

TOON IT UP: LIGHT MUNCHING ON HEAVY SALAD

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Patron Story done for Danuki

“No, I did not order anything! I am pretty sure that I would remember ordering something if I did, ya know!”

“Buuuuuuut, the address is labeled your place. Seeee?” The phone was held up, nearly pressed into Ross’ face. The poor guy had to push it away to actually take a look at it.

Sure enough, the address was indeed his home. That didn’t mean Ross would accept that. Again, he did not order out.

Heck, he couldn’t remember the last time he even had delivery. All fast food joints in the area were high-in-calorie businesses. After all the time he spent at the gym, he did not want any extra weight.

“I can see that,” Ross said firmly. “But, again, I did *not* order anything. I’m sorry!”

The delivery man stared at him before drooping. There was a rumble of thunder and above him, a storm cloud formed. “B-but... but I was sure this was the place.”

Ross internally groaned but spoke softly. “Look, it’s not a big deal.” He could not get used to toons no matter how many times he ran into or saw them around. Their feelings and moods shifted so wildly and that often led to huge outcomes. The last thing he needed was a storm wrecking things in the apartment complex.

The green raccoon sniffled, looking at the bag he held. “S-sorry. It’s just... the food is already paid for, and the instructions were very clear: make sure the owner gets his food! I don’t wanna have extra food left over after a delivery. That’ll look bad!”

When the eyes got huge and watery, Ross sighed. “Okay... so what exactly do you have there anyway?”

“Oh, it’s ah...” The raccoon checks his phone again. “It’s a caesar salad.”

Well, that’s not bad, right? Ross nodded to himself. *It wouldn’t be too many calories and hey, I was already a bit hungry. Salad would be fine for dinner.*

“Okay, I guess I can take it if it’s already paid for and-”

“Oh thankyouthankyouthankyou!” The toon shoved the bag into the human’s hands and started applauding with his big, fat, green paws. They made loud, thick, cartoonish **SMACK** sounds with each clap.

After a moment, the raccoon cleared his throat and let out a soft sigh, composing himself. He gave Ross a little bow. “Thank you for your patronage. I hope you enjoy your meal today. I hope you order from Chomp Squad again real soon!”

“I said I didn’t or-” But the words were ignored. The toon was already merrily skipping away down the hall towards the stairs.

Whatever. Ross closed his door and headed over to his kitchen. He tossed the bag onto the countertop and pulled the takeout container from it. Popping that open, sure enough, there was a caesar salad waiting for him.

Smells good at least, he thought as he sat down on a stool. He took out a plastic fork from the bag and popped it out of the wrapper. Looking at the salad again, it seemed so bright. He had never seen a salad this green and vibrant before where the colors just popped. It was like it was taken straight out of a commercial.

Looks and smells were fine, but that’s not what really mattered. Ross stabbed into the salad, taking a good chunk of lettuce and even a crouton out. It put it into his mouth, pulled the fork out by itself, and started to chew.

Crunch, crunch. *Hmmmm... He twitched. Tasty!*

Ross licked his lips to get the extra seasoning that lingered. His tongue stretched out and licked everything up. However, it was a little longer and its color pinker.

Not bad at all! Ross forked another chunk of the salad and popped it in. **Crunch, crunch.** *Really tasty stuff!*

SLUUUURP! His tongue stuck out again, but it was bigger than before. Almost the size of his face, it smacked against his right cheek and slid across his entire mug to the left. It turned pinker and pinker before zipping back into his mug.

His hands quivered. A curious, thick, white as snow substance appeared on the back of his hands. They started as the size of droplets and grew, swiftly spreading around the hands and going up his fingers. The substance maneuvered around the fork in his mitts while pressing his middle and ring fingers together.

From there, the gunk grew and swallowed. His hands vanished from sight as the substance expanded, inflating like a balloon. **Pfffffffffffft**. Eventually, it was like he had a two-inch thick layer around his hands, the material turning plush but leathery.

Ross casually yawned, unaware of his new, silly gloves as he took another stab at the salad. *Heh, talk about lucky!* He popped the salad in and chewed. *Hungry and a toon shows up with healthy food! I was never gonna lose weight at the rate I was going with junk food~.*

Crunch, crunch. *Wait... I don't eat junk food.* **Crunch, crunch.** *I'm already losing tons of weight at the gym and with training. Ugh, weird thoughts.*

SPROING! Ross' face shot forward in a flash. His nose shrunk, shifting down to two small nostrils at the very tip-top of his mug that faced up. His jaws and face stretched forward, the length of it narrow while the end was wide and round. The skin smoothed out, its texture rubbery and glistening.

Yeah, thinking weird. Ross got another scoop of salad. *Work out at the gym all the time and do a lot of running. Not like a salad is gonna affect anything more than that.*

Crunch, crunch. *Running and gym workouts. Do that all the time.* **Crunch, crunch.** *Wait... when was the last time I went to the gym? Feels like it was a while.*

Chew, chew. *Just last week, right?* His dense musculature began to fade. **Chew, chew.** *Last month, probably.* Biceps, abs, pecs, the whole works were melting off. *...it was last year, I think.* **Chew, chew.**

Guuuulp! *Wait.* He rubbed his forehead, his ears bending back. *When did I go last time? Ugh, brain fart!* **Pop-pop!** His ears stretched up to the top of his head, pulling out into spade-like shapes. They wiggled gently.

Hmmm... He gently stroked the tip of his muzzle casually, which let out a loud **Squeak.** *OH! Duuuuh. I don't work out! I feel like a dummy sometimes!*

GuuurrrggWoomp. His stomach rumbled as a heavy bass dropped. All at once, a load of weight suddenly struck him. A layer of fat was added to his bulk all at once, replacing all his bulging and defined muscle.

Ross shrugged and forked a few more pieces of his salad, popping them into his mouth. He did that again and again, blissfully unaware of everything. Spreading out from his gloves, an aqua green spread through skin pigment, washing away the tanned tone it was before. Skin turned rubbery and smooth as well, giving it a glossy look.

With each bite, chew, and swallow, the coloration rapidly spread across his entire body. Arms, torso, legs, and neck were all hit, the coloring going faster and faster the more he indulged himself. Aqua green covered everything, a lighter tone of it covering his chest and belly.

Burrrp. Ross coughed, hitting his chest. Across his form, a few dark green spots popped up. “Heh, well excuse me!” He shook his head. He could be such a pig sometimes.

Chomp! In went another chunk of the salad. **Riiiiiiip!** The sounds of tearing followed soon after. His socks had torn open as two feet burst through them. They were far thicker, wider, and with three fat toes at the end of each.

He gently patted and rubbed his belly, which pushed back gently as it expanded more. *Heh, well it's not like I'm that far off from being a pig~.*

His stomach rumbled. *Oof! Still hungry!* He quickly forked up a few more bites of his meal. *Daaaannng, this place sure packs a lot of tasty salad in one small container.* **Nom-nom-nom.** *I gotta have caesar salads more often!*

Ross' entire form was quaking now. His pants slid down in the back as a short, stubby tail popped out. His hips widened soon after, his legs shifting up to the sides of them. The thighs widened and rounded, his figure turning more cartoonish by the second.

Oh yeah! Crunch, crunch. Totally gonna be... Crunch, crunch. So thin after this! Crunch, crunch. I'll be a whole new guy! Creeeeeeeeeeeek. His body grew thicker and fatter by the second, his belly pushed out and down to make his figure even more round.

CHOMP! CRUNCH! Ross' belly wobbled as vibration ran from it into his head. His hair shrunk until it was completely gone. His face pushed further as his cheeks expanded out to the sides. The head flattened as his brow and eyes rose a little higher on his head. A few more subtle changes struck his mug until the last trace of humanity was gone.

A whole new hippo~! Ross chuckled. *All is lookin' up!*

The hippo toon grabbed the carrying container and opened his mouth wide, tossing the rest of the salad into his maw. **Ba-boooooooooom!** All the veggies and more went straight down his throat and into his tummy. His figure expanded further, now completely pear-shaped.

“Yuuuuuuuuuum!” Ross sighed, rubbing his belly. “Dat’s some go **BUUUUUUUURRRP!**”

One final rumble struck as he let out an impressive belch that shook the entire room. His clothing, barely hanging onto his oversized figure, rapidly changed. A muscle shirt became a loose-fitting top, one that still didn't cover his stomach or even reach his belly button. His jeans became a striped pair of boxers, far more fitting for the pear he was.

“Bwahaha!” Ross smacked the table, his belly and fat jiggling. “That was some mighty good salad there! Shoulda asked that dang raccoon where he got dat stuff from. I wanna order five more right now!”

The new toon slipped off his stool. **CREEEEEEEEEEEEAK**. The stool popped back to its proper shape. He gave his rear a good scratch and yawned. *Wonder how thin I am now?*

He looked down at himself, placing his hands on his belly and giving it a good squeeze. “Heh!” He licked his chops. “Lookie there! The pounds just melted off this wide load! I'm down four already after eatin' all dat!”

A hand reached around and pulled out a notebook and pen. “Let's see...” He flipped through a few pages and found his notes. “Yes, yes! Mmmmmhm!” He scribbled down his findings with glee. “Definitely on track to make my quota for weight loss this month!”

SMACK! He slammed the book shut and tossed it and the pen behind him, both vanishing. *Time for a well-deserved reward for all my hard eating!*

He hurried over to his sofa in the living room and hopped onto it. **BOOM! CRAACK!** The entire couch nearly broke in half right there, the rest of the room's furniture and items bouncing into the air before landing back down.

Ross pounded one of the cushions with his fist. **Pop-pop!** A remote... and a bag of chips popped out from between it and the armrest. They flew into the air and landed in his mitts.

“Nothing says reward like a little TV and food!” Ross ripped open the bag and shoveled a bunch of chips into his mouth. “Mmmm! I'll be down to a nice, slim 350 pounds in no time!”

THE END?