

Post-Holiday Wake Up: Kinky Memories

By: Firingwall

Commission done for [ricberrios1](#) for [DeviantArt](#)

“Uuuuugh...” Ricky groaned, rubbing his forehead. “What... happened?” His head ached, his body felt stiff and sore. What a way to wake up in the morning when he didn’t even recall drinking a single drop last... wait, when was it?

He sat up and blinked a few times. The room slowly came into focus. He realized quickly that he was not in his bedroom, but in the living room. He was not on his bed, but on his sofa.

More importantly, his apartment looked like a mess. There were Christmas decorations aplenty lining the walls and shelves, many new but most were hanging loosely or knocked over. A fake, plastic tree in the corner was on the ground, some ornaments strewn about. There was wrapping paper, tissue, bows, and candy cane bits all over the place.

“What... what the hell happened?!” He rubbed his head again but flinched.

Wooooo! Christmas it up in here!!

Drink it uuuuuuuup and unwrap your prezzie!

Three... twoooooo.... Oooooone! HAAAAAPPY NEEEEWW YEAR!!!

Flashes and memories blasted the back of his mind repeatedly, hitting him over and over and over. In it all, he saw many people, many figures, many toons. *Toons...* It hit him.

Getting to his feet, he wobbled over to the only non-touched item in the living room, a large, full-length mirror. He stepped before it, seeing himself unexpectedly. He sighed and knocked on the glass. “Alright alright... get out here, Riku.”

The reflection wobbled and shook, like a rock dropped into still pond water. His image shifted and distorted, changing into something bigger, grander, cuter. There, a tall, blue, kinkajou toon now stood, wearing pajamas and clutching a teddy bear. She also seemed to be snoozing, a snot bubble blowing out of her snout.

Ricky frowned. “HEY! WAKE UP TOONY!”

“EEP!” The teddy bear flew out of her hands as the bubble burst. The toon bounced, fur and her shoulder-length hair standing up. “Whatwhatwhatwhat?! Where’s the emergency?! What’s on fire and can the TV and computer still be saved?!”

“Riku!” Ricky snapped. “What is going on?!”

The toon reflection looked to him, rubbing her eyes. “Huh? Ahhhhh... I was gettin’ some shut-eye, silly billy! I thought that was obvious.”

“No no! I’m talking about allllll of this!” He stepped to the side, showing the mess that was his apartment.

Riku looked around and remarked, “Well, it’s why I wanted to catch some Z’s. It was a long holiday season and an even longer New Year’s, yah know?”

“Yeah, but why the hell don’t I remember anything from the past week?! All I have are... flashes? I dunno, but something is going on, and you’re probably the cause of it, missy!”

“Ooooooh, pulling out “missy”, eh?” Riku nodded, straightening her hair with her thick paws. “Wellllll, I suppose I can give you the lowdown on what went on. Time for... a FLASHBACK!”

Riku closed her eyes, and her head leaned to the side. A puff of white, thick, cloudy smoke appeared to the side of her head. It grew and grew, escaping the mirror and clouding the entire area. Everything faded out as something else appeared...

“And there we go!” Ricky sighed, getting off his tippy toes. The Super Mario Star had been placed on top of his plastic Christmas Tree.

He looked around the room with a big smile. All of his decorating had paid off from pictures to small toys to wreathes. His apartment was ready for Christmas at long last!

Just as he was admiring everything, a happy, pippy voice spoke up within his mind. “Oh my goodness! What a lovely job you’ve done, and you did it all without moi’s help! How good! Aww, seeing this place all decorated takes me back to being a lil’kinkajou!”

Riku chuckled, shaking his head. “Oh really, Riku? And how was that exactly possible?”

There was some silence, followed by a gruff, “Pffftt, there you go, being a big, old spoiler-sport! Can’t have a kinkajou have her fun, reminiscing about days gone by that never gone by, can you?”

“Hey, just pointing out the issue here.”

“Fiiiiiiiine.” Riku sighed. “Oh man, this is gonna be my first Christmas with you, Ricky-poo. It’s gonna be so much fun... but gloomy if I’m kept all cooped up and stuff. Can I come out and play for a little bit?”

Ricky frowned, taking a seat on the sofa to relax with his hot chocolate. “I dunno. Why do I get the feeling you are gonna do something really weird?”

“Heavens no!” His head rang with a shocked, offended gasp. “I just want to have some fun and experience holiday joy for the first time, since you squashed my fake memory fun! Come on,

pleeeeeeease Ricky? Riku just wants to come out for fun! There will be no big messes at all, promise!”

“...fine.” He said, taking a big chug of his drink before he loses his chance at enjoying it. “But don’t wreck my decorations. It took a lot of time to put them up!”

“Promise!” She giggled excitedly. “Now, for this festive, holiday season, I’ve been thinking... and I know the perfect thing to be for my big coming out!”

“Oh boy, that sounds-” **Pffffffffffffffffffffffffff**. His brow furrowed as a weird noise echoed in his mind. It almost sounded like a bunch of balloons being filled all at once by a helium tank. The noise was quiet at first, growing louder the longer it went on. It almost made him feel woozy and dizzy.

FAWOOMP! His head shook as his hair rattled. Blowing out of his noggin, two long, straight antlers shot out. They had three branches each, cherry brown in tone with rounded, non-sharp ends.

“Uuuuugh, my head. What was...” Ricky reached up to rub his noggin, hand colliding with antler. He flinched. “What the heck? What’s this?”

“Antlers!” Riku giggled.

“Since when do you have antlers?” Ricky’s dark brown hair brightened, its color radiating to a crimson red. Locks smoothed out, knots came undone, split ends fixed themselves as his mop grew. It grew and grew, spreading down from his head to his waist.

Ricky blew some of the hair from his face, adding, “Also, when do you have red hair?”

“Didn’t you hear me, silly?” Riku sighed, letting out a few “tsks” as well. “I said “I know the perfect thing to **be**”. Don’t ya get it?”

Ricky didn’t. Despite being friends with toons like Kinka and Emmi, he still didn’t fully pick up on all the little subtleties and hints they brought up. With his own inner toon, he felt like he should probably at some point.

As he thought about what Riku said, his form began to slim down. Extra muscle mass and fat melted off of him, trimming his figure up nicely. His shoulders contracted, drooping a little at the ends. His limbs and waist thinned, his figure stretching a few extra inches, especially in the legs. He looked positively womanly, having just about the same figure as Riku’s.

“My my, are you sure you’re not a toon? You feel as clueless as one!” Riku laughed.

Ricky huffed. “Look, I’m figuring it out. My mind is always a little scrambled when you start coming out, okay?”

“Excuses, excuses!” Ricky rolled his eyes and before he could even retort, **POOF!** He was bounced off his sofa and onto his feet as something sprung out from behind him.

He tried looking over his shoulder but couldn't quite make it out. Hurrying over to the large mirror nearby, he faced his butt to it. There was a very short, small, dark green tail sticking out over his sweatpants. It certainly wasn't the long, thick, rodent-like tail Riku usually sported.

“Wait a minute... These are reindeer features! That's what-” Suddenly, The Price is Right music blared loudly in his head, balloons, confetti, and ribbons falling in the mirror reflection.

“Cooooooooorrect, Mr. Ricky! You are correctamondo! Annnnd, since you guessed right, have the gift of even more transformation!” **POP-POP!** His socks popped right off his feet, revealing dainty, gold hooves.

Ricky huffed, looking at his hands next. His fingernails turned golden as well, growing and spreading over his fingertips to form mini-hooves. “Ah-huh... and how is this supposed to be a gift if I was already in the middle of receiving it?”

“Tsk, again with the ruining of fun! You just gotta go with it, maaaaann!”

Ricky huffed, followed by rubbing his forehead. It started feeling hot, heated even. Fur started growing across his body from neck to toe. Velvet green spread out from his tail, over his legs, back, and arms. A lighter red shade puffed up around his chest and cloaked his belly, hairs sticking out through his shirt.

He let out another low pant, brushing his forehead again. “Phew... this never stops being hot with all of these changes.”

“Awww, you're saying I'm hawt?” Riku giggled. Her voice felt louder, more pronounced than before. She was on the verge of arrival.

“I'm saying fur is hot. How do you stand it?”

“By not focusing on that kind of hot and focusing on what's reeeeeeally hawt!” Ricky found himself placing his hands on his hips and thrusting them to the right.

FWOMP! His thighs thickened up into plump, tender forms, gently rubbing themselves against one another. He unconsciously shook them to the left. **FWOOOOMP!** His hips stretched out several inches, giving him a real curvy, lower half.

“Ooooooh *my!*” Ricky spoke, his voice cracking and shifting between each word. “*Hehe, I definitely feel hot and haaawwt now!*” His ears twitched, stretching away from his head. Their shape turned cervine as green fur sprouted over them, pale silver growing on the inside of them.

“Wellllll, I betcha you'll **only** feel hawt in a moment!” Riku giggled. Her voice was loud and clear, his mouth moving with each word she spoke.

Not that he really noticed much, his hands moving on their own and feeling his rear. It was ballooning, stretching his sweatpants out quickly. Each buttock swelled until it was several centimeters beyond even bubble butt size. Each step brought a wiggle and shake to it.

“Sooooo big!” Ricky/Riku sighed. The dull tone in his irises were brightening. One eye was turning Candy Cane red while the other was turning tinsel green.

Their hands scooted from their rear to their chest, feeling a tingling start to grow. And it wasn't the only thing either, his mitts soon grabbing onto soft, squishy material through his shirt. His chest soon held A-Cups, and then B-cup sized mounds, firm, but squishy and soft like toon breasts were made to be.

They tingled, a goofy look crossing his face as they hunched forward. *Soooooo soft and squishy tooo~ Ooooooh, this feels good... this feels.... Feels...*

Their mouth opened as it shot forward, fur coating her face in its entirety. Their mug stretched several inches, her nose blackening and widening into a cervine snout. “*It feels soooo haaaaawt!*”

Her chest shook and rumbled, the sound of a stampede roaring until **BAMMM!** Her breasts tripled up to hefty, gravity-defying E-cups. Her poor t-shirt was stretched to the limit, molding around the spherical mounds and lifting the material up and above her navel.

The new reindeer toon giggled happily, her eyes fully brightening. Riku declared with a cheery spin, “*Yaaaaay! I'm out and ready to play and enjoy the holidays in-*”

As she did her spin, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. She saw that she was still wearing Ricky's old, boring shirt and sweatpants. She huffed. Such attire would not fit the spirited, happy reindeer for this holiday season!

She tapped her chin several times until a lightbulb appeared above her head. **Click.** She grinned, rubbing her hands together. “*I got it! That'll be perfect!*”

She grabbed the center of her shirt and took a deep breath. She yanked. She spun. She spun and spun like a mini tornado, her shirt, pants, and underwear going flying in all directions.

She stopped. Sizing herself up in the mirror, she looked a lot better now. She wore a lovely Santa gown that hugged her form tightly. A simple, elegant dress that went down to her feet that bared her shoulders and showed off lots of her impressive bust.

Riku took the lightbulb, still hanging above her head, and stuffed it behind her back. In return, she pulled out a cute Santa hat and plopped it on the head. She grinned, striking a pose in the mirror and pushing her chest out. “*Awww yeah, now I'm ready for the holidays!*”

“And... what about me?” Riku glanced in the mirror, noticing Ricky there in the reflection behind her. “How long are you going to be?”

“Awwwww, I just got here! Be patient!” Riku huffed before returning to her bright smile. She dreamily swooned, “Since I just got here, I gotta get going on this super cool Christmas party and then a generic holiday party... an after Christmas party, and then a New Year’s party! Ooooooh, it’ll be sooooo much fun for all of us toons! Tons of eggnog for everyone to get drunk as a skunk, maybe even literally!”

“What?! You can’t throw a party in my house, let alone a series of them! That’s not-”

“Oh honeybuns!” Riku giggled, waving to him, “It’s just gonna be me, your toony friends, and more toons! What’s the worst that can happen?”

POP! The cloud and fog disappeared, Ricky staring at the blue kinkajou toon in the mirror once again. She giggled, her cheeks red with embarrassment. “Oh... well I guess all of this happened in your apartment then! Sorries, totes sorry!”

“Oh Riku... what have you done...” Ricky rubbed his forehead, twitching a sharp jolt struck it once more.

Heeeeeeeey gals, Christmas bump bash!

DRINKDRINKDRINKDRINK! WOOOOOO! She drank the whole carton! You go girl!

Awwwwww, Christmas sweater, and it can fit over my chesticles! How sweet!

Ooooo, you dance divinely, Mr. Antlerson! You are a treat!

Ricky twitched, his own face going red now. Memories and visions came in flashes to him. The past few days, even weeks rolled back into his mind. He could see it all. The toons. The parties. The encounters. The playfulness. The fun and joy.

“Sooooo... you upset?” Ricky looked up, Riku’s image leaning up against the mirror. Her breasts and nose smooshed against the glass as she stared worryingly. “If so, I can come out and clean up. I’m reeeeeeally sorry, actually honest here!”

Ricky blushed, looking away from her melons. “Umm... I am a little peeved, but... but I’m starting to remember stuff from before. It was... wild, really crazy... but also a lot of fun.”

“Fuuuuuuuuun?” Riku’s eyes sparkled, a soft, pinkish aura positively radiating off of her. “That’s good! Fun is fun! If that’s the case, then there’s no need to clean anything up!”

Ricky frowned. “Hehe, okay, maybe a lillllittle cleaning up is in order around here! Let me wake up, and I’ll be right on it!”

The toon pulled out a pot of coffee and mug from behind her back and started drinking away. The human, on the other hand, felt more jolts in his head. More memories rushed back, a bit clearer and more focused. A bunch brought frustration, seeing what exactly wrecked what in his apartment.

But a lot of them also brought joy and wonder. Toons of all sizes, age, gender, and species, having fun and celebrating the holidays in their own way. Ricky never really spent any holiday time with his toon friends before or experienced things like this. It was all quite different.

There was a moment of silence before he took a deep breath and exhaled. “Ummm, Riku, are you... are you going to do anything special for Valentine’s Day?”

The kinkajou’s tail spun like a propeller. “Oh yes yes yes! I got so many good ideas for Heart Day activities and events! Hehe, if you let me, I promise the day will be super special and will result in significantly less property damage!”

“Well...” Ricky’s face grew redder. “I was... I was wondering if maybe... maybe I could be out for it?”

“Be out?” Riku scratched her chin. “But, umm, how would that work? You can’t really be out to have fun and play at my party. We’re kind of the same and stuck together.”

“N-no... I mean... I mean, can I please be out for it in your body?”

Riku’s tail spun even harder, her ears wiggling. Sparks literally sprung her eyes as she wiggled her hips. “Oh oh oh oh oh!” “You wanna play with moi’s body? You wanna be out and have allllllllllll of this?”

She grinned, placing her paws on her breasts and mushing them up against each other. Ricky’s face might as well have been an oversized Christmas ornament with how red it was at this point.

He shook his head. “N-n-no! It’s not that! I just... I just thought it would be fun to experience a holiday as a toon. Everything I’m remembering and seeing... it just looks like a lot of fun.”

Riku’s paws left her chest, her smile softening. “Oh Ricky,” she cooed softly, “I’m just teasing. I would love for you to enjoy the holidays just like me. I think you’ll find them to be quite fun in ways you haven’t experienced.”

Ricky’s heart thumped. He didn’t know exactly what she meant, but he was more than eager to find out.

THE END?