

Smoke It Up: New Product Available

By: Firingwall

HUFF, HUFF.

A young man with messy brown hair and sharp orange shades was hurrying over to the center of his city's park. He was hurrying over excitedly after getting news of something exciting on Facebook. A person he was following announced that she set up a small stand in the park that day and was offering a brand new, exciting, mysterious product for sale.

I wonder what it is, he wondered privately, she already sells so many treats and sweets, but the post said it would be nothing like she ever offered before either... oh! I really, really want to try this out right now!

Eventually, he reached his destination and there was no way to mistake it. It was a small shack-looking stall painted bright pink with menus of different treats lining the right and left side. There was a small little tarp over opening, which several items already laid out. This was definitely the place he wanted to be...

...but the curious-looking shop owner was fast asleep. She had her soft head resting on her arms as they laid upon the counter. She had the cutest smile and mumbled things about cotton candy, sweets, and puppies as she snoozed.

Looking at her, the new arrival didn't almost want to disturb her peaceful slumber. However, it would be a huge waste if he came all this way for nothing. The guy took a deep breath and walked over, grabbing and lifting the woman's furry, floppy, pink hair, "hey... Jessica? It's me, Vinkuro! I'm here and... Jessica?"

Jessica was a pink toon dog with a talent for writing and creating lovely, delicious treats that she absolutely loved to share with the world. The world, in this case, being the city since she could not afford to expand her business outside of the city limits. It was a shame too since her food was quite the changing and transformative experience, loved by all that tasted her food. Vinkuro was a big fan of her writing before she got into making and selling treats. Now, after he tried some of her food, he couldn't get enough of it and the idea of a new treat? That made him come a-calling.

However, the pink toon remained fast asleep, her glass slowly slipping down her canine snout. "Well," Vinkuro sighed, "this stinks... I was really hoping to try this new thing she had."

The young man turned around glumly to leave and give up, realizing he wouldn't be getting what he wanted at the moment. However, as he turned away, his eyes fell upon a curious item that was resting to far right of Jessica. It was a small brown box with a lid that was laying behind it. Within the box were at least twenty brown cigars, with a different colored band around the center of each. The label across front side said: *Smokey Steve's Toony-Heavy Cigars*.

Cigars? Vinkuro thought, pulling a cigar out with a red band, *why would Jessica be selling these? They're not sweets, treats, or ice cream at all and she doesn't seem to be the smoking type at all. Is this the new product she mentioned on her Facebook?*

He glanced Jessica, looking over his orange shades at the dog. She was still fast asleep and had a huge, dopey grin on her face. He then looked at the cigar in his hand and smelt it out of curiosity. It didn't smell like any cigar or cigarette he smelt before. It was rather sweet and delightful smelling to be honest, like one of the dog's own tasty treats.

Oh so this is just like a sweet candy cigar or something, he thought as he looked it over some more, *you smoke it and it probably tastes like candy or something. I wouldn't put it past her.* He smiled, liking his reasoning and deciding to believe that, despite no evidence.

Vinkuro noticed a price tag of five dollars next to the box, along with a lighter tied to a string. Scratching at his chin, he glanced back at the snoozing toon and smiled. He pulled a five-dollar bill from his pocket and stuck it into the dog's super thick, cartoonish paws carefully.

I'll just give this a go then, he thought pleasantly, *as long as I pay, she won't mind me just taking one and not waking her up.* With that, the young man flicked open the lighter and lit the tip of the cigar. Taking a deep breath, he put the cigar into his mouth and takes a deep drag of it.

Not unexpectedly, the smoke was a bit powerful and his mind went completely woozy, the world wobbling and vibrating around him it looked like. The smoke and taste of it was incredibly sweet, like ingesting or snorting a bucket of sugar, his arms and legs twitching uncontrollably. However, despite that wobbliness and twitching... Vinkuro quite liked it.

"So-so w-w-w-weird," he jittered out. As he did that, two large, tannish white horns pushed out of his skull. The horns stretched outwards, before curving forward into two long, sharp points. Following that, his ears stretched and pulled outwards into an oval-ish shape.

The young man did not notice the new bull-ish editions to his body, finally exhaling the sugar smoke through his mouth. His body calmed down and he take a deep, relaxing breath. Wiping his forehead, he looked at the cigar in his palm and mumbled, "what a rush... I... I... let's do that again!"

With that, he put the cigar back in and took another deep drag off it. His body shivered and his eyesight blurred again, but less so than before. Brown fur began sprouting across his legs and arms, his only arm & leg hair thickening to match the new pelt he was developing. Fur spread across both of his limbs from top to bottom, stopping just at his shoulders and hips. His fingernails darkened, spreading over and around his fingertips completely.

With that, he exhaled the smoke once more, some of it slightly seeping through his nose. As he did, his arms and legs expanded considerably as his muscles bulked up and pushed against his tight skin. He now had bodybuilder-sized legs and arms, which he happily flexed once he noticed them.

“This is soooo awesome,” Vinkuro chuckled, the cigar still in his mouth as he repeatedly flexed his arms over and over. Even without taking a drag, smoke wafted up his nose as his body continued to transform. A small, but thick brownish tail with a big tuft at the end slipped out between his shirt and the top of his jeans, whisking to each side excitedly.

As the smoke of the cigar filled the air, the scent of it passed by Jessica’s canine nose. Her snout sniffed the smell as her ears and his maw twitched. Her eyes creaked open and loud, cute yawn escape from her muzzle. Stretching out her arms and sitting up straight, she muttered, “oh... oh my... who is smoking right...”

Her head tilted to the right, noticing Vinkuro for the first time as he took another deep drag from his cigar. Her eyebrows raised as witness brown fur spreading up his neck and covering his face, leaving no trace of visible skin anywhere. The fur around his nose and mouth was slightly lighter, standing out even more against his darker fur tone as his nose lifted up and it and his mouth stretched forward. They pushed and pushed out into a tough, thick, bull snout and muzzle.

Vinkuro exhaled, the cigar smoke this time pouring out of his flat nostrils. Once done, he turned his head and noticed Jessica’s stares, his face lighting up with excitement. “Hey sweetie!” he cried out, “You’re finally awake! I’m trying out one of your new cigars and... don’t worry! I paid you! You don’t need to give me that look.”

Jessica looked in her paw, seeing the bill in it. She pocketed it and simply replied, “actually, I wasn’t bothered by that Mr. Vinkuro. It’s just... weird and stuff...”

“What’s weird?” he asked. His shirt began tightening on his body as his torso inflated, muscles and tendons swelling several times over. Eventually, his shirt rip off, leaving him completely topless. With his shirt “off” now, his brown fur coat and gigantic pecs and abs were visibly shown. He was now a complete-looking bull man.

She sighed, scratching the back of her head and answering, “it’s you dude bro. I mean, you are swole like mad brah and it’s sooooo kewl... but it’s not really toony, is it?”

Vinkuro glanced at himself back at her, “I guess it’s not, but what would... oh! This should work then!”

Vinkuro took a huge drag off the cigar, breathing and taking as much smoke as possible before expelling it all out at once. As he spoke, the fur on his hands began changing color. It’s dark shade of brown brighten into a vibrant, shiny red. The color expanded from his hoof-like fingertips and up his arms. He smiled and told the toon dog, “there we go! That’s what you want, right?”

“...not exactly. It is missing something,” continued the toony dog. She suddenly quieted up as Vinkuro’s arms ballooned up yet again. However, his muscles didn’t get larger or his arm grew beefier. In fact, they turned flabby and chubby, all definition completely lost. The toon dog grinned and replied, “there we go! That’s what I’m referring to.”

“What this stuffs?” Vinkuro replied, looking over his arms as he continued to smoke away, the cigar still hanging from his maw like nothing had ever happened. The red color stretched up his throat and over his entire face, the fur at the tip of his muzzle turning to a pale red. His own brown locks fell away as his cheeks grew chubbier, a double-chin developing underneath his bovine muzzle.

“It’s *Smokey Steve’s Toony-Heavy Cigars* silly billy!” giggled Jessica. She grabbed a cigar from the box herself and twirled it in her paws, giggling on, “These babies make ya into a very heavy, roughish-sounding fat toon animal! It’s a bit different from what I usually sell, but I think there’s a fanbase out there for these bad boys!”

Vinkuro took another drag of the cigar and pulled the cigar out, blowing more smoke into the air. There was no shiver or twitch them, his body calm and relaxed as he packed on more and more weight. His pecs turned into a flabby pair of moobs and his gut pushed out. He sighed and asked, “so yous sayin’ that dat I’mma big chubby toons guy now lil’lady?”

“I wouldn’t say chubby,” Jessica stated, blowing away some of the smoke with the spinning cigar in her hand, “Fat is more accurate, but yeah. That’s what’s happening? Mad?”

He took a final drag off the cigar and blew the smoke out with his nostrils, somehow making several rings of smoke. The dog girl applauded excitedly and he answered in a roughish voice, “nah. I gots no problem with ya lil’lady. This justs a lil’differents, ya know? Reals different and stuffs. This ain’ts permanent, is it?”

Jessica giggled and patted Vinkuro’s stomach, which gurgled and inflated out into a large, protruding pot belly. “Of course not,” the dog girl replied, “I wouldn’t want to get sued or anything like that. I hope you enjoy the form! It’ll last for a full day after smoking that cigar, so come back if you want more!”

“Well do’s Jessy,” Vinkuro chuckled, patting and rubbing her head. With that, he turned around and started heading back the way he came.

He continued smoking his cigar, leaving a large trail of smoke clouds in his wake wherever he walked. As he returned to the park’s entrance, his stomach gurgled again, but this time, his gut didn’t grow any bigger. He just felt... something.

Boy am I’s gettin’ hungry and stuffs, he thought, I’s wonder if theres a good place to get some grub around here’s? ...preferably, all you can eats...

THE END