

# Toon It Up: New Man of the House

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Commission done for [Knight-Bishop of DeviantArt](#)

***“Shucks, littl’ lady!” Adam chuckled in his deep southern drawl, “Leave ‘em dishes here ‘n relax! Don’t y’all worry a thang!”***

*“Oh!” Pamela blushed, jolting suddenly. She looked at her teenage son, blushing. “N-no. I can handle this. Y-you and your sister just go watch some TV and-”*

***The red bull toon snorted and laughed. “Nah-ah!” He waved a gloved finger. “Ma, ya just leave all of these dishes ta me ‘n the squirt. Ready Henrietta?”***

*“Ready!” The little green mouse girl declared, pumping her fists.*

*The bull grinned and raised a large hoof. He stomped it on the ground and the dishwasher opened in the other room. The vibration and shake launched all of the plates, silverware, and glasses into the air.*

*“BOING!” Henrietta declared as she sprung and spun up, snagging all of the dinnerware in a toony tornado. She landed perfectly on one tippy-toe on the table, everything stacked on top of each other in her hands.*

*“YOINK!” Adam grabbed each piece from his sister and launched them with a spin. The dishes, cups, and everything flew around corners and objects before landing and fitting perfectly into the dishwasher.*

***“There ya go!” The bull chuckled, “All done!”***

*Henrietta bounced onto the ground, applauding him. “You go, big bro! Soooo kewl!”*

***“Nuthin’ a littl’ bit of teamwork...” He flexed his arm and grinned looking at it. “...and ‘ese here muscles can’t handle!”***

*“Tsk, Beefhead,” Henrietta muttered, rolling her eyes.*

*Pamela said nothing. She just looked at her kids. Just... her odd, strange, new kids. How could she-*

***BRRRRR-RRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIING!*** *“Oh! That’s my phone! I’ll be right back.” Pamela pulled her phone from her pocket and left the dining room. “Hello. Pamela speak-”*

**POP!** Pamela jittered, nearly spilling her drink. She looked around quickly. It... was just a balloon near one of the yards. Still, even knowing that didn't stop her racing heart.

She needed to relax. Things were going well right now. The neighborhood was having a block party, and everyone was celebrating and having a great time. Tons of barbecues, people playing games, lots of people chatting, and more. It was such a festive environment.

She took a sip from her red solo cup and looked around again, more anxious than before. Still no sign of him.

Plenty of signs of her kids having fun though. The little mouse was playing tag with many of the neighbor kids, dipping and diving through various yards and legs. The big bull was playing flag football and winning, naturally. So many of the boys, and even dads too, were struggling to snag his flag or even touch him.

She was happy to see them having fun, but in a way, she felt out of place. The past few weeks have been trying for everyone. They had left a terrible situation with her ex-husband behind and had to start over. With the help of friends and some other family members, they moved into this area a few weeks back before school started.

It was to be a brand-new beginning hopefully. For her kids, it had been (in more ways than one). For her? Not so much.

The feeling crawled and scratched at the back of her neck. That shadow... that demon still lingered in her mind. Things were not helped by the occasional updates she would get from old friends back home. He was still searching.

It wasn't good being in that mental state. It especially wasn't good when trying to raise two kids. She thankfully had enough money from support, inheritance, and her new job, but money did not solve issues like this.

Then her children changed. First, her teenage son turned her into a little mouse daughter. Then her daughter turned into her teenage bull son. It had been overwhelming to say the least at first. She was barely keeping it together at that time.

Thankfully, those changes didn't make things worse. Her kids were still as loving and caring as ever. Both of them, despite their tooniness, even seemed more uplifting and devoted to helping out around the house to make things easier for her. It was rather nice. It was going to be weird when school started, but still...

Pamela finished her drink and set her cup down on a table. “Oh! Need a refill there?” the neighbor with the drinks asked, noticing Pamela’s actions.

However, she did not respond. Instead, she walked away. And walked. And walked. And walked some more, slowly leaving the bustle and energy of the neighborhood behind her. She just couldn’t deal with this right now.

She kept walking until she reached the edge of the neighborhood, bordering near the local park she had sent her kids to before. She wandered in a little, finding a quiet, empty bench to sit down on.

Pamela let out a long sigh and leaned back into her seat. Her eyes closed, shoulders drooping. She needed some time to herself. It was a recurring thing at this point for her.

She ran a hand down her mug. “Well... what now? What happens next?”

“I dunno! Funny, silly stuff maybe?”

Pamela sat up and jolted to attention, her head whipping about. It eventually landed on the toon in front of her. It was definitely a different toon than her children.

It was a pink, busty dog gal with sharp glasses at the tip of her snoot. She was pushing an ice cream cart, one that must’ve been extremely quiet given how she hadn’t heard it coming. The toon’s fluffy tail wagging, she said with a chipper tone, “Hiya! ...oh! You were talkin’ to yourself, weren’t ya? Sorry!”

After being around her two toons for a bit now, the presence of a toon different from them was met with little shock or surprise. However, what did take Pamela by surprise was something else. This pink, fluffy, curvy doggo... the descriptions from her kids...

“Wait! I know you! You’re that toon dog!”

“Da name is Jessica to be exact!” A question mark appeared above her head, floating. “What do you mean by “that toon dog?” Have you heard of moi before?”

“You met both of my kids! You’re the one who changed them!”

“Ooooooooooooooh!” Jessica nodded, licking her ice cream scoop. “It’s nice that your kids are happy and having a blast!” Pamela had just finished telling the dog her story, going into much detail about every little part since the toon seemed not to get it right away. For the pup’s part, she sat down beside the mom, eating one of her own ice cream cones as she listened.

Halfway through a lick, Jessica paused. “Oh... it hasn’t been too difficult for you, right?”

“No... it’s just been different,” Pamela quietly responded, “They’ve been odd, but still, they’re my children. They still love me and I still love them back. They’re different, but happy with who they are. I support them no matter what.”

“Well, that’s good! Although...” Jessica rubbed her chin. “You don’t seem so hunky-dory.”

“No...” Pamela hesitated briefly. Could she open up to such a silly-looking, goofy individual as this dog? Keeping it all bottled up would be worse though. She cleared her throat. “Just everything with my ex. I... I just don’t think I’ll ever be happy or okay. I wish I could be. My kids need me at my best, but I just can’t feel that way. I can’t even enjoy this party in my neighborhood. I...I... I’m just a wreck.”

Tears started pouring from her eyes. “OH! There-there!” Jessica cooed, gently patting her back, “I’m sorry to hear, but... but I’m sure things will get better soon!”

“I’m not sure they will...” Pamela wiped her tears. “I wish... I wish things could be-”

At that moment, a thought occurred to her. It was a wild, crazy thought, but a thought nonetheless. She eyed Jessica, the toon tilting her head curiously. “You... you changed my kids.”

“...yes?” Jessica inched back, looking a bit nervous.

“Could... could you...” Pamela’s heart was racing, her body twitchy. What she was about to say felt crazy, insane even. However, taking a deep breath and a moment of peace, the mom summoned up all her strength and courage. “Could you help me like you helped them?”

“...wait, really?” Jessica’s floppy ears shot up.

Pamela took and released another deep breath. “Yes. You made them so happy and full of life. I think... I think they deserve a parent who can bring them happiness.”

“But you’re doing that already by being you!” Jessica pouted her lips. “Don’t sell yourself short, missy!”

“But... but I could be better! I could keep up with them. I could be on their level. I need...” Pamela’s hands gripped her knees, quivering. “I need to be a toon like them.”

Jessica stroked her chin. “You sure? I mean, toonifying is great and I love doing it, **but** you don’t seem so sure.”

Pamela wasn’t sure. This whole situation was out of this world. Here she was, begging a toon to turn her into a toon like her children. If someone told her years ago that she’d be in this situation, she would think they were nuts.

Yet, no matter how she thought about it or looked at it in many different ways, her mind came back to this over and over. Pamela looked the dog in the eyes and said as seriously as she could, “I am sure as I ever will be. Please, make this happen.”

“Wellllllll... if you insist!” Jessica’s muzzle opened wide, and she dropped her ice cream cone straight into it. **GULP!** She swallowed it up and hurried over to her cart parked beside the bench. She opened the hatch on top and asked, “Anything in particular you like? I can take requests or I can freeball it.”

“I want to be the best parent I can be,” Pamela said with a firm nod. “Someone who’s funny, loving, sweet, kind, and who can protect her children from anything if need be.” A flash of a certain man appeared in her head. Especially from him above all else.

“Protect your kids? Hmmm...” Jessica tapped her chin and leaned down into the container, half of her body slipping into the hatch. “One of your kids is already pretty dang strong and don’t need much protectin’. Sooooo... oh! Stronger than him then!”

There were some whistles and humming, her big pawed feet happily kicking as she worked. Eventually, she popped out of the hatch, glasses iced over, holding a large ice cream container, the kind of bucket one would see in a grocery store. “Ta-da! It’s honey-flavored and contains all your important, filling vitamins, minerals, and fats!”

Jessica placed the large tub on Pamela’s lap. “Here you are!” She reached behind her back and pulled out a large spoon, one clearly made for someone with much larger hands. She handed it over to Pamela too. “Dig in!”

Pamela looked between the container and the toon, who smiled brightly. “Wait... you want me to eat all of this?!”

“Of course, silly-billy! Shouldn’t be a problem~.”

Pamela doubted it. The tub was bigger than her damn head! Still, Jessica was the ice cream and toon expert on this, so it was best to just go with it.

The mom opened the container up, a strong scent bursting forth and letting her get a big whiff of it. Yep, definitely honey! The ice cream itself was a bright, golden yellow, and... it appeared to have some chocolate chunks in it too. *How curious...*

And quite delicious-looking! She took her spoon and scooped out a slice. A little slice given the size of the utensil, but one she could fit into her mouth. She swallowed it.

Pamela's pupils dilated, hairs standing on end. *Holy crap!* That taste was utterly amazing. She had never had ice cream like that before in her life. The flavor, the punch, the creaminess, and the perfect chilled temperature. It was the perfect mixture of it all. It made her feel... made her feel...

**“MMMMMMMM! Dat’s sum guuuuud eatin’ dere!”**

Pamela gasped, dropping the spoon into the tub. “Oh my! I... I just... what was-”

“It’s fine.” Jessica sat down beside her and gave her a warm smile. “It’ll be fine. Just let the sweet taste take you away. Let it fill you up and make you into the *perfect* parent of your toony dreams.”

The words were so calm, so kind, and so sweet. Pamela felt at ease again hearing them. She nodded. Jessica was right. Just let the taste take her away and fill her up.

She took another scoop and ate it. *Ooooh!* That was still as powerful as the first. *So sweet and filling~*. Her narrow, thin cheeks swelled, gaining some fat and roundness to them. Then rounder and pushed out more. It was sort of toony in a way.

Speaking of chubbiness, her body started packing some pounds. As she took her third scoop, her limbs slightly filled. So dainty and thin from her lack of eating, she grew into a more healthy size. Then she went past that, gaining her some undeniable weight, especially in her biceps and thighs, the latter of which were smooshing against each other.

“So, how are we liking it so far?” Jessica asked, observing Pamela’s arms.

Pamela got another spoonful, much larger than the last, and looked at the dog with a blush. “Well... it’s pretty good but... I’ll probably need to try more?”

The mom shoveled the ice cream into her mouth, dark, **dark** hairs sprouting upon her chin before spreading across her jaw in a light coat. She swallowed it and quivered, similar, longer hairs sprouting upon her chest and poking slightly out of her collar.

She didn't need to try more. She wanted more. She wasn't blind. She could see the fat pour into her arms and legs already. Though she could sense it wasn't just blubber, but a certain strength in it too. She needed more. She needed it to fill her.

Down went another slice of ice cream a second later. Her long hair ruffled about like a breeze came through. However, that hair shortened as it did, leaving her shoulders behind for a place at ear level. Its smoothness roughed up, looking far messier than she'd normally let it be.

But the real change soon struck it. From the roots, a new tone leaked into every single strand of her hair. Like paint oozing down a wall, purple overcame her natural color. It looked so thick and dense that single strands couldn't be seen. It almost looked like a blob of purple "hair" upon her scalp.

**Gurgle.** Her stomach rumbled, the two of them looking down at it. It comically bubbled beneath her shirt. "Umm... is it supposed to do that?"

"Only for toons!" Jessica giggled. "Now eat up, your tummy needs filling!"

Pamela was starting to feel hungry now, much hungrier than before. She tried to scoop up as big of a piece of ice cream as she could with her spoon. Even with its bigger size, it felt... puny. Something in her was saying that such a utensil wasn't big enough for the job.

She pondered this as she swallowed her treat. She shivered, vibrations accumulating in her hands. She looked at them, seeing them open and loosen up. From each digit and palm, the skin swelled. It turned smooth and featureless, color turning bright, bubblegum pink. They were bigger than her digits!

"Whoaaa." Pamela breathlessly spoke, wiggling her digits and feeling pad against pad. This was definitely different than what she was used to. It felt almost difficult to move them with how bloated they were. It was kind of-

**GUUUUURGLE!** Both ladies jolted a bit in place. Pamela's stomach roared loud and proud, the rumble of her stomach more obvious and cartoony beneath her shirt.

It made them briefly miss Pamela's paw growth. With her new oversized pads, her fingers began to swell to match them. Thin to pudgy to sausage to adorably thick, her fingers

soon held her additions better. Her palms ballooned to match, making for some thick, oversized hands. Toony hands at that as her pinkies merged with her ring fingers.

“Hmmm...” The mom looked at her stomach and then at her hands. A light coating of purple fur started sprouting around her pads and the back of her hands. The coating slowly enveloped the entirety of her mitts, making them quite the fuzzy, big paws.

Pamela blushed, biting her bottom lip gently. They looked so chunky and thick. Yet, there was a certain appeal in them. She could hold bigger things easier, throw a heavy punch, scratch more surface area in itchy, usually crude spots. She grew red before shaking the thought from her mind. She had something more important to deal with than such questionable ideas.

The mom looked at Jessica and asked firmly, “Do you mind if I get an ice cream scoop?”

“A scooper?” Jessica’s ears rose slightly. “Spoon not big enough for you?”

**GUUUUUUUUURRRRRGLE!** It felt like the entire area rumbled loudly, the bench actually rattling. Pamela sheepishly said, rubbing her stomach, “I... I’m really hungry. I need to eat a lot more ice cream.”

“You got it, hun!” Jessica reached into her cleavage and pulled out a rather large ice cream scoop. She gave it a quick shake to get off any stray hairs and handed it to Pamela.

Pamela, without even hesitating, snapped up the scoop. **Guuurgle.** *Still hungry, need ice cream.* She snatched up a nice back scoop of her honey delight and opened her mouth. Her maw seemed to cartoonishly stretch and stretch, allowing the chunk to easily fall in.

**Ka-ching!** The jaws snapped shut, and the face relaxed back to normal. **GULP!** Pamela swallowed it all in one single bite. *Utterly delicious~!*

**Ka-BOOSH!** Her tennis shoes exploded at once. Leather, laces, and rubber went flying in all directions, leaving bare feet behind. And bear feet they were, two large, heavy, fuzzy footpaws had taken place of her own. Down to three digits each, they sprouted the same purple fuzz and pink pads of her hands. They also had short, stubby claws at the end of each toe.

“Whoooooooa,” Pamela mumbled, wiggling her toes, “Big.” *Big and nice~.* Her butt wiggled in her seat. **Pop!** From between her shirt and jeans, a short, stubby, bear tail popped out and wagged happily.

“Nice feet paws~,” Jessica giggled. She placed hers next to them. “Mine are a bit longer and slimmer for toons. Though, gotta say, I feel jealous of those big, chubby monsters~.”



“Th-thanks,” Pamela said, wiggling her feet one more time. She scooped up another piece. “It’s weird... weird to say, having big... hairy, silly feet and liking them.”

“Naaaaah, nothing weird about it!” The pink dog happily explained as the mom ate. “It’s all completely natural~.”

**GULP! Ba-BOOMP.** Pamela’s narrow torso finally gained some weight. Her waist pushed out and lost its narrowness. Her stomach and torso thickened a little, looking almost toned and fit. For only a second as her tummy swelled up, gaining a muffin top that dipped over her shorts. Her breasts looked bigger too but oddly drooped more.

“Natural?” The mom asked as she unconsciously licked her scoop.

“Mhm! It’s only natural to like yourself. We toons take super duper pride in our silly looks. Having such an oversized bod? Why; it’s a thing of beauty and a wonderful gift to have!”

Pamela licked her lips, her shoulders broadening and looking a bit thicker. *Being oversized... hmmm... Me, oversized and heavy...*

*Sounds nice~.* She smiled, her lips turning black and gummy. *Being big and large... being REALLY big sounds like fun. No one can mess with me or my kids. Plus, heh, dere’s more dad... mom to love~!*

“Looks like someone has something fun on their mind~.” Jessica winked.

“Oh! It’s... it’s just that you’re right. Maybe... maybe I-I... sh-” Her mouth started to water. Something tasty... something delicious... something **honey** crossed under her nose.

She looked down. The ice cream was still the same as always. Same bright yellow and chocolate chunks, but... that scent. It was overwhelming!

But the ice cream hadn’t changed at all. Her nose did. It was turning black! Then she sniffed... snorted, tons of fumes being vacuumed up. Her nose swelled and expanded, turning rather ovalish to a degree. Nostrils shifted to under her expansive tip, skin smoothing over and becoming glossy. Soon, her snoot was a bulgy, big bearish sniffer.

Jessica giggled, “Oooh, someone really likes their ice cream!”

Pamela's ears twitched. Yeah, she did like ice cream! Purple hairs grew over her ears. She **really** liked it. Their shape was more ovalish and with a featureless, concave inside. She **REALLY** liked it! Her ears shot up through her hair to the top of her head, newly ursine-ified.

Pamela smirked, looking at the pupper. She scooped up a big chunk of ice cream and casually tossed it into her mouth. She spoke, her voice booming, "**Heh, 'course I's like it, ya silly pooch. No, I's luuuuuuv me sum ice cream!**"

**THUMP!** From under her shirt, her stomach popped right out. Nice, wide, and roundish, her tubby tummy casually bounced onto her thighs. It was coated in the same fur as her paws.

Pamela gasped and switched to a chuckle in a millisecond. "**Dis I's like too!**"

Paws went down and gently patted and rubbed her stomach. She trembled, her arms a little thicker, chunkier now. That felt great~. She just looved big bellies. Big bellies to love and squeeze. Big bellies on her~.

***Heh, wait til dah neighbor guys ands gals get a load of dis papa bear~.***

Pamela's legs bunched together. The "mom" twitched. *Papa bear? I'm not a papa bear! I'm just me... just... me?*

She paused that line of thought and stared off into the distance. A paw moved and got another big scoop of ice cream, causally shoving it into her maw. The legs opened up or were pushed open by the new weight added to them.

*Wait... what's da matter with me? She huffed. Why am I embarrassed? Jessica doll is totally right. It's only natural to be like this, think... dink like dis! Dis body, dis big belly, and fuzz... yeah! No shame bein' a big ol' papa bear!*

Fur started spreading up their arms. ***Bein' big, large, ands in charge? Dat's da dream for me!*** Fur quickly sprouted across the legs, hips, and crotch. ***Plus... dat voice of mah mind dere~.*** Pamela chuckled as the rest of their torso gained a rich purple coating, "**What dweeb wouldn't wants a voice dis heavenly~?**"

"Not sure what you're talking about, but dat is some good deepness there!" Jessica commented.

"**Heh, sorry dollface~,**" Pamela chuckled, "**Was just gettin' over bein' such a worrywart! Big fella likes me needs ta appreciate bein' a big fella~.**"

*Ands I's could use some more big~.* They rubbed their belly again. *Needs to reach proper big shape~.*

Now tossing the scoop over their shoulder, Pamela shoved their face into the tub and started eating straight from it. **NOM NOM NOM!** *Mmmmm, I's feels better already!*

*Feel powerful!* **WOOMP!** Their belly and body expanded more, hips and thighs extra thick and wide. Their belly was a full-on beer gut and bigger! Their rear widened even more, taking up more of the bench.

*Feel handsum!* Pamela's face extended further into the tub. Fur completely engulfed their head, hair shrinking into it. Brows thickened, jaws widened and stretched, the noggin reshaped, and even a thin, bristly dark beard came. There was not a human trace left with this bear toon.

*Feel manly~!* Their legs spread further open as they leaned back into the bench, nearly tipping it over (Jessica desperately tried to counterweight it). In their jeans, which had shortened into shorts, the crotch suddenly ballooned. It grew as big as a cantaloupe, the material stretching around it like spandex.

*I's feels... I feels...* His tongue slipped and scooped up the remaining bits stuck in the corners and sides of the tube. *I's feels like a big daddy~!* **WOOMP!** Their stomach bulged one last time, giving them a very chunky, hefty form. **POP!** His belly button popped into an outie.

The bear shook his head, tossing the ice cream tube away. He had a dopey-looking grin on his face. Licking his chops, he patted his belly as it rumbled loudly.

**“BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURP!!!!”**

The entire neighborhood felt like it shook, car alarms blaring as well. The bear chuckled, clapping his paws and silencing the alarms. He scratched his tummy. **“Dat was sum goood eatin' dere! Ands~...”**

The toon looked down at himself. His nice, wide, purple-furred, chunky, bear self. **“Ands dis is nice too~. Look at me~!”**

“Yeah! Definitely look at you, big boy!” Jessica spoke in a hushed, awed tone.

He frowned, looking at his shirt. It was incredible that it managed to stay on, but... but it didn't really fit him. He grabbed and yanked on it, stretching it like a rubber band before letting go. His shirt turned bright pink and words appeared upon it: "Daddy Bears Need Love Too!"

The bear grinned. Now, **that** fitted him better... not the shirt's size though. That did a poor job of covering his gut. Not that he minded personally.

"Awww, you look great!" Jessica grinned, patting him on the shoulder. "You're, like, the perfect parent now!"

**"Heh, yeah! Dad bear bod fits me so well!"** CREEEEEEEEAK! He stood up from the bench and flexed his arms. Despite their appearance, the toons could still make out some impressive musculature beneath the chub.

"No one's gonna wanna mess with you or your kids, big bear!" At once, the thought of his old ex popped into his head.

But not for long. Following that, a big purple bear appeared, grabbing the ex by the torso. He molded and shaped the horrible man into a football. With a mighty kick, the bear punted the ex off far into the distance.

The toon bear chuckled. Yeah, there weren't going to be any more issues with that guy. He liked to see that loser even try with this newly improved parent!

The bear looked back at Jessica appreciatively. **"Youse don't knows how much dis all means ta me! I's gotta pay ya back!"** He reached into his pocket and pulled out a large wallet. Opening it up, he noticed a new driver's license, one for a bear named Patrick McUrsine.

He'd have to examine it later. **"Howse much fors da ice cream? Also, I's probably owe ya for all of dem kiddies of mine too. I's got heres-"**

"Oh no no!" The pink dog wagged a finger at him. "None of that money stuff! I did what I did to help you all. It's on the house!"

**"Aww, but-"**

"No butts! The only butts here are your bear butt and my bubble butt~!" Jessica giggled.

Then she cleared her voice and stared deep into his eyes. She spoke, her tone more mature and serious than ever before. "Please, Mr. McUrsine, save that money for you and your kids. I do not need it. Go back to your family and have some fun together."

The pink toon winked and returned to her ice cream cart. She waved and strolled off with it, calling back, “May you all have a most wonderful life!”

Patrick waved back, giving her a solemn nod. She was such a doll, such a sweetheart.

But she was right. He should go back to his kids and have fun.

The bear took another gander at himself. He looked great, and felt even better! He was like a whole new beast, both figuratively and literally. Was it always like this for his kids? Always this... energized, in the zone, and ready for anything or to do anything?

He loved it and didn't want to lose it for the world!

Giving his belly one more good pat and jiggle, Patrick turned and headed back towards the neighborhood party. It was time to show off the new him. There was going to be a new bear on the block and a man of the house. The neighbors were gonna love him!

But most important of all, he knew his kids would love their new daddy bear~.

*THE END~*