

Smoked to Aged Toonfection

By: Firingwall

Patron story done for Danuki

Yang muttered the final words on the contract once more for good measure to himself. After finishing reading it for the second time, his eyes looked up from the paperwork. They fell upon the stuffy suits before him at the table, anxious and fiddling with their fingers.

“Youse get what we needs, right?”

“Yours cooperation is appreciated if youse join.”

“You’lls be well-compensated ands taken care of.”

Ah-huh... sure. Yang went back and read the contract again. It wasn’t like it was long or particularly complicated to understand. It was a couple of sentences on a page of printer paper. *Please be our mascot. Form, figure, lounging, and everything provided... such and such...*

The basic gist: Become a toon mascot for this company’s line of products. Simple to understand, but with how simple it was, Yang just had to make sure there wasn’t anything fishy or off about it, like super tiny print.

After confirming for the third time, he asked, “Are you sure this is right, and do you know what you’re doing? This seems-”

“Youse questionin’ ours judgment?!” One of the weasels in the business suits declared, smacking his gloved mitts on the table. “We’s the expert consultation agency dat knows what’s needed for da good of da companies dat hire us!”

“If you say so.” This whole situation was ridiculous. Yet, here Yang was. He needed a new job that could afford rent, groceries, and stuff like that. Something like this supposedly paid very well... according to his cousin that did something similar.

Regardless, Yang took the pen nearby and signed the dotted line at the bottom of the contract. “Alright, all signed.” He handed the objects back to them. “Now what?”

“Nows we needs ta see ya in da role, duh!” One of the weasels reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a large, thick, toon cigar.

He twirled the large cigar between his fingers and stretched his arm over to Yang, dropping it into his palms. “Smoke dis, if ya will.”

“But, ah, I don’t... smoke?”

“In da contract, in da super fineprint (*Great... of course I missed something*), youse said youse do whatever it tools ta get inta da role. Soooo, get inta *da role!*”

Another weasel pulled out a lighter stretched across the table. Yang held the cigar up, and the toon lit it up. A strong, powerful aroma instantly arose from it, visible gray smoke rising up into his nose. His sniffer sucked it right up.

Yang shivered. “This isn’t gonna **make me sick or anythang, is it?**”

“Pffft, ‘course it ain’t!” The weasels looked positively offended. “Toons don’t make stuff dat’ll makes youse sick! Toons makes stuff ta help youse grow!”

SNORT. Yang’s nose continued its sniffing/inhaling. It pulled more of that smoke right up it, the tip of his sniffer darkening. It darkened until it was pitch black, pores and details gone too. Just a smooth, shiny tone to it.

“Well... fine!” **Fwomp.** His nose inflated and shifted, the tip stretching wider and the nostrils moved underneath it. Eventually, it was completely, cartoonishly bearish. “Let’s get this over with.”

He brought the cider to his mouth and stuck it in, holding it between his lips and teeth. It felt heavy, but not as much as when he took a puff. His entire body felt heavy then.

“**COUGH!**” He quickly pulled it out and hit his chest, releasing the smoke from his lungs. That was a bit too much at once for a first time.

Yet, it was enough. His teeth were now oddly bright white and shiny themselves, more fang-like than before. His lips were blacker and gummier, not unlike the toon weasel’s own.

“Soooo?” The weasels leaned over the table. “How was it?”

Yang hit his chest once more, a small puff of smoke that spelled out “Oof” coming out. “Well, I don’t think I’lls become a smo-”

FWOOOOMP! His mug shot out. Mouth, noses, and jaws flew forward several feet before snapping back towards his head. They were now stretched a foot on his face, bright red fuzzy fur all over it and around his maw & nose.

Yang blinked, scratching his bear mug. **“I’s think I’lls become a smoker at dis rate. Dis was good~.”**

That wasn’t what he was trying to say before. His mouth was moving on its own... yet, it still felt right to say all of that. It wasn’t tooooo bad, was it? Maybe a few more puffs and then he’d get the hang of it?

“Dat’s good ta hear!” One of the weasels declared, “Keep smokin’! We’s wanna assess your new look!”

Keep... Yang twitched. Keep smoking? **“Yes sir!”**

Didn’t have to tell him twice, the man popping that cigar back in and taking a deep puff off it. Instantly, he could tell it was better, no coughing. Now, his head stretched a bit. His cheeks swelled slightly, the sides of his face stretching for a more pudgy, wide toon head shape.

Still, smoking the cigar was good. He casually blew the smoke out without an issue. His head turned more dome-ish as his brow thickened. His ears wiggled and shrunk before zipping up to the top of his head, reshaping itself into something more ursine.

“Mmmm~.” His eyes closed as he soaked in all of that rich, flavorful taste. **“Dat sum goooood cigar dere~.”** His eyes opened, now bright white and with black dots for eyes.

“Ands you can smoke all da ones you want from now on after youse start!” A weasel explained, casually snapping pics with his cellphone. Such nice words, they made his dark hair positively pink... reddish pink, but still.

“Just keep smokin’!” Yang was more than happy to. He took another drag, bigger than ever before, and sucked it in like a vacuum cleaner.

It felt like the smoke was filling him up all around. His arms and legs fattened up, stretching out his poor shirt and pants. His belly bulged forward, starting to poke out from under his top. Even body hair was shifting, gaining a reddish tint to it.

When Yang finally blew out his huge smoke cloud, he remained chubby. In fact, he seemed to be getting even bigger despite puffing out. His stomach bulged further, and his own

hips and rear fattened up, butt crack fully visible. Hairs started thickening across him, especially on his stomach where the hairs were lighter in tone.

Not waiting for another prompt, Yang took another hit. In came the smoke. **RIIIIP!** **RIIIIP!** There went his shoes. They both exploded as large, fat, three-toed paws tore through at nearly triple his old size.

He blew out the smoke and like before, grew. His figure widened for a broader, heftier shape, extending up past six feet in length. A nub popped out above his rear and grew an inch or two before stopping. Red fur bloomed across it as it formed a tail, the hair spreading fast and across the rest of him in no time flat.

Yang casually twirled the cigar in his mitts, white, four-fingered gloves appearing on his hands then. A new toon bear stood in the room, heavy and proud.

“Yes, YES!”

“PERFECT! This is what we’re looking for!”

“Told ya dis was da guy for da job!” The weasels smiled and congratulated themselves on a “fine” job of finding their candidate, shaking hands and nodding a lot.

Yang nodded as well, looking down at himself. He rubbed and bounced his belly a few times, liking the weight and heft of it. “**Sooos, what now?**”

“We’s get ta decidin’!”

“Da company we’re workin’ fors makes and sells lots of stuff. They got food, towels, furniture, da wholes works! A bear like youse could offah a lotta potential as a mascoty face for just ‘bout anything ands everything dey sell!”

“**Hmm,**” Yang scratched his chin. “**Howse about toilet paper? I’s could advertise dat.**”

“Dey’s do make dat, but honestly, dat’s been “done” before, so no.” They said with the most deadpanned, unimpressed tone.

That was fair, Yang thought as he took another puff from his cigar. No more growth this time. His form had settled down nicely into a big bear. Nothing wrong with that. He was just happy for the work and to enjoy this cigar as long as it lasted.

“Mmm, all dis smokin’ is getting’ me in da mood~.” A toon weasel pulled out a cigar himself and held it up, pulling out a lighter.

Once lit up, Yang’s nose twitched. **SNOOOORT.** That cigar... was different from his. It smelled richer and with a different flavor and punch to it. That was a nice cigar.

It was Yang’s. The bear’s hand stretched like taffy, flinging over to the weasel and grabbing the cigar from his mug. His mitt snapped back and stuffed it into his maw alongside the original.

“HEYS! Dat’s was mine, ya dumb o’bear!” The weasel shook his fist, but Yang couldn’t help it. He acted on instinct. He needed it. No, he wanted that cigar. He had to have it. He had to have both stogies in his muzzle.

Both tastes, so rich and incredible together. Even better when he took that big huff off of them, sucking in both of their rich taste together. *Sooooooo good, soooo much better.* He sucked and sucked away.

And as he did, something shifted. His reddish pink hair seemed off. It looked... grayer the longer he huffed.

The weasels gave each other looks as Yang blew out the smoke. It wasn’t the only thing about him that became grayer. The fur on his chest and arms lost some of its color... while also looking a bit hairier somehow? Like the fuzz on top of a flat red tone that should’ve been hair.

As he finished, Yang noticed the odd looks in his employers’ eyes. “**What’s da problem, boys?**” He asked, his voice far gruffer than before.

The weasels huddled together and whispered in the most hushed of tones. So quiet that Yang couldn’t hear them, even with his enhanced bear hearing. Eventually, they un-huddled and said, “Nuthin’. Just keep smokin’.”

Yang shrugged and did as he was told. Puffing two cigars at once was easy as pie for him now, taking to it much easier than just one earlier. He had become such a hardcore smoker and it didn’t bother him one bit.

As he smoked though, the changes burst forth. The hairs upon the lower jaw of his muzzle grew grayer and thicker, forming a short, rough beard. Similar gray hairs sprouted upon his chest, poking out through his collar. Even a gray, furry happy trail sprouted, running from his crotch and up to his belly button.

Yang blew out the smoke, forming “Refined” & “Classic” clouds in the air. **“Dat’s sum mighty fine rich taste~. Youse boys should give it a try.”**

“No thanks.” “Nada.” “One cigar only for me.” “Youse just enjoy yourself.”

Their loss, Yang thought with a shrug. He puffed up again, harder than before. More smoke went further in than ever, his body inflating again.

Fwomp! His belly fully popped out from under his shirt, which barely covered the top of it and his chest. His chest was heavier and saggier, a full set of moobs beneath his top. His entire figure was wider with much bigger hips and legs to support his girth.

Even down below, his crotch was bigger. The entire area was bulging out like he had shoved an entire cantaloupe in there, pants forming around it.

Fwoooooosh! He blew out the smoke like many times before. **Plop!** A pair of thick-rimmed, black glasses dropped onto his snout, fitting it perfectly. He blinked a few times and adjusted to them. His sight was getting worse so the new specs were quite appreciated.

However, he gave it no mind. He was more concerned with something else. His first cigar was almost a stub now! He really smoked the heck out of it!

The older bear toon sighed. ***Nuthin’ dat good last forever.*** “**Youse boys have any more cigars? Dis one’s ‘bout out!**”

When he asked, he noticed the weasels were huddled together, whispering amongst themselves. ***Dere dey go again. Wonder what dere deal is dis time?***

They stopped their chat and turned to him with a pleased smirk. “So, we’s been talkin’ and we have da perfect, brand-new idea fors you! Howse about promotion’ products for older, gruffer men? Untapped market for dat!”

“What about da other stuff?”

“Oh, we’s can do dat too! Youse can double as a mascot for many things!”

“We’s just thinkin’ dat a bear of your duo stature ands size may be interested in stuff dat older dads ands grandpas like too~.”

Yang Bear scratched his belly. *Hmmm... older stuff.* Like reclining chairs? Golf clubs? Vintage drinks and smokes? Sounds like his kind of thing.

“Sure! Anydang ta help you whippersnappers in your fancy, youngin’ suits out! Just makes sure ta keep on supplyin’ dem good cigars of yours~.”

THE END?