

Toon It Up: Hired Stink

By: Firingwall

Patron Story Done for Danuki

“This it?” Toby took another look at his phone. He checked the address there, the map app, and then the address on the wall. Yep, everything pointed to there. His job interview would be held there.

A job interview being held in what appeared to be an abandoned factory on the edge of town, an old brick wall surrounding the outside of it.

Toby frowned. No, this couldn't have been a scam. The damn job listing was from an actual, official website. Said details and information about the company hiring looked all legit. This couldn't be a trick... could it?

Toby, hesitantly, headed through the opening in the wall where a door used to be. He still needed a job. Couldn't turn down an opportunity like this with the way things were in the world. Plus, maybe this was just a prank for some show and they would pay him for being on?

Far shot, but still, his hope was moderately raised by a sight up ahead. There was a folded-out sign, a red balloon attached to it, near a metal door. “Interviews inside. Please knock.” was written on it.

Here goes nothing. Toby headed over and knocked on the door. No response.

No response for almost a minute until there was a sharp crackle. The intercom beside the door pulsed. A deep, silly voice bellowed out of it, “Who's dere?”

Weird but Toby wasn't one to judge. He cleared his throat. “My name is Toby Ford. I have a job interview here today.”

There was a short silence before the intercom boomed again. “Oh yeahs! Youse the job interviewee! C'mon on ins!”

The door creaked and opened, sort of. It only budged a crack open, darkness only being visible through it. Still, he was invited so Toby entered.

Bam! The door slammed shut, and Toby was surrounded by darkness. **Yoink.** A bunch of white gloves appeared all around and grabbed him. **Baaaump!** He was tossed into a nearby

office chair and started wheeling away, the shock of everything giving him too much whiplash to fight back or move.

A few seconds later, light returned, and he could see around him. In particular, he could see that a bunch of toon weasels and dogs in suits and old-timey, thuggish clothes were pushing him along. He looked between all of their mugs, gleaming with excitement.

“Dis way to da boss!” The group entered into a larger, brighter room. It was a pristine, but still somewhat grimy warehouse. There were tons of crates, barrels, and boxes being moved about and examined by many other similar toons. The whole situation felt a bit... shady.

But Toby was in no position to make such a comment. He went along for the ride, eventually wheeled into an open-air, grated elevator. They rode it up until they stopped at what looked to be a fancy office. He was pushed up to a large desk, and the elevator cracked, the goons leaving him.

Toby glanced around the office. Lots of bookshelves, filing cabinets, a fan overhead, and even an out-of-place fireplace within the building itself. So much more tidy compared to the rest of the place.

“So, you have arrived,” a grizzled voice spoke. Toby sat at attention, looking towards the big chair behind the desk that faced away from him.

Creeeeeak. The chair slowly turned, revealing its occupant. It was a bear; a large, fat, toon bear. His brown fur was ruffled, his big gut popping out over his dress pants and not remotely covered by his business suit or undershirt.

Toby gulped, feeling that intimidation building up. The bear reached over to a small box on the desk, pulling out a cigar. Nestling it between his fingers, his gloved paws then moved over to a large laptop. He spoke, “Good mornin’, Mister... Ford?”

The bear snorted as he looked at whatever he had opened on his screen. He eyed its contents and then Toby. “Sorry if da boys were rough with ya, but deys can get very enthusiastic about new boys comin’ and joinin’.”

The feeling was definitely not mutual on Toby’s side, his sides and arms feeling a little sore after all that grabbing. Still, best not to bring that up to the bear who could flatten him like a pizza no doubt.

Turning from his laptop, the bear stared down at Toby, who felt smaller and smaller by the second. “So, let’s talk ‘bout da operations around heres. We operate in da business of

delivering valuable goods ta da fine folks around here. Anything dey don't feel comfortable usin' a regular shippin' service for, we step in. Perfectly all above board ands legal, ya knows."

"Of course." *Of course, sure...* Toby frowned internally. None of this didn't sound shady at all. No good sir, all perfectly "above board" and "legal".

"Of course, dere's plenty of many different positions opened up here for anyone of any particular size or ability." The bear went on, going over many different, various details about what the job may or may not require or whatever roles that may need filling at this time.

Toby didn't really focus on that. He was pretty sure he was going to turn the bear down flat. Gentle as possible for sure, but still, none of this sounded like the job for him.

The bear reached into his breast pocket and pulled out a lighter. He lit his cigar up. "So, now dat I gave ya the proposal ands details, what ya say? Ya interested in joinin'?"

Toby cleared his throat. "Well, sir. Thank you for having me here today and meeting with me. However, I think... think-**Cough***"

During the middle of that, the toon took a long, deep drag off his cigar, letting it linger within before blowing it. The smoke blew right into Toby's face, his eyes watering and his throat feeling on fire.

However, that smell was something else. The scent of that cigar smoke was intense. His mind felt fried, everything hard to think now. His mind felt jumbled, and even though he was sitting down, he felt woozy and lightheaded.

"Well?" the bear asked, twirling his cigar, "Are ya interested in joinin' up or not?"

Toby snorted, "**Gimme a minute ta answer, ya big galoot!**"

He shook his head, blushing. What the heck? Where did that come from? Also, why did his voice sound weird? ...also-also, why did his clothes feel tight all of a sudden?

"Ah gave ya a minute already; so, what's da answer?" The bear took another drag and blew a big smoke cloud into Toby's face. Instead of dissipating though, it merely floated, hanging around his head in a messy haze.

Toby felt woozy again, slowly breathing in the cloud up his nose. His nose twitched, looking a bit reddish. It breathed in more, the red tone becoming more prominent and bright. The skin of it smoothed over and turned glossy, positively cartoonish in appearance.

Then his nose started to grow. Its tip slowly swelled and expanded out. Its nostrils flared before repositioning themselves below the bulbous bump. The bridge of the nose vanished as his nose became a big, red, cartoonish snout.

“Welllllll?” The bear asked, leaning in.

“**Wells**, what?” Toby huffed in his dazed state, rubbing his forehead. As he rubbed, his hands swelled a tad, little “**pop**” sounds following. On the inside of his mitts, pink pads had sprouted, black fur growing between them and over his hands.

As a white, gooey substance suddenly appeared over them, forming thick, padded gloves, the bear frowned. He looked tired. “Do ya wanna work for me, bub? I’m askin’ cause I’s could use sum extra muscle around here.”

He then smirked and chuckled, “Ors, maybe gut if ya prefer~.”

Toby snorted. He felt angry, angry for the first time since he showed up. He quickly got to his feet. **RIIIIP!** His sneakers burst open as thick, three-toed, black paws burst out, triple their original foot size. Tapping his pink padded paws, he huffed, “**Youse sayin’ I’m fat?**”

The bear laughed. “I ain’t sayin’ youse skinny, dat’s for sure!” With that, the bear blew out another huge cloud of smoke right into Toby’s face.

Toby wiggled slightly but breathed the cloud all in. His bottom though did shake. It shook and wobbled, his pants bunching up before **POOF**. A small, fluffy, black tail with a thick white stripe popped out. It was bigger than his hand, but only half a foot long, just barely pushing down his pants a bit to fit.

Toby huffed, pouting his lips. “Hmph! Ya **wanna** know what I say **ta all of dat?**”

He took a deep breath, clothing feeling a little more snug and his body feeling a little lighter. “I’s say **youse right about da chub.**” He shivered, his pants tightening as the top button popped. “**However, I’s prefer to be more known as da muscle if ya get me.**”

Why was he saying that? None of that sounded right. Plus, wasn’t he just mad about being called fat? Wasn’t that just a big deal? Uuuugh, why did clothes keep getting tighter? Looking down, he frowned. He knew he should’ve worn the extra extra large shirt and pants today, especially for a job interview!

The bear chuckled, his gut jiggling. Toby couldn't help but stare at it. It was oddly hypnotic and a helpful distraction from that itchy, warm feeling suddenly popping up now. Black and occasionally white fur popped out of his clothes' holes, scruffy, unkempt, and a bit rank in its scent, like it was soaked in sweat for days.

The feeling wasn't bad and all of a sudden, the scent of the cigar wasn't either. Maybe he was getting used to it now? Toby couldn't be sure. It was an odd interview as it was, and the change wasn't bad. Best to just go with it.

"So!" The bear cleared his throat, Toby standing at attention. Right, he was interviewing about working for this fine organization. "What are ya sayin' then? Be clear here, alright?"

Right right! Can't limit mahself ta just one ding! Toby cleared his throat, his voice deeper and gruffer than before, "**I'm sayin' dat while I's prefer ta be da muscle in yours organization, I's can do both, nos prob!**"

Toby smirked and grabbed at his shirt, suspenders suddenly appearing in his mitts. "**So, if youse needs muscle or gut, I's can provide both!**" He let go and they snapped back to him. His torso wobbled, suddenly swelling again. His muffin top popped into a potbelly, moobs stretching out the chest area gently now.

"Gahaha, dat's what I like to hear!" The bear beamed proudly, getting up from his desk and walking over to him. He placed a paw on Toby's head and ruffled it. The young man's neatly combed locks turned rougher and gruffer. Its shade went from blonde to a dark, black-ish blue with a streak of white.

Toby chuckled, going along with the patting. He chuckled more as the bear blew another puff of smoke into his face. "Heh, well, ya big stinker, you're hired! I's can't wait to see you throw your weight around dis place... in da proper places, of course~."

"**You can count on me, boss!**" Toby saluted, his body shaking. Several extra pounds were quickly added to his widening physique.

"Now, stinky," the bear spoke, throwing an arm around Toby and pulling him, "Let's walk and talk about da future!" The new hire nodded, and the two headed for the elevator.

"We'lls need ya ta start workin' right away," the bear explained, "We's need sumone of yours talents to keep people mindin' deir own business ands not mindin' ours. Sumbody outside who show dem whose da boss around here."

Toby nodded. That seemed fair. He was a pretty strong, intimidating figure, right? The bear added, “Plus if yours weight can’t stop dem, dat stink of yours will fors sure!”

Toby chuckled and nodded as they entered the elevator and headed down. Yet, part of him felt confused. All of those stink remarks now. Why was the bear going on about that? It seemed like something was-

Fwomp. His tuff of tail wobbled and slowly inflated, nearly tripling its size until it was nearly as wide as his waist and reached just above his shoulders. A white stripe appeared from its base and ran all the way up.

The tail twitched as an odd odor wafted off of it. It slipped up and around to his red snoot, breathing it in. He shivered. With a goofy grin, he laughed, “**Youse got dat right, Mister Bear! Ain’t no one gonna bug us with mah stink!**”

The bear chuckled, “Please, Mister Bear was mah grandfather. I’m Bruce Bam Jam~.”

Toby nodded, and the elevator went quiet. The two rode down in complete silence until a thought sprung up, just as white fuzz sprung up over Toby’s chest and belly. The changing man asked, “**So, what do youse deal in exactly?**”

“Dat’s sum need-ta-know sort of business,” grunted Bruce, twirling his cigar and taking another big drag on it. He blew another blast of smoke into Toby’s face, adding, “I’s hope ya understand dat, stinky.”

Toby huffed and sucked like a vacuum, pulling all that smoke right up his snoot. **Woomp.** The back of his pants stretched out as his rear end swelled and sagged into a chubby butt and hips. “**C’mon! I’s needs ta know what I’ms protectin’, bub!**”

“Humph, fine! Suppose I’s got no choice.” The elevator creaked, and the doors opened back to the warehouse. The bear led him into the open room towards a semi being unloaded. The toon made a motion with his hands, and his goons brought a crate over from it.

Toby looked inside the box, his face scrunching up. There were pies. There was nothing but delicious-smelling pies as far as he could see. Bruce took one out and held it up high, a soft, heavenly glow shining upon it.

“Dis here is important cargo. It’s sumthing all toon operations and businesses around heres want! It’s both a delicious treat and a tough weapon to fight off da competition. Took forever to get our hands on these sugary pies in particular, and everybody would want a piece if we don’t guard dem!”

This is what's actually going on? A bit silly over some... sum delicious, scrumptious, yummy-lookin' pies right dere~. Toby slurped his lips cartoonishly, his stomach rumbling. The shape of his form shifted, looking quite pear-shaped now as it hungered for sweets.

“Mr. Bam Jam, sir. Can I's get me sum of dat pie? I'm feelin' hungry right 'bout now!” Toby moaned, rubbing his gut as it swelled further out.

“Heh, course ya can! Consider it yours startin' bonus!” A couple of the goons mumbled, complaining about not getting pie when they joined.

Toby ignored the grumbles and leaned over the box, pushing his snout out. He took a long whiff and zeroed in on his choice of treat, a real chocolate flavored one.

Pulling it out, he held the pie up high and slowly brought it towards his maw. His mouth opened, and opened, and opened. It stretched forward to meet it as black and white quickly grew over his mug at last. Once his muzzle fully grew out, he **CHOMPED**.

GULP! The pie went all the way down in one big bite, his body jiggling and swelling one last time, just a few shirt sizes smaller than the bear's own now. **SLURP!** He gave his mouth another good lick, savoring that delicious taste.

BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURP! The entire room rattled and shook, several of the other worker toons grabbing hold of the creates and each other in shock. The bear boss was unphased, merely smiling and twirling his cigar as his newest employee enjoyed his benefits.

“Ha! Nice one dere!” Bruce smacked Toby on the back. “Pie dat good, huh?”

“Darn straight dat was!” He rubbed and pat his belly, watching it jiggle. He loved that. He loved how his body shook and jiggled. He loved that pie too! Pies like that need protecting from trouble-making humans and other toons. He needed to protect all the pies here from any-

PPFFFFFFTTTTTTTT! A huge fart ripped out, interrupting his internal monologue. His body shook, vibrating all the way into his tail. His tail swelled one last time, now twice as long as him and almost as wide.

The skunk toon looked over his shoulder at his butt, tail impeding his vision, and back at the bear. The two fat toons laughed. **“Ha! Dat went straight through me faster than usual!”**

“Pheeeew-EEE! Dat was rank! Youse skunks sure now how ta-”

THUMP. Thump. Thumpthumpthumpthump. The two of them look around themselves. All over, toon goons and workers had completely passed out, tongues hanging out and X's for eyes. Guess they weren't ready for that level of toxic gas.

The bear and skunk laughed again. "Heh, dese boys, lightweights! Don't know how ta handle skunk fumes well," Bruce said with a shake of the head.

"Either way, I's should handle mah farts bedda! Don't want ta create a dangerous work environment for mah new co-workers~," Toby snickered.

THE END