

Toon It Up: Snowfall Gift

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Commission Done for Americanhedgehog34

“I’m an idiot,” muttered Lann, tossing his cell phone onto his pillow, “Complete, utter idiot.”

He stared at the phone, focusing on one particular part of the screen. It was the phone signal, which was completely non-existent. He couldn’t call in or out. The Wi-Fi signal was the same way, so there went any chance of sending a message on social media or the like.

The college-aged man grumbled again, grabbing the phone and stuffing it into his pocket once more. He left his dorm and went back to wandering the halls of the dormitory. He looked at the weather outside, just continuing to mock him. Nothing but a complete and utter whiteout as far as he could see.

The long, dark chocolate brown hair guy just could only walk along the quiet hallways in disappointment. It had been snowing like this for two days straight. He should have left when he had the chance, but nope. He was stuck. Completely and utterly stuck as the poor weather cut him off from the rest of the world.

Worst of all, it had all happened on Christmas Day. Stuck on his college campus with no cell service, no wi-fi, no other person, and no way to reach family or friends. Could there possibly be a worse Christmas than this? It felt like things were going to become *The Shining* after a while!

Idiot... idiot, he thought, internally beating down on himself as he headed downstairs, *just a complete and utter idiot! I just can’t-*

His train of thought derailed as he stepped into the main hall. This was the area that usually had most people hanging out in, working on homework, chatting with friends, or whatever. But now, it was dead silent and empty.

The only thing different about it was the Christmas decorations all over the place to celebrate the holidays that were setup before the snowstorm. Snowflake cutouts, snowmen in the corners, the Christmas pictures plastered on the walls, and even a big Christmas tree set up near one of the counters. It was still plugged in and sparkled like usual.

But beneath its branches was something that was definitely not there before. Beneath it was a rather large, foiled wrapped present with a big bow on it.

Where did that come from? He thought nervously, approaching the package, *that definitely wasn’t here before... right? It just wasn’t... wasn’t anywhere...*

Stepping up to the box and bending down for a closer look, he spotted a tag on it. Much more to his surprise, the tag had a name on it, his own. This present was for him.

Lann glanced around the room again. Still no one in sight. *This... this is for me?*

He tugged at the bow gently and undid it, tossing it to the side. He started tearing through the wrapping, curious to see what was inside.

However, he immediately stopped and backed away. The present began to rattle and shake, vibrating like it was in the middle of an earthquake. The sound of rumbling could be heard soon after, almost like a stampede was about to barrel through.

POP! “Hel-LOOOOOOOOOOOOOOW Lanny!” The top of the present burst open, confetti blasting into the air as a figure bounced out of the box, landing right before him.

Lann’s jaw dropped, looking up at that odd figure. It was a toon! It was a bright red, fluffy dog toon. A girl at that with floppy ears, long and curly locks, a bright pink dress and red collar, and ludicrous curves and figure. Her big, fluffy tail wagged up a storm behind her.

She bent down and helped him to his feet, grabbing with her rather dainty, hand paws. She grinned widely, flashing pearly doggie fangs at him. “It’s soooo nice to meet you!” she declared, “Merry Christmas Lanny-boy!”

“Ummm, what are you-OOF!” She suddenly gave him a big hug, smashing her large knockers against his chest and making his face go completely red.

After what felt like a very long, oddly enjoyable hug, the toon dog released him and declared, “Da name is Cassie the Red Toon Dog, and I’m here on a mission! I sensed a big, Gloomy Gus in this boring, drab school building!”

“Oh... ah, yeah, kinda stuck here with that bad weather. ...wait, how did you get in here?”

“Perfectly good question, but that’s not the point!” Cassie declared, wagging a finger at him, “Don’t think too much about it! What you need to think about is how to make things happier for you! As a toon, I like to go out and make sure sad people are happy this time of year or helped out. I’m here to help you out!”

“Y-you are?” Lann wasn’t too sure what to think. A weird, oddly sexualized cartoon dog gal had somehow gotten into the building, stuffed herself into a present, and was going on about helping him out. It all seemed a bit too much for him.

However, given the weird situation, he decided it was best to play along for the time being. He asked quietly, “Okay... what... what do you want to do?”

“Well, I wanna grant you one wish that’ll be sure to make your Christmas much better!” she chimed, “With my toony abilities, I can do just about anything you need!”

Lann went quiet. He did know toons had the ability to do just about almost anything or accomplish anything. Maybe... maybe she could be his solution out of this building? Maybe she could get him out the way she came in?

Thinking a moment, he started to say, “If that’s the case, then I have my wish already. What I would like is-”

SLAP! Cassie's paw shot forward and grabbed of his mouth, digging bit into it with her soft paw digits. She shushed him and cooed, "There there, lil' Lann. Cassie doesn't need to hear it. Cassie already knows what Lann wants!"

He huffed, furrowing his brow. If that was the case, she didn't have to shove her paw over his mouth. Though, he did blush, noticing she had the faint scent of strawberry in her fluffy fur.

"And what you need is a good ol' stretchin'!" She grinned, her expression looking quite mad for a moment. Gripping his face tightly, she yanked forward.

His eyes widened. His entire face just stretched like a rubber band! Before he could say anything to that, she let go and it flew back with a loud **SNAP**.

But his face didn't fully come back into place. Reaching up and feeling it, his mug was several inches longer and rather... fuzzy. Out of the corners of his eyes, he could see black and white hairs all over something that seemed to be extending out from him.

Cassie grinned and reached behind her back, pulling out a large, full-length mirror from whatever pocket dimension she had as a toon and setting it in front of him. Sure enough, his jaw dropped... hitting the ground and bouncing back up into place.

He had the muzzle of a wolf! There was black fur on the top stretch from snout to eyes, while white covered the rest of his jaws. His nose was bright red and shaped similarly to a wolf's... but a bit more inflated and rounder at the top. From his muzzle, sharp, white fangs were poking out at the top.

"Holy smoking muzzles!" Lann declared, feeling his mug, "What the heck happened to my face?!"

"Ain't it great, ain't it grand?" Cassie spoke, getting up in his face, a sparkle shining in her eyes. "Now, let's keep on keeping on, don't you say?"

"What?! No, I don't say that at-OOF!" Cassie took a sudden deep breath, her cheeks swelling out like big balloons. She snapped up to his side and pressed her muzzle to his, causing his cheeks to radiate red.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE. His stomach growled and roared, his belly shaking. **FA-BLOOP!** Without a second thought, she blew all the air she had into him.

His body rapidly inflated and shifted in shape. His stomach, hips, waist, and even butt rapidly ballooned into this weird, rounded shape. His legs and hips shifted position as his stomach swelled into a ballish form. They moved to the sides of his torso, just below the waist, giving him a toony, round-bottom shape.

His large, grey sweatpants stretched and creaked from the wild expansion and shifting, trying their best to stay on him. They suddenly wobbled and out of the blue, their color and form

shifted. The material turned thinner and dense, but somehow stretchier. Grey patches of sewed on fabric popped around it as the color turned to dark grey.

POP! Cassie pulled away from the kiss, flashing a big smile. **Pop! Pop!** Suddenly, two suspenders popped out around the new belt loops on his new jeans and stretched up and over his shoulders.

“Oh wow!” giggled Cassie, her tail wagging away, “You’re... you’re...~”

“Positively toony...” he muttered, his jaw dropping and bouncing back again into place, “I look like a toon!” Part of him did at least. Lann had a very flatly colored muzzle with a shapely, round-bottom toon torso and toony pants.

“I know!” Cassie declared, flashing a big smile, “Doesn’t it fill ya with joy and wonder?! Yes it does, yes it does!” She moved in on him and started tickling his sides and armpits. Lann paused for a moment when she started, and then fell onto the ground and started laughing away.

“Hehehahahah! St-stop thahahat Ca-Cass!” snorted and laughed Lann, rolling around on the ground. She merely yipped in delight and continued tickling him.

Eventually he gave up and just laid there on his back as she tickled, his legs up in the air and kicking wildly. The more he kicked, the more his shoes seemed to loosen from his feet. Kick, get a little loose. Kick, get a little loose.

Kick. **FWOMP!** Kick. **FWOMP!** Both shoes, and even his socks, flew off into the distance, smacking against the wall far away. The second they were gone, his feet suddenly ballooned out in two big puffs.

Bright white with a black top, his feet were now very large, furry feet paws. They had thick, puffy black pads on his feet, the fur circling around them. Small, but thick black claws extended out of each digit, sharp, but not too much so. His feet were each down to three digits, gently rubbing against themselves.

Eventually, Cassie let go, and Lann began to breathe normally again. He panted a bit, taking in deep breaths, one after another. He spotted his feet after regaining his composure for a little bit, his eyes widening.

He wiggled his toes, which made a little piano twinkle. He couldn’t help but chuckle at that, finding it strange, but refreshingly amusing. “Umm,” he asked, a little curious, “My feet...”

Cassie looked at them and giggled, “Oh! Big feet! You know what they say about a toon guy with big feet, riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiight?”

Lann blushed, his heart racing. She looked rather cute after saying that. However, the thought was short lived as she grabbed his animal paws and declared, “It means they are suuuuuuuuuuper ticklish!”

“Wait! Don’t do thahahahaha!” Lann started laughing again, louder and rather sillier with a hearty, goofy bass as she tickled his feet.

He laughed and laughed, more parts of his body shaking and popping out! **RIP! POOF!** The back of his pants ripped right open as a big, fluffy tail burst out, wagging excitedly. It was black on top and grey on the bottom, sliding across the ground rapidly.

His ears twitched and shivered before another Pop-pop! Black fur bloomed across them from top to bottom as they shifted to the top of his head. With each pop, their shape shifted into that of ovals with points.

Eventually, Cassie stopped tickling and cooed, “there we are. Feeling funny and goofy now, honey-buns?”

Lann panted more, his chest and gut expanded out and deflating back in over and over like a cartoon. After a moment, he hopped to his feet with a big **BLOP**, his pads smacking against the ground, and he declared, “Yep! I do feel all too good now, sweetiekins!”

He chuckled, feeling rather goofy and warm on the inside. Certainly felt a lot better than before, that was for sure. In fact, all his blues and sadness had washed away! Yes, he still longed to spend time with family and friends... but he wasn’t down in the dumps anymore!

Lann glanced towards the mirror and gasped. He had many new additions as he could see from his cute, wolfie ears to his lovely tail that swished back and forth in joy. He wiggled his body, his wide, round shape feeling rather silly and happy as it did.

“Like it?” Cassie asked sweetly, leaning over and peering behind his shoulder.

“Yes... but it certainly could be better, don’t ya think?” He flashed her a big grin himself, showing his big, wolf fangs. He brought his hands to his hair and started ruffling it rapidly.

FLUFF! He stopped, pulling his hands away and revealing his new do. His long hair had suddenly shrunk all the way back up into a short, messy cut. Its dark-chocolate brown was washed out, replaced by a pitch black with sharp, red stripes in it.

“OOOOOO!” declared Cassie, “Yeah, that’s totes better! Let me help; let me help! Hold out your hands please~”

Lann happily did as Cassie ruffled through her dress’s pockets. **Pop, pop!** She yanked out a pair of puffy, rather large, four-fingered, white gloves. They were positively toony and quickly putting them on, they fit just like... well, a glove!

“Thanks, dollface! You such a sweet gal! These sum nice gloves you got here!” Lann chuckled. His body felt tingly and weird, but in a fun, silly way. He felt so happy and funny, words just randomly spilling from his mouth so naturally.

“Awww, you’re welcome, hawt stuff!” Cassie declared, wiggling in place as hearts wafted off her head and popped, “You have such a way with words! You’re melting a poor pupper’s heart!”

Lann grinned, rubbing her head and causing her to yip happily. “You are so sweet, but really, I do think one more thing needs to be addressed here!”

“Really? What’s that?”

Lann chuckled and clenched his right fist, sticking out his thumb. He just instinctively knew what to do and let the silliness overtake him. “Watch this!”

He took a deep breath, much like Cassie did before and even with his cheeks inflating by quite a bit. He stuck his thumb into his mouth and blew as hard as he could. His body shook and wobbled, his pupils dilating.

WOMP! Across his entire form, fur rapidly sprouted everywhere, leaving no trace of bear skin as far as the eye could see. The rest of his head was covered in black and white fur where it was appropriate. His limbs grew black fuzz all over them. His sides and back were black, with white coating his belly. He was now one fuzzy-looking wolf toon.

Not only that, but his drab white t-shirt suddenly shifted as well. Its material grew denser but also softer, the small neck collar thickening even more so and expanding out into a thick hood. His short sleeves expanded into long ones as a big, silvery zipper popped up below his collar, along with a track for it to go down.

“And viola! All fixed and cute!” he declared, winking at Cassie. She yipped delightfully and swooned, falling backwards. Her tail quickly caught her, bouncing her back onto her feet as it shifted quickly into a spring.

Lann chuckled, looking himself over in the mirror. He was full on a big-bottom, black and grey toon wolf. He looked totally cute and huggable, and all too fluffy. He could totally get used to looking like this!

ZIP! Cassie flew herself at and clung to his side, pressing her large chest against his arm. Her tail wagged eagerly as she gazed lovingly into his eyes. “You’re such a hunk of cuteness, you silly wolf! I love ya, Nova the Inkwolf!”

“Nova? But I’m-” **SMACK!** Her paw flew up and smacked itself against his muzzle, holding it shut as he tried to say the last words.

“Na-ah!” she protested, “Your old name is booooooooo-RING! Nova fits ya better, don’t ya think?” He thought about that for a moment, a few question marks wafting off his head as he pondered. Eventually he nodded in agreement. Nova did sound a lot better.

The red dog let go, and he answered, “Ya know what? Nova sounds goooood to me! I’m Nova the Inkwolf now!” Cassie happily cheered, wiggling her hips from side to side.

He sighed though, a stormy cloud appearing above his head. The blues had finally returned to him now that his changes had finished. “But ah... as fun as this is, Fluffy Red, I do miss my family. I kinda wanna go visit them today, ya know?”

“Oh right! You’re stuck here!” Cassie nodded her head, making the mirror disappear behind her back. She stroked her chin for a moment and smiled brightly.

She reached behind her back again and pulled out two large shovels and two miner hats with headlights in them. She tossed him a hat and a shovel, declaring, “Then let us get outta here, together! We shall tunnel our way to freedom and get you home to a nice warm dinner!”

The cloud vanished, Nova’s eyes sparkling as he looked upon his heroine. “Really? Awwww, Cassie, you’re the best red dog gal pal a wolf can have!”

Cassie smiled brightly and looked to the side, towards an unseen audience. Perhaps an audience that was experiencing this little tale itself. She winked and declared, “Of course I am. Wherever there’s trouble and holiday blues, Cassie will be there to pull you out of them.”

She blew a wish and the world faded out, turning black. Words appeared, saying...

THE END~