A big push came from his bottom all at once, as if an airbag had deployed. An airbag with a cartoony sound effect that is.

“What was that?!” Sylvester reached around with his hand quickly. First, his hand hit the back of his black pants. Second, it slowly raised, finding the top of them had torn open.

Lastly, he felt something. It was soft, fluffy fur shaped into a big ball of fuzz. It was white as snow, though he couldn't see that part. It was like a big, cartoony bunny tail.

Bunny... bunny tail... His heart thumped heavily as cold realization washed over him. *Wait... oh no! This is-*

Sylvester twitched. He suddenly felt warm down below and also fairly itchy. The warmth spread from his cottontail and around his bottom. He could see it, but it was fur. Baby pink fur, far brighter and more vibrant than that egg, was spreading over his butt and around to his front.

Once his rear was fully pink and the fur spread fur, its color grew paler and paler. Soon, it was bright white, forming a heart-shaped splotch over his bottom. He couldn't see that naturally, but it was sure to be fairly embarrassing for him once he found out later.

Besides the warmth and itchiness, there was also a tightness hitting in the back of his pants. The area was stretching out, the tearing from the tail hole down. His butt was slowly inflating into a round, appealingly bubble look. It jutted out pleasantly, full and toned.

His hand was still on his cottontail, so when the tightness came, his hand went down. It slid down as the pants split open further, resting on one of his full butt cheeks. His cheeks blazed red, a soft gulp following. “Oh... oh my... so... so soft...” *So soft and squishy.*

“Oh my indeed, soon-to-be-toots!” Peter snickered.

Sylvester suddenly remembered the bunny, the root cause of this. He angrily looked at him, snapping, “What did youOOOF!”

His anger didn't last as the tightness hit a fever point below. His hips were growing and growing very fast, getting to a proper wide and round size befitting his bubbly derriere. No subtly, just a quick, overt, sensual shape that was soon his.

Sylvester didn't have time to really take it in. Between his hips and big butt, the blood flow was getting cut off and his lower half felt odd in a way he didn't like. He quickly popped the buckle on his belt, some of the tension being culled. He readjusted it several times until there was only sweet relief.

He took a long, deep, relaxed breath and released, feeling free. *Okay, at least that's ov-*

He stood straight, pupils dilating and cheeks going redder than they ever had before. A weird rush had hit him, his body quivering with delight. He let out a few slow, light pants.

The strange rush had struck him below the belt, right in the crotch. His lips trembled. *Oh... oh no...* He had a feeling what the cause was. He reached down and pressed a hand against his crotch.

Before, a bulge would greet him. Now, the area was empty. In their mind, they knew why. They had crossed a boundary, and how she viewed herself had shifted. *Oh dear, oh no.*

Despite that, Sylvester hadn't the time to take in this development before a new wave of discomfort came in. It was built on a more intense itchiness and annoying heat of having too many layers on at once. Plus, the awkwardness of it, the sensation of hairs being brushed and pushed the wrong way beneath her clothing.

Fur was coming in like a lion. Baby pink fuzz was spreading everywhere, top and down, with occasional spots that were coated in white.

First, it was her torso. The fur extended up from her hip region. Pink crawled along her sides and back, white went over her tummy. Once it had finished cloaking it, its figure shifted. Everything slimmed down, from a flatter stomach to a narrow waist that made for an hourglass shape. It was the kind of thing that might not have been too noticeable given how baggy her shirt and jacket were now. However, she could still sense it due to the lack of itchiness in the waist from fur against fabric.

Curious, her hands went to her hips. They began to trace her shape, going over the roundish width and upwards. They flowed in as they reached her curved waistline, her movements slowing to take it all in. *So narrow... so... curvy.*

Sylvester's mind wandered. It came to cartoon characters with similar figures, such as her beloved Sylvia Skunk. She must've had the same thing as them now.

Her hands moved onto her stomach, noting how toned it felt. All of that winter weight she accumulated had gone. That was nice at least, though this wasn't the way she wanted it to go.

Pink fur descended, moving onto her legs like a rushing wave. Like with her torso, they slimmed down to a fitter, more feminine shape. They grew a touch longer, her ankles visible a tad. Her thighs thickened to match her hips, swelling to where they gently pressed and rubbed against each other. It made her pants feel a tad tight there, but not uncomfortably.

White fur continued climbing up over her tummy and onto her chest. A warm, pleasant, tingling sensation grew there, followed by a slight heaviness. She looked down, face getting redder and jaw dropping. Soft mounds were forming, pressing against her dress shirt.

The bumps grew and grew, pushing harder and harder. The fabric tightened around her inflating mounds, highlighting their full shape. Eventually, the top button popped, another button following close behind it. The collar opened up, revealing white, furry cleavage.

After a few seconds, her breasts stopped growing. They sat comfortably on her chest as firm but soft D-cups. They seemed to defy gravity, elevated perfectly without a hint of sagging despite a lack of a bra. Just perfectly globular.

Staring at them, Sylvester couldn't help herself. Her hands went up and groped her breasts. Her fingers dug into them, sinking deep in their soft flesh. *So squishy...* She gulped, her cheeks getting somehow even redder. *Like... like marshmallow peeps!*

A sharp whistle blasted out. It reeked of sleaze, causing her to shiver uncomfortably. “Ooooh yeah, dat's what I likes ta see!” Peter whistled. “**Look at ‘em Easter Eggs youse sportin’ now! Now dat's what da public wants!**”

Sylvester huffed. “Listen you! I'm not a fan of-”

POP-POP! Yet again, sound effects interrupted her. Pink fur had been going down her legs, unseen by her pants legs. Her limbs had been going slender and fit, not too unexpected given the situation.

But when they reached her feet, the opposite happened. Her shoes inflated like someone stuffed an air hose into them and kept pumping away. Eventually, when they were almost double their size, her shoes, and even her socks, exploded into puffs of light, fluffy smoke.

Her feet had ballooned into a pair of cartoony bunny feet. They had three pudgy, round toes each. Pink fur covered the top half while the soles and toes were coated in white.

Sylvester looked down, her feet thankfully long enough for her to see without her chesticles obstructing her view too much. “Awww, I liked those shoes...” She frowned. “This feels awfully familiar.”

Fur was spreading up and fully over her torso. Her shoulders lost some of their broadness as the fuzz reached them before spreading onto her arms. Her upper limbs slimmed as pink washed over them, obscured by her baggy black jacket.

She noticed the twitching, minor numbness in her hands. She brought them up for a closer look. The digits had gone down to four per mitt. Baby pink fur had wrapped around everything but the palms, which were coated soft white.

Sylvester slowly inspected her hands, flipping them over and back a few times. She wiggled her digits, letting them rub up against each other. *So fuzzy, so pink.* She did the same with her feet, looking them over and wiggling her toes. *I'm going all bunny...*

The fur spread up her neck and then stopped. She felt some of the fuzz brushing against the bottom of her jaw, but not for long. A numbness started settling in across her face. *Oh... I guess this is it then.* She gulped. *Full bunny time.*

Mentally holding her breath, she waited and waited. Sensation and feeling came back to her mug, but nothing felt particularly off. She reached up and stroked her face. There was no sensation of fur against fur, but just fur against skin.

Very smooth and very soft skin. Sylvester couldn't see it but her face had completely feminized with cute, traditionally womanly features and looks.

Huh... She ran her fingers across her face, tracing every inch smoothness and crossing over her dainty nose. *Would've expected something furrier, but I guess not?* Her hand slid onto her right cheek. *I wonder what-*

She cringed softly. The numbness came back, along with a powerful pulse that made her head throb. She cringed, her hand on her cheek gripping it slightly. Her fingers dug in... and then were pushed back.

Her face began to stretch and bubble. Her cheeks pushed outwards, white fur, thicker and puffer than the fuzz on her limbs grew out. *Oh... there it is...*

Sylvester cringed again, scrunching her face. Her lips quivered and **POP!** Two buck teeth stuck out of her mouth, pressing tightly against her bottom lip. Her face softened as she

pushed her tongue up against her front chompers. They were firm and stuck hard, though when she flicked her tongue against them, they cartoonishly vibrated before settling back into place.

Suddenly, there was a smell in the air, one that pleasantly tickled her nose. She could pick up the scent of candy all around, but when she looked, she could see nothing. *Wait a minute...* She brought her hand closer to her nose and sniffed. Her fur naturally extruded that scent.

She pressed a finger against her nose. It was smaller, but a bit wider and animal-shaped. She didn't need to see it to know that it was a cute bunny nose, probably pink. She paused for a moment before pressing her nose again. *Boop.*

As if annoyed by the pressing, her face pushed her hand away. It stretched out at long last into a muzzle, befitting her bunny-ified body. It was a short but adorable muzzle with a coat of red lipstick around the mouth, making it appear as if she had full, cartoony lips.

She didn't have time to even check her new maw before her head suddenly jerked to the left. Then, it jerked to the right. There was a new weight on her noggin that felt very off.

She reached up and found the culprit. Her ears were long, rabbit ears, pointed at the tips while a bit wide in the middle. She couldn't see it, but they were coated in baby pink fur with white, fluffy insides.

So long... Sylvester traced her hands as best as she could over them before letting them drop. Her hands brushed against her hair as they came down, a sense of relief hitting her. *Well, at least that's the same. Small miracles and all that...*

And closing it out, and going unseen, was her eyes. They grew ever so wide and round, making her visage cuter and cartoonier. Her eyes seemed to twinkle with how big they were now. Her eyelashes grew long and thick too, adding an attractive flutter to whenever she blinked.

Sylvester stood there for a moment before she moved again. She let out a long sigh, hunching forward a bit. "Well... it's over now." Her eyes widened. "Oh! My voice! Well, at least *that didn't Oh come on!*"

Just like that, her voice switched on a dime. It went from her classic, normal guy tone to something so cute and quite positively alluring. Her hand instinctively went to her mouth to cover it. *Should've just stayed quiet. Shouldn't have tempted anything.*

But, she couldn't. She slouched forward more, arms falling to her sides as she let out an exacerbated groan. She looked down at her full, curvy figure, stretching her favorite clothes to their limits. *"Oooh, this is too much!"*

“**Too much clothing, eh toots?**” Sylvester flinched. How did she keep forgetting that stupid, trouble-making bunny was still there, ogling her? “**I agree! Let’s fix dat!**”

A cold shiver fell over Sylvester as she quickly looked back at the bunny. He was winding up, his arm spinning like a propeller once more. She clamped her mouth shut, even covering it with her paws. She wasn't going to be duped again!

However, it didn't matter. When he chucked the brown egg he was holding, it didn't fly at her face. It went and struck her right in the chest. It exploded like a smoke bomb, releasing a cloud of brown dust that tasted just like chocolate. It certainly was tasty when Sylvester was coughing and breathing it in, but it also left her terrified by what this could mean.

The dust clung onto her clothing and was slowly absorbed into it. Everything began rapidly changing and shifting before her eyes. Her dress shirt and pants became one, her jacket sinking into her shirt too. White and black turned to an Easter-y light purple. Her belt remained, slipping up and around her waist, its buckle becoming a bright, gleaming carrot buckle.

Slowly, it all shrunk and pulled in, converting into a sensual corset befitting a Playboy Bunny. It even had the collar and cuffs of the outfit, left behind when the sleeves and top half of her “shirt” shrunk inward. The only difference was the blue egg-shaped broach that materialized on the collar.

Sylvester shivered, teeth chattering as horror flooded her. She felt so undressed, exposed, and all while standing in the middle of a public park!

Also, and most frustratingly of all, she felt an annoying sense of déjà vu. Something similar to this happened only a few months ago to her. She almost wanted to make a “two dimes” joke, but she wasn't remotely in the mood for it.

“**Mhm, yeppers!**” Peter smugly chuckled, stroking his chin as he looked her up and down, “**Dat’s the ticket! Too much clothing was da problem, toots! You’re poifect now!**”

“*Why you!*” Sylvester growled, trying to make the fiercest expression she could. However, it came across more as a cute, adorable pout more than anything.

The small bunny merely laughed off the attempt at intimidation. He hopped over, now below her knees in height with how tall she became. “**You ain’t no sucker now!**” He took her hand and kissed it with a big **SMACK**. “**Just a big, bunny beauty poifect to celebrate the season!**”

Sylvester snapped her hand away. *“Why?! Why did you do this?!”*

“Cause I like ta dink its my job to make this season more bunny-ful! Da world could use some more bunnies!” Peter smirked. **“But you? Oh boy, what a dame! You're dah best bun I ever made!”** He took her other hand more eagerly. **“Howse about you and me enjoy some frolicking on dis fine, lovely day?”**

“Noooooooooooo,” Sylvester said slowly, aggressively as she yanked her hand away again, *“How about you just change me back?”*

For the first time, Peter looked offended, flabbergasted even. **“Why would ya wanna change back?!”** he huffed, putting his paws on his bunny haunches and shaking his head. **“You're da purdest dame around!”**

Suddenly, that confused look vanished and was replaced by a mean, greasy grin. **“And fully figured ta boot!”**

Sproing! The bunny leapt and reached around behind her with lightning quick reflexes. His paw grabbed onto her butt and pinched it. **“Dat's some quality big booty, toots!”**

“YIPPE!” Sylvester let out the highest, most girlish squeak she had ever made, her eyes almost cartoonishly bugging out.

Once her heart settled down from that shock, rage bubbled forth. She trembled, seething with an anger she never felt before. *No* No, she was not going to let this go or continue being too stunned to act. Not this time. She was not going to let him walk all over her.

Suddenly, her anger fell away, at least, appearing so on the outside. She looked down at him, bending forward and letting him get a good look at her cleavage. She smiled warmly and cooed, *“Well, aren't you a charmer. Mmm, perhaps you're right about this. Maybe you would like a sweet smooch on the head as a thank you?”*

“Oh baby, would I!” Peter's eye positively glowed with delight hearing that. He took off his bowler cap, holding it against his chest, and leaned up on his bunny tip toes as much as he could.

Once he had done that, Sylvester's smile vanished. She stepped back and pulled her right foot as far back as she could. Cartoonish, anime energy emanated from her leg as it trembled, seeming to absorb an unknown, unseen power.

Then, with all her might, she kicked. Her big bunny toes collided with Peter's tummy, the toon's eyes bugging out. Her leg kept going and going and so did the toon with it. Once the leg stopped, Peter went soaring like a kicker launching a football towards a field goal, but even faster. Peter spun and spun, rapidly flying through the air and far into the distance.

“WOWSERS! I love feisty dame like youses!” Peter could be heard, his voice growing fainter and fainter as he vanished into the horizon. Soon, all that was left of him was a trail of cartoony red hearts wafting behind, and eventually, not even those.

With him gone, Sylvester let out a long sigh, her body relaxing. She was free, free from that pain in the butt. She wasn't freed from her shackles completely, stuck with this curvy form. *“Here we go again.”* She rubbed her face. *“Another holiday season as a cartoony babe.”*

Sylvester looked down at her heaving chest, gazing into her cleavage valley. She blushed, fidgeting gently. All things considered, she really didn't mind having such a figure with all of those curves. It did feel strangely nice and made her feel all warm inside.

But, if she had to be like this, she really would've liked some control, especially when it came to the where and what she dressed as. She certainly didn't want to change in public and wear such an outfit.

Soooo, she thought, pondering her situation, I guess I'm like this until Easter or maybe earlier? Given Christmas... ugh, I wish I had a time frame on this non-

That was when she noticed it. Peter's Easter Basket was sitting on the ground just a little ahead of her. *Amm, guess he forgot to take this.* Forget or was punted away before he had time to grab it. Either way, it was abandoned.

Sylvester picked up the basket and looked at the eggs inside. *Probably should get rid of these before he comes back and does who-knows-what with them.*

She stared at the eggs and stared some more and more. A blush crept onto her face, somehow visible behind her white and pink fur. A thought hit her. *...maybe... maybe I could keep a few for myself?* She gulped as that thought unfolded. *I mean, this... all of this wouldn't be so bad if I could control it more.*

Sylvester nodded. *Okay, yeah. I'll just take some home and hide them there. Destroy the rest later and... yeah. Just gotta head home and... and...*

Her blushing deepened further until her head was almost red. Another thought occurred to her, one that deeply horrified her. Her home? It was several blocks away from the park. It was going to be quite the trek back dressed like that.

What a way to start Spring. Sylvester gulped. *Maybe I'll just hang out in my backyard if I want to enjoy the weather next time...*

THE END?