

Smoke It Up: Smoking for Two

By: Firingwall

“Thanks for comin’ sugar!” A voice called out to Karen as she left a rather colorful grocery store, “Hope to see ya or maybe your busty, snow white friend again next time!”

“Ah-huh,” Karen sighed, carrying a large, paper bag in her hand.

Oh don’t be like that! A voice in her head spoke, she was just being super nice and sweet like always! You shoulda hugged her! I always do!

“Not today Kinka,” Karen mumbled, “I just wanna go home and relax.”

It was a super bright and lively day in the city’s Toontown, a young human woman walking the streets glumly and clashing with the vibrance of the cityscape. Her name was Karen Aloran, a part timer at a book store, and within her mind, her other self laid for the moment.

Her name was Kinka, a bright white, energetic, and sensual kinkajou toon. After an incident involving toon ink several years ago, Kinka was born and now she lived inside of Karen’s mind, popping out and taking over when she wants to or whenever her human self gets too excited. On her spare time, she partied it up and worked as an ice cream artist.

And you can when we get home! We just needed to stock up on my favorite foods! I get hungry too you know and it was your turn to do the shopping! Kinka stated pleasantly, Karen merely sighing. She didn’t argue, just wanting to get on home.

However, her trip home was interrupted by a sudden collision. Looking down at her feet the whole time, Karen walked straight into a large, brown wall of fur and fat. She nearly fell back, but part of this wall reached out and held her up.

“Sorry missy!” A deep, heavy accented voice spoke, its tone sweet and cheerful, “Didn’t sees ya dere with dis big box in mys hands.”

Karen looked up, a strong odor passing by her face as she noticed the figure. Holding a large, open top crate in one paw was a large, brown-furred bear toon. He wore suspenders, a bowler hat, and white gloves, a very long and thick cigar hanging from his muzzle. He was very large and round, a big, heavy gut hanging out over his trousers.

“N-no,” Karen spoke quickly, “I wasn’t looking. It’s my fault... ah...” She glanced at the crate he was carrying, noticing in big, painted letters: *Smokey Steve’s Toony-Heavy Cigars*.

He answered for her first, “Steve’s da name. Yous really alright dare?”

“Y-yeah,” answered Karen again, nodding again, “Sorry there Steve. I’ll... I’ll just be going now. Have a good day.” She politely bowed and hurried off passed the large toon.

Glancing back, she saw him smile and wave good-bye before continuing on his merry way. Kinka spoke up, *he seemed nice. You know, thinking about it, you really should make more toon friends besides Emmi. He could be a good...*

“Let’s just focus on getting home right now before the food spoils,” retorted Karen, hurrying for the Toontown exit.

Can I pppllllllleeeeeeeaaasseeeee come out and play? Kinka asked with a soft giggle.

“After I’m done resting,” mumbled Karen, “I can’t really do that too well in my mind whenever you are partying it up into the wee hours you know.”

Duly noted! I’ll only stay out until 3 in the morning instead of 4 this time! The toon chuckled. Karen just ignored her as she continued to unpack and put away their groceries. They made it back home quickly enough to avoid their toony pizza from thawing and now Karen was dealing with putting away the rest of the food in the paper bag.

“Well you can’t do that either,” said Karen, putting Kinka’s cereal away in her cupboard, “You got to work tomorrow and... what?”

Reaching down into the bag, Karen had grabbed a hold of the final item that was there. However, looking at it now, it was not something that she remembered buying at all. Taped together were a large, brown cigar and silver lighter with a bear imprinted onto it.

Whatcha got there? Kinka curiously asked, noticing the item her other self had.

“It’s a cigar and lighter,” the human side mumbled, pulling the two items apart and looking them over, “Where did I get these from... wait! Smokey Steve!” Karen saw it clear as day in her mind. When the large toon reached over to catch her, his crate must have tipped over and something fell out of it into her bag.

Oh dear! Now you’re a thief, a wanted criminal! Kinka laughed.

“Ha-ha,” huffed Kinka, “You’re soooo funny for a toon. ...I better hold onto this until we can find him again.”

Hmmm... Toontown is super big you know. We might not find him... and it’s not like he’s gonna miss one lil’ old cigar.

“...oh boy... where are you going with this?”

Oh, nowhere really big. Just, you know, maybe you would like to give it a shot?

“WHAT?!” Karen yipped, her jaw dropping at the mere suggestion, “b-but what?! I don’t smoke! I hate smoke and all of those nasty chemicals...”

Are not found in a toon cigar! Toon cigars are made with different stuff, none of which will harm your body! You'll be completely fine!

Karen frowned hearing that. She knew toon products were... odd and had rather unusual effects on humans. In particular, they tended to usually turn them in toons. On other occasions, they made them change their sex, gain and lose muscle mass, made them giddier or meaner, and so on. The thought about having this cigar... didn't fill Karen with any interest.

Come ooooooonnn! Live a little! It'll be fun! It's the cool thing to do!

"You sound like the bully in a Smoking PSA," flatly replied Karen.

There was a loud, dramatic gasp and light (obviously fake) sobbing, Kinka tearfully exclaiming, *you're being sooooo mean Karen! Why... why don't you just do this one, little thing for me? At least give it a small sniff!*

The human sighed and asked, "Will you let this go if I just sniff this?"

A cheerful, 360 change-in-tone voice answered back, *Yep!*

Karen let out one more sigh and brought the cigar up to her nose. Just to please her inner toon, she gave the cigar a big, long sniff and snort. She prepared to set it down and declared she wasn't interested, but her eyes suddenly widened, her pupils dilating and her jaw hanging open for a few seconds.

"Now dat's some good cigar I's tells ya!" Karen chuckled deeply, looking at the cigar in her hand excitedly. There was a brief pause and she shook her head wildly, her tone going back to normal, "Okay... that... that was weird."

But rather amusing to me personally! Kinka chuckled, *interested in trying it now?*

There was a long pause and Karen quietly spoke, "...yeah... I... I guess I'll try it."

Karen pulled apart the cigar and lighter. Taking a deep breath, she lit the cigar and slowly brought it to her mouth. Smoke already coming off of it, she accidentally took a deep, powerful drag from it. The scent of it was much stronger now that it was smoking, causing her legs to wobble for a moment and her head to spin.

Once the powerful rush was gone, a grin came back to her face and declared, "Yeah, dat's sum good stuffs dare! Thanks fors tellin' mes to try dis stuff dollface!"

Dollface? Kinka laughed, *that's a new one!*

With those words, Karen stuck the cigar into her mouth and took a deep, big inhale, smoke flowing into and filling her lungs. Her eyes widened and she suddenly coughed, hacking the smoke right out of her body, beating her chest with one hand and holding the cigar with the other.

“Dang,” she muttered, “I’s shoulda not done dat. Gots to pace mys-self a bit bedder.” As she mumbled that out, goosebumps arose across her skin and her muscles twitched, some of the smoke still resting and flowing in her body.

Across her arms and legs, a small, almost unnoticeable cold wave ran across them. Her own arm and leg hair began to thicken and grow wildly, far beyond the amount she’d normally have. In fact, in less than five seconds, she soon had the arm and leg hair of most human guys. The strands scratched and itched from within her clothing, irritating her very much.

“Daggum arms ands legs feelin’ itchy and stuffs now,” mumbled Karen, “Needs ta get outs of dis dang shirt and pants.”

Her cigar hanging perfectly from her mouth as she puffed out a bit of smoke, Karen carefully removed her shirt and pants, tossing them to the ground without a care. For good measure, she even pulled off her socks and shoes, tossing them into the same pile. She could deal with them later, right now, she was far more curious about her new hair and surprisingly, new clothes.

Underneath her old clothing, her bra and underwear had vanished. In their place, there was a white a-shirt with a low collar and grey boxers. It was the kind of clothing one would see a guy wear while lounging around the house in the early morning, not someone like her.

However, she didn’t seem all that miffed about it. In fact, she took another hit off of her cigar, blowing smoke out and saying, “wells, dis stuff is mores comfy anyways.”

Someone is strangely cool about all of this, Kinka chuckled.

“I’s perfectly cools abut dis toots,” Karen replied, puffing out another big, thick cloud of smoke, “Ya know, I’s thinkin’ abuts find dat toon ands orderin’ a whole box of dese cigars for mys-self!” She suddenly scratched at her belly under her new shirt, her fingernails moving through inky, red-orange belly hair. In fact, all her arm and leg hair was now red-orange.

Oh dear oh my! Kinka laughed, I think I am a bully from a smoking PSA who won! I think I turned you into a hard cigar smoker! Also, what’s with the toots and dollface?

Karen ignored her and started walking to the living room, still scratching away at her belly for a little longer. After scratching long and hard, she pulled her hand away and her stomach bulged out. It poked a tiny bit out of her white shirt and giving her a rather thick muffin top that looked rather fitting on the cigar-chomping girl.

She walked into her living room and collapsed into her recliner, an apartment warming gift from her father. She usually never sat in it, preferring to stretch and laze about on her soft, cushy sofa. However, the sight of the chair just made her want to sit and back into the large thing.

Kicking back as far she could go, Karen took a big puff from her cigar and blew out the smoke into one, long stream. Her voice deeper and thicker, she chuckled, “**nows, dis is da life! I coulds get use to dis! All I needs is a goods brewski!**”

Oh yeah, I'm definitely such a bad influence on you! Giggled Kinka, just eating up every bit of this, I should totally make you eat, drink, and try other good toon treats in the future!

“As longs as its involves mores cigars and foods an’ beer I’s can stuff in my belly, I’m gud with dat.” Chuckled Karen, talking and smoking more of her thick cigar. Her shoulder length hair shrank a bit, going all the way up to her ears and giving her a male cut.

She took another puff from her cigar and blew out a large smoke ring much her amusement. Her body rumbled, goosebumps rising again and more red-orange hair sprouting all over. But that wasn’t only it either, a wave of fat and muscle filling her. Her arms and legs swelled up, pushing her up to a more male build as her torso grew as well, her belly inflating out of her shirt more.

Eating more would probably be good for you, chuckled Kinka, you could really do with some more meat on your body you scrawny lil’ girl. Also, I completely approve of you drinking more. It’ll totally make your life more fun!

Karen huffed, **“Whoses you callin’ scrawny toots?”**

She took a very long drag from her cigar and slowly blew the smoke out, no longer coughing or hacking up a lung like before. Her own hair shrank and shrank until she was completely bald, not that she minded all that much. Thick chest hair grew, poking out her a-shirt’s collar as her breasts lost definition, becoming flabbier and less perky.

More waves of muscle and fat flowed her body, she quickly starting to fill up the large recliner. Her legs and arms swelled twice their size, her fingers and toes losing their delicate feminine-look, while her hips and rear turned flabby. Her belly inflated further, pushing more out of her shirt while her shoulders broaden by quite a bit.

Don’t you go be breaking that recliner chubby, Kinka replied sweetly, even though it was clearly a tease. Karen blew her off and went back to smoking, trying to enjoy her resting and wonderful chair in peace.

As she blew out her latest bit of smoke, her toes felt incredibly itchy. Rolling her eyes at this new distraction, she sat up with cigar in her mouth and moved to scratch her toes. When she did, however, she discovered that they had changed as well. They had merged together, turning into two, thick, dark red hoof-like claws. They looked similar to pig feet she’d seen in Toontown in her time staring at the ground as she walked.

“Well ain’t dat just a curious lil’thang?” commented Karen, taking another puff from her cigar, **“I guess I’s turnin’ into somes sort of pig or somethin’.”**

And it completely fits the new you already!

“Hmmm, guess yous be right about dat toots,” Karen remarked, taking another big drag from her cigar, **“sounds might nice thinkin’ abouts it.”**

Oh? That's surprising coming from you of all people Miss Karen.~

As Karen finished her latest drag, her left hand moved all on its own, shifting down lower to her crotch. She didn't know why, but the spot felt itchy and needing of attention. She scratched and scratched away at the spot, letting out a sigh and another smoke ring as she did.

Doing all of that, the flat area between her legs began to bulge out. Her face grew redder as the bulge in her boxers grew more and more by the second. Eventually, she noticed the strange feeling in her boxers and pulled them open, seeing some rather male, rather animalistic parts where her female slit used to be.

My my, Kinka commented with a giggle, Aren't you so big downstairs now?~

Karen grunted, the sight strangely more disappointing than shocking to him. He took the biggest drag from his cigar and inhaled deeply, smoke pouring out of his mouth even without exhaling. His cheeks grew thicker and he developed his own double chin, two large tusks poking out his mouth. However, his male equipment swelled massively in his boxers, stretching the fabric to the limit as it conformed to its shape.

"Now dats what I's call big," Karen chuckled, his legs swelling further and his hips so wide and fat that they filled the entire large recliner.

You really don't have a problem with this at all, do you Miss Karen?

A loud, gruff snort escaped Karen's lips as he puffed out another big smoke ring. His arms inflated further, almost as fat and bulky as his legs now. Both sets of limbs were entirely covered in red-orange inky fur, leaving no trace of his skin visible. He gruffly spoke, **"Dat was da old me ya silly broad. Da names Smokey Ham now to ya!"**

Sounds yummy Smokey! Teased Kinka as she continued to enjoy Karen's descent into a new toon form. Maybe she would have another new friend inside of Karen's mind to hang out with and chat up.

"Smokey Ham" continued smoking away at his cigar, his transformation picking up speed now. His human ears stretched upwards, pulling into points at the end and forming tough, fuzzy boar ears. His torso widened more, his stomach pushing further out into a large, thick belly that he could not see his feet past.

As he puffed out another big smoke ring, red-orange fur covering his entire belly, he felt a little off, like he was sitting on something odd. Sitting up and glancing behind at his huge, fat rear, he saw a thick, curly tail stick out above his butt crack. **"Heh,"** he chuckled, **"Nows I really am turnin' intos quite da boar if I's do say so mys-self."**

I'll say! Kinka declared with a gleeful chuckle, *finish up my handsome, big'o wide load!*

"With pleasure toots!" Smokey bellowed with joy, sucking in deep and breathing out tons upon tons of cigar smoke into the air.

Smokey's head turned a bit round, his brow bushing out and thickening, giving him a serious look to his eyes. His nose lifted upwards and flattened, the area of it turning into a circle with two large holes to breathe out of. His nose and jaws pushed forward, creaking centimeter by centimeter until it locked into place a few inches from his face.

Karen was completely gone, just a large, heavysset boar toon in her place. He chuckled a bit as he rubbed his muzzle, puffing out another cloud of smoke, "Dis is da best! I luv dis cigar and dis body is awesome! Hope its last long!"

Heh, well as long as you're happy chubby, I'm happy! Kinka stated, Now, is it possible for you to let me...

"Hold ya horses dere toots! I's want to meetcha before we's do anythin' else."

-I-N-T-H-E-M-I-N-D-D-N-I-M-E-H-T-N-I-

Kinka pouted her lips, placing her hands on her hips before saying, "Now now, don't try backing out now! You can rest up in your mind as I go out and party it..."

KNOCK. KNOCK. Kinka cocked her head to the right, looking at the wooden door that led out of her personal room in Karen's mind. She mumbled as approached and opened, "Now... who could that..."

A large, thick, furry fat arm shoot out from the darken entry way and stuffed something into Kinka's mouth. Her eyes widening like dinner plates, she jumped back at least ten feet, before yelling, "Hey! Whats da big idea doin' dat?"

Her brow furrowed and her eyes looked down to her muzzle, the sound of slide whistle accompanying them. Sticking out of her mouth was a large, brown cigar, much like the one Karen/Smokey was puffing currently. Despite shock of it being shoved into her muzzle, she didn't remove it, smoking it herself.

"Hmmm," she replied, "Dis is somes good smokes ya got dere buddy. Thanks for sharin' da good stuff!"

"No probs Kinka!" The figure replied, stepping out in the room itself. It was Smokey Ham himself, smoking away on his own cigar as he approached her.

"Heh," Chuckled Kinka, blowing a cloud of smoke into Ham's space, "Yous a lot handsomer dan I's expected. Veryyyy handsomes..."

"Jealous Kinka dat I'ms the gud lookin' one now?" Smokey replied, puffing smoke back into her face playfully.

Kinka huffed and replied, "Yous the bedder lookin' one? Not if I's has anythin' to says about dat! Let mes show ya hows good I's can look in anys form!"

The large breasted toon grinned and brought one of her thumbs up to her face. She took a deep breath and blew right into it, her cigar staying perfectly in her mouth. Her legs vibrated like a sound wave, wobbling until there were two loud PUFFs. Her purple high heels had changed in an instance into an oversized pair of brown loafers, a stark contrast to her alluring outfit.

She blew more and more into her thumb, some of the cigar smoke being pumped into it as she did as well. Her feet swelled five sizes as her legs shrunk a tad, gaining fat and losing their shapely figure. Her thighs became less tender and soft and more squishy and flabby, her blue micro shorts shivering and turning into a super-sized pair of suspenders that were way too big around the hips and crotch.

“I’s see what yas doin’ there toots,” Smokey chuckled.

“Heh,” Kinka smirked, taking another big inhale of her cigar before blowing out a large stream of smoke, “Who’s yours callin’ ‘toots’ wide load?”

She grinned and blew an incredible amount of air and smoke into her thumb, her hips rumbling. They grew even wider, but not in an attractive, curly way, but more in that they looked overstuffed and blobby. Her rear grew further, loaded with cellulite and fat rolls that filled out the back of the suspenders, her large buttcrack fully visible in them.

Though what really grabbed attention was her crotch, which went from smooth to looking like she was trying to smuggle a large coconut. She laughed proudly, her voice deep and booming, **“I ain’t no toots buddy.”**

“So I’s can sees,” Huffed Smokey, puffing out a heart-shaped smoke cloud, **“Yous comin’ along just fines. Think yous can get a bit bigger still?”**

“HA! It’s almost likes ya don’t know me,” Kinka chuckled, blowing more into her thumb again. Her own fingers and hands inflated this time, growing pudgier and bloated by the second. Her arms grew flabbier, fat jiggling off her arms and her own face turned fat as well, her natural makeup and feminine charms vanishing completely. Her earrings poofed out of existence and her hair shrank and shrank, leaving her completely bald.

“I’s feels so heavy and hefty now,” The fat kinkajou toon laughed, snapping her fingers and making a full-length mirror appear before her. Gazing into it, she also added, **“Ands what do ya know? I’s am the handsomer one here.”**

“Oh yeahs?” Huffed Smokey, **“Where’s your gut ands stuff? Can’t bes more handsomer dan mes without one.”**

“Is dat so? Well, how’s dis?” Kinka gripped her large, gigantic breasts and with a wide, pleased smirk on her mug, pushed them back into her chest.

Her entire torso rumbled, the sound of a falling avalanche emerging from her chest. Then with the sound of a large drum being struck, her body expanded in a blink of the eye. Her chest gave birth to small, flabby moobs and her super thin waist expanded rapidly, over and over. Lastly, her belly inflated out into a large, squishy pot belly that could put Smokey's own to shame.

The kinkajou toon laughed, smacking his belly and making another drum sound before declaring, "**Ha! How's I looks now Smokey?**"

The boar toon folded his arms and huffed and grumbled, "**Sos annoyin'! I's can't compete with dat. Danggumit...**"

"**You's'll get dere eventually Smokey!**" Kinka chuckled, wrapping an arm around him and pulling him close, gut to gut, "**Now, I's feels like kickin' back ands smokin' & drinkin' it up with ma best buddy. How's dat sound?**"

He snapped his fingers and two large recliners and flat screen with a sports game appearing in the room. Between the recliners popped out a large table with two six-packs and two boxes of cigars. Smokey grinned and spokes, "**You's a toon after my's own heart!**"

The two large fat toons laughed and collapsed in their seats, watching the game on the screen while the outside version of Smokey napped. The two usually never got a long this well, but right now? Things were different for the time being.

THE END