

DVD Glammy Time

Steve gleefully walked into this apartment, holding in his hands a big bag full of delightful, delicious frozen treats. An ice cream parlor he loved frequenting had decided to unload some ice cream they had in the back that they couldn't sell or had too much of. At a price point of twenty bucks for some incredibly scrumptious treats, how could he not buy several containers and tubs?

Those girls were so nice to me when I bought all of this, he thought happily as he entered his kitchen and set everything down on the countertop, they looked so relieved that I took all of this ice cream... hope I'm not covering anything up...

With that small, worrying thought firmly planted in the very back of his mind, he set about unloading the dairy treats into his freezer. The process went by very quick, but when he reached into the bag to get the last item, everything came to a halt. What he had just pulled out... was not a container of ice cream.

Instead, he pulled out a strange and foreign DVD case. There was no official artwork for the clear case's cover or back. The only thing it had beyond the DVD, which appeared to be a burnable one, was a piece of printer paper stuck to it that had written in black sharpie, *Ice Cream Purchaser Prize!*

"What the hell is this?" Steve remarked as he looked at the case, seeing his gaze and brown hair reflecting back in the glossy material holding the piece of paper in.

He didn't recall purchasing a DVD at the ice cream shop, having one when he came in, or such. "Where did this come from?" He thought out loud as he looked over the case, "Maybe... maybe they tossed it in when they got the ice cream from out of the back..."

Regardless of the reason, Steve now had a DVD that he didn't know what to do with or how to react to. Apparently buying so much ice cream got him this "prize", so maybe it was something to do with the business itself? It just seemed weird overall to him.

"Well," he mumbled, closing up the freezer, "might as well give this a fair shake. I did "win" this or whatever."

With those words, Steve headed into the living room with the case, pulling out the DVD from within. He plopped the disk into the Blu-Ray player and fell back into his couch, popping his feet up onto the coffee table and getting comfortable to watch this mysterious prize of his. He hit play and the DVD began to run.

Almost instantly, he was hit with a colorful barrage of strange, smoky colors blowing all over the screen and some pumping synth music. The beat was catchy and energetic, Steve kind of shaking his head to the beat a bit while the screen flashed. *This is pretty neat, he thought, I'm kind of glad I'm watching this now and...*

The music and visuals suddenly cut off... only to be replaced by the sounds of violins and a stage slowly fading into existence. On it were two large armchairs and within those seats were two incredible-looking women. One wore a dazzling red dress that glittered under the spotlight and the other wore a white dress that shined brilliantly. They had large, done up red & brown hair and were covered in thick makeup.

“What the heck?” was the only response from Steve upon seeing the scene set before him.

“Hello ladies,” the redhead in the white dress spoke first. Her voice was thick and sultry, oozing sexy and maturity with each word. Just hearing that phrase, even if it didn’t apply to him at all, sent shivers up Steve’s spines.

“And welcome back to Marilyn and Glenda’s Glam Toon Hour,” the brown-haired woman cooed, blowing a kiss with her big red lips. A large red cartoon heart blew from her lips and to the camera, hitting the screen and making a huge SMACK sound. The lights flashed different shades of red and pink all at once, Steve’s body quivering and growing woozy in response.

“Th-that,” Steve murmured incoherently, his body relaxing and falling deeper into his sofa, “That... that is s-some pretty lights and st-stuff... those girls at the ice cream shop REALLY found some kind of show...”

The lights stopped flashing and the redhead, Marilyn, continued talking in her strong, sensual voice, “So... how have my lovely darlings been? Keeping up with your makeup and looks my dears?”

Steve remained quiet, expecting an off-screen audience to respond to them. After all, it looked like they were on some sort of daytime talk show set. Glenda continued, “well don’t worry ladies, in case you haven’t, we’re here to help you look amazing.”

“Now let’s get started!” Marilyn declared cheerfully, “We just need to remind you of the important things and you’ll be okay and glamorous in no time my dear!”

“First things first!” Glenda said with a grin, “All good glam toons pucker out their big, plump lips and make sure they are covered in the finest red lipstick. Are your lips big, puckered, and covered in lipstick?”

Perplexed and not sure what else to do, Steve mumbled, “...weird.”

Suddenly, the screen started flashing bright, strong, red & pink lights on the screen over and over again. His mind swirled and things grew hazy as his lips began to tingle. They expanded and swelled like mad, moving up from their normal, typical male size to a natural female puffy. His eyes started swirling and he appeared to be in some sort of trance during this, licking his lips as this happened. After four licks, his lips swelled out into full-on collagen injection size and even a little bigger than that, looking absolutely comical. To top it all off, a bright red coating of lipstick soon appeared over them as well.

“Yes...” Steve muttered, “Yes I do have nice, big, puckered lips in red lipstick.”

“That’s right,” Marilyn chuckled, “All good Glam Toons have that. Do you gals have that rich, perfect, inky skin tone as well?”

At that, Steve’s skin began to bubble and jiggle. The tone and appearance of it rapidly faded in and out of pale white and rich tan. However, not the usual kind of tan either. A tan that almost looked painted on by an airbrush, with thin, black outlines on the edges of his skin. Blemishes and hair were missing as well, making his skin look completely cartoonish and unreal.

After several fades in and out, his skin finished transforming into having this cartoonish tan hue that the other glam ladies on the screen had. Steve spoke once more, “Yes, I have the rich, perfect, inky skin tone!”

“That’s great!” Glenda cooed playfully, “Just wonderful. Now, I have another good question for you ladies, what do YOU think a glam toon needs that you have?”

Steve went silent and started to think rather hard about what she said. Something a glam toon needs that he already has. After thinking long and hard, he replied with enthusiastic and excited glee, “Oh! They totally need a sexy and alluring face!”

His face began bubbling and shifting, his masculine features melting away to unveil an absolute, gorgeous sex bomb of a woman: higher cheekbones with a small chin and jawline, a hint of blush on both of her cheeks; sharp, well-tweezed eyebrow and long eyelashes that fluttered with every blink of the eye; vibrant purple eyeshadow and deep, baby-doll blue eyes that could look right through a person. Combined with a small nose and pierced ears, large diamonds hanging from each, Steve’s face looked like it fit right alongside on the ladies on the show.

“Ding ding!” Glenda giggled, “That’s exactly right ladies, a totally sexy and alluring face! We are on a roll today.”

“All glam toons have sexy and alluring faces my dear,” Marilyn cooed, giving Steve a cute wink, “That’s what makes us glam toons.”

“Exactly!” Steve giggled back, his voice turning airier, lighter, and yet so sensual.

Both women on the screen smiled proudly and exchanged glances with one another. Glenda cooed at the camera once more, “And you know what our motto is then ladies: BIGGER...”

“IS...” Marilyn softly added.

“BETTER!” the guy proclaimed. His entire body began warming up and tingling, starting in his crotch region. The bulge in his pants shrank away, growing smaller and smaller. In only a few seconds flat, it was completely gone.

The new toon woman let out a small moan as her body continued to rumble and tingle. More of her lower half changed, but this time, it involved inflating instead of deflating. Her legs

stretched out an extra couple of inches as her thighs thickened, the thigh gap between her legs completely vanishing. Her hips swelled massively, moving beyond just child-birthing size and into comical territories. With each shake of the hip, there was sound of someone beating on a drum. Lastly, her ass plumped up to outlandish proportions, looking like she had stuffed two basketballs into the back of her pants.

“Bigger is better!” both Marilyn and Glenda declared, gripping the underside of their heaving breasts and pushing them up, “And you know what us glam gals ought to have to make sure all eyes are on us?”

“BREASTS!” the new toon woman cried out, “Bigger is better and its best to flaunt them!” With that, she shoved her chest outwards and a pair of gigantic, heavy GG-cup breasts came bursting out. Her shirt desperately clung onto her massive melons, stretching around and over it like it was made of from spandex. They didn’t even cover much up though, showing tons of underboob for the ladies to see.

“That’s wonderful ladies,” Marilyn stated, “It’s nice to see our audience all perfect and glamorous just like us! Now, let’s hear you shout out your name! Let the world hear you roar!”

“It’s Ramona!” the new toon declared proudly, bouncing her chest, “Ramona Lovings, cause you’ll want to love me all night!”

“WAIT!” Glenda interrupted, her expression of shock and horror, “Our members aren’t all dressed up and pretty! Remember ladies, to a glam toon, besides the body, the most important thing is the outfit! Dress to play and flaunt!”

Ramona gasped and looked down at herself, making an even bigger gasp upon seeing her outfit. “Oh my goodness NO!!” she declared, “This won’t do! This SIMPLY won’t do at all! I need to dress to play and flaunt!”

She brought her thumb up to her thick lips and stuck it in between them, clamping down on it. She took a deep breath and blew into her finger with all her might. There was a large, glittery and smoky explosion, filling the area and covering Ramona up completely.

A few seconds later, the smoke magically blew apart, revealing the stunning woman hidden within. She wore a silvery white dress that stretched all the way down to her feet, hugging her body tightly and showing every inch of her curves rather well, even highlighting some slight chubbiness around the waistline. It was also an off-the-shoulder dress, allowing for plenty of cleavage to be shown off and flaunted for all to see. To top it all off, she had four-inch high heels and a lovely emerald necklace that rested between the top of her breasts.

“Now I’m dressed to play and flaunt,” Ramona cooed, running her hands down her sides and making an o-face with her lips.

“Yes,” Marilyn commented, “There we go! Now all of our audience is dressed right! A perfect crowd of glam toons as far as the eye can see!”

“And before we leave you today,” Glenda added, “We have some simple reminders. Don’t forget to bounce your chest and shake your hips when you walk, like this!”

She demonstrated the actual moves, strutting and bouncing her chest seductively around the stage. Ramona merely chuckled and replied, “Please... like I need to be reminded of how to carry my perfect self.”

“Also!” Marilyn stated, pulling out a stop sign and flashing it at the camera, “Most important! If you are not feeling your glam toony self later and you want to get it back, just pop the disc back in! With that, good night darlings!” Before Ramona could even ask, the screen went black and the DVD stopped running.

“Oh...” the new glam toon remarked, “That was abrupt... oh well! I just feel soooo divine and wondrous! Time to go show the world my gorgeous self! Somebody try and stop me!” She let out a giggle moan and zipped out of the apartment, heading for parts unknown.

THE END