

## Finding Your Inner Silliness: Part 2

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Ted's head tilted hearing those words. "I need to have a chat with her?" He asked Emmi, "How... how am I supposed to do something like that? She's in my head... in me... in somewhere. I don't really get this!"

"Yes yes," Emmi replied, nodding her head, "It seems all complicated and hard to understand, but I assure you, we can easily make this work. Do you wish to chat with her?"

Ted frowned, looking off to the side. "Well," he mumbled, "I suppose I wouldn't mind it, but I'm not sure what to even say!"

"Well then!" Grinned the white toon, tilting her head to the side and looking past him. "Let's let her kick things off. Why don't you come over and say hi?"

Ted turned around, and much to his surprise, walking out of the black abyss that surrounded them was a familiar figure. It was the fox toon woman from before, strutting over happily and with a sensual smile on her muzzle.

She swung her hips seductively from side to side as she came over, snapping her fingers and making a chair for her to sit down in. "Hi there," she cooed, looking at Emmi with a happy smile, "Thanks for the invite."

She turned her gaze upon Ted and huffed, "And hello you."

The ice blue and orange fox toon sat on her chair, crossing her legs and leaning back. "So," Emmi asked her, "What's your name, honey?"

"The name is Miss Felicia Shivers, on count of the all the men I make shiver with pleasure-seeing moi." The fox chuckled, her breasts shaking with her tight top.

"And how long have you been inside of Ted here?"

"Oh forever, but the poor fool never realized it," sighed Felicia, leaning back into her seat further and throwing her head back, "I've been sitting inside him, all quiet and unable to do much. It's been so boring and depressing watching your life unfold."

Ted felt a twinge of anger, his hands clenching tightly as he mumbled, "Well it's not much better living it either. Like you're one to judge anything."

"And now we got a dialogue going!" Emmi declared happily, "So, let's keep this going. Ted, what do you think of Felicia here?"

Ted looked his apparent inner silliness over, curves and all. His cheeks went red, but he kept his cool as best as he could and muttered, “Well, I guess she’s... interesting so far and I suppose pretty.”

“You mean, YOU are pretty,” Felicia retorted.

“No, YOU are,” Ted replied, looking at her confused.

“I mean, YOU because YOU are the pretty one,” Felicia answered back, giving him a slight shrug, “I mean, I am you. I am merely a visual metaphor to personify the abstract concept of your inner silliness.”

“What?”

“I am your inner silliness, but what I look like, how I talk, and how I act are all up to you. Once you thought about it deeply, you made me as I am. In a way, you shaped your inner silliness into me and in turn, you perceive what you, yourself, are as a toon. Therefore, you are me and thus, you are pretty.”

Ted rubbed his head and mumbled, “I don’t... it’s... what?”

“It’s complicated!” Emmi giggled, writing this exchange down, “But now that we got the meet & greet done, let’s get down to business. Do you wish to bring this self, yourself, your inner silliness out and open?”

“By letting your inner silliness out,” Felicia explained, “You become what you perceived to be it, a.k.a. what you see here, and you’ll start feeling better. Worries and troubles will melt away. Sure, your problems won’t just completely disappear, but you gain a new way of thinking and doing things.”

“Thus,” Emmi butted back in, “You have new opportunities and chances to set your life back on track again or make things more happy for you.”

“So,” the guy mumbled, still rubbing his head, “I bring out this inner silliness stuff and I become... her?”

“You become the you that you envisioned,” Emmi stated, “Felicia is you, so you become Felicia, letting your inner silliness out and things start looking up for you.”

“But... but what if I don’t want to do that and... wait, where did she...” Felicia suddenly vanished, leaving Emmi and Ted alone in the dark area.

“She went away,” Emmi stated. “She became part of your mind again. She was just how you interpreted things anyways. Everything she said and explained was your own line of thinking of how...”

“Okay, I get it!” Ted remarked, still not getting it. “Inner silliness is a complicated subject, but it’s sort of like a toon. Bringing it out means bringing out your inner toon and becoming them.”

“Well, if you want to think about it like that, then sure!” Emmi remarked, her tail wagging, “But let’s get down to business. Do you wish to bring out inner silliness and become the toon you thought up?”

Ted glanced to the right nervously, his legs nervously twitching. “Is this... permanent?”

“Nope!” Emmi giggled, “You can return to you anytime you want! Just will it as a toon and you’ll be your human self again. You’ll be Ted and your silliness will go back deep inside and you’ll have to focus on bringing out your “inner toon” again later.”

Ted glanced up at the wolf, who smiled politely at him, a warmth and feeling of calmness filling him. He thought quietly over her words. *It’s not permanent and I can turn back and forth whenever I do this... if it’s that simple... then... then I suppose there’s no harm in trying it.*

“Alright,” he told her, “I’ll give this a try. What do I have to do?”

“Focus on your hands,” Emmi explained, “Envision Felicia’s own hands as your own. Picture them clearly in all their full details, from the number of fingers to the fluffy fur she had. The rest will come to you one way or another.”

Ted nodded and looked at his own hands, holding them out in front of him, his palms facing him. He stared at them, long and hard, focusing so much on their detail, the creases, the folds, the lines. He just stared, thinking about Felicia’s own in place of them.

After a few moments, something occurred. His ring fingers slid close to his middle ones, skin, muscle, and bone slowly connecting with each other like mashing two pieces of Play-Doh together. They slowly combined as the rest of his hands swelled, doubling in size into a more cartoonish shape.

Once his fingers had merged, dark blue pads pop out of each digit and over his palms. Bright orange fur sprouted across his hands, circling around the pads, while pale, ice blue fur grew on the top half. Putting it all together, his fingernails stretched forward, coming to rest at the end of each digit and shaping themselves into claws.

And just like that, his hands were completely toonified and looked exactly like Felicia’s.

“Holy crap!” He mouthed, his jaw hanging open slack-jawed.

“Not bad, huh?” Emmi giggled, “Your inner silliness is rising and filling you up. From here on out, you should know what to do next.”

Ted looked at her and then at his paws. Staring at them, something slowly turned and clicked within his mind, an idea brewing. Curiously, he brought his right paw to his face and grabbed both his nose and lips.

With a careful pull, a loud **YOINK** sound blared as his face was pulled forward. Instantly, orange fur sprouted across his face, except for light blue upon his lower jaw. His nose turned dark, dark orange and flared, turning into a small snout. His mouth filled with sharp teeth and his eyelids gained this inky, purple shade, his eyelashes growing super long in the meantime.

He let go of his face and it snapped back towards his head... a bit. With a simple pull, his face looked exactly like Felicia's now.

He noticed his narrow muzzle out of the corner of his eyes, poking at it. "Wow," he mumbled, "That really... really happened, didn't it? I just... it just came to me!"

"I told ya it would!" Emmi giggled. She reached into her cleavage and pulled out a small hand mirror, handing it over to him. "Here you are! Have a look!"

Ted looked at his reflection in the mirror and he felt a shiver run up his body. His new fur, sultry eyes, and cute muzzle... it was all rather pretty and strangely, attractive. It felt an odd sense of pride and joy in the image, something he never felt before about his old appearance.

But then, he felt a twinge of frustration. His eyes slowly glanced up and feel upon his head. His shaggy black hair was a complete mess and did not remotely fit with him. He felt angry just looking at his disgusting mop that was his hair... and rather ugly.

"Humph! This simply will not do!" He spoke, his voice matching the priss and pitch of Felicia's own in those words. He brought a free paw his hair and ran it through it, locks flowing between his fingers.

As his hand went through his hair, it itself began to shiver and tremble. From the roots to its very tips, the color brightened into a gorgeous, shiny blue shade. The hair grew wavier and longer on top of it, stretching all the way down his back to his hips, far beyond where he could reach with his paw.

A smile came to his face and he cooed, "Ah, much better!"

"And it's much better that you're gettin' into the spirit now!" Emmi giggled.

Ted's smile quickly dissipated the more he gazed into the mirror, a large blush coming to his furry cheeks. "Oh my!" He uttered, placing the mirror on his lap, "I... I don't know where that came from!"

"It came from your inner silliness, which is just flowing through you right now!" The wolf explained, "You opened the door, allowing some in. Doing so though has given it enough of an inch to start filling you up to the brim."

"I... I see."

"But it's not bad, is it?" Emmi asked.

Ted looked back into the hand mirror, looking over his new long locks and cute muzzle. His head tilted to the side subtly and he murmured, "I... I suppose not."

"Then don't freak and just go with the flow," the toon wolf continued, doing the wave with her arms, "Embrace it and love it! It's really just you after all."

Ted nodded softly, his eyes falling to his arms. They were still human-looking despite his larger, puffier hands. Placing down the mirror again, he placed one of the paws on his bare arms and began rubbing it from his wrist to his shoulder blade. Almost immediately, dark orange fur sprouted across it, its form thinning up and losing muscle definition.

He proceeded to do the same to the other arm, quickly changing it up as well. Both of his arms felt lighter, wobblier, and even a bit bendier in a way. They felt like rubber almost, but still with all the dexterity and strength of normal arms.

"Weird," he mumbled, flapping his arms around and watching them flap goofily, "These things are sooooo weird!"

"Bones and muscles are, like, soooo silly!" Emmi giggled, doing the same thing, "That stuff just gets in the way of fun and goofiness!"

Ted nodded, eventually stopping what he was doing and turning his attention to his legs and feet. Since he had already changed his arms, might as well fix up his legs as well, right?

However, a different idea on how to change them came to his mind that sounded oddly appealing and traditionally toony as well. He brought one of his large thumbs to his muzzle and stuck in there. He took a large, deep breath, his cheeks swelling out into big basketballs, before blowing all the air straight into his digit.

**WHOMP!** His shoes exploded right off of his feet, the tattered remains of cotton fabric that were his socks flying everywhere as well. In their place were two large, oversized, blue-furred animal feet. They each had three toes on them, super large and thick, while his feet, in general, were plus-sized too.

Ted looked at his new paws and let out a small, girlish giggle, wiggling their toes. He stood up for the first time and proceeded to lift a foot into the air, stomping into the ground. **POOF!** His pants leg exploded, revealing a shapely, fur-covered, toned leg that fit perfectly with his new foot.

He lifted his other leg up and did the same thing, that pants legs exploding and revealing his new furry woman legs as well. Not only that, when the last leg stomped down, his pants morphed in a dark red, sparkly skirt. The skirt barely covered his thighs, which were much thicker and tender than before.

"Not bad, not bad!" Emmi remarked, "That lower half is lookin' fine!"

A strong wave of confidence and bliss filled the changing man, causing to him to smile slyly and coo, "But it could be better, right? I'm missing my lovely lady hump, aren't I?"

Giving the wolf a wink, Ted turned around and aimed his butt at her. With a shake and rattle, he twerked his flat rear. **VA-BOOSH! POOOOF!** His ass ballooned out into a large, bubble butt comparable to Emmi's own. But not only that, a lovely, cute fluffy vixen tail poked out above the skirt.

Ted giggled and turned around. "Oh yeah! I'm feeling really good right about now!"

"I told ya!" Emmi declared, looking just as giggly and happy, "You're coming out real nicely now that you are feeling the inner silliness!"

Ted nodded. He felt good. Real good. Unbelievably good, like always being in a state of euphoric bliss and happiness good. He knew his life outside of this didn't seem all that better despite what was going on. However, new ideas and aims were filling his mind on how to fix his life. Get a new hobby, meet and make some toon friends, find a hunky fox toon... or busty one. All of these thoughts were foreign, but yet, not unwelcomed in the slightest.

But then, the big change happened. Emmi smiled, wiggling in her seat. "Oh my my!" She declared, "Not only are you coming out well, but you now crossed the border into silly womanhood, honey!"

Ted looked down towards their crotch and noticed no bulge in their skirt. Even lifting up the skirt and checking, they noticed in their new silky, lace panties there was no bugle. Stretching those open, there was still no sign of anything that would indicate any male. Only there was a female slit, fully functional and all set to go for the new fox girl.

Ted blushed, gasping, "Oh my goodness! I have a hoo-haw! I'm a whole lotta woman now!"

Emmi giggled and applauded. "That's great!" She declared, "Soooo good! You're almost there, Teddy! Just a few more changes and you'll fully be your inner silliness!"

Ted paused hearing that, her head tilting to the side and a question mark appearing above her head. She looked curiously at Emmi and asked, "Wait... Teddy?"

"Sorry, I mean Ted!" Emmi remarked, "I was just being cute."

"Right," the fox remarked, nodding her head and folding her arms, "My name is not Teddy. In fact, it's not even Ted either!"

"Oh really? What is it then?" Emmi asked with a curious, puzzled look on her face, a question mark appearing above her head as well.

A strong, bubbly feeling arose with Ted, her body quivering excitedly as she gripped her shirt. “My name?” She cooed, tugging at her skirt, “Why... it’s obviously the only thing that makes sense! I’m Felicia Shivers honey!”

**RIPPPPPPPPPPP! VA-VA-BOOOM!** With a big pull, Felicia ripped off her shirt and tossed it away. With the shirt gone, out popped two, large, heavy-set, jiggly breasts that bounced happily on her chest. Also unclothed, she now had a furry torso with a very thin waist and a top half that showed her skirt was actually part of a cocktail dress all along.

Ted was gone and as she said, Felicia Shivers was on the scene.

“Ooooooooooooooh!” Emmi declared, her eyes sparkling with delight, “You look sooooo cute and sexy, hun! I just wanna squeeze and cuddle ya!”

“Thanks, hun!” Felicia giggled, running her hands down the sides of her body, “But only hot hunks are allowed to touch dis bod! Maybe sum hawt vixens too.”

The white wolf nodded and giggled more. “My my, hot hunks though? You really dived straight into embracing your inner silliness!”

Felicia nodded and sighed happily. “I dunno why but seeing my new fun time hole just made me feel sooooo frisky and excited! It’s, like, I’m already this far, why not just give it all up and go full toon? All these new feelings and wants... I just wanna embrace and love em all! This is, like, sooooo better than before!”

“That’s great to hear, honey!” The white toon nodded, declaring, “Always glad to help a new person find that right kick in their life to improve it!”

Felicia nodded and reached into her cleavage. With a big yank, she pulled out a huge, full-size, full-length mirror and dropped it in front of her. She looked into it with a big, grinning smile, striking several seductive poses and jiggling her rear and breasts.

*So beautiful, she thought, so much better than being old, sad, troubled Ted! From now on, I’m going to fix everything, make it all perfect! First step: find a club to dance at or a real good webcam. Show all the silly toon boys and bland humans what a real vixen looks like!*

The fox toon giggled and blew her reflection a kiss. Her reflection giggled herself and gave her an affectionate wink right back. She could get use to this!

Emmi giggled and placed a paw on her shoulder. “So,” she said, her tone getting serious, “Ready to go back and face the audience as the new you?”

Felicia flinched, remembering that they were still inside of their mindscape. She wasn’t sure what was happening outside of it or what the audience was seeing. She was nervous for a sec, wondering how they would respond to seeing the new her.

But that only lasted for a second. A confident smile arose on her face and she remarked, “Yes. Let’s say hi to them.”

Emmi nodded, leading her back to her seat to sit down. She in turn sat down and said simply, “Now, close your eyes and clear your mind again. Let us say goodbye to here and meet outside once again.”

Felicia nodded her head and took a deep breath. Her eyes shut tightly and tried her best to clear her mind. It was much more difficult with so many goofy, silly, upbeat thoughts running through her mind this time around. She couldn’t help but think of her new life and all the cuties and hunks she would make friends with.

But, after several minutes, she managed to shut them off for a brief moment. There was silence, just her alone. Then, there was sound. Light murmuring off to her right, the sound of confusion and bafflement being expressed by many people.

“Now,” Emmi’s voice declared, “Please open your eyes!”

Felicia’s peepers slowly cracked open, letting the sights fill her vision. She was once again on stage, Emmi sitting in front of her with a big clipboard, writing things down. Looking to the right, she could see all the people who came out to attend tonight’s seminar. She could even see Alyssa looking at her, her jaw dropped.

Then, Felicia looked down. She was greeted by the sight of her large, heaving chest and her two big, cartoony paws resting on the armrests of her seat. Gazing past her breasts, she could see her oversized feet and cocktail dress.

All of it wasn’t just in her mind. It truly happened.

Emmi giggled and jumped to her feet, throwing her hands out and showing the wolf. “And that, my friend, is finding your inner silliness!” She explained proudly, “In this case, for Ted, it was finding out that he was this lovely fox toon named Felicia Shivers! Say hi, Ms. Shivers!”

The fox’s heart started beating quickly, a large blush coming to her face. Part of her, a very tiny one at that, felt nervous seeing all those stares and looks. But the rest of her didn’t feel that way at all. In fact, seeing all the humans before her... she just had to greet them!

“Hiya folks and lady folks!” Felicia giggled, jumping to her feet as well. She leaned forward, showing off her impressive cleavage and waving to everybody, declaring, “It’s me, Felicia Shivers! I hope we can all be friends and that you’ll treat me with the same respect as you gave my fuddy-duddy old self.”

There wasn’t much of a response, just more quiet stares or very low mumbles. Felicia just merely smiled through it all, waving and blowing kissing the others. Emmi giggled and patted the fox girl on the shoulder, saying, “Why don’t you go take a seat now, so I can bring on the next person? I have a few more techniques to introduce to people tonight.”



