

Toon It Up: Boxing Trunk Monthly

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Patron Story done for Danuki

Author Note: Make sure to read Toon It Up: Boxing Hopping Monthly before this one.

“Okay, definitely wasn’t what I was expecting here.”

Another month, another subscription box of Toony Up had arrived for James. Each delivery brought something unique and intriguing to him, always resulting in a big surprise. This time, opening it up showed him something different than all the rest: a rainbow wig.

Holding and feeling it, it seemed like a wig. It was a puffy rainbow wig, but still just a wig. *Definitely don't usually get this.* All of the past deliveries up until that point had been food or drink products.

Regardless of that, James would just shrug it off. *Well, let's see where this goes, I guess. Not much going on in my life to not jump into this now.*

The young man took the wig over into his living room, setting it down on the couch. He proceeded to push and move the furniture out of the way, making a wide open space for him.

Going into this new transformation experience, he didn’t really have much of an idea of what would happen. The wig presented no obvious signs of what he would be. Sure, the coffee and creamer hadn’t either, but everything else after that did. It was best to give himself enough room for whatever was coming.

After getting all the prep work done, James stepped into the center of the room with the wig. *Okay, let's do this!* He placed it upon his head, tucking as much of his hair as he could into it.

He stood there, hands clenching. He bit his bottom lip as his heart pumped a little harder than usual. The man waited, patiently standing there for the big change to strike.

But nothing seemed to happen right then.

After waiting what felt like a minute, James frowned. *Huh...* He scratched his face. *Is there... a trigger for this beyond just wearing it?* It felt like it should’ve been more obvious if there was though. *Hmm, maybe I should go check the box again and see if... if...*

James trembled, the inside of his nose prickling up. “Ah... ahhhhh... ACHOOOOO!!”

Eyes going crossed and body leaning forward, the man let out a loud sneeze. His nose wobbled and lurched forward too, but shooting out like a rocket. It happened all in the blink of an eye, his nostrils flaring and shifting shape before firing off. His nose stretched and stretched, growing wide and thick.

FWLOOMP! His nose stretched several feet long before falling back, slamming against his torso. The pinkish-pale tone instantly turned a grayish blue, looking wrinkly and tough. The man had a long, dense elephant trunk now.

His eyes spun, his head throbbing. “Whoooooaa...” James shook his head, his trunk swaying about. He looked down, picking it up and feeling it. “There it is! There’s that change.”

He ran his hands down along the trunk, noting how oddly soft and rubbery it felt. Despite its size too, it didn’t feel like a huge weight or anything. It felt almost unnoticeable.

Lifting it at the tip, he did see something peculiar beyond it just being a blue elephant trunk on a man’s face. The end of it was red. Not a red that blended with the trunk but a bright, flaming, gleaming red like off a freshly painted fire engine. It was such an odd sight.

Yet, it was a sight that made him think. *Wait a minute. Red nose... He reached up and felt his wig. Rainbow wig... All of this feels like-*

“ACHOOOOOOOO!” Another sneeze rocketed through the man from deep within, going all the way through his new trunk. His face rumbled as it bulged. His cheeks went wider and rounder, gaining the bluish tint as his trunk. Besides his new nose, two long, curved tusks stretched two feet out. His face also grew into an elephant muzzle, but it was obscured by his snout.

James blinked a few times. “...circus elephant!” He reached up and felt his tusks and face. “That’s what I’m turning into... probably!”

The color in his face drained away as a new tone took over. The grayish blue went from his trunk and cheeks across the entirety of his face and then his head. Upon his wide, chubby cheeks, a bright, yellow circle appeared, looking almost like it was painted on. Extending from the base of them, red, twirling stripes like a barber shop pole went down the length of his tusks.

Clowny circuses and toons. James scratched the back of his head. *This is definitely going to be high on the silly meter this time around. Heck, it might be even a bit too silly.*

As he pondered the thought, his trunk decided to act on its own. It swung to his right ear and tugged on it so hard that he stumbled to the side. It swung right back and got his left ear too.

TWUUMP! His ears exploded, shooting out to the sides and expanding like a sail being unfolded. They were several times their original size, taking on the blue of his trunk. They were thin and flapped gently once they were in place.

James looked between his new elephant ears and then smacked his trunk. “Dat’s enough of ya!” He huffed. “So very naughty, **ya silly, silly trunky! Hyuck-hyuk!**”

There was silence and a frown. *...okay, definitely gonna be too silly.*

He reached up and grabbed the wig. He tugged on it, but it didn’t budge. *Stuck... or is it already a part of me?* Not sure either way, James tugged on it some more. The frizzy wig began to feel more real as it stretched and stretched like taffy.

Eventually, **SNAP!** The hair snapped right back into place, a little larger and puffier, sucking in whatever bits of his original locks were left. It was now his true hair.

Thuuuuloooop! When his hair came snapping back, a cartoonish, vibrational wave went down his head and body. Every part shook like a stretched rubber band getting back into place. It all eventually culminated in his belly, which trembled and shook.

The shaking went on and on as the area ballooned. Shaking turned to jiggling as a wide, enormous gut popped out from his shirt. His torso widened and fattened up to match, chest developing some squishy moobs.

James’ eyes spun until he shook his head, knocking sense back into it. He looked at his new, protruding tummy and torso, placing his hands on it and squeezing. “Well, **shucks! Looks like all dat cotton candy I’s ate went straight inta mah belly! Hyuck, hyuk!**”

He raised a hand and tried slapping his belly before stopping. *Yeesh, this toony clown elephant is really overwhelming! It’s so much stronger than my usual TFs!*

James cracked a goofy smile. “**Yeah, stronger dan a strongman lifting several tons of mes, hyuck-hyuk!**”

The developing elephant trembled, chuckling and snickering a bit. It was true. The sensation of this particular toonification was far more potent and silly than previous ones. It was a tad much, but yet, the longer he was with it, the more the silliness felt exciting!

Pffffffffft. “**Maybe...**” James’ arms began to bloat at his shoulders and swell down his arms. “Maybe being dis goofy isn’t dat bad!” As the chubby, blue changes reached his hands, they began to balloon, but differently. A tan, old-timey yellow substance appeared and circled his mitts, forming thick, four-fingered gloves.

“**Bein’ and lookin’ this goofy...**” Though, how was he actually looking? He couldn’t really see himself well.

Plop! Acting on pure instinct, James reached behind and pulled out a huge, very wide, full-length mirror and plopped it down in front of him. He grinned, putting his arms behind his head and pushing out his tummy. “**Hyuck, I’m one handsum-lookin’ circus elephant!**”

“**Yeah ya are!**” His reflection replied, giving him some finger guns and a wink.

James laughed, shivering again. He rose, gaining inch after inch as his legs thickened. His hips and rear widened to match his chunky body, stretching and even partially popping out of his jeans. However, they did not rip or tear.

His socks did though. As the changes reached his feet, his stance shifted as his toes and even the front half of his feet pulled inwards. His new stumps inflated, growing bigger and thicker until they were almost as circular as a bucket. The socks eventually tore open, revealing his new elephant feet with thick, pink toenails at their base.

Ooooooh yeah! He chuckled some more, his belly jiggling and bouncing with each laugh. *This will be fun! So much funny fun fun!*

James lifted his trunk and gave a celebratory **TOOOOOT**. Above his wide rear, a nub began extending out. It grew only a foot in length but happily whisked about once it was free. Cotton candy pink hairs sprouted out of its tip.

TOOOOPFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFTTTT! The triumphant trunk toot was disrupted by something odd. Halfway through it, a large, bright blue balloon began blowing out of his snoot. It swelled and swelled, almost the size of a beach ball before it went **BOOOOOM**.

The explosion shook his entire body and even his clothes. Said clothing rapidly changed from the shockwaves. His shirt shrunk even further, showcasing most of his belly, and turned

bright pink. His pants thickened and became leathery, the color turning an evergreen shade. Suspenders popped out of his belt loops, going up and over his shoulders before reattaching in the back.

“Wooooo, hyuk!” James laughed, **“What a boom!”** He stroked his chin. **“But dat’s not so much fun if I can only make balloons that pop!”**

With purpose, he took a huge breath, his belly and torso swelling even further than before, and exhaled it all through his trunk. Soon, a new balloon came out, one that was long and slender. He let it stretch a few feet before snagging it and tying its end.

With an eager grin, he rapidly started stretching and tying it up. His hands and movements were a complete blur, a dust cloud almost forming around them. Eventually, he stopped abruptly, revealing a balloon animal from the dust of a very elaborate-looking bunny.

“Ha, hyuck!” He tossed the balloon animal behind him. **“I’m a riot! This balloon trick is amazing! Others should see it and-”**

Ding! A lightbulb briefly appeared above his head, flicking on. **“Yes, yes! Talent should be shared!”** It was true, so deeply true for a circus elephant like him. His skills, abilities, and charming look were meant to be seen and to entertain others. Why stick around at home?

“Time for a show!” He hurried to his apartment door and opened it. ***What kind of show? Balloon animals, of course, hyuck! Maybe some magic and ball balancing and some-***

Thump. James stepped through his door and instantly got stuck. His wide, chubby elephant physique got him crammed in his door frame, unable to move. He looked over his situation. **“Huh... well, ain’t dis a sticky mess! Perhaps mah first trick should be escapin’ my own door, hyuk-hyuk!”**

THE END