

## Smoke It Up: Smokey Incense (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

Helen sighed, pouting her lips as she looked from one stall to another in the vast sea that surrounded her. *I don't see it*, she thought disappointedly, *I've looked for about an hour and I haven't found them. Guess they don't have any this week.*

It was Saturday, mid-day, and the young mother was wandering through the marketplace like she did every weekend. It was a local affair, dealers and people who made their own products coming to an empty part of the park to sell their wares. Helen herself was a big fan of it, usually finding interesting items and knick-knacks for home.

Today though, she was frustrated. Her favorite stall, one run by a local candlemaker, was nowhere to be seen at all. *Great... looks like I'll have to deal with the apartment smelling like Zak's gym clothes for a while.*

She chuckled at the thought, shaking her head and turning to leave. *Oh well... maybe next week. Hopefully Jim is back and has some of his-*

“Hey dere, toots! Whys da long face?”

The words froze the long-haired woman in the spot, a vein bulging in her head after hearing. She turned her head, glaring in the direction of the noise as she snapped, “Excuse me? Who are you calling to-”

She was greeted by a mountain of a figure. Standing at least two feet taller than her was a brown bear anthro. However, it wasn't a normal anthro either. His fur was too bright and too... flat. His nose was big, black, and glossy, shaped like a bean almost. He wore bright blue overalls and bright white gloves. Most curious, there was a dark outline surrounding him.

*Oh... it's a toon*, she thought, frowning as she looked up. She cleared her throat and said, “Oh... never mind. I'm just gonna go now.”

“Awwwww,” the large bear declared, leaning over the counter of his stall. He spoke with a deep, thick baritone, a breath scented like cigar smoke, but not a nasty smelling one either. He continued, “I's was just worryin' dere. Youse look upset!”

Helen huffed, realizing the toon wouldn't just leave her alone easily. “My favorite stall is not here Mister... Bear, so no point in me sticking around.”

“It's Smokey Steve, lil's lady. What stall was dat?”

“...it was the candle one.”

“OH! Jimmy Boy! He's super-duper nice ands stuff! Dat's a shame youse can't get any of his candles. Dey's really nice!”

“Right, so if you excuse me, I’m just going to-”

Helen turned away to head for the exit. Turning around, she came face to face with the large bear again, now holding a big box. She nearly jumped a foot in the air by his sudden teleport, the big toon merely reaching into his box to grab something. “Youse need sumding scented, riiiiight? Youse in luck! I’s got da perfect ding fors youse!”

He pulled out a small box, the label on it: Smokey’s Special Incense. It appeared to be a box full of incense sticks that the bear seemed to have made.

Helen frowned, trying to sidestep him, “Umm, thank you, but no thanks. I don’t-”

“Have a jar fors dem? Gotcha cover dere!” He reached behind his back again and pulled out a honeypot-shaped jar with his other paw. He shoved both items into her hands, declaring, “I’ms sures dese wills make yours life a lot beddah smellin’ dan it already was!”

She looked between the items, frowning. She did not want them. She only wanted her damn candles, not some weird junk shoved onto her by some toon.

However, the young mother merely sighed, slouching forward. *He’s going to keep pestering me until I take them*, she grumpily thought. Muttering, she asked him out loud, “So... how much are these?”

“Ten dollahs!” explained the bear, “Acts nows ands youse get a free tote bag!”

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“ZAK! I told you to share with Kylie!” Helen angrily snapped, staring at her two children. She had returned home from her trip, dismissing her next door neighbor who graciously watched over her own. However, given the situation, the elderly woman did not do a great job.

“But mom, Kylie sucks so much at Mario Kart! She’ll ruin my record online if she keeps playing!” the messy, brown-haired boy whined.

“Am not! I’m just getting better, you meanie!” the blonde, 7-year old girl shot back.

“Well why don’t you both play together for a while in the multiplayer, or I’ll take the console away from you both!” Both kids gasped, pouting their lips and folding their arms. They grumbled and looked away from each other, continuously muttering things under their breath.

The young mother moaned herself, trudging off to her bedroom in the apartment. She sensed it was going to be another very long day with them. Locking the door, she tossed her new, “cigar-themed” tote bag and items onto the bed before falling onto it as well. She needed some me time for a bit before dealing with them.

*I don’t need this crap*, she thought, her voice in her head sounding little bitter, frustrated, angry mutters, *dammit... dammit, I wish Danny was here. Why did he have to be out of town? Some ex-husband...*

She rolled onto her back, her arms spread out across the bed. She grumbled, “need to relax... need to relax or I’ll just... blow...”

She stretched a little, her hand bumping against something hard. She tilted her head to the right, noticing her hand had run up against the honeypot jar. She snorted, shaking her head. Seeing the item she felt she had no choice but to buy wasn’t a clear way to improving her mood.

Her eyes turned past the jar, spotting the box of incense sticks. She grimaced, pouting her lips. *...you know what? Why not? Can’t make this anymore annoying for me now...*

Helen sat up and scooped off the bed, snatching both the sticks and jar up. She walked over to the dresser where she usually put her candles and set them down. She placed two sticks into the jar and took the matches nearby, lighting them up.

Almost immediately, a scent arose from the incense and crossed by her snout. It didn’t take her long to recognize it. She coughed and gagged, hitting her chest, “Greeaat, that smells like smoke. Wonderful... shouldn’t have expected less from a toon called Smo-”

The smell of the incense turned on a dime right there. A new scent passed by her nose, one that had a richness to it. It was hard to describe, but it was almost similar to whatever musk or cologne the bear from before had on. But the scent was much stronger and heavier than before.

Helen stood there for a moment, unreactive, unresponsive. All she had on her face was this puzzled, confused look. Not mad, just... confused.

After a moment, she closed her eyes and took a deep whiff of the smoke. Cartoonishly, her nose made the sound of a vacuum cleaner, dash lines appearing around her nostrils as if to indicate the suckage of air. Her body quivered rapidly as the smoke was inhaled quickly.

And eventually, after a full ten seconds, she let out a laugh and spoke, “**Heheh, dat smell likes sum goooood smellin’ incense, right dere!**”

She paused, her eyebrows furrowing again. She huffed, shaking her head wildly. “What da darn tootin’ heck was dat dere talkin’ ‘bout? I’s sounds like sum sort darn silly toon or sumdang, goshdarnit!”

As she shook her head, her long, vibrant blonde hair strangely acted up. It grew frizzlier in some sense, messier, and more unkempt. Well-styled locks that took a good portion of her time that morning to set was undone swiftly, the strands seemingly getting thicker as well. Most of her hair in the front seemed to end up getting stuck in front of her eyes the more she did.

Eventually, she stopped shaking her head and huffed again. She blew some of the hair from her face, but it didn’t work ultimately. Nor did she really seem to notice it much either. In fact, even the weird, bright muddy brown tone that suddenly infected it in its roots didn’t get a response out of her.

She tried brushing more of the messy hair with her hands, but it still didn't do much or even get a reaction out of her. Even as its texture turned filthier, thicker against her hand, all she did was say, "Humph, wells, whatever. Ain't like I's was ever dat gud a speakin' speaker anywho."

Helen shrugged and looked back to the jar. *Dat stuff ain't dat bads afterall! Guess dat bear was sellin' sumdang gud.*

She chuckled and took another sniff of the smoke. Her nose twitched as she sucked up the smelly gas, her gently vacuum cleaner sounds turning into a thick, dense snort.

*It smell guuuud, it smell so... so... AHHHHCOOOOO!* Helen let out a large, heavy sneeze, the smokey scented cloud being blown away with a big blast of air and snot.

As she sneezed, her face shot forward with the force of an airbag explosion. Her mouth, jaws, and nose went wide and blunt as they pushed into a big bovine like muzzle. The complete front of it was pale pink, fully smooth and almost flatley colored in a way.

The rest of the face, on the other hand, sprouted hair. Hair everywhere. Hair that coated almost every part of her skin but the eyes itself. It was more than hair, it was fur. It was scraggly, smelly brown fur, much shorter than the locks on her head.

"Phooo-wee!" declared Helen, licking her chops with a comically big tongue, "Dat incense is da best! I's dink I'm gonna be gettin' more of dis here stuff when Smokey shows up next week!"

The longer she smelled the odd incense, the better and better it seemed than the candles she usually got. *Heh, looks like old Jimmy might be losin' a regular customer soon~ ...ah means, it ain't like ah was a usual customer anyways. Ah like got only a few candles every once and a-*

"MOOOOOM! Kylie is ruining the game!"

"AM NOT! Zak is being mean!"

Helen sat right back up, her brow furrowing as her eyebrows thickened. However, it was impossible to tell with her longer hair, shrouding most of her face but her muzzle.

Helen bellowed loudly, "HEY! You two play nice or I'lls comes on right over **dere and take dat gamin' stuff away! Youse two understand?!**"

There was silence, strange silence for a while. No one said a word for what felt like entirety. Eventually, she could hear Zak say, "Sorry mom." The tone of his voice seemed off. It was like he was puzzled or weirded out by something.

Either way, the two stopped their arguing, and the apartment went silent, other than the light sounds of the game system playing in the background. Helen sighed, wiping her brow. *Wells dat takes care of dat! Gees, I's wish deys would just settle down. Mah poor o'thumpin' heart can't take all of dere shenanigans!*

She stroked the tip of her muzzle casually, “**Hmm, wonder if I’s should cool it a bit... maybe deys would be better if I’s didn’t get so gosh darn mean?**”

As she pondered that, her head wobbled, visible vibrating waves echoing out different parts of her noggin. **WOOSH! WUMP!** From beneath her shaggy hair fur, out extended two very long, dense, yellowish-white tinted horns. Following beneath them, right beneath the horns were two large, bovine ears. They twitched, shaking a bit to brush off some of the long hair.

She shook her head, long hair shaking about and yet still covering her face. “**Probably shoulda took a nicer approach anywho. Bein’ a chill dude...ette, youse dink dose kids would learn ta be chilled and relaxed too.**”

Helen shrugged, yawning. She stretched out her arms, pushing her chest as well. Her body and limbs shivered, thick, scraggly fur flowing down her neck and onto her shoulders. Her blouse puffed out, hairs sticking out of holes and between fabric as it bloomed.

Her arm sleeves puffed up as the shaggy fur moved onto her limbs. It eventually ended up poking out through the cuff of her sleeve and onto the forearms. There, it came to a complete stop at the wrists.

“**Pooo-weeee! Dang, taday and all dis bickerin’ really tired dis boy out!**” she declared, finishing her stretches, “**Time for a nice, long power nap before more parentin’!**”

It wasn’t simply just that the day was tiring her out exactly. There was another factor at play making her drowsy. It was the smoke. The room was getting rather hazy this point, the fumes seeping into every item, section, and piece of fabric in the room. It was all just making things a bit hard for her to stay fully awake as she felt more and more relaxed.

It was also beginning to make her feel rather hot. Very hot, like sweaty hot.

With that new coating of fur, that would be a problem. “**Gosh darn tootin’ hot in heres,**” she muttered, grabbing the bottom of her shirt, “**Betcha lil’ Kylie was messin’ with da thermostat again.**”

With ease, Helen pulled her top up and over her head... partially. She got it stuck on her muzzle and horns, trapping her head inside of the shirt. “**Dagnabbit!**” she grumbled, “**I’s gotta remember ta use shirts with buttons or wider neckholes! Dis is ridonklous!**”

As she pondered how she even got the shirt on in the first place, she managed to yank it off with a loud **RIIIIIIIP!** She let out a sigh of relief, tossing the tattered shirt away. *Hate wearing shirts when I’m out in public,* she grumpily thought, *human clothes are so annoying.*

When she pulled the shirt off, her body shivered and shook, bubbling all over. As the shirt raised over her torso, thick, dirty brown fur quickly sprouted over her skin, coating it. Followed by the hair growth, fat quickly poured. Her stomach and sides ballooned, blubber dripping onto her still normal-ish thighs.

Once the shirt was over her neck, her chest wobbled and jiggled. The toony, furry pelt quickly engulfed the area and shoulders, her bra tightening. Her breasts swiftly expanded, their shape becoming droopier and flabbier. Eventually, her bra snapped right off, a new set of moobs now rest on her enlarged belly.

Except for the womanly legs, Helen did not remotely resemble a woman, or even a human for that matter. She looked positively animalistic!

Scratching her belly, she mumbled, **“Much bedder! Not so hot.”**

She stretched her arms and back, wiggling her bottom onto the soft mattress before falling backwards with a soft **thud**. She rubbed herself deep into the bedding, feeling some strange, dirty texture on the back. However, she didn't really care. In fact, it felt better on her.

Her eyes started to close, another yawn echoing out of her mouth. Her hands fell onto her belly, groping it softly. They suddenly swelled themselves, fingers merging together and turning dense. Eventually, her hands reformed into fat, three-fingered hooves.

**“Time... ta... sleep...”** she muttered, her mind drifting away.

With one last big snort of the soft, smokey fumes that swallowed the room, Helen began to drift off to sleep. The smell went deep inside, flowing throughout her body one final time, causing it to quiver.

Suddenly, she abruptly sat up, her eyes bugging out as she looked to the earthy-brown nightstand, spotting the cutesy animal statue holding a clock. Seeing the time, her jaw dropped. **“I's can't sleep now!!! I's can't miss mah daily mediation fest!”**

She could hardly believe she had forgotten all about it! She's been doing deep meditation exercises and yoga and what not ever since she adopted her kids! She can't just skip out on doing them today because she's tired. That'll mess with the system!

The shock sent a wild bolt through her entire system, going straight towards her rear. Not into her rear exactly, but above. There, a nub bulged out, quickly growing and growing and growing. It extended outwards onto a long, thick bovine-like tail.

**“Heh, can't be silly ands just skip out! I's gotta keep mah inner peace and... and...”**  
**DING!** A light bulb appeared above her head and flashed on.

She smiled a big, toothy grin and declared, “Dat's it! Mediation! Dat'll make da little tykes nicer and more cool and relaxed like their old man!”

Any bit of wanting to sleep had completely left “her”, even the scent of the room was losing its drowsy edge. She felt excited, but still rather chilled and reserved in her own way. She was going to introduce her kids to her favorite things!

She wiggled excitedly as she inched towards the edge of the bed, her butt wiggling eagerly as it bloated a little. **“Oh yeah, lil’ Kylie and Zak will luv dis! I’s shoulda dough of dis sooner! Heh, guess I’s been a little too dimmy lately.”**

Helen leapt from the bed and onto her feet. Her shoes slipped right off, falling off to the sides without a care. As she landed, her feet rapidly evolved into very large, pudgy hooves, much more appropriate for the form she was taking on.

She glanced around the room. It felt... stranger, a little alien almost. She knew it was her room, it had the muddy floors; dirty, grassy bed; the simple, less impressive electronics (too much technology was just a pain); and the bookshelves full of her mediation, relaxation, and parenting books, CDs, and videos. Yet... it all felt a little off.

However, Helen merely shrugged and headed over to one of the shelves. If she was going to introduce her kids to the art of relaxation and meditation, in her mind, she needed the best of the best she had. Standing in front of the CD shelf though... which one?

She stroked her chin, mumbling title after title off as she scanned her collection. Her arms quivered gently and bulked. Having stayed mostly the same despite the fur, they began to take in pound after pound after pound. Eventually, they had fully ballooned out into a set of pudgy, fat limbs that matched her torso quite well.

**“Eureka! Dis is what I need!”** She reached out and grabbed a particular CD off the shelf. It read: Happy Cowin’: Pasture Grazing and Livin’.

**“Dis is one of mah favorites! I’s can’t wait fors dem ta have a listen ands relaxs!”** she sighed, holding the CD close to her moobs.

Satisfied with her pick, she strolled on out of her room and back towards the living room, the door to her bedroom unlocked now. Despite the rumblings caused by her large body, the kids didn’t seem to notice her approach. They were still too invested in their game.

Stepping up a few feet behind them, Helen chuckled deeply. Her legs rapidly swelled, adding fat to them at long last. The crotch of her pants swelled out as well, growing out to a cantaloupe size. Her poor pants couldn’t handle the weight they were holding back.

Helen declared in a mellow, happy tone, **“Daddy’s here ta make youse all start relaxin’. Dime for youse ta get off dem video games for a while!” POOF!** His pants blew apart, revealing a large green, fitting loin cloth over a pair of boxers.

The kids froze, the controller falling from Kylie’s hands first. The two of them looked around before jumping to their feet in shock. Their jaws dropped, looking between one another and the large yax toon that had replaced their mother.

There was nothing but silence from the two as they looked upon the new toon. The large toon, in response, huffed, **“Wells, if youse two are just gonna gawk all days ands not do anydang at all, I’s might as wells just shows ya what I’s got heres!”**

The yax headed over to the right where a large CD player set up on a table next to the wall was. Zak flinched, shaking his head before finally mustering up the courage to say something, “Wh-who are you?”

Kylie added, “Where is mommy?”

“What are you doing?”

“What’s that thing? I didn’t see it before…”

The yax huffed, shaking his head as he opened the lid on the player, popping open the case after. **“Youse two are rottin’ yours brains too much with dat machine. Let’s relax as a family ands youse will finally get it.”**

The kids tried backing up as the yak put the CD in, playing it. The atmosphere and aura in the room changed on a dime. The sound of a breeze passing through grass filled the room, followed the low cries of cows in the distance. Even the jangle of a cowbell or two could be heard as well.

Following that, the oddest things, at that moment at least, began to occur. The sound of a rushing breeze came through, followed by a soft, warm wind that passed by all of their cheeks. It smelled like grasslands and a barn, but not too unpleasant.

It was a weird combination between the sounds, the gentle breeze, and the smells but... but it wasn’t bad. Both of the kids blushed, their tension and worrying starting to diminish and trail off. Their arms sagged as their shoulders drooped, concern replaced with middling amusement and curiosity. Soon after, middling went to pleasant, glazed smiles and looks.

The yax smiled, looking at his kids and asking, **“Howse youse two feel now?”**

Kylie answered first and quick at that, “This is really nice daddy! Your sound stuff makes me feel so happy!”

Zak followed just as fast, “Not bad dad. I guess your stuff isn’t too lame... I guess.”

***Eh, I’s can settle fors dat!*** The yak grinned, nodding his head happily. ***As long as the two are relaxed ands nots at each other’s throats, I’m gud with-***

“Hey! The game!” The toon looked at where Zak suddenly pointed, noticing that game console had suddenly started sparking. The screen flickered and the smell of hot, burning plastic and metal could be heard.



“**OH GEES!**” yelped the dad toon, quickly snatching the console from the floor and setting it on a table. He quickly unplugged everything and shook his head. As a toon, electrical sparks and hot items were no trouble, but for his lovely kids, that could have been bad.

He sighed, wiping his brow. “Youse twos gotta be careful! Da mud is not da place ta play yours games!”

“But my TV is too small! It’s no fun to play the game in my room! The living room...” Zak quickly tried to explain.

“If youse was gonna do it, youse shoulda put yourse stuff on da table. The mud can mess with electronics.” The yak shook his head. While he didn’t care much for electronics outside of his CD player, since they got in the way of his minimalist lifestyle, his kids really did like them... but he wished they were a bit smarter with them.

Outside of the kids’ room and bathroom, the whole place was a muddy, filthy, animal paradise. “Helen” loved himself an earthy, grimy lifestyle. Being clean and living in ones’ own nature was the way to go. It was a bit difficult to raise his kids in that lifestyle since they weren’t always down for it, but he tried his best.

“Can... can someone fix it?” asked Kylie.

“**I’lls has one of mah friends looks at it,**” mumbled the yak, “**In da the meantime, why don’t youse two just relax and meditate with me? It’s a lots more relaxin’ ands funs.**” The two didn’t argue at all, happily nodding and heading over to him.

The yak smiled and sat down on the goopy, muddy floor, the two kids following suit. They closed their eyes and sighed, letting the atmospheric CD and unique qualities it brought wash over them. This was... nice.

In the distance, the new toon could pick up the faint trace of the incense he bought earlier in the day. The smell of it brought a pleasant feeling to him one last time.

Yandy Yax loved that incense. He was always a big fan of Smokey’s products and was so happy to test his latest idea. If all goes well, and it seemed to be, Yandy couldn’t wait to share some of this incense with the moms and dads at the park or the school his kids went to. He was sure they would all be relaxing, chilling, and having a good time with it just like him.

*THE END?*