

# Toon It Up: Inky Scented Gloves

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Commission done for [Buckydeerling1 of Twitter](#)

“And I guarantee, you won’t find any other gloves like these exquisite beauties right here!” The skunk declared, holding them up and waving them about. “Not only are they big and plush, but they are quite soft, warm, and fashionable! Ooooh, if I didn’t have a pair already, I’d be donning them myself!”

“I see...” Joe mumbled, staring at the odd sales... animal. Said animal was rubbing the gloves against his plush, rubbery-looking cheeks.

“Come now, good sir! You know you want them or my name isn’t the great Pierre le Puant.” He declared proudly. “Plus, these lovely gloves are on sale right now! Would you want to skip out on a deal like this?”

Joe frowned, looking past the glove, and at the individual selling them in particular. This situation was weird enough as it was. It almost felt like a prank.

There Joe was, walking around the outlet mall in his hometown and what did he find? Why the oddest salesperson ever! A strange figure dressed as a glossy-looking, rubbery skunk toon. *Heck of a costume*, Joe thought looking over “Pierre”, *wonder if it gets hot in there?*

Pierre looked a little annoyed, a brief frown appearing on his face (*How does he do that?*) “Come now, what’s the delay? I’m sure a human as yourself would love a pair of gloves! They would do wonders for your life, I promise.”

“How would they do that?” Joe flinched. Pierre’s subtle frown grew larger. He definitely was annoyed now if he wasn’t already.

*Probably time to go.* Joe cleared his throat. “Okay, thank you for the offer, but I’m not really looking for gloves right now and-”

As he turned, he noticed something odd. Pierre’s big skunk tail seemed to flicker briefly before rocking back and forth like a pendulum. The tail looked and felt more life-like then, but that couldn’t be right. It didn’t seem ri-

Then a scent crossed his nose. It was powerful, intense, and smelly. Something a bit rank that put Joe off at first. But only at first as the scent’s aura changed. It just as quickly became comforting and relaxing, like a fresh, spring breeze. He couldn’t understand why it was like that.

Nor did he understand what came next exactly. He shrugged and said, “Well, I guess I’ll buy a pair then. Those gloves do seem nice.”

Pierre lit up, smiling widely. He wiggled his bottom as he declared, “You shan’t regret this, good sir~.”

With that, money is exchanged, the gloves packaged up, and the purchase is made. At the last moment before handing the bag off, the skunk tossed in a small card. “You can have my business card too. Perhaps we can discuss buying more of my wondrous products for yourself, or even family and friends later~.”

“Right,” Joe said with a slight nod. He started to leave but stopped again. He turned to Pierre, smiling politely. “Oh! Forgot to say, I like your costume. It’s amazing with how it’s so life-like and how it moves.”

Pierre was briefly quiet before grinning. “Aww, ‘amazing’? Thank you.”

He reached behind his back and pulled out a small hand mirror (was it behind the cart? Joe couldn’t tell). The skunk man looked at his reflection, playfully brushing his “hair” back. “Yes, I am pure perfection, are I not?”

He leaned in and gave the mirror a kiss. A long kiss. A long, suction cup kiss that never seemed to end until it did, his mug snapping back to his face and making a smug smile.

The door was kicked shut with the back of his foot, and the bags were dropped onto the nearby table. *Shopping done!* Joe thought, nearly bumping into his fridge as he started putting stuff away, *glad that’s over.*

He had done quite a bit of shopping between grocery and regular stuff he wanted. Not a whole lot, since he still needed to fit it all into this hole-in-the-wall apartment, but everything he wanted and needed.

Just as he put the last of the food away, one of the bags tipped over, and out fell the white toon gloves. He looked at them and frowned. *Wait... why did I buy these again?*

Thinking back, Joe remembered the skunk (how could he forget such a guy?) and the gloves. He remembered them talking at the skunk’s booth... and then there was some kind of smell. Everything was a bit hazy after that.

Joe sighed and shrugged. *Whatever. Got a good Christmas gag gift at least.*

He reached for the gloves to pack away in their bag. Time to shove those in the back of the closet until later. But as he reached for him, he had a fun thought. He did buy the silly little things. Be a shame not to at least try them on.

He grabbed one and put it on his right hand. He shivered slightly. While the outside felt soft and kind of plastic, the inside felt off. It didn't feel like cotton or any normal kind of fabric padding like he expected. The inside was smooth and squishy like a rubbery stress ball.

It wasn't a bad feeling though, just an odd one. He took the other glove and slipped it on... though not as easily. The thing about the gloves was they were at least three times larger than his hands. It was a challenge to do just about anything with one hand already gloved, let alone trying to get the other hand gloved.

It took a bit, but he got them on. They looked funny on him, but they did feel nice all things considered. He tried to wiggle his fingers, but the gloved digits barely seemed to react no matter how much effort he put into it.

*Not bad, but better put these away for-*

Something was wrong. Something **felt** wrong. That feeling inside of the gloves changed. That soft, squishy material had changed. It felt gooey and then wet. It was almost as if he had dunked his hands into a can of very thick paint, or maybe melted dough.

But it definitely wasn't dough. Just as that feeling changed, Joe saw black oozing out of his gloves. It looked like ink almost, but its quality was glossier and somehow even thicker.

The "ink" slid out of the glove's openings and onto his arms. The feeling was cold and foreign, Joe instantly freaking out. He shook his arms hard, but it didn't work. If anything, the ink only spread faster, overtaking his forearms and crawling onto his biceps.

The coating wasn't the only issue. The more the ink covered his limbs and the more he shook them, the more difficult it became to move. They felt numb, awkward, and hard to control.

Eventually, all sensation was lost to Joe, and his arms went limp. All he could do was watch as the gunk slid up to his shoulders. It thankfully stopped there, but that didn't make him feel any better. *What the hell is going on?!*

His fingers twitched. He looked at them. His hands twitched. His heart raced. His arms started to move. He started to feel a bit of relief.

Yet, it was only momentary. His arms still felt numb and no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't make them move. His arms and hands bent and wiggle but not by his will. His gloved hands moved close to his face, wiggling their big digits so fluidly. Were they mocking him?

After their little show, his gloves reached around back, out of sight. His sense of touch returned briefly, and he could feel something odd. His hands were going over things, feeling them up and taking in their shapes. But that was impossible. There was nothing behind him!

Yet, a second later, a hand pulled back, holding a large paint bucket. Scribbled out on its side was "Toon Ink". He looked at it, but was drawn to the other hand as it returned. In its hand was a paintbrush.

Joe tried to move them again but had no luck. Instead, they made their move, setting the can down and popping it open. Inside it was black paint it appeared, similar to the ooze on his arms. Joe had a feeling and tried to move away, but his arms were quicker.

The paintbrush hand dabbed the item into the paint, pulling out a huge glob. It splattered the ink paint across his chest. His shirt felt wet and sticky from impact, his body freezing up.

His brush went back and forth, painting and covering every inch of his chest and front. Black ink was soon the only thing visible there. His clothes felt so heavy, yet thin. He could almost feel the paint on his skin there.

But that was not the end of it. The brush was plopped into the can once more when his front was done. Once coated, his arm bent back comically and started painting the back. That cold feeling began to spread there.

All over his torso, that feeling persisted. His clothing felt so heavy and wet, clinging to his body as more toon ink was applied. He felt like he was going to be pulled down to the ground... but that's when it all changed.

As the last of the toon goop was applied, numbness struck. All sensation seemed to leave him there, that feeling gone. Joe panted, his nerves starting to get the best of him.

Feeling did return, only a few seconds later. But something was missing. The heaviness of his clothing, that wet, gooeey feeling. Everything was gone. All he could feel was the cool air of the AC on his skin... on his chest, on his tummy, on his back.

He shivered. The ink on him started to bubble. Suddenly, things changed. His chest and shoulders shrunk inwards a little. The weight of his body shifted and limbs felt loose. Looking at them, their shape was gone. Their definition was gone. They looked noodley in a way.

His form continued to shift more and more by the second. With his narrower chest, his lower half made up for the loss by expanding. His waist, followed by his stomach and top of his hips ballooned out wide and round. His stomach especially seemed to pop out, making sight of his feet almost impossible.

As the last of the paint seemingly dried on his back, his form all over swelled, even wider than his shoulders. His figure had swiftly become pear-shaped, like some goofy cartoon character. Only this was real, very real for him.

Joe didn't like this, didn't like this at all. *My body... what's happening to it?!* He looked at his torso, his big belly, and noodly arms. *So wrong... It's just like that skunk at the store and-*

A lightbulb went off in his head.

He looked at his limbs again and took a deep breath. He focused hard, his arms freezing up and dropping the can and brush onto the ground. He focused harder, his limbs shaking.

Then, they finally moved. He had control over his gloved mitts again. He knew what he had to do now. His mind flashed back to that mysterious man in his costume, the little bonus gift he gave him on top of the gloves.

*He's gotta know what's happening...* Joe snatched the business card from the bag and grabbed his cell phone. He looked at the number listed and did his best, typing it into the phone. It was a lot harder than he imagined with his oversized, gloved fingers.

Yet, after a minute of struggle, the phone rang. "Hellooooooo~. This is Pierre's Toon Looks Emporium. How may I help you today?"

"HEY!" Joe shouted into the phone, "What the hell is going on?!"

"...excusez moi?"

"Your gloves! You sold them to me this morning! They're... they're... they're causing problems here! There's this black goo that's-"

"Problems?" Pierre inquired, his tone a little surprised and a little curious, "Nooo, not possible. My gloves are perfect and cause only the best things to happen for their wearers!"

Joe flinched. “No! They’re leaking all over me... or... I dunno, something bad is happening! I’m not sure how to explain it but everything is going to hell! I need help now!!”

There was an exhausted sigh. “Alright, good sir. I will come over and ascertain what the “problem” is. I shan't be long!” The line went dead, the call abruptly over.

That didn’t help things. Joe huffed, fists clenching. *He hung up on me! What did he do that for?! Why is-*

Knock-knock. There was a rattle, like someone knocking on a glass pane. Joe looked around, but none of the windows in his place had someone outside of it. *Where did that-*

**Knock-knock.** “Excuse me!” Joe looked down. “I do apologize for this unexpected intrusion, but you did imply that this was absolutely urgent.”

Pierre was looking up at Joe from the screen of his phone. The toon figure waved, knocking on the glass and causing it to rattle.

Joe yipped, dropping the phone onto the table. Pierre vanished. *What... what was that?!*

The glass screen rattled... and then it swung open like a door. **PLOOOP!** A big, thick, glossy gloved hand and arm popped out the phone, stretching out long and smacking down onto the table. **PLOOOP!** A second hand followed out, doing the same thing.

With both palms firmly planted upon the table, they pushed. **POP!** Pierre’s head popped out of the phone. He smirked and declared, “Pierre has arrived to make everything better! Now, what seems to be... OH MY GOODNESS!”

He looked around the room. “You were right to call! This hovel is in need of some major renovations immediately. My poor eyes can barely stand the sight of its shabbiness.”

Joe was taken aback. Two arms and a skunk head were sticking out of his phone and there he was himself with a thick, cartoonish body and arms. What could he even say?

He took a deep breath, mustering out the first words that came to him. “H-hey! My home isn’t the problem! What’s happening to me is the problem!”

Pierre’s head turned around, his eyes looking over the human. He huffed, muttering about the apartment again (“Seriously, how does he live like this?”). His arms and hands shook, vibrating comically before... **PLOOOOOP!**

With one big push, the full skunk popped out of the phone, plopping down beside Joe. The strange figure started sizing him up, walking around him, and even poking his arms and belly. Joe shivered, his heart racing.

Pierre sighed, shaking his head. “Well, besides your dreadful decor, I am not sure I understand. I do not perceive any problems here.”

Something snapped inside of Joe. “What do you mean you don’t see any problems?! Look at me!”

He threw his arms up and shook them... and they wiggled right back. Control was lost as they stretched down and picked up the fallen paint can and brush. The brush dipped itself into the ink paint and started coating his legs, giving it the same black tone as his body.

As the paint solidified into the same, rubbery (though thicker) limbs for Joe’s legs as his arms, Pierre merely scratched his chin and squinted. After a moment, the skunk sighed, shaking his head, “Hmmm, I suppose there is a problem here that could be dealt with.”

Joe’s lower half wobbled. He felt a similar chill upon them as he did on his stomach and back. The cool AC air brushed past his legs now. Though, the more pressing issue was in their shape. They shifted upwards, his thighs moving up to alongside his hips rather than below.

The black paint on his feet shook. The gunk stretched forward several inches as three bulges bubbled forth at the ends of each of them. They swelled and swelled, pulling apart and forming big, bulgy paw toes. Everything below the neck looked eerily similar to Pierre.

However, the young man didn’t notice that. His heart rose. “Oh good! Now maybe you’ll help fix this ri-”

“What I need is a hand here!” The gloved hand holding the brush twitched and stretched over to Pierre, dropping the item into his gloved mitts. “Ah! Merci, mon ami!”

The toon glove gave him a thumbs up before returning to Joe’s side. “What! That’s not what I want... oooooo~.” Freed from holding the brush, the glove gently rubbed against his side and stomach. The feeling was rather nice and pleasant. He felt so thick and soft~.

Pierre smiled and took a step forward, aiming the brush at the can. The sight of it snapped Joe out of his short stupor. “H-hey! What are you doing?!”

Pierre huffed. “Fixing the problem, of course. You wanted it fixed, correct?”

“But why are you reaching for the can?!”

“Because it’ll hel... Wait, I understand your point. This tiny brush won’t do!” The skunk plopped the paintbrush handle’s end into his maw. He took a deep breath, his cheeks swelling large and round, and blew. **Pffffffft**. And then, exactly how a balloon would, the brush began to swell up, quickly doubling its size.

Pierre then removed the newly inflated brush from his lips and admired it. “Ah, much better now, if I do say so myself!”

Joe wanted to argue again, but then Pierre zipped. The large skunk dunked the brush into the can and sped around behind him in the blink of an eye. **SMACK!**

“OOMPH!” Pierre smacked the brush where Joe’s bum should’ve been, leaving behind a huge glob of paint. Then Pierre slowly pulled the brush back, ink paint leaking from it onto the glob. As it pulled out, the glob grew bigger and wider.

The glob grew and grew, following whatever direction Pierre pulled the brush into. Soon, it was more of a tail; a big, fat, wide tail that went up before curving slightly down. The skunk yanked the brush away, detaching the two as two white stripes appeared amongst the black.

The new tail felt heavy, but not too heavy despite the size. Looking over his shoulder and taking it all in, Joe realized something. The size and look of the tail, plus the white stripes. It was instantly recognizable.

“Ah! Much better!” Pierre clapped, rubbing his mitts together after tossing the brush away. “A perfect tail... well, nowhere as good or as perfect as the original, of course. However, this is still a perfectly acceptable, fine skunk tail!”

*Of course... all of this... I’m starting to look like...* Joe’s tail twitched, not unlike Pierre’s had long before. A certain, nostalgic scent returned, crossing his nose.

He felt lightheaded, a little woozy. His thoughts scrambled. “What... what is going on?”

Pierre merely smiled and walked over. Their bellies collided, jiggling and causing Joe to shiver. The skunk softly spoke, “Come now, I’m just helping to make you perfect. Don’t you want to be perfect? You bought those gloves after all. It very much seemed as if you wished to be perfect, just...like...me.”

*Just...like...you?* Despite the fog within his mind, things started clicking. Those gloves, not remembering why he bought them in the first place, the changes..., the skunk had planned all this! And he had completely fallen for it!



He opened his mouth to protest, or at least say anything that could possibly get him out of this predicament. However, before he could even muster a syllable, Pierre's tail had moved again, its motions as subtle as before.

The scent that followed wasn't. The fume was stronger and more potent, slipping up Joe's nose and causing it to quake. Yet, the smell was still positively enjoyable. It smelled good. Everything felt good. He felt... good?

Swaying, Joe mustered out instead, "Yeah... yeah... yeah, I guess so..."

Pierre huffed, slicking his toothpaste-esque white pompadour back, "You 'guess so'?" Tsk tsk! You don't guess, you want! You want perfection. And, thinking about it, I know what else you want. Do you know what you want?"

Joe trembled. Pierre was inching closer and closer, his mug almost inches away from his own face. The smell was growing ever more intense as well. Everything was so wonderful and blissful now. Everything, especially that skunk before him.

Joe gulped, staring deep into Pierre's eyes, "Wh-what? What do I want?"

"You want a big, perfect kiss from moi~." The air in the room changed as a wave of excited eager emotions rushed over Joe. Pierre leaned in and planted a big, sloppy kiss right on the human's lips.

Everything felt right. Joe's eyes swirled, cartoonishly so. Everything in him went numb as well as he sunk into the kiss. He loved this. He loved this so much. He wanted it. He never knew, but he wanted this kiss so badly. It was perfect.

Unseen by him, ink leaked from Pierre's mouth. A snowy-white ink spread onto Joe's face, instantly covering his mouth and then his cheeks. The substance seemed to inflate and stretch out on the sides, positively cartoony cheeks just like Pierre's.

Black followed next, slipping over the cheeks and onto the sides of his head where his ears were. They quickly covered them up, noise fading briefly. That was the ink trailed up to the top sides of his head and bubbled. **Pop-pop!** Two round skunk ears with white inners appeared.

Black ink shifted to white again as it flowed over Joe's hair, but he cared not. So enraptured, he leaned in and kissed back. At least, he tried to. Ink had completely covered his maw, sealing it shut. Though, the substance still leaked into his mouth and further inside.

**Fwomp.** As ink fully covered Joe's hair, there was a sudden burst. The ink bubbled and swelled, shifting into a new form. A toothpaste, pompadour-esque form. A form of white just like Pierre's own. Then again, everything about Joe looked like Pierre now with one exception.

Pierre began to pull back, but his muzzle was stuck to Joe's face. Joe's mug stretched with the pull, stretching and stretching. It stretched almost a full foot before... **SNAP!**

Joe's face shot back. But not all the way. His mouth and face had been pulled out, lengthened into a full muzzle much like Pierre's. Above the muzzle and cheeks, two eyes with bright snow whites and two black oval irises laid.

"Sacré Bleu! I feel...different~". The skunk formally known as Joe said. He wasn't just different though, he was the same as Pierre now. The same adorable muzzle, the same glorious tail, the same big-bottomed physique, the same lovely odor, the same attractive voice.

Pierre admired his handiwork, "My my, you were quite the exquisite kisser, just like yours truly, my now much more handsome friend."

The new skunk blushed at the compliment, still slightly dazed, "Heh heh, merci monsieur! I'm so happy to be perfect now."

Pierre chuckled, "Well, almost perfect..." He leaned in and nuzzled his black nose against Joe's face, right where his snoot should've been.

**POP!** The area rumbled, and a big, black, ovalish nose popped out. Joe's eyes went crossed-eye briefly as his sense of smell returned. He took a big, long sniff and sighed. "Everything feels good and smells riiiiight~."

"That's wonderful to hear, my adorable new chum." The original skunk stroked his chin. "Now, what was your name again? I seem to have trouble recalling it."

The former human opened his mouth but stopped. Nothing came out, but not because he didn't try. The words eluded him. He frowned. What was his name again?

After a moment, he tried to answer again but Pierre held up his glove. "Just forget it. It probably was a humdrum name, whatever it was. From now on, you can share my name."

"Share your... name?"

"Mhm. After all, Pierre is the perfect name for toon skunks such as ourselves. Wouldn't you agree, mon frère?"

The new skunk trembled. “Pierre”... Pierre as a name did sound wonderful. He nodded. No, it didn’t sound just wonderful. It sounded perfect. “Indeed, any old name, probably as dull humdrum as my original, would not befit such a perfect skunk as myself.”

Pierre chuckled, wrapping an arm around his clone and pulling him in close. He pulled out a big mirror from behind his back and set it before them. They gazed into it with the same cocky smile. “Mmm,” the original spoke, “I must say, things are going swimmingly so far~.”

“Swimmingly so far? Whatever do you mean, Pierre?” Pierre 2 asked curiously.

“Oh, just making the world perfect and better. Now, think about this: if I’m so perfect and incredible, why shouldn’t everybody else be? As such, everyone should fall in line and be just like me. Don’t you agree, me?”

Pierre 2 nodded. “Absolutely, Pierre! There should be tons of Pierres... no! A whole **world** of Pierres! Everything would be better then!”

Pierre grinned. “I like how I think, Pierre! Now, let’s get back to the shop and continue our little business plan~.”

Pierre 2 nodded, but a thought suddenly popped up. They had to spread the good word of Pierre to everybody, right? It might be tricky for just the two of them. They may need some help, and some familiar faces popped into his head.

“Oh! I know a bunch of drab humans that were family, friends, or whatever. Maybe we can send some of our product to them? It’d be good for getting things really going!”

“Ah! Such a marvelous idea, Pierre!” Pierre declared, clapping his paws, ‘My, I always have the best ideas~.’”

“I indeed do~. Pierre is such a genius.” The two skunks chuckled, grinning deviously. The plan was in motion. Things were going to change. The world would soon be a better, stinkier place. Perfection would soon be everywhere~.

*THE END?*