

## Toon It Up: Quacker Dancer (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

“Yeah, I definitely took the wrong turn somewhere,” muttered Jessica as she looked around the room.

Jessica Eisen, a young, short-haired woman, stood just a few feet from the exit of the building she had just wandered into. The lady was in a rush to escape the rain, ducking from place to place as fast as she could to get home. However, along the way, she made a wrong turn as the rain worsened, visibility dropping like a falling elevator.

Unable to make it back to where she was, she scrambled to the first unlocked door she could dive into. However, the business she ran into was a club. A strip club with many women dancing and performing on various stages.

It wasn't even an ordinary strip club either. All the performers, as far as she could see, were toons. Toon anthro women from dog gals wagging and lifting their tails to ponies really swinging on the bars. There were many men, some of which were human, some anthro, and some toon, all watching and applauding.

Frowning, Jessica stepped back towards the door. *I'll just take my chances el-*

**BOING!** Jessica turned around and ran headfirst into something round and bouncy, knocking her back. “Heheh, gotta watch where you're walking there,” replied a smooth, sultry voice, “At least it was something *soft* this time~”

The short-haired woman shook her head and looked forward. Standing before her was a rather tall, thin, cartoonishly curvy kinkajou. She had dazzling red hair and skimpy clothing, looking at her with this curious, mischievous look in her eyes. Her breasts were humongous, bigger than her head.

The human quickly realized what she ran into, blushing right away. “R-r-right,” she muttered, “S-s-sorry! I-I-I'll just get go-”

“Nah-ah!” the kinkajou declared, wagging a finger at her, “You'll catch a cold if you go back out into that rainstorm. You can wait here until it passes a bit.” The toon gripped her inky white breasts and squeezed them, water ringing out of them like a damp towel.

Jessica twitched, muttering, “N-no really... I should-”

“Get dress in warmer clothes? An excellent idea! I'll help you out!” Before she could even act, the human woman found herself being pushed along by the kinkajou toon towards a door that read: “Employees Only.” She wanted to fight it, but she found herself unable to, the toon having this weird aura around her that made the human oddly calm.

A minute or two later, Jessica was up at another door, being set in front of it. There was a nameplate on it that read: Kinka. The white furred toon opened the door and brought her in.

It was fairly normal dressing room with a makeup table, lots of outfits, a table, a sofa, and so on. There was fairly big mirror stretched from corner to corner on a wall that was lit up as well, making the room rather bright.

“Make yourself at home!” the kinkajou, Kinka presumably, spoke with a bright smile, moving over to the clothing rack, “I’ll hook ya up with some nice duds to wear in a sec so you can be a little less wet.”

Jessica huffed, looking away from the toon and over to the sofa. *Not like I have much of a choice here*, she grumpily thought, heading over to the cushioned seat, *kind of was forced into it and stuff...*

She sat down, leaning back into the sofa. It was nice and soft, though, it was getting a touch wet with how damp she was. Realizing that, she mumbled, “Oh... sorry...”

“HMMMMM?” Kinka said, looking over to her. “Oh! Oh, don’t worry about that! My hair dryer will easily dry that mess out in a jiffy! Annnnnnywho, lots of wonderful options that I’m sure you’ll look awesome and sexy in!”

“I’m not really interested in looking sex-”

“But it may take a moment to find something in particular that screams “you”, ya know? So, please, help yourself to some root beer! Got a case of it next ta ya!”

Kinka pointed to the side and Jessica looked over the side. There, the human noticed the large case of W&B Root Beer, a brand she had never heard of before. The toon continued as she went back to looking through the clothing rack, “We can’t really drink on the job, so I load up on that stuff! Reaallllly gives us toons a nice buzz and boost without being tipsy!”

*So, root beer is both beer and an energy drink to toons?* Jessica pondered as she looked at the case, *I mean... who knows with these kinds of people... Still, something to drink sounds nice right about now...*

She reached into the box and pulled out a single can of W&B. It looked very generic, like the kind of grocery store named beverage would have with blah style and graphics. Curiously, the ingredients weren’t listed on it, just stating “Made with all-natural toon products and liquids for the best flavor imaginable”. It was an odd thing, but, again, she was dealing with toons so who knows what to expect with them.

Ultimately, the woman shrugged and popped the lid. The scent from within was very much root beer, that much she could tell, with no extra twists or bells to it. She simply brought it to her lips and took a sip.

The liquid poured down her throat and fell into her belly. **SPLOOSH!** Her brow furrowed as the odd sound echoed from her belly. She glanced down, seeing her stomach start to rumble. Small vibrations from it moved down her waist, to her hips, and all the way down to her legs, which shook and vibrated like a stretched rubber band.

**STREEEEEEEECH.** Her eyes bulged as her brown tennis shoes began widening as if being pushed out by something growing within. They stretched and they stretched, eventually resulting in **RIIIIIIP!**

Much to her shock, Jessica's jaw dropping as a result, out popped two very large feet. Two very large duck feet to be exact. They were bright orange, almost rubbery-looking in texture. The palmate feet were almost a foot wider at the ends with how much they stretched.

"Holy carp!" yelled Jessica, her eyes bugging out of her head it felt like.

"Mmmmm?" Kinka turned around and looked at her and then at her feet, spotting the new webbed-ified versions. "Oh! I see! PERFECT! I know exactly that you need now!"

"W-w-wait! What t-the h-heck a-are you goin' on about?!" snapped Jessica, "What's wrong with my feet?"

"Nothing's wrong with your feet, silly!" giggled the toon. She turned around and walked over, carrying bright magenta, skimpy tights. "And if I had ta guess..." She leaned down and grabbed both Jessica's pants legs.

**SWISH!** She yanked up, pulling pants legs up to her hips, fully exposing Jessica's legs. The woman's jaw dropped again. Her legs were bright, rubbery orange as well, matching her duck feet. They also seemed a tad fitter, with wider, shapely thighs.

"Ooooooh, those are sum nice legs there," Kinka exclaimed, "So fit and toned! I mean, they're not as great as mine, of course, but they are very nice.~"

Jessica opened her mouth to snap at her, but something odd happened. Something in the back of her mind clicked on, a shiver rolling over her body. Her hands twitched, followed by one of her eyes.

Instead of anger, she responded simply, "Thanks! It takes a lotta work and stuff, but I think da resuts speak for demselves, ya know?"

She frowned, her lips twisting awkward. The human mumbled, "W-w-wait, where did that come from?"

"So sweetie, let's talk about you!" Kinka cooed, spinning the tights on one finger, "You got a lot of dedication ta come here during a rainstorm. You must really want to be a stripper, don't ya?"

The sound of train screeching to a halt, followed by an old-timey collision barreled through the room as Jessica's eyes bulged again. "Wha-wha-what-what?! I'm-I'm not h-here for that at all! The rain... I'm just trying to get back home and-"

"PSSSSST!" the kinkajou giggled, swatting the answer back aside, "No need to be so worried! A duck gal like you will fit right in here!"

"But I'm not a duck!" This was getting crazy now, Jessica's heart and mind were racing after all that nonsense being tossed right at her.

"Oh silly, of course you are! Anywho, don't fret. You'll be a great stripper and dancer just like the rest of us here!"

Jessica could feel a vein bulge in her head at that remark, a soft growl leaving her maw, "Excuse me? I'm way better than any of you silly gals here! I'm, what you call, a professional."

She took another drink from her can and shot a nasty look at Kinka, who returned it with a bright smile. A second later, the human flinched as her jaw dropped, the realization now hitting her there and then. She felt her legs tremble and body quiver, a delightful chill rolling up her spine and into her mouth. There, it came out as a soft quack.

**FWOMP!** Jessica bounced into the air before landing back onto the sofa. **RIIIP!** Her lower half had ballooned out all at once, resulting in massive tears in her jeans. Her hips were very wide and very round, giving her almost a pear shape. Her rear was even bigger and rounder, her butt cheeks' new size raising her up by an inch or so in her seat.

"Oh snack cakes!" she cried, looking down at her pants, "My bottoms are all torn! Humph, guess that'll show me for thinking I could wear such things."

"Well don't worry!" exclaimed Kinka, "You can have these! Guaranteed to partially cover that marvelous tush of yours!" The toon held up the pair of tights, shaking them temptingly in the girl's face.

"Oh good!" Jessica snatched them up right away without a second thought, quickly yanking off her jeans. Well, as quick as she could given her large feet. Struggling to pull them out, she thought, *humph, why did want to wear these again? They are just too small for me and really, they barely show off my legs at all!*

**SWOOPSH!** With one final tug, the pants came off and the tights went up. Jessica sighed pleasantly, pulling them up and over her crotch, stretching them wide. **WAP!** The clothing snapped back to her, tightening over her wide bottom.

**FWOMP!** Above her jiggling butt, something small popped right out. It was a small, bright yellow, feathery tail. A tail befitting that of a cute... or alluring duck gal.

Jessica sighed pleasantly, satisfied with the nice tights on her. Looking down though, her smile turned to a confused, worried frown. Sticking out the tights were bright, yellow feathers, rather glossy, inky-looking ones at that.

“Wha-what’s happening to me?” she mumbled in that brief moment of clarity, “I’m... I’m turning into a toon...” She brought a hand down to her hips and then her thighs, running it over them. She shivered gently, biting down on her bottom lip.

*That... that felt good... I’m so... so curvy~* Her smile returned, her body trembling. This felt a bit better than she expected.

“Ahem!” Jessica twitched, sitting up straight and looking forward, seeing the curious kinkajou looking back at her. She had her big smile, though she seemed more amused now than before. “Just gonna feel yourself up or are we gonna get down to business?”

Jessica blushed, glancing to the side. It was starting to become clear to her that she was slowly being pulled into this toony, sexy world by some means. But yet... the feeling her body was giving her and thinking now about that offer... She looked back to the toon and said, “So... ah... what do I need to do as a stripper again?”

Her eyes dilated as a strong shiver rose up her spine, another soft quack leaving her mouth. Bright yellow feathers rolled up and out of her tights, climbing up her belly and sides to just below her breasts. Her waist pulled in and in and in until it was almost as narrow as Kinka’s tiny, cartoonish waist.

Kinka laughed, shaking her head as her lovely red locks bounced. “Heh, I thought you were a professional sweetie. Oh well! It’s about putting on a performance for the guys and gals that come to see ya. Struttin’ and shakin’ your stuff to get everyone’s jollies on, ya know? Of course, you don’t have to tend to any of that stuff. You just get them hyped and funny is all.”

Jessica blushed, nodding her head. As yellow feathers gently sprouted on her arms, she couldn’t help but think, *that... that sounds like fun... I did always want to be a dancer... and I am now! All that hard work and years of experience is gonna pay off big time at this joint!*

“Buuuuuuuuuuuuut, here’s the thing... if you’re gonna shake it and get people all super happy, ya gotta drop the top! It’s so gonna get in the way of your showing off.” Kinka pointed directly at Jessica’s shirt, her finger jutting forward and making some violin sounds doing so.

The human-ish lady looked down, seeing her soggy, tight shirt. She blushed, nodding softly. “Y-yeah... you’re right about that! Better get it off.”

Jessica did not hesitation as she gripped the bottom of her shirt and hoisted it over her head. It came off much easier than her shorts, because, thankfully, there was no new addition getting in the way.

Beneath her was a sea of lovely, bright, toony feathers. They were all as sunny and yellow as her hips and her arms, a glossy look shining right off of them. However, the sight

didn't really shock Jessica, almost feeling it was natural or just a foregone conclusion to what was happening to her. What really caught her attention was the new, bright pink tube top that was snugged around her breasts, her white, bland bra nowhere to be seen.

Despite the new clothing addition, it didn't really seem to faze for long. Once free of her damp shirt, tossing onto the ground without a care, she looked to Kinka and excitedly said, "there! Much better! Now I can properly show off what I got!"

"That's the spirit!" declared the kinkajou, "And lets you what you can show off already. Mind showing me ya skills, quacky?" She nodded behind herself before stepping off to the right. There, Jessica finally noticed the curious stripper pole in the room.

"Oh sure! Watch and learn, Busty Rodent Lady. See what a true master of the stage and pole can pull off!"

"Hehehe, big talk there!" Kinka exclaimed, pulling out her hairdryer and wandering over to the couch to dry it as Jessica hit the pole, "Let's see if that big mouth of yours is saying the truth. I hate to see you make a fool of yourself."

Jessica snorted, sticking out her tongue as she grabbed the stripper pole. A shiver of pleasure and pure joy coursed through her veins, her eyes going crossed for a moment. It felt so right, so natural for her to take the pole and grip it in her hand. She never did this before... but it was like she had done it a million times before.

Her hair quivered as a mysterious breeze blew through it. Her dull blonde turned to a bright and shining deep yellow, almost like it was colored in with paint. Her short hair extended past her neck, down her shoulders and right down to her rather narrow waist. Some locks on her forehead also grew longer, flowing down in front of her eye to add to her charm.

She brushed part of hair to the side and gripped the pole tightly. Without another bit of hesitation, she began to perform, sliding herself up and then down the pole, pressing her back and large rear against it hard. She thrust her chest as well, breathing heavily as the excitement within only grew.

Across her torso and arms, any trace of skin was quickly blotted out by the raging growth of feathers. From her waist and over her breasts, from her shoulders and down to her fingers, everything was swallowed. Her fingers even changed with the feathers, her ring fingers pressing against her middles and merging together, just adding to her toony appearance.

She continued on with her routine, Kinka only looking up and paying attention once she finished drying her sofa. *Stupid cow rodent*, huffed Jessica internally, *aren't I good enough to fully watch and appreciate? Humph, well, she won't be able to look away again.*

Jessica had done all her grinding, shaking, humping, and twisting on the pole, deciding it was time to take it up a notch. It was time for some climbing and elaborate swinging. Show that kinkajou what a duck like her could do!

Her mind only pondered the fact that she thought of herself as a duck for the briefest moment before it went fully into focusing on her routine. She began putting in swings on the pole, her body quivering again. This, feathers were slowly rising up her neck and onto her face at long last.

The lovely golden coating traced itself over every inch of her face until not a speck of visible skin was left. Her ears flattened against her head, vanishing beneath her plumage. Her eyes grew just a tad bigger for wider and more exaggerated expressions, thick blue eyeshadow and longer eyelashes popping out.

However, it compared not to the biggest addition. Her mouth shivered and tingled, her nose wobbling as well as she reached the climax of her routine. Her body felt alive, felt on fire. It was raging hard and she felt like she was going to explode.

**FWOMP! QUUUUAAAAAAAAAACK~** Jessica's face shot forward like a stretched rubber band, her nose going along for the ride. From her mouth, stretching across her face and encompassing her nose, came a very large, bright orange duck bill. At the end of it was bright pink lipstick, only adding to her toony style.

Kinka let out an amused, "oooooooo~" at the sight, only pumping Jessica up. *Time for the grand finale~*

She did two more spins, sliding the pole between her breasts, before doing an amazing turn and flipping around on it. She slid gently to the ground onto her knees, thrusting out her chest one last time. **VA-FWOMP!** Her breasts ballooned out, jumping two sizes to a large, pleasant D-cup, just teetering on the edge of E. Her poor top stretched greatly, wrapping tightly around her large melons as they threatened to burst right out.

"OOOOOOOOOOO~" Kinka declared again, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks bright red as she applauded, "Noooooot bad at all quacky! You really got sum moves there, don't ya?"

Jessica grinned, standing up and strutting over to the white toon, shaking her hips widely from side to side. "What I ya?" she laughed haughty, "I am a professional, a real dancer among toon women here, quuuuuuuuack~"

"I'll say! You'll fit right in here!"

"Darn tootin' I will, quack-quack!" Jessica giggled, the sounds of her adding quacking making her feel all tingly. She felt so good now! It was hard to believe she was ever worried about getting the job.

*Or was I worried?* She thought, striking the tip of her bill, *golly gees, after since that rainstorm, my mind has been all razzled and weird. Oh, whatever! Everything is in order now!*

The duck shook her head wildly before looking straight at Kinka eagerly, "soooo, when do I get to struck my stuff out there and show the people what a real dancer is like, quuaack?"

“Well, you can start now if ya like. Someone called in sick earlier, so we are down a dancer for the tonight if you don’t mind help-”

“PFFFFFF! Outta my way!” the toon duck declared, pushing past Kinka and trotting towards the door, “Time for Jessica Eider to make her debut, quack!” She was ready. The toon duck had been ready to move onto greener pastures and bring her charm and excitement to new people. Time for a quacking good time!

However, after strutting out the door, Kinka quickly gave chase, calling out, “Hold it quacky! You don’t even know what stage or what time you’re on! We got rules to follow silly billy!”

*THE END?*