

Toon It Up: Polar Punch

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Okay, bus ride... next time, ride longer. Brendon looked around his surroundings again, his anxious side growing more and more.

The man had gotten off in his city's special ToonTown District. ToonTown was such a far cry from where he lived: extremely bright, flat, colorful location from its uneven architecture to the odd pastel sky & smiling sun. That wasn't even mentioning the silly, bright, and colorful characters that wandered around.

Brendon jumped to the side when a wide, purple elephant toon strolled by and then jumped back again when the owner of the fat tail he stepped on shook a boxing glove fist at him. *Way too much. Really gotta ride the bus longer.*

He hurried along faster and faster. Every second he spent in this district, the more out of place and awkward he felt. Despite the understandably grumpy kangaroo from before, pretty much every toon waved and smiled at him as he passed. Still, didn't make things better for-

"Hey dere, Mr. Glasses! You look in a rush and tired!" Brendon screeched to a halt, readjusting the bags of groceries in his hand. Didn't want them to fall.

He turned to the cheery, goofy voice, finding its owner instantly. Nuzzled between two tall buildings was a makeshift stand (kind of like Lucy's booth from the Peanuts, but larger). Behind the stand was a large, chubby pink dog toon.

The dog smiled, his tail wagging as he waved Brendon over. "Hey dere, buddy! You lookin' tired dere and super rushy. What's up?"

Brendon hesitated but answered, "Ah... just heading home. Got off a bit too early on the bus and just trying to get home with everything."

He did like toons. Toons were fun, silly, and the life of the party. It didn't make him feel any less awkward around them, especially with their unpredictability.

"I see, I see!" The dog nodded. "Well, da name is Jesse, and you could use a nice pick-me-up drink for da road ahead!" He reached behind the booth and pulled out a large menu, plopping it down on the counter.

The dog smiled, looking proud of himself. “All funds go towards gettin’ me a real food van. Then I’ll be a true toony salesman and on da move!”

“I see.” Brendon walked over and looked at the list. He suddenly felt so overwhelmed (and a bit perplexed). There were so many drinks listed on the menu, some of which he never heard of and some that sounded a little... sketchy.

“Eh... maybe just some water for the road?”

“WAH?!” Jesse’s floppy ears flung up high. “Dat’s no fun!”

“Well, it’s not like I’m really all that thirsty or-”

“Nah-ah! My doggie senses tingled! You need a drink!” A lightbulb appeared above Jesse’s head. “OH! I know! I’ll toss in a free special container! It’s like a lunchbox but it can fit all your groceries in it so you don’t have to lug them around!”

It seemed kind of silly and impossible to Brendon, but then again, toons made fools out of physics and science on a daily basis. “Okay, I guess I’ll try something then.”

He looked back at the list, quickly scanning it until he hit something normal. “I’ll go with some lemona-”

“Polar Punch!” Jesse barked, “Polar Punch is what you want. I can tell. You look like a Polar Cola fan, so one of their sub-brands would be peeeerfect for you!”

“Ah... I wanted lemonade.”

“No no!” Jesse wagged a fat, gloved finger in his face. “What you want is Polar Punch! It’s made from finest toon sugars and tasty, tropical fruits to make the bestest tastin’ punch you’ll ever have! It’ll give ya the means and weight to make it through to home, no prob~!”

That does sound good. Brendon nodded. “Alright, I’ll give it a shot then.” Jesse smiled and dived under the stand briefly before returning with a can. It had “Polar Punch” splayed across its front, a toony polar bear mascot giving a thumbs up just slightly below it.

The two traded, Brendon taking the can as the toon took his groceries. The dog pulled out what looked like a small lunchbox and slowly started packing things into it. The magic of toon physics and logic was something to behold.

But there was a drink to be drunk. Brendon cracked open the can, a soft aroma radiating from it almost instantly. Smelled very good at least. He took a sip.

He let out a small “Aww” and sighed. Not bad at all! “**Shucks dawg, dat was some good ol’-fashioned, tasty punch, right dere~.**”

Brendon flinched... and then **BUUURP!** “Whoa! What... what the heck was that?” None of that before sounded like him.

He scratched his chin, pondering that, unaware of a faint outline of a question mark appearing above his head. **Squeak. Squeak.** That, on the other hand, caught his attention.

Looking down, he felt a cold shiver go over him. His hands were faded white. No, not his hands. His mitts were wearing mitts! Soft, white gloves with four digits each cloaked his hands, quite large and plush. They were just like-

“Jesse!” Brendon snapped, holding out his free hand to the toon. “What’s going on?” Jesse didn’t respond, just merely whistling as he continued to pack food away.

The human huffed and stomped his foot. **RIP!** Both of his shoes tore open with thick, three-toed paws popping right out. They were big and chubby like his hands, and white as well. This time though, it was because of snow-white fur.

“Jesse, come on! Don’t ignore me!” Brendon huffed. This dog was definitely faking not paying attention, and it was frying his blubber! Wait... was that how that saying went? Brendon frowned, taking another drink as he pondered.

“Pfft!” He took a small drink but instantly pulled the can away. His body moved on its own there! Some punch went into maw regardless, but a lot of it fell and splashed his black shirt.

The black shirt quickly sucked in all of the punch and oddly distributed across itself until it was damp. Damp for just a little bit as color bloomed. A bright red quickly overtook his shirt, a flower pattern popping up. The material shifted from soft cotton to a strong, smoother fabric like in a dress shirt. In fact, a dress collar popped up as buttons dotted down the center.

Brendon’s jaw dropped down as he looked at his new Hawaiian shirt. “Golly **gee! Mah shirt** is all tropical delights now! That’s just **BUUUUUUUUUURP!**”

Another hefty belch left it got, heavily scented in tropical fruit punch. The scent ran across his nose, which twitched at first before eagerly snorting it all up. His snout turned pitch

black, the skin bumpy but shiny. It then inflated and inflated, nostrils flaring as the tip widened. Eventually, the small nose turned into a big, wide bear snoot.

“Ain’t Polar Punch a delight?” Jesse was finally looking up, having a proud glint in his eyes. “Mah best drink by far, wouldn’t ya say? You won’t get quality like this from any other punch, I’ll tells ya!”

Brendon flinched. “This is quality?”

His body bubbled and shivered, pounds slowly being added on. His cheeks grew slightly wider and fuller, the start of a double chin coming on. His arms and legs grew ever thick, his clothing starting to tighten on him. That instantly caught his attention. “This stuff is **changin’** me and makin’ me fatter!”

“It’s quite a fillin’ drink, ain’t it?” Jesse chuckled, stretching an arm out and patting Brendon’s stomach.

Brendon blushed and opened his mouth. **FOOMP**. His maw shut as his stomach shook. His belly swelled up, stretching the bottom of his tacky top with his new, big, muffin top.

Guuuuurgle. Brendon’s face grew even redder. “H-hey... you don’t need to do that, okay?” However, those words came out so tiny and small. That belly pat felt so weird... but it also felt rather nice.

What also felt nice was that new growing, warm and fuzzy feeling hitting him. It was hitting him down below. Hitting down below just as white, soft fur began sticking out of his pants and leg holes.

Guuuuuuurgle. Brendon rubbed his stomach. “Wells, **this stuff ain’t that bad**. It’s pretty **tasty** I guess. It’s **BUUUURP!**” His stomach jiggled. “**Errrrr, yeah. This stuff is pretty yummy in mah belly.**”

Brendon flinched. His voice was so goofy and silly, even deeper than that doggo next to him. Speaking of which, the doggo was watching him intently, his tail wagging and spinning like a propeller. “Soooo, is dere a problem den? You seemed ta imply there was one before.”

The changing human thought a moment. Everything did feel problematic and concerning before. Like super concerning to him! Yet... was it? Everything did feel so nice and warm now. Suuuuper warm and pleasant. Could he really say he had a problem with this stuff now?

He couldn't answer at all, and it was obvious to the toon dog. Jesse nodded. "Hmm... maybe ya outta have sum more then?"

More Polar Punch... yeah, that's a good idea. Brendon nodded and took a drink. Though, it was more of a swig as the moment the punch hit his lips, he started chugging.

GUUUUUUUUURGLE~! He grinned. That warm feeling was growing again. His pants started stretching and stretching as his bottom half expanded. His butt, hips, and crotch all swelled outwards, cartoonishly circular and pear-like in a way now.

It was such a wonderful feeling. "**Mmmmm, dat's sum gooooood Punch~**," Brendon chuckled, reaching a gloved hand down and rubbing his bigger belly. Mmm, that also felt good.

Rrrrrrrruuuumble. POP! His gut burst out from under his shirt, big and slooshy now. The top button on his trousers burst, flying and bouncing off the walls of the alley behind Jesse. The poor bottom buttons on his shirt hung on, but they looked like they were at their limits.

Jesse looked at the big gut, slowly accumulating white fur over it, and then at Brendon. The dog smirked. "Soooo, is dere a problem?"

Without a moment of hesitation, Brendon looked back at the dog as white fur peered through the openings in his shirt and declared, "**Heh, nope!**"

He then smirked too. "**In fact, I'm feelin' suuuper thirsty!**" He clutched the can tightly and brought it to his lips, taking a big, long swig until it all went down his throat.

Ruuuuuuuuuummmmmmmmbbbllllleeeeeee! The sound of a stampede began to roar, Brendon vibrating. Though, he was more vibrating in his belly. It shook and shook until...

BOOM! His pants and underwear burst off into a haze of tattered confetti. His legs were large, thick, and chunky. His rear and crotch were the same way, also big and wide. However, his lower figure was nothing but null. No sensitive, private areas or butt to be seen. Just pure, null tooniness.

Popopopopop! His Hawaii shirt burst open then, buttons firing off in all directions like a machine gun. Fully released, his torso could breathe in all of its chubby, wide, cartoony glory.

Brendon looked down and gasped... and then laughed. He smacked his belly, watching it wiggle and shake like Jell-O. "**Now dis looks amazing!**" He licked his lips with a loud **SLURP**, his bottom lip a bit larger and black now. "**A fella could get used to lookin' like dis!**"

He gazed lovingly at the can in his mitts, his black hair fading and being replaced by white fur. **“Dis drink stuff is the best! I loooooove Polar Punch!”**

Jesse chuckled, a certain glint in his eyes now. “I bet you are! As the mascot of Polar Punch, you wouldn’t promote a product ya didn’t think was good, riiiiight?”

“Hmm? Mascot?” Jesse took the can from Brendon and shoved it up to the growing toon’s face.

“HMMMMM.” Brendon’s eyes narrowed as he stroked his chin. Sure enough, the polar bear mascot on the can looked a lot like him. It looked like him even more when his face booped the can away, stretching out into a strong bear muzzle with white fur.

Brendon laughed, **“Heh, guess you’re right! I am da mascot for Polar Punch!”** Yeah, that sounded right, right? It sounded like a lot of fun too~!

“And as da mascot, dat does mean a better job than what you probably already have~.” Jesse winked. Brendon nodded. A change of job would be nice. It probably paid a lot better too, and he could afford a car to go grocery shopping instead of taking the bus all the time.

Then again... he wiggled his bottom. If he didn’t take the bus, he wouldn’t have had this amazing opportunity to be big, fuzzy, and silly. ...then again, are buses made for big-bottom boys like himself? Probably be difficult to find a car for his unique physique as well...

He shook his head. Details, details! That’s for later thinking. **“Danks for da drink, pooch!”** Brendon declared, rubbing his belly, **“I’m alls gassed up ‘nd ready to go! Can’t wait ta get home to da boyfriend ta tell him about mah new job!”**

“Ooooooh! I’m sure he’lls be thrilled!” Jesse said, handing the lunch box over to him.

Ding! A lightbulb appeared above the bear’s head as a big smile crossed his lips. **“Saaaay, mind if I get another drink? I’m sure mah boyfriend would loooove one of dem fancy, tasty drinks of yours~.”**

THE END