

Toon Lights in the Sky

By: Firingwall

Commission done by [ChinchillaChris67 of DeviantArt](#)

A soft sigh floated through the room. *Almost that time again.* That time of year has finally arrived.

Viktoria White was restless. She tried to calm herself and take it easy, but it was hard. On the very edge of Whitehorse, far from any of the townfolk in that Canadian city, the young woman sat alone in the bedroom. These past few years, she liked being alone. Things had changed drastically, and it was best for everyone if she stayed away from others.

She sighed again, and slowly sunk beneath her blanket. Her eyes closed as well, the world truly dark around her. However, just because they were closed didn't mean things would stop. Experience taught her that.

Maybe if I clock out, that'll stop it? She briefly considered these thoughts. Wouldn't hurt to get some shut eye anyways. She was driving herself nuts laying there.

It was worth a chance. She closed her eyes tighter. *Go to sleep. Go to sleep, body. Just please go to-*

BZZZZ. BZZZZZZ BZZZZ. Her eyes opened, and she pulled the blanket back. Her cell was buzzing up a storm next to her. She suddenly wished she had turned it off or put it on silent.

She stared at the phone a bit as it quieted down. Curiosity got the better of her, and she picked it up, not imagining it being anything good.

It was a series of texts, one after the other. "It's time!" "Look out the window now!" "It's so beautiful!"

Viktoria twitched. She couldn't. She shouldn't. She was trying to avoid this. She knew what was outside. She knew what this would lead to. She knew her friend meant well, but this didn't help anything.

She thought it over long and hard, but eventually, she reached a conclusion. She took a deep breath and sighed. *I can't fight it.* She looked at her arms, her hairs standing on end... and looking rather white now. *I can't flee. I can't do anything.*

Just have to face it and get it over with.

She tossed off the covers and slipped out of bed. She took another deep breath, trying her best to be as confident as possible, despite everything. She turned to the window and opened the blinds, looking up.

It was night out and absolutely beautiful. No clouds, no light pollution. The heavens were completely open, stars and moon open for all to see. It was picture perfect.

And tying it all together was the greatest of all sights. Above the area were the Northern Lights, Aurora Borealis, in all its glory. The soft, hypnotic lights danced through the night, shining a beautiful green, blue, purple, and even orange. Mere photographs didn't do the sight justice, the colors and aura of it wild and almost unreal.

But these lights meant something else to Viktoria, something much, much more. She could feel the hairs on the back of her neck go up, her body starting to tremble.

She closed her eyes. "Here we go... bring it on."

They reopened. They were no longer dark brown or dull. Instead, they were bright, fierce, blazing. They shined a striking bright yellow.

Her hair shivered next as if a breeze ran through it. What was messy became straight. What was dry and split became smooth and whole. From a dullish black, her locks shined like polished obsidian. Originally shoulder length, her hair gently flowed down to just past her breasts. It was all much more pretty.

She gently sighed, sliding a hand through her locks. Her hair always turned out so pretty, even though she wasn't really partial to all of these shenanigans. If only she could just have this part of her change alone.

As she pulled her hand back, she looked at it carefully. White fur was growing on its back, spreading over her fingers and across her hands. What didn't grow fur there, the skin swelled into black pads on her palm and fingers. Her fingernails even grew out gently, forming short, stubby claws.

Viktoria glanced at her other hand. It changed as well. And, if these had just changed, something else had as well.

She turned her attention down south, confirming her suspicions. Her socks were breaking open, claws poking through the tops. Eventually, they just split open as three toed, canine-esque

feet pushed through. They gently tapped the ground, the transforme feeling her toe beans squishing against the hardwood flooring.

She blushed. She felt warm now. The changes were starting to spread again to other spots, more sensitive and “big” ones. She brushed her forehead of a bead of sweat and braced herself better.

Fwoomp. The sweatpants slipped down in the back, a smidgen of her butt visible now. Not for long though as a nub extended out right above it. It grew a few inches and from that, soft, puffy white fur sprouted, giving her a tail.

She panted and brushed her head again, looking back over her shoulder. *Not all at once this time? Okay... guess things are a biOOOOO!*

She blushed intensely. Her chest jiggled, slowly swelling beneath her shirt. She quickly reached under her shirt and undid her bra. Just in time as her breasts expanded to C-cups, stretching her loose shirt a bit more. They felt bigger on her, a bit heavier but not too much.

Yep, that always got her a bit.

No time to relax though. The changes continued to course through her, thankfully not as hot and heavy. Still a bit heated as her arm and leg hair thickened, turning to a soft, smooth white fur coat, but not too bad otherwise. For now at least.

Her lower half started to get its boost next. Her sweatpants grew ever so tighter as she expanded. Her hips widened and widened, giving her quite the pearish shape. Her thighs swelled to match, adding to her curvy, soft half.

Viktorija’s blush softened as she ran a hand over her hips. They felt rather nice, and their shape was quite appealing. She smiled, but it went away quickly. *I’m starting to accept it... I guess this means I’m... I’m... I’m...*

“ACHOOOOOO!” Her entire face quivered as snot and spit rocketed out at full blast. And at full blast, her face shot forward. Her jaws cracked and shot out into a narrow muzzle. Her teeth all lengthened and sharpened into canine chompers. Her nose flared up, darkening and turning bumpy until it was a black snoot.

The shockwaves of her powerful sneeze even raced through her ears. Her ears wiggled as vibrations rolled through. Eventually, the shaking caused them to move up the sides of her head to the very top. Hearing was lost briefly, but only so as white fur sprouted over them. Their shape was transformed, pulling into cartoonishly, triangular points like a fox’s.

Her eyes spun. “Ooooooh, never a fan of that. Head’s all wobblity goo...”

She shook her head and bapped it a few times with her paws. *Ugh, maybe I should back down. It’s only gonna get-*

Her eyes looked back up through the window. Those lights still hung in the sky. So pretty, so beautiful, so hypnotic... it made all her cares fade and float away. It made something else float to the surface deep within.

BWOOMP! Her shirt felt tight, tighter than before. Her breasts had jumped up into D-cups now, her top conforming around them almost. No sagging either, her breasts perfectly firm and holding form.

Viktoria looked at her chest, a lot of her body obscured by it now. But that wasn’t a problem, was it? No, it was not a problem at all!

It was great in fact. Everything was great. Viktoria began to smile, an elated feeling coursing through her now. Her small tail wagged eagerly before growing even longer, going all the way past her knees. The fur even seemed puffier on her tail now.

And that wasn’t the only bit of fur growth either. Fur rocked over almost every inch of her body. Her shirt puffed up slightly as a fine, white coating sprouted beneath it. Strands of fuzz popped out of every hole and opening in her clothing. She felt so warm now.

I’m sooo pretty. She sighed blissfully, sliding her hands down her sides and feeling her fuzz. Everything was feeling right now. Everything was feeling perfect. What did she have to fear? What was she even worrying about?

That’s right, there’s nothing you should worry about. “There’s nothing I should worry about.” *Go with the flow and relax. Let the fuzziness consume you and let you rest~.* “Yes... time to rest for now~.”

Viktoria let loose one final sigh as her eyes closed, her eyelashes growing ever so longer and more fluttery. *Just relax.* Her shoulders slumped. *Let it all flow out.* White fur finally crept up her neck and onto her face. *Just let it all go and rest.*

The last bit of fur covered her body and with that, her heart started to race. Her body shivered and trembled. The big finale was at hand.

It started down below, her tail wagging more and more. It grew longer one final time, stretching to where it almost touched the ground. Her tail fur puffed up even further, somehow even softer and lighter to the touch than it looked now.

Her rear followed next. Her flattish butt cheeks began expanding themselves, inflating into fuller, rounder cheeks. Her rear swelled and swelled, her poor sweatpants tightening harder on it and showing off its full shape. Eventually, her rear was a full bubble butt, matching that of her already curvy hips.

Viktoria panted heavily. Her heart raced more, her body trembling hard. Her breasts jiggled and shook one final time. Slowly, they began to rise again, swelling further than ever. From their hefty D's, they ballooned into almost spherical F's, never once sagging. Her poor shirt ripped in the center, showing off her fuzzy cleavage.

And that was that. The human was gone. In her place, an arctic, cartoonish white fox woman stood.

She opened her eyes and stretched, pushing out her chest, which playfully shook. She looked down at her funbags and giggled, brushing some of her black locks away. Yes, this was good. Everything was good.

Tori White smirked. *It's good to be back~.*

The toon grinned, wiggling her pudgy digits. "Mmmm, paws elegant~." She whipped her hair back like a shampoo commercial. "Hair just simply dazzling~!"

She grinned and shook her rear. "Butt bouncy like I want it~." She groped her breasts and cooed, "Breasts with the perfect amount of squish and jiggle too~! Everything is just like I remembered! Oh goodie-good!"

Bzzz. Bzzz. Tori glanced towards the bedside table. Her human side's phone had vibrated. She snatched it up and gave it a little look. "Hey! Still there?" "You ok?"

Tori typed away with surprising ease and speed, despite her toon-sized fingers. "Marvelous darling~." She sent another text. "I'm white, fluffy, and ready for fun! <3 <3"

Bzz. "Great!" Bzz. "Can't wait to play!" Bzz. "It's been too long Tori! <3" Bzz. "You're the best! I <3 love hanging with u!"

Heh, of course you miss me~. Tori grinned. *Who wouldn't want to hang with the best half of somebody?*

She quickly fired off another message, telling the friend to meet at their usual place. She'll be right there. She got another few hearts texted back, the fox toon giggling at the sight. It put a little skip in her step as she strutted out of the room and towards the front door.

When she reached it, she saw Viktoria's wallet laying out on an end table. The toon casually placed a finger on top of it. Then with her other hand, she flicked it. The wallet spun and spun like a tornado, the digit holding it in place.

The wallet grew and spread out, pushing her finger up until it eventually stopped. In its place now was a bright blue, elegant purse. The toon opened it up, finding all her familiar things: her own ID (such a cute photo of her), money, tampons, makeup, the whole works.

Can't leave home or have fun without it~. She giggled and swung the purse over her shoulder. Time to go out and have some fun! It was a new year with tons of thrilling, new possibilities for fun and mischief that an arctic fox like her could get into. All she needed was some friends~.

THE END