

Toon It Up: Big and Wide

By: Firingwall

Patron Story Done for Danuki

“YES! YOU’RE HIRED!”

There was silence. Kyle blinked once. Twice. Three times. Was it that easy? It couldn’t be that easy. He only just sat down!

“You’re perfect!” They squeaked, cutting through the silence. “You’re everything I need today, right now and right here!”

Kyle stared at his new boss across the table. Being told he was hired wasn’t nearly as unbelievable as the figure there. A green toon mouse, at least half his size, sat there on a pile of books, looking excited and clapping his paws. He never worked for a toon before or even seen one up close.

This job hunt had turned out very different than expected. He had just thrown a bunch of resumes out all over. Didn’t matter where, even gambling on this new clothing store opening up not far from where he lived. He had cash register experience alongside stocking shelves, setting up displays, and all those parts. He had to have a fair chance at something.

However, he certainly didn’t think this random toon owner was just going to give it to him like this. His new boss smiled and declared, “I interviewed, like, twenty people today and you... you good sir, you’re the first one that WOWED me! One look, and I knew it!”

Kyle blushed. “O-oh! Th-thank you! I didn’t expect it would be this-”

“Yes, yes! Quite!” The mouse hopped down from his chair and ran up to Kyle’s side. Seeing him at only hip height with him made Kyle realize how truly small his new boss was. Still, he didn’t think about it long when the mouse added, “Let’s get you to the back right away! You can try on our latest fashion then!”

“...wait, what?” The human was then yanked away by the toon, showing a surprising amount of strength in his little body.

The mouse led him from the office, down the hall, and to another room. The whole time, Kyle tried to ask him about what was happening. The whole time, the mouse went on and on about Kyle’s look and praising it. If he wasn’t being dragged off, Kyle would almost be flattered.

Eventually, the odd dragging experience ended when Kyle was dropped into this new room. It was a large, wide area that seemed to go on for miles despite that being impossible. The room was littered with fabric, accessories, tape, sewing equipment, clothing, and the whole works on tables, in boxes, racks, and more.

This was definitely a place to make clothing, the exact opposite of what Kyle originally applied for.

In the briefest of quiet moments, Kyle interjected while he had the chance. “Excuse me, I do not understand what’s happening. Why am I here? I thought I got the job to work the front end or something. I’m not here to model clothes, or, hell, even design them if you’re implying...”

“Oh, there’s an important reason for that!” The mouse explained, stroking his chin. “You see, I opened up my latest shop here to expand my toony clothes empire! There’s a new, fresh, exciting clientele here in the human world that nobody has tried selling to!”

“As such...~” The mouse hopped up and placed an arm around Kyle, using that to hold him up. “I’m gonna need to debut a fantastic outfit that’ll win over the people!”

“Okay... but what does that have to do with me?”

The mouse blushed and hopped down onto a stool. “Well, I can’t really do that unless I have someone try on my new outfit and get feedback. I made something super good, but I didn’t have any humans around to help me until you. **You**, good sir, are perfect! You would give me the right, straight, unbiased opinion I need!”

“So, it doesn’t even have to be me necessarily?”

“Naaaaaah! It’s important that it’s you! I could tell from the moment you walked in that you would be the right man for the job!”

“But I’m not interested in modeling or trying on clothes. I don’t think I would be a good fit. I was here for an interview as a cashier or front end guy or-”

“Now now!” The mouse waved his hands and smiled. “That job is still available to you. Just consider this part of your responsibilities on top of all of that. Plus, for doing this right now, I promise to pay you in advance for this! Consider it your signing bonus, if you will~.”

Kyle frowned. He did need some extra money right away, and he still had his new job regardless. “Okay, as long as I don’t have to do this all the time, I’ll help you.”

“WONDERFUL!” The toon’s eyes lit up and sparkled, “Let me get your new duds and we can get this over with, for your own sake~!” He hopped off the stool and rushed off, diving behind a few clothing racks.

CRASH! SMASH! CRACK! QUACK! VA-BOOM! RUSTLE! Kyle’s head tilted, looking towards where the... unusual sounds were coming from. *What the hell is going-*

“Here we are!” The mouse came rushing back from wherever he was hidden. In his gloved mitts, he carried with him a fancy ensemble: a suit, dress shirt, and pants. They looked really pricey, like something that would be in some expensive, special clothing store in an uppercrust part of town.

The only thing off was that, even from a glance, Kyle could tell the clothes wouldn’t fit. They were simply too big for him. He even tried to speak on that. “Hey, listen, I’m not sure if those will-”

“Now now, a simple look can be deceiving!” The clothes were flung into Kyle’s grasp. “Try them on and you’ll see what I mean~.” Wanting to get this over with, Kyle fought and argued no more. Time for him to get dressed.

“Okay... I’m done.” Kyle stepped out from behind the racks where he changed and approached his mouse boss. He stood before him in the rather big suit & tie ensemble. He felt a little embarrassed, despite the rather fancy, dapper look.

The mouse lit up and grinned so hard that his mouth seemed to stretch out several inches. “Ooooooh! You look great in it! Buuuuut, what do you think? Be honest! I gotta know for sure if you buy something like this or not!”

Kyle frowned. He felt a little guilty, especially seeing his boss’ expression. However, this look, this outfit, especially with how the black and white on it felt oddly vibrant, didn’t fit with him.

He took a deep breath and admitted, “Well, it’s not really my... my cup of tea, ya know? I’m not much on fancy clothes like this.” The mouse’s smile started to fade. Kyle held up his hands. “Whoa, whoa! Now, that’s not to say this is bad. It would probably appeal to someone other than me, ya know? It’s... it’s...”

This wasn’t right. On his hands, there were gloves. Bright white, fancy, dress gloves.

He felt his heart start to beat faster. *When... when did I put these on? These weren't...*

“Ah! Right!” The mouse chimed, “The gloves! How were those at least? I rarely get to make gloves, so I’d like some feedback there if possible.”

“But... but you didn’t give me gloves before? I don’t remember putting-” He twitched. Something felt off about them now. He could feel the gloves on and they felt... soft? Puffy?

Then, they started to grow. Slowly, the gloves inflated and inflated. They grew fatter, thicker, denser, wider. The middle and ring digits even converged together, leaving him with four big, fat fingers. His gloves look so weird, so odd, so... cartoony.

Kyle looked at the mouse’s mitts, feeling a familiarity with them. “Excuse me, what is going on right-”

“Gloves are so soft, comfortable, and light on the hands...” The mouse remarked, writing on a clipboard he suddenly had, “...that you even forget having put them on in the first place! Wonderful! This is great feedback! Now, what about your shoes?”

“What? I’m not talking about shoes! I’m asking why I’m wearing-”

“Please answer me first before asking any questions!” The mouse smiled. “Let’s keep focus on the task at hand!” Kyle huffed and looked down.

He was wearing dress shoes. *Hey, where’d my sneakers go?! He had fancy black shoes on, the laces tied into elegant, perfect knots. They looked too rich for his blood.*

And also oddly big? No, they were big and getting bigger. The shoes were widening and widening, tripling in size on every side. The tips even grew larger and wider as if to make room for something.

Kyle couldn’t help himself but to gasp out loud. He immediately looked at the mouse and said, “They’re roomy and big, perfect for moi~!”

“Excellent!” The mouse chimed, writing that down on the clipboard.

Kyle just blushed. *Wait... why did I just say-*

“How are the pants? Are they comfortable?”

The human twitched. He had to answer! It would be rude not to after all. “The pants are pretty big, but comfortable! Maybe if youse had a bigger person, they’d fit like a charm.”

“Another person? Silly, you’re already so big, why would I need another person?”

Thuuump. Kyle felt a sudden shift, his stance getting wobbly briefly. His legs felt heavy, extremely heavy. Then, his pants started feeling tight.

He quickly looked down. Sure enough, his legs were thick, very thick. They were nearly triple their original width, especially around the thighs. They... also seemed a lot shorter than he recalled. He was still the same height, but his legs weren’t. It was like his torso was longer.

Creeeeeeeak. His body shook as a strong, warming blast rocketed through it. His hips suddenly widened and widened, his thighs pushing upwards. His rear ballooned out as his figure quickly shifted. His stomach expanded slightly as his legs and hips shrunk and shifted more, his figure comparable to a big-bottom cartoon character.

Kyle’s face grew redder and redder. This isn’t right... not one bit! He’s so... big and round downstairs! What happened to his body? He looked like a toon!

At least, that’s what he should’ve been thinking about. Instead, his mind wandered somewhere. *Geeees! What’s up with these pants? They were just snug and fitting, but now they are too small on me!*

He looked the mouse square in the face and said, “Ya know, these pants are a little tight on me. They felt comfortable before, but... I’s don’t know.” His pants dipped down slightly as he spoke, a brown furred tail popping out. It was small, but wiggled eagerly once it was free.

“Hmmm, I see!” Kyle’s ears twitched, growing red fur over them as well. As they turned round and slipped to the top of his head, the mouse explained, “Sorry about dat! I’ve always struggled a bit with makin’ clothes for figures like yours!”

“Huh? Figures like mine?” Kyle muttered, scratching his head. His gloved mitts ran through his hair, and it too began to change. The locks became messier and shorter in parts. Brown shifted into this dark cherry red, the color so vibrant and dense it looked like it was made of paint.

“Well, yeah! I mean, I don’t often work on pear-ish toons like you!” The mouse chuckled and hopped over, poking his pen into Kyle’s stomach. “Though, for a first attempt, I say it wasn’t too bad, even if it’s not my usual standard.”

Kyle didn't pay much attention to that other than one simple word: ""Pear-ish"?"

GUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE! His stomach rumbled cartoonishly, followed by a big **BOOOMP! Pop-pop-pop!** His stomach ballooned forward, pushing up on his suit and stretching/rounding himself out further. The bottom buttons on his dress shirt rocketed off in all directions, allowing for plenty of room for his bigger gut.

His figure continued to shift further and further, waist, gut, and torso widening immensely. Soft, light red fur sprouted over his exposed belly, running up the front of his torso. Regular red fur like his ears grew along the sides and back. In the end, Kyle now had a perfect, very big-bottom toon figure that anyone could be proud of.

Blink. Blink. Kyle's eyes blinked oddly loudly as he looked over himself. His whole body was out of a cartoon! So much fur and round chub! His fancy clothes didn't fit him or struggled to stay on. What a mess this turned out to be!

Yet... he still felt oddly fancy and formal wearing tight clothes. *Hmm... maybe Mister Mouse can hook me up with sum beddah fittin' duds?*

Kyle frowned. This wasn't right, but yet, why didn't it bother him? He was changing, transforming into some kind of cartoon. However, it didn't phase him at all!

He scratched at his chin and sighed, thinking this over. His arms slowly inflated to match his wide figure, also finally matching that of his oversized gloves. His nose twitched as well, a spot of black appearing in its center. The color expanded along with the nose, nostrils flaring up as its whole shape changed, turning big and wide like a bear snoot.

"HMMMMMM!" Kyle looked at the mouse, who was copying his same motion. The toon nodded and nodded before clapping his hands. "That settles it! I'm gonna rethink this whole approach I'm doin' for pear toons! Hope you can stay on and help me with that!"

Help... stay on... try on more clothes... pear toon...

Kyle's mouth twitched. Fur bloomed across his entire head, a light shade of red around his mouth snoot. His cheeks twitched as they expanded and widened on the side. His eyes twitched as his mouth shot forward into a short, blunt, but powerful bear muzzle.

The new bear's mug twitched one more time as he smiled widely. "Gosh, Mister Mouse! I sure would like ta **help y'all out with this clothes stuff! You're so kind, trying to help big bois like me find fightin' clothes! It's so hard to find good fittin' duds these days!**"

This isn't right.

Those words were so quiet, so far in the back of his head. They didn't matter. Why would they? Nothing about this was bad at all! Trying to think about why it would be a bad thing to be a big-bottom bear was too much anyways. Much too hard to think about for this silly bear.

The mouse grinned, slapping a hand over his heart. "Then I promise, for such a loyal bear like you, I promise ta design the perfect clothing combo! You, all big toons and soon-to-be toons will never be without fashion that fits!"

Kyle clapped his paws and wiggled his hips eagerly. Yes, yes! This was perfect! He could finally find something to fit his lovely round posterior at long last! It would be-

CLICK! A lightbulb briefly appeared above Kyle's head before being swatted away by the big ursine. "Oh! Gosh darn it, ah totally forgot! What about mah job? Did ah come here about sum cashierin' or something?"

"Ooooooh?" The mouse leaned in... grabbed a stool, placed it in front of the bear, hopped onto it, and then leaned in again, "You wanted to work in the front?"

"I... I think so. That's why I-"

"You wanna work in the boring front end, selling clothes, putting stuff on shelves, and all of that jazz?" The bear was quiet. "Oooooor, do ya want to help model clothes that fit that big, glorious round body of yours?"

Good question! Kyle scratched his belly casually, patting it even. "Hmmm, ya got a point. That does sound like fun. Wellllll, if it does helps me to get fittin' stuff and look mah best, then y'all got yourself a big bear model!"

The mouse smiled once again. However, there was just something a bit... different in it. The silly bear didn't notice. "And then, ya got employment here as my very special bear model forever! This will be the beginning of a nice, long relationship!"

THE END?