

Wintery, Toony, Smelly Date

By: Firingwall

BANG! “And soooooooooold to the man down in front!” the purple squirrel declared, smashing her gavel onto the podium and cracking it in half. Two toons rushed onto stage, placing another podium in front of her before taking the pieces of the old one away.

The man in front blushed, the hand holding the paddle dropping low. “I... I won?”

“Yes you won!” the squirrel declared, twirling the gavel on one of her plus-sized fingers, “Luminaria does not lie when it comes to charity auctions! Come on up and get your cute prize!”

The room clapped as Masao slowly stepped up, his heart starting to beat faster. *Oh man oh man*, he thought, *this is it. I... I get a date with her!*

Masao had learned a few days ago about a charity auction being held to raise money for local shelters this holiday season. The hosts? Toons. All silly, goofy, chirpy, giddy toons of all shapes and sizes. They were giving away coupons to toon restaurants; specialized items they made; unique, secret presents; buckets and inkwells of toon paint & ink for starters.

However, the true prize of them all, the one that brought Masao there that night? Dates. Possible night outs with glamorous, handsome, stunning toon guys and gals. He always had a secret thing for toons, but never had the courage to ask one out before.

He stepped onto the stage and up to the podium, the squirrel holding out her paw and clearing her throat. Masao sighed and pulled out his wallet, handing the woman the money for the auction, followed by his paddle. She giggled appreciatively, stuffing them into her cleavage before continuing with her spiel, “Thank you, good sir. Now, please meet your special date: Miss Jessica Ruff, the Toon Pupper!”

A spotlight blared down near them, a figure stood in its center. It was a pink dog woman, a mix between springer, retriever, and collie it appeared. She wore a skin tight, pink dress with tons of flare and fluff to it around the low-cut collar. Her hair was long and brushed elegantly, a swirling lock of it flowing down her front and onto her massive breasts.

She adjusted her glasses and the bow in her hair, her tail wagging excitedly as she gazed upon him. She zipped over to his side, wrapping an arm around his and pressing her breast against it. “Hiya handsome,” Jessica cooed, “Let’s have a fun night, for the kiddies, mommies, daddies, and singleies in the shelters!”

“Umm,” he spoke, his face growing red. He cleared his throat and smiled weakly, “Sure! It’s... it’s nice to meet you Miss Jessica.”

“Nice to meet you as well, mister~” Jessica led him from stage as Luminaria continued with the auction, bringing out a curious bike pump to auction off next. Definitely a step down to the prize beside him now, that was for sure.

Jessica led him towards a back door in the ballroom, leading him to a hallway. She giggled softly as she led him farther and farther away from where they were, “Before we get going, mind if we spruce up a bit?”

Not really thinking, Masao nodded. “Oh sure, take as much time as you need.”

“Wellllll, I’m already perfection, but okie-dokie!”

Eventually, the two reached a door in the far back of the building. Heading inside, it looked like a dressing room for some kind of star. Makeup table, big mirror, plenty of outfits on clothing racks, and such. There was even a little couch with a coffee table next to it, giving the room a cozier feel.

“Ummm,” Masao asked, his cheeks reddening, “I should probably stand outside while you get your business done.”

“No no no!” chirped Jessica, wagging one of her oversized, pudgy, toon fingers at him, “I don’t need any sprucing up. Again, I am perfection.” She giggled, playfully brushing some of her long pink hair over her shoulder in slow-mo, random paparazzi toons appearing out of nowhere to take her photo with big flashes.

Masao nearly jumped ten feet in the air, especially when the paparazzi vanished almost as soon as they appeared. He looked around stunned, trying to figure out where they went when Jessica yipped, “no no, my dear. I’m talking about you. You need some fixing.”

His head snapped forehead, his jaw dropping as she pushed herself against him. A devious, seductive grin spread across her mouth as he stuttered, “W-w-w-w-w-wait, wh-wha-what?! What do you-”

“You’re sweet and cute, but I’m looking for stunning and handsome tonight,” Jessica explained, whispering into his ears, “Rachel says I can play a bit for charity; so, how about I awaken the inner toon?”

“Awake the inner toon?” he asked, “What does that-”

“Boop!” the pink dog chimed. In a blink of the eye as she spoke that single word, she pulled out a small inkwell from her cleavage. She dipped a large finger into it, covering it in purplish black ink. She popped it out and simply poked him on the nose.

With a single touch, Masao shivered. His pupils dilated as this strange, wonderful feeling hit him.

The ink, just a small dot on his nose, started to spread. The dark goop moved over all of his snout, across its tip, nostrils, and straight on inside its holes. It soaked into his skin soon after, fading in perfectly with his skin.

His black nose twitched and shivered, extending outwards ever so slowly. His nostrils flared as the tip of his nose lifted upwards, swelling out further. The blackness quickly gave away though, brightening up to a brownish red tone. Soon, upon his face sat a large, but cute, bumpy animal snout.

Masao blushed as his nose twitched softly. It was a picking up a new scent, something that went unnoticed before. It was of strawberries and bubblegum, absolutely sweet and sugary to boot. It was rather nice.

“Awwww,” giggled Jessica as she leaned in, playfully poking Masao’s nose. His nose twitched and a cute sound effect blurted out: **BOOP!** “That’s better! Let’s keep fixing you.”

Masao’s face grew redder and redder, twitching nervously as she leaned in. He definitely now knew where that scent was coming from. It was making her even more appealing than she already was.

His heartbeat sped up as the same, inky black substance from before extended out of his nose. It slid up and over the nose’s bridge, spreading over his brow and forehead. Meanwhile, a similar, but white, liquid spread out from beneath his nose and flowed across his jaws, mouth, and over his cheeks and eyes. All of the liquid, unlike his snout, remained very wet and glossy, shining underneath the lights of the room.

“Sooooo cutey-cute cute!” squealed the pink toon, “It just makes me wanna kiss ya!” She leaned in and gave a Masao a bit kiss on the inky lips. He blushed as again, the redness of his cheeks shown as reddish pink ovals, his eyes widening. His ears twitched and shivered, stretching up his head a bit and expanding into big, roundish points. As black ink flowed over them, steam blew furiously out as the sound of a kettle blared.

Jessica pulled away slowly, Masao’s face stretching with it. It was like it didn’t want to leave her soft, sweet, pupper lips, pulling further and further out. However, with a big **SNAP**, their lips separated from each other’s, Masao’s snapping back like a rubber band. Not completely all the way though, his face now stretched out into a short, wet muzzle.

Masao’s eyes ballooned out into big, cartoony hearts, his hands smacking against his wet cheeks. More hearts rose off of his head, popping only a few inches away as his hair turned slick and glossy. It became white and all its strands merged into one, forming into this hairstyle-looking blob of ink upon his noggin. It seemed to fit with the rest of his head now.

“Ooooooooooh baby-baby!” he declared, his voice higher pitched, but still masculine. It was rather cartoony in a way. “What a doll! What a babe! What a poochy-pooch!”

“Awwww, you flatter me!” declared the pink pupper, petting his head, “But really, you’re looking mighty fine right now... at least when it comes to that gorgeous head of yours!”

The dog girl pointed casually at the makeup mirror over in the corner, her finger jerking at it and making the **TWANG** of a double bass. Masao snapped his head over in that direction, gasping loudly upon seeing his reflection. With a **ZIP**, he darted over to it for a better look.

He raised his pointer fingers up and gently poked at his inky cheeks. They felt so cool and wet, but still somehow solid. “WOWZERS!” declared the skunk-headed guy, his heart eyes popped, revealing bright red eyes beneath. “I look soooo weird and silly!”

“Isn’t it awesome?” swooned Jessica, a fainting couch appearing for her to fall onto, “Whatta hunk!” Masao chuckled, looking her overdramatics in the mirror before turning his attention back onto his hands. Ink had dripped onto them when he touched his cheeks, already quickly moving over each pointer.

The ink spread like wildfire from the finger to the palms and to the rest of the hands. The goop swirled around each finger, covering them up completely until they were large, wet sausages. His middle and ring fingers wobbled as they were inked, smacking and squishing together into one large digit on each hand.

POP! POP! POP! From the black ink, white, pudgy blobs bulged out with a silly sound. They appeared on the bottom of each finger, shaped like ovals. Upon his palms, a large, more perfect circle-ish appeared in the center. With them set into place, it was as if Masao now had his own animal pads.

“Keeewwwll!” he declared happily, wiggling his fingers. They made soft, quickly raising in pitch, piano chimes as he did. He looked to the dog girl, who had since gotten up and was stuffing the couch in a closet to put it away. “Sooooo, what else do you got, sweet stuff?”

BAM! With an elbow strike, Jessica smacked the couch into the closet and slammed the door, panting hard. She did a quick spin and flew back over to him, composing herself normally with a bright, radiant, glowing smile. “Oh silly, just let the inky ink do its magic and you’ll see!”

Masao nodded and looked back to his reflection. Sure enough, the ink was flowing up his arms and down his neck at that moment. Black ink coated the back and sides of his neck, while white flowed down the front and onto his chest. Only dark ink completely encased his arms from wrist to the shoulders, any indication of his elbows or muscles gone. They were almost like noodle arms in a way.

All of the ink flowed beneath his clothes, out of sight from their prying eyes. However, that did not last for long. As the ink converged over his torso, moving down over his chest and towards his belly, his fancy undershirt suit began dampening. Soon following was his tie and then his coat, everything getting blacker and blacker.

Eventually, the clothing vanished from sight as they were absorbed in. Once gone, white ink appeared over his chest and belly in a long, oval shape. A stripe of that goop appeared on his back, extended down from his shoulder blades and all the way to his buttock.

Masao’s jaw dropped looking at himself, doing a quick spin to look at his back as well. Everything above the hips was toonified, while the bottom half was still human. He looked at his rubbery, featureless arms and shook them, watching them wiggle and vibrate like rolling waves.

So silly, he thought, his humanity breaking through his cartoonishly mind, I can't believe it! I am really turning into a cartoon! Is this permanent? Will I be able to turn back? Will I be... be... be able to... to...

His train of thought derailed as his eyes fell upon the pink toon dog, who was watching him with the cutest of puppy-dog looks, her tail wagging softly. She looked unbelievably adorable and pretty and sexy! His heart started beating harder, pounding visibly against his chest as red, oval circles appeared on his cheeks. He laughed and chuckled like a hillbilly, slouching forward, "Heheh, you so purddy dere, poochy-pooch!"

Jessica swooned again but did not fall over like before. Instead, a stream of hearts rocketed out of her head like a geyser, popping with loud, silly bangs a second later. Her eyes turned into large, pink hearts as well, beating out of her head and shattering her glasses.

"You are tooooooo kind, ya adorable hunk of skunk!" she squealed. Her eyes returned to normal, and she yanked out a new pair of glasses from behind her back, putting them on.

BA-BOP! BA-BOP! BA-BOP! Masao's heart started beating faster and louder, his body shivering. He felt a surge of energy flowing through him, causing him to wiggle his bottom. He playfully poked at his cheek, swaying from side to side. "Awwww, you're too kind, Jessie-poo! You keep saying that and I'm gonna POP!"

The dog's smile widened greatly. "Oh really?" she snickered, leaning in, "Well then... pupper thinks you are sooooo adorable and cute and handsome and charming and toony and funny and wonderful and all tooooooo huggable! You make me wanna squeeze and love ya ta pieces, now that you're the perfect, toony date!"

Masao's eyes widened, his body shivering. His face stretched out into a bashful, goofy smile, even wider than before as his face ink took on a reddish hue. "Oh me, oh my!" he declared, hugging himself, "So much love! It makes me wanna... wanna...!"

PFFFT! POP! The back of his pants exploded as a geyser of ink roared out, growing wider and thicker as it stretched for several feet. Eventually, it all solidified, a white stripe of goop flowing up from its base and to the tip. It formed together into a big, toony, ink skunk tail.

However, that wasn't the only thing to it either. A faint, iffy odor wafted off the tail now that it was set into place. It wasn't pleasant, but it wasn't painful or eye-watering either. What it was for sure was stinky.

Masao sniffed the air, catching whiff of his new scent. Oddly, despite recognizing how bad it was, he wasn't phased in the slightest. He merely chuckled, grabbing his tail and pulling it around his body in front of him. Hugging and hiding his face in it, he bashfully said, "Ooopsie, I got too excited. Our date is all ruined before it even began!"

Jessica yanked out a wooden clothespin from behind her back and stuck it on her nose, pinching her nostrils tight. "Nonsense!" she spoke, flashing a bright smile and giving him a big thumbs-up, "That's what being a toony toon is all about! Come on, skunk hunk, gimme a smile!"

Masao moved his face out of his tail, flashing an embarrassed smile at her. At that moment, ink seeped through his pants, absorbing them completely as well. His shoes suffered the same fate, disappearing into a big blob of gunk. However, said gunk molded itself quickly into a pair of big, three large-toed feet, with white pads popping out the bottom of each digit.

“There we go!” Jessica declared, zipping over to his side and batting his tail away, “No need to hide from me! It’s all natural with skunk hunks~” She playfully “booped” him on the nose again, the new toon chuckling.

He looked back at the mirror again, smiling brightly. Every of inch of him was completely inked and changed, nothing human left about him. His charming, cute skunk muzzle and tail; his noodle, jointless arms & legs; and even his smooth, empty crotch...

“EEEEP!” Masao screamed, jumping into the air and diving into a tiny cabinet drawer, hiding inside. “I’m all naked and stuff! Our date is ruined!”

Jessica laughed and skipped over to the drawer, opening it up and looking inside. “Oh silly! You’re a toon now like I said! Dressing comes easy! All it takes is a little effort!”

She reached inside the drawer and pulled him out, holding the toon up and off the ground with one big paw. With another smile, clutching his head tightly, she snapped him like a piece of laundry needed to be dry and hung up.

SNAP! PLOP! She dropped the skunk toon onto the ground and flashed a delighted grin. In half a second, Masao went from being unclothed to clothed. A bright red, gaudy suit with bright white undershirt appeared on his torso, a bow tie now around his neck as well. He didn’t have any pants though, his smooth, cartoony, featureless lower half shown.

Masao wobbled, shaking his head before looking down at himself. He gasped, before letting out a big giggle, wiggling his bottom. “Oh oh oh oh! I’m... soooo dashing and handsome now! Thank you, Jessica!”

He leaned in and kissed her on the side of her face, giving her a big **SMOOCH!** She giggled, wiggling her own bottom in response. “Oh you! Such a charmer, especially after that little makeover! You look amazing!”

The skunk toon looked back down at himself before flashing a big thumbs up at her himself. “Oh yeah! All fixed up and ready to go, toots! Let’s go on the most magical, wonderful of dates ever!”

“Oooooooh, what do you got planned, big boy?”

The skunk chuckled, looking proud of himself. “Well, I was thinking of taking us to this nice restaurant near the lakefront... but that sounds booooooring! Let’s go to Chuck E. Cheese and play some skeeball!”

Jessica gasped, quickly wrapping an arm around him. “I luuuuuuuuv skeeball! Let’s do it!”

Masao smiled and swooped Jessica off her feet, holding her in his grasp. He dived kicked the door open and charged out of the building, his legs a swirl storm like Roadrunner. Tonight was going to be a perfect night! He had won the best date and got a pretty nifty, silly bonus prize to boot!

THE END