

# Smoke It Up: Babysitting Changes

By: Firingwall

“And boom!” declared the adorable, red bunny girl, “We did it! We made enough money to go the waterpark!” All the multi-fur-colored animals kids clapped and bounced about excitedly with announcement, even giving the bunny girl a big hug.

“Yay!” a young girl cheered, “They did it!”

“Yes they did,” a young woman awkwardly replied from the couch. It was after seven o’clock and a woman in her early 20’ named Robin Perkins was busying babysitting an eight-year-old girl named Carly. Due to a series of odd and amusing events, Robin found herself roped into watching the child of a co-worker of her. With her past babysitting as a teenager and being a bit shy and her difficulty saying no, Robin found herself in the current situation.

As Robin watched the cartoon with Carly, who was utterly enraptured by what she was seeing, there was a weird, nagging thought eating at her. *I never heard of this show before at all, she thought, Miss Sussie and the Kewl Flashy Kids? What kind of title is that?*

She flipped on the TV guide and checked the channel name again: Toon Network. Like the show... and every other show she had been watching with Carly, she never heard of it either. The channel was filled with nothing but odd, corny, surreal, or strange cartoon shows that featured nothing but multi-colored toon animals doing wacky or silly things. During the last show, she checked her phone and couldn’t find anything other than a generic website that looked like it was made back in the early 2000’s.

Robin sighed and thought, *the magic of having satellite TV I suppose. There’s probably a lot of other weird chan...*

“Miss Robin?” the little girl asked, turning around from her seat on the floor, “could... could you turn off the guide? I can’t see the show well...” Robin immediately snapped back to attention and turned the guide off, the cartoon fading to black and the credits starting to roll.

The girl let out a disappointed sigh, but said nothing else as she waited for the next show to start. However, as they watched, there was a loud, gurgle, followed by a groan. Carly gripped her stomach and moaned, “my tummy hurts!”

That’s what happens when you eat almost an entire package of Oreos in one go, Robin thought, regretting not paying attention earlier. She let out a small sigh and said, “hey, should I get you some medicine or call mommie for...”

“No!” Carly declared, jumping to her feet and rushing out of the room as fast as she could. She could be heard shouting “BATHROOM” as she ran past and through the hallways, a door soon heard slamming shut. Robin started to sit up, but decided against it so the little girl could have some privacy. Also, because another bout of laziness struck Robin again.

She'll be fine, Robin thought, relaxing back into the sofa and getting all comfortable, she just needs some time to... At that moment, she saw the credits end and a brand-new show start playing on the wide screen. The screen was brown and some deep bass was playing, a title credit swirling onto the screen: *Smokey Steve the Bear's Happy Time*.

Again, she never had seen or heard of the show before at all. She also definitely did not recognize the figure that appeared on screen, leaping and crashing onto a stage once the title card had left. It was gigantic toon, a bear one at that, covered in brown fur. He wore suspenders, but no shirt, white four-fingered gloves, no shoes, and a nifty little bowler cap on his big noggin. What really stood out though was his big gut and a large, foot-long cigar that was smoking, a hazy, smoky mist filling the stage almost the second he jumped onto it.

"Heya everybody!" the bear spoke in a rough, tough, but lively voice, "It's yours pal Smokey Steve here and it's that time again! Now dem kiddies has left, wes can start da show!" Robin's eyebrow rose slightly. It was true that Cathy left and there were no more "kiddies" around, but it must have been a coincidence that Smokey said that.

However, before she could think further on silly timing of the show, Smokey continued, "I's see wes got sum new people heres for da show! Just purfect timin'! Tonight's topic is about findin' yas true self and ta start, let's ask a question! Yous happy with yourself?"

*Well I guess I'm alright*, Robin thought, deciding to play along with the show. She began admitting out loud, "I mean... I wish I was a bit braver... not as quiet... maybe be a bit better with kids... Should be saying this out loud?" She rubbed her nose as she thought, a small, barely noticeable scent starting to tickle her nostrils.

"Wells we all loves to change ourselves," Smokey Steve declared, inhaling and exhaling a large quantity of smoke through his maw and nose. As he did, a light, barely visible smoke began seeping into the room. It's content slowly filled the room, going up Robin's nose but not triggering the smoke detector at all.

"I guess that's true," Robin replied with a nod, non-the-wiser about her surroundings.

Smokey chuckled and took a drag of his cigar, before continuing, "wells, I'm glad you alls can admit it. Now, this is where I cans dos my magic and helps ya out."

Help me out? She thought, scratching at her face.

"And I'm glad yous all has my cigars with yas," Smokey chuckled, twirling his big cigar in his fat fingers, "that helps with da healin'." At that moment, Robin felt an odd weight in her hand. Glancing to the side, her eyes widened and her jaw hung up, surprised to see a large, similar-looking cigar in her own hand. It was already lit, a small trail of light smoke drifting off the tip of it.

"Where did I get..." Robin began muttering out.

“Nows to help ya,” Smokey began, “ya gotta take a big, long drag off da cigar. Come’on, just like ol’Smokey does.” He chuckled and put his cigar back into his mouth, breathing in deeply before exhaling it once more. The scent of the smoke in the room seemed to grow stronger, Robin still not noticing as she inhaled more and more of it.

The young woman looked at the cigar in her hand, a strong, smoky, but strangely sweet scent coming off of it. Her nose took a big whiff of it unconsciously, a strange weight lifting off her shoulders. She felt... rather good and for some reason, the appearance and weight of the cigar between her fingers felt quite right.

“Comes on y’all,” Smokey went on, taking another deep inhale from his cigar, “don’tcha keep ol’Smokey alls by his self. Gives it a big o’huff!” Taking a big gulp, Robin put the cigar into her mouth and inhaled as much as she could.

Almost immediately, she started hacking. The punch of that cigar was a lot tougher and stronger than she expected as she wheezed. Gasping for air, the dark-orange fur sprouted on the backs of her hands and feet while her body began to feel heavier. Her limbs and her torso grew just a tad pudgier, pressing against her clothing ever so slightly. However, she did not notice a single thing.

Chuckling away, Smokey said, “I knows, I knows. Smokin’ its up is always difficult at firsts. Yous gots to try and dos it severals times untils yous get it.”

“Yous tellin’ me,” Robin huffed, her voice raspy and gruff, a tone not too far off from Smokey’s own. However, instead of tossing the cigar away like her frustration implied, she shoved it back into her mouth and smoked more of it, saying, “its gonna takes a while tos get used to dis.”

Taking a bit whiff of it, Robin hacked and coughed tons of smoke up again. Her ears stretched outwards up, moving to the top for head. Dark-orange fur spread over them as they reshaped into an oval-ish look with a point at the end. Once at the top of her noggin, her long red ponytails came undo and her hair fell to the sides... where they began slowly shrinking upwards.

Smokey continued on, “nows, if ya gots problems with smokin’, try takin’ it in sllllloooowly. Take in as much smoke into yours lungs as much as yous can, then blow it outs. Yous should feels a lot better.”

Robin nodded and did as she was told, smoking inhaling a lot of the cigar smoke as slowly as possible before exhaling it all. Doing so, she didn’t feel the need to hack or wheeze at all. She felt rather woozy and did not notice the dark-orange fur spreading up her arms and legs in the slightest, but she was fine.

She took another huff of the cigar happily, this time being able to take in more smoke than before. Her shoes vanished as her feet tripled in size, fat, muscle, and bone all expanding rapidly. Several of her toes merged together, her toenails swelling and thickening several times

over until they became two, large, protruding hoof-like claws. Her hands also ballooned up, growing fatter and bulgier themselves, her ring fingers melding into her middle ones.

Smokey chuckled and went on, “Now dat yous is all ready, let’s talk about makin’ yous happy. Let’s start simple, smokin’ makes ya happy, don’t it?”

“Yous got dat right!” Robin chuckled, taking another drag from her cigar, “wish I’s started this stuff sooner!” Her hair kept shrinking further and further up her back and sides, slowly reaching her skull. Dark-orange fur spread across her shoulders and her hips, both parts growing broader and wider than before.

“Nows, why’s ya upset again?”

“‘cause I ain’t dat brave likes I want, nor am I goods with kiddie stuff,” she sighed, smoking more and leaning back into the couch. Her legs and arms bubbled and shivered, rolls of fat and slight muscle flowing through them until they became fitting of her hands and feet. Her shirt and jeans stretched and groaned as they tried to contain her new fat. She sighed once more, exhaling a bunch of smoking through her nose, “kinda stanks to high heavens. I’m no goods as a toon…”

“Now dat ain’t right,” Smokey stated firmly, “yous is totally brave and good with dem kiddies.” Robin glanced at the TV, the cigar hanging a bit loose from her mouth. The bear seemed to be talking directly to her. It was almost as if he could see and hear her.

She took another big puff from the cigar, somehow not fazed by what was happening. Dark orange fur spread down and over her torso completely, leaving her head and neck as the only fur free area. Her stomach gurgled and bulged forward a tad, her shirt lifting ever so slightly to reveal her protruding navel. Her jeans also expanded just a tad in the crotch area, a small, subtle bump pressing against the area.

“Yous think so?” she asked, her cheeks pudgier and her eyes bright orange now.

“I knows so,” Smokey chuckled, “look at ya. Yous totally brave and stuff. Plus, you gots dat awesome arcade you run that all dem kiddies like to visit after school or durin’ da summer. Yous ain’t doin’ dats if ya not good with the kiddies or you ain’t brave yous silly boar.”

“Dat is true,” Robin remarked, puffing out a big cloud of smoke. The tip of her nose lifted upwards, revealing her nostrils before pushing slightly out. The flat base reshaped into a pig snout of sorts, dark-orange fur poking out around the shaft and bridge of it.

“And yous volunteered for dis babysittin’ job didn’t ya? Da kiddie is havin’ fun ain’t she? Yous great with kids yous handsome, fat hog!” A smile instantly crossed Robin’s face, her body growing warmer. Between all the smoke and praise, she felt incredible. So incredible that she didn’t even notice the bulge in her pants growing larger, stretching her pants in the front incredibly. His hips widened more and meaty, fat thighs spread open, making way for the large package that just arrived.

“Yeah, yous right now dat I’s think about it,” Robin chuckled, his voice deepening as his neck thickened and his Adam’s Apple protruded, “I’s am good, brave, and good with dem kids. Yous also right about dat handsome part as well.” With that, the rest of his hair vanished into his head and his face stretched forward. His bottom incisors stretched out of his thick gums and mouth, forming into two large tusks.

“Dang straight Sammy,” Smokey chuckled, blowing out a ring of smoke, “yous super good and all dat. Don’t knows why ya watchin’ dis when ya perfect as is.”

“Just like da sound of ya’s voice boss,” Sammy chuckled, puffing out some more smoke, “Don’t ya worry. I gots to wrap up here and I’ll finish droppin’ off da cigars at the store before headin’ home.” His shirt completely vanished and his jeans turned into incredibly baggy and brown, suspenders stretching up and over his shoulders.

With his shirt gone and there being more room in his trousers, Sammy’s body inflated massively. Sammy’s former breasts deflated just a tad, taking on the form of small moobs, while his rear ballooned out into a flabby, blubbery ass. His gut swelled out into quite the heavy, protruding potbelly as well. To wrap it all up, a large, curly tail sprung out from above his rear, completing his new, hefty, smelly boar form.

“Good to hears! And another... oh! Looks like dem kiddie is back. Talk to ya later,” Smokey replied, finishing up his cigar before putting another one into his maw. With that, he winked at Sammy the Cigar Chomping Boar Toon and disappeared, the credits rolling on the screen.

At that time, Carly walked into the room and looked at Sammy, who looked back at her with a big smile, his cigar firmly in place. The young girl smiled and ran over, hoping up and sitting next to him. “I’m all good now Mr. Sammy!” she declared, “Please don’t tell mommy.”

The boar laughed and cheerfully said, “why would I? Mommy would get mad at Sammy too fors givin’ yous all dem Oreos in da first place. Dis will be ours little secret between us.”

“What secret?” a womanly voice chuckled. The two turned to the right and saw Carly’s mother walk into the house. She bore a curious smile on her face, her eyebrow arched ever so slightly. The look on her face screamed she wanted to hear more.

“Nothing mom!” Carly declared, rushing over. She gave her mom a big hug and rushed out of the room just as quickly.

The mom smirked and looked at Sammy with same amused smile, but he simply laughed it off and said, “it ain’t important. Anywho, lil’Carly was a lil’angel. Just a darlin’.”

“That’s good to hear. Thank you so much for watching her! It’s good to have a toon friend that you can rely on!” the mom went off, singing his praises.

“Yous don’t needs to go on and on likes dat,” Sammy laughed, taking a bit inhale of his cigar and blowing it out into the smoke-filled room, “I’d do dis fors any friend, parent, or child in needs. Don’t ya worry purtty lil’thing.”

The mom’s smile dimmed slightly, blowing some of the smoke from his cigar away with her. “I just wish you won’t smoke so much in front of my daughter,” she harshly said, her tone very much different than just a second ago, “it’s not very healthy.”

“Don’t yous worry,” Sammy explained, “Dis is just a toon cigar! It’s completely safe fors any humans. Dey ares perfectly fine. In fact, why don’t ya give dis a try yourselves?”

With speed faster than one may expect for such a huge creature, Sammy pulled out another cigar, lit it, and stuck it in the mom’s mouth. She let out a huge cough and hack as she accidentally breathed in a ton of smoke from the cigar. However, the cigar never dropped from her lips as she did, her hand automatically going up

*THE END?*