

Toon It Up: As Seen on TV

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Commission done for [PolkaToonz of DeviantArt](#)

“Ugh... what a s***y night.” Jesse grumbled, dropping onto her sofa. She sunk into it, dropping both of boot-wearing feet onto the table in front of her. She knocked over an empty bottle, but what did she care? She could get to it later.

“Asshole after asshole...” She reached into her jacket pocket and pulled out her pack of cigarettes and lighter. She popped a cig in her mouth and lit up.

She inhaled as much smoke as she could and blew it out in a huff. She leaned further into her worn cushions. After a frustratingly long shift at the bar, that really hit the spot. Too bad her douche of a boss wouldn't let her light up on her break. Would have made things a lot better.

She shook her head and sat up. No point in complaining or grumbling much now. She was free to enjoy the early morning hours by getting wasted. She flipped on her TV and took the other whiskey bottle from the table.

She shook it. *Hmmm... only a little left. Crap, gonna have to make a run later.*

But that was for later. Now, she would focus on getting drunk as much as she could with what little she had. She poured the remaining contents in an old glass on the table (*when did I wash this again?*) and settled in.

She took her first sip, her body tensing up. She could already feel her cheeks getting warm. *F**k me, I really needed that...*

Flashes of angry, frustrating, and annoying customers filled her mind. All complaining about one thing or another. Not her fault one of the taps ran out. Not her fault the food sucked. Not her fault she nearly tripped over some drunken idiot. Not her fault that her mood was shot after so many assholes kept hitting on her.

She took another sip, gripping the glass hard. *Idiots... all of them... Wish I could just punch out one of them. F**k everyone there...*

She shook her head and focused on the television screen. National news was on and she could care less. She flipped to the next channel, nothing there but infomercials. Next channel were old cop show reruns.

Jesse frowned. *Maybe I need to pay my internet bill so I could throw something from YouTube on.*

Click. “And noooooooooow, it’s time for your favorite show, The Daaaaarlings~” An old-school title card appeared, the title “The Darlings” appearing in cursive writing. The colors looked faded, the soundtrack an older vibe, and she could just hear applause in the background.

Jesse chuckled. “What the hell channel did I land on?”

The title card faded, and the screen shifted to what appeared to be a stage with a red curtain (“Wow, color. Would’ve guessed black and white.”). A second later, the announcer spoke up again, “Please welcome our lovely star, Mrsssssssss Debbie Darling!”

A figure walked into the spotlight, their hips exaggeratedly swinging from side to side. What a sight this person was, the buzz instantly leaving Jesse. It appeared to be one of those 50’s housewife stereotypes in cartoon form. She wore a pink pantsuit with a green, striped undershirt. She wore these polka-dotted pants and high pink heels. All of it covered up what was an overly curvy, full-figured body.

Jesse managed to pull her attention away from Debbie’s body to study her face. The woman had a big forehead with puffy blonde hair held up with a hairband. Her hairstyle was a cross between a bouffant and bubble flip shape. She had big, plump, red lips, pink eyeshadow, and long eyelashes. A ridiculous head to fit a ridiculous-looking character.

“Ahem.” Jesse snapped to attention as Debbie cleared her throat. The housewife smiled brightly and waved to the audience off camera. She spoke in a breathy, mature, motherly coo, “Hello, my lovely darlings, and welcome to The Darlings! Today, my silly family and I are-”

“Not even remotely f**king interested,” Jesse snarked. She had seen enough of this odd sight to satisfy her curiosity. She hit up on the remote to flip to another channel.

This time, a nature documentary popped onto screen. “As summer slowly fades and the leaves begin to change color, in the forests of-”

BZZZZZT. “...learning about the dangers of smoking and drinking.” Debbie Darling was back with a bright smile as before. However, there was almost a hint of annoyance in her eyes.

But that mattered not to Jesse in the slightest, more baffled by sudden channel hop. “I love my husband dear, and after a long, strenuous day of hard work, I understand the importance of my hubby relaxing. However, smoking a pipe for too long and having more than a big cup of scotch can be a bit much. So, we’ll-”

Jesse rolled her eyes. *Back to this s**t, and now I’m being lectured by some dumbass stereotype from the 50s.*

She took another drag from her cigarette and blew it out, relaxing again. She couldn’t help but feel that Deb was staring at her, though when she looked, the cartoon was off doing her opening spiel again. Maybe the buzz hadn’t completely left her yet after all.

Regardless, as soon as she saw the screen fading to a shot of some living room out of an old, black-and-white sitcom, she was out. Jesse took a sip of her whiskey and pressed the up button again. Nothing happened.

She waited a moment and pressed it again. Still nothing. She pressed it faster and repeatedly. Nothing. Even looking at the remote as she pressed every button on the controller did nothing. The channel would not switch from The Darlings.

“Batteries? Can’t be... just changed that s**t yesterday...”

Jesse huffed, shaking the remote and glancing at the television. Deb was talking to some man. It was probably her husband, but oddly, the picture around him looked fuzzy and blurry. It was like he was out of focus, leaving Deb with all the attention on her.

However, Jesse cared not for the poor visual quality. She only cared about what she had to do now, much to her annoyance. *Well... gotta get up and turn this s**t off manually now.*

She rose to her feet and sulked over to the TV, dumping her cigarette in the ashtray first. As Debbie began talking about something, Jesse leaned up to the set and started tapping on the channel button. However, nothing happened.

Jesse’s frown turned to a scowl. She pressed the button again and again and again. Nothing happened, nothing changed. She heard Deb mutter, “Tsk tsk”, almost like she was mocking her attempt to shut her off.

“...I don’t have time for this.” She could watch something later. She reached for the Power button and if that didn’t work, she would then just go for the power cord.

However, it would not come to that. As Jesse’s finger hovered over the button, a bolt of blue electricity jumped from the TV to her finger. Jesse shook as she was zapped, knocking her right onto her butt a second later.

“What the heck was that?!” Jesse yelled, shaking her hands in a desperate attempt to get sense back into them. “Was that a power surge or-”

“Wednesday will be a high of 64 degrees with a chance of rain later in the evening.” The Weather Channel was on now. There was no cheesy sitcom music, no Debbie Darling, no sign of The Darlings anywhere on screen.

This latest development only confused Jesse further. She muttered and stuttered out some jumbled words before eventually settling on, “God, I need a drink...”

She got to her feet, though her balance felt a little off. She wobbled in place before she felt good enough to start walking back.

Though as she walked, her stride seemed to change. Her movement became less lumbering with annoyed stomping and more dainty, lady-like steps. There were more careful, graceful footsteps along with a slight swing and shake of her hips.

Only adding to this movement was her footwear. Her black, leather boots were shrinking and morphing. Belts and leather gave away to delicate, soft material. Black was brightened to a

light, airy pink. Three-inch heels sprung forth in the back. By the time she reached the couch, Jesse now wore some pretty, pink high heels.

She sat down. Not with a flop, but with a careful wiggle of her bum and settling into it as daintily as she could. She sunk into the worn cushion like usual, but her carefulness made it feel softer somehow.

As she got comfortable, she rose again in her seat. Her rear and hips swelled just a tad, growing wider and rounder. Not a whole lot, but enough to add an extra centimeter or two to her butt cheeks. It also made her torn jeans rather snug on bum, hugging more than usual.

However, she gave it no mind, far too distracted by the oddity she had just experienced. She stared at the television screen. Still just the weather channel as it was before.

“...well, as long as everything is fine.” She reached over for her glass gently, picking it up by her fingertips instead of just clutching it.

She brought it to lips, giving a slight swirl before taking a careful sip. She twitched, shoulders tensing up. She even coughed it up a little.

Darn it, that's stuff rough. Did it finally go bad or something? She shook her head. *No... gotta because of that electrocution. Might need to give it a bit.* She placed the glass down on the table for a moment. She then picked it back up and placed it on an old napkin. The whole time, she seemed to miss the odd, red mark on the rim of her drink.

She leaned back into her sofa, deciding to just chill and let any lingering feelings leave her. However, after slouching for about five or so seconds, she felt her body ache and twitch. Frowning, she sat up straight. That helped somewhat.

But her body still did not feel quite right. She pushed her chest out a little. Better but still not there. She crossed a leg over her right thigh. That worked!

She sighed, stress dropping. Her jeans gently rubbed together as legs crossed each other. Their material quality softened, tears repairing and closing up. The dark blue tone even started taking on a reddish tint now.

Jesse took the remote and started pressing the channel buttons again. She gently flipped through each of them, her mind lingering on each show for a few moments longer than she did before. “Gold is higher than ever! You’ll...” “Detectives, we have a witness who can collaborate...” “Mmm... pass me more co-pilot.”

“And not only does our new vacuum suck up all the loose dust in those hard-to-reach places, but it can also get between your couch cushions with no problem!” She tried tapping on the button to continue on, but her finger only gently rubbed its surface and nothing more.

However, she didn't seem to notice that oddity this time, her eyes returning to the pack of cigarettes and the ashtray on the table. Perhaps it was time for at least another smoke.

Her hand passed over the pack and slipped over to the ashtray. Her cigarette was still there, smoke still wafting off of it. She leaned further over, her glasses sliding down her nose. As they slid, their frame turned from black to a dark lime green, the top of them fading away.

She pushed her half-rimmed glasses back up as she took the slim. She held it gently and delicately between her fingers, bringing it to her mouth. Her lips almost seemed to plump up to meet the cigarette, ready to take it in.

She slid the smoke in and took a drag. Instead of her usual heavy, harsh puff, her breath was lighter. She went slower, taking a more thoughtful drag, allowing the smoke's flavor to fill her mouth.

HACK! COUGH! BLECH! Jesse huffed, hitting her chest a few times and shaking her head. That taste was awful, far more dirt-like and pure nasty.

Greeeat... must've been stewing in the ashtray too long. Great night this is turning out to-what? Her brow furrowed as something unpleasant caught her mind. Her cigarette's end was stained in bright red lipstick... and her hand holding it now had longer, ruby red fingernails instead of the grungy, metallic black color.

Jesse blinked several times and leaned further in to look at her hand. Yep, still red nails. Plus, a closer look at her hand, her pigment was a lot brighter and peachier than the dingy pale it usually was. In fact, her skin positively shined, having a plastic-like sheen to it.

The skin tone though didn't register as an issue, passing it off as the apartment's crappy lighting. "Yeesh, I don't remember painting my nails this gaudy color... did the shock cause..."

She shook her head. She didn't have time to figure this out. She'd rather focus on fixing this mess, so she didn't have to stare at any longer. She put the cigarette back into the ashtray, her pinkie finger gently raised out. She could figure out the red mark on its end later.

She uncrossed her legs carefully, ready to stand. Doing so, her thighs seemed to grow thick and plump. Her poor jeans stretched further, almost on the cusp of breaking until the fabric of them turned soft, silky, and elastic.

With far better fitting pants, Jesse stood up. Well, not before wiggling her hips again to get out of her seat first.

She stood up fully, cocking her hips to the right. Her hips and lower half were super curvy, positively cartoonish in their roundness. However, she noticed not, unconsciously putting her hands on them and walking to her bathroom.

Her walk became a strut almost instantly, completely natural to her like breathing. In fact, her strutting almost seemed to be more exaggerated, her hips giving a big shake to the sides with each step. Helping things out were her high heels, having already mastered them.

Each step also brought a bit more oomph to her caboose. Her butt continued to inflate, growing fuller and fuller, past bubble butt territory and to match her hips better. Her pants transformed further to match, becoming purple, polka-dotted dress pants that fitted her figure incredibly well now.

She stepped into the bathroom and let out a small little yawn. Her voice was airy and cute, one arm stretching out far while the other covered her mouth. Her chest pushed out as she yawned, a small shiver coming to her.

Her sleeve tank top shifted now as well. Its tone brightened to a lovely green striped pattern, the material becoming silky smooth. Her collar dipped down past her collarbone, showcasing some cleavage. Small sleeves appeared as her top's bottom grew longer, dipping down to her pants and being tucked into them.

Sooooo tired, she thought with a sigh, running her hands through her hair. *Fix this and get some rest*. She reached for the light switch and popped it on.

One look in her reflection, and she let out a loud gasp. *No... no way... this can't be!!*

She threw herself against the sink and its mirror. She wasn't imagining anything. That skin tone issue? It wasn't the lights. She truly had the glossy peach tone of a toon and not just on her hands, but everywhere. Heck, it was similar in color to Deb's if anything.

Even besides the skin tone, there were her lips too. They were bright red, smothered in thick, red lipstick. It definitely explained the red marks she was leaving behind.

Though it didn't make her feel better when she saw them grow. Already looking a bit puffy, they swelled further than that. Soon, they looked like they were pumped with collagen injections and even further. Her bottom lip was huge, her top lip growing to match. Again, they positively looked like they were out of a cartoon.

"Oh carp!" She declared, her hands smacking against her cheeks overdramatically. "Oh fudge brownies!" She frowned; something was wrong.

"...fresh coffee? ...no... Why can't I feeling good swear?!" Things had somehow gotten even worse now! She had to act.

She did the first thing she could think of, raiding the cabinet beneath her bathroom sink. She grabbed her nail polish remover and filer, using them both before discarding them in the sink carelessly. Neither of them did anything to her fingernails.

She grabbed her towel and tried wiping her mouth, but only a small smudge of lipstick came off. Her lips still looked as big and oversized as ever in their thick layer of makeup. The only thing she noticed different wasn't her face, but her waist. It looked rather thin now, more than what a regular human's waist should be.

Makeup wasn't going anywhere, so she went for her clothes. She reached down and grabbed her polka-dotted trousers. Pulling them off did nothing, but her pants clinging her hips without ever budging. She grabbed her shirt and tried lifting it up and over. It stretched like an elastic band but did nothing else.

Jesse sighed, letting her shirt go and snap back to her body. Time for something drastic. She grabbed her mirror cabinet and opened it up, snatching up the scissors inside.

Closing the mirror, she flinched. In only seconds, her hair had become bright, golden yellow. It was shiny and thick, almost like it was made of plastic. It had puffed out into a massive pile of curls; a red hairband having appeared suddenly to hold some of her locks in place.

No way! She desperately reached up and tugged at the biggest lock of hair that hung over her forehead. It was like grabbing a piece of foam with how soft it was, but while also being as stretchy as elastic, much like her shirt. Her hair simply would not budge.

This would last not a second longer. She took her scissors to her hair, not caring about the results other than the destruction of the blonde locks. However, attempting to cut them did nothing. It was like cutting a piece of rubber with chopsticks.

“No no no no no no!” Jesse yelled. Her eyes widened, slightly though. Her gaze looked half-open now, bright pink eyeshadow on her eyelids appearing.

She snatched up the towel and furiously rubbed her face, glasses and all. It did not matter. Pulling the cloth back, the eyeshadow remained. If anything, her eyelashes looked a bit longer and flutterier. Her cheeks even seemed plumper and fuller.

A light, airy “EEP” left her mouth as she rubbed her face again, even faster and harder. Eventually, she pulled the towel back and gasped. Her face... her head looked different! Her forehead and noggin were massive, obscured only by her hair. Her face was shaped and sculpted differently, in a way that resembled someone very familiar.

“Oh no!” Jesse gasped, bringing a hand slightly to her face while her other hung out to the left daintily. She gulped gently, fidgeting nervously. Her movement and mannerisms were shifting further and further from her own to-

“Debbie Darling!” Jesse declared. **FA-BOOOOOOOOOM!** Her breasts blasted forward with a big lurch, jumping several cup sizes and shoving forward. They did not sag or droop, just simply pushed out firm and solid. They stretched her poor shirt out considerably, showing just a hint of cleavage and looking rather tasteful in her outfit.

“Oh dearie me!” Jesse cooed, her waist pushing in even further. “I look quite like a cartoon character!” Her voice cracked as a green choker appeared around her neck. Her tone was mature and motherly, different in pitch as well.

“I’m just like Deb...” She sighed, gently rubbing her face. She fidgeted further. How did such a thing happen?! Was this even possible? Maybe she had just passed out from drinking too much and-

“And that is how my wonderful hubby learned that moderation is the key to success.” A familiar, similar sounding voice as her own appeared. “Hopefully, you all at home learned this as well, my lovely, little darlings~.”

It was The Darlings, Debbie herself in particular. Jesse wanted to question how the show came back on... but then she started thinking. The way her night turned out, discovering that show and not being able to turn away from it. Then going to turn the TV off and-

It clicked. Jesse gasped. It all made sense. This had to be it.

She rushed out of the bathroom and back into the living room. Well, rushed as fast as she could go. Her pace was an overly exaggerated, womanly strut that swung her hips out far from side to side. Her arms and hands were held out away from them, her fingers extended rather dainty as well.

She “charged” back into the room and hurried up to the TV screen. Deb was back on her stage, waving to the unseen audience. Her eyes almost seemed to twinkle as Jesse hurried up, her gaze in her direction. It felt almost like the cartoon was looking at her.

Deb cooed, “I’ll see you all next time for another wonderful day with my family and the many things we learn together. See you later...” Her smile turned to a smirk. “...darling~.”

She placed her hands on her hips and winked, almost directly at Jesse. With that, she faded out as an old-fashioned ending credit scene played.

“What?! You mustn’t be done!” Jesse sniffled, a finger wiping a non-existent tear from her eye. “Oh sugar cookies! Whatever am I supposed to do now?”

Jesse looked down at herself again. She was a visually gaudy, cartoony nightmare. Her bright, flat color scheme stood out as a stark contrast against her dull, dirty apartment. Her clothing was hideous as far as she was concerned. Her increased curves...

Well, she liked the extra width and size in her breasts and hips. They really gave life to her, by comparison, flat old figure. However, they were still a bit too much, like everything else about her now.

She sighed, rubbing her forehead. “Oh sugar cookies, what am I going to do now? How can I fix this? Could a doctor... oh dear, how am I supposed to go outside? Everyone is gonna make fun of little old me! I can’t even imagine how everyone at work will-”

Jesse twitched. Her job at the bar, all of those rude customers, her mean boss, the constant attitude from everybody. “Oh goodness, I can’t go to work like this! No will take me seriously, and I don’t have the moxie or attitude to handle a mean grumpy gus!”

She frowned. Yeah, that attitude and voice was definitely not going to cut it at her job. She'll be eaten alive. Everything felt like a complete disaster now. How was she going to do... basically anything now or in the future?

She sighed and then lungs stung. A blast of dust went into her face and down in her lungs. She coughed ever so gently, her tone so light, airy, and oddly polite.

Puzzled, she looked around. She was in her kitchen now, holding a feather duster of all things, and dusting off the shelves. Her hand quickly stopped the moment she noticed it. "Wha-what?! H-how did I... when did... why in good heavens am I cleaning now?"

She looked back at her hand and arm, which were now dusting the counters and the many empty, dirty glasses and plates that covered it. Her body continually cleaned when she stopped paying attention, almost like it was a natural, unconscious thing for her to do.

"Oh dearie! This is much too silly now!" Jesse mumbled, "I am truly a toony housewife now. Next, I'm going to start making dinner for some hubby and play cards with a neighbor's wife or something dandy as that..."

Her hands went back to work, pulling out a spray bottle and rag now to clean the dishes. She frowned, her body just doing things without her say even as she paid attention.

She looked around the kitchen area, noticing now that her cabinets and counters seemed to sparkle. Even other parts of her apartment leading up to the kitchen shined like she cleaned up on her way over here. Her home looked rather clean for once.

Her heart raced. It certainly... certainly was nice. She bit her bottom lip, wiggling her hips as she cleaned and put dishes away. *I... I... am I just gonna wind up cleaning my entire apartment?*

She gulped, a very tiny smile forming. *Welllll... maybe while I clean, I can figure out a solution to this. I mean, it wouldn't hurt to clean this place up a bit. Dust the counters, toss out the trash, vacuum the carpets, fluff those pillows, wash and fold my laundry~.*

Her smile grew. "Y-yeah. This will be fine... right? Just make the place look neat and tidy, like a proper home for a young lady!"

THE END?