

Toon It Up: Fine Print on Vacationing

By: Firingwall

Story done for & Featuring Royal_Poodle & Mousey_Mogg of FurAffinity

“Meeeeehhhhhhhhh...” Royal peeked into the living room. “Ehhhhh...” The familiar, exhaustive sounds came from over on the sofa.

There laid his boyfriend, Mogg, resting on his side. His eyes were dull, his face blank. He had only gotten home a few minutes ago, and now, it looked as if he was on the verge of dying... spiritually-speaking.

Royal frowned, hands tensing. Mogg looked bad since he'd arrived, not even noticing his boyfriend welcoming him home. The situation had only continued to deevolve since then. It hurt to see him like that.

“Hey Mogg...” Royal walked into the room. “Bad day?” His response was yet another long, empty “meeeeehhhhh.” That answered that.

“Do you... want to play any games?”

“Ehhh...”

“Do you want to watch something?”

“No thanks.” Well, he said words that time, so that was better... maybe?

Royal was growing worried. *Work must be getting worse. I know he said things were exhausting recently, but I didn't think it would be this bad.* He frowned, hands gripping the sides of his jeans. *I can't see him like this.*

There was only one solution then. *I was going to save this for when we were closer, but... why not? Now is the right time.*

He smiled and leaned in. “Hey, I got something I'd like to tell you. Now, it's still a bit off from now, but I think you'll like it.” Royal cleared his throat. “I have something special planned for us happening in a few weeks.”

With those words, Mogg seemed to awaken. He looked up at him, his eyes alive and filled with intrigue. “What?”

Royal smiled. "We've been swamped at work, and it's draining the life out of us. I decided that we need to get away for a while. Just some time to ourselves to have some fun. So, I checked our schedules and found something that lined up perfectly for us."

Mogg sat up. "R-really?" His eyes darted around, flabbergasted on how to speak. "But... but I-I thought we-"

"I know. I know our budget but I found something nice." Royal's smile turned to a big grin. "It's a little B & B that's somewhere close and affordable."

"Somewhere close..." Mogg's eyes lit up as he gasped. "Wait, you don't mean-"

"Yep! It's time for a nice weekend away at-"

"Hiya friend!"

"Awww, ain't you two cute?"

"Have a splendidferous day!" Several bright bluebirds chirped in a sing-songy way. They flew circles around Mogg and Royal's head before rising into the air and disappearing above the trees. The two's faces were beaming with joy.

"This is great!" Mogg exclaimed, watching them vanish. He looked back at his boyfriend, eyes so full of life. "Thank you **so** much for this!"

"Of course, anything for you!" Royal grinned. Things were looking up even before they got to their destination.

The two of them had arrived in a special part of their home city, one that they had been meaning to visit for a long time. They were in ToonTown, in particular the big park it had.

Now, if one were to look at a map and see where ToonTown was in their city, it would seem impossible to fit something the size of Central Park in it among all the other buildings. However, it was best not to question the logic of toons and their city planning skills.

Neither of them cared either. They loved toons with all of their hearts. They were such lovely, fun, and upbeat folk that made every day a little better seeing them. Sure, they were often causing mischief and shenanigans, but always the fun kind in the couple's mind. Now, they were

going to spend a long weekend with them in their colorful world. It was just what the doctor ordered (probably a toon doctor, to be specific, too).

Royal adjusted his suitcase in his hand and checked the map on his phone again. *Should be coming up soon.*

“This is going to be so incredible!” Mogg chimed as Royal put the phone away. “Thank you so much for this!”

“You said that like fifty times already,” Royal chuckled.

“And I’ll probably say it a hundred times more.” The two smiled and kissed, continuing on their way.

The two started onto a bridge, passing a group of jogging toons. One was a cat leading a pack of dogs. Though it could’ve been the dogs were chasing the cat. It was hard to tell either way. The two smiled at the scene and felt their excitement grow even more.

Passing over a large pond, Mogg glanced around. “So, how much farther is it? Feel like we should’ve seen something by now.”

“Well, it should be coming up if we stick to the path. We can unpack soon.”

“Okay...” There was a small pause as they reached the end of the bridge. “Feels weird, though. Shouldn’t a bed & breakfast be near the park and not **in** the park?”

“Maybe? Don’t worry; everything’s good. I did all the research on the place, checked the pictures, reviews, and more. It’s all on the up and up here.” Royal was telling the truth. It did all look good. Admittedly, he was a bit worried by the lack of buildings around, but he felt ninety-five percent confident!

Up ahead of them now was a rather wooded area of the park, the area dimming as they stepped onto the darker path. The sounds of the city were dimming, giving the area a relaxing, peaceful quality to it that put them at ease.

They walked in silence, looking around at the sights and enjoying the peaceful air. “Hmm?” Mogg was the first to break the silence. “Hey, isn’t that a mailbox?”

Around the bend, a mailbox came into view. It was standing on the side of the path, a smaller, less obvious trail leading up to a tree. “Oh,” Royal said with a chuckle, “Maybe a squirrel toon lives there or-”

His eyes widened, and he found himself rushing over. The address on the side of the box, he recognized it. He nearly dropped his suitcase as he pulled out his phone again. He checked it against his info and lit up. “We’re close! The place is just further down the path!”

The couple hurried along the path, checking each mailbox as they did. Their hearts were racing, eyes widening. They were almost there!

“HERE!” Royal eventually yelled, abruptly stopping. Mogg almost skidded into him like a comedy sketch, just barely stopping. They found the right mailbox. They were there.

Possibly. Looking down the trail from the mailbox, they found a large oak tree. It looked like most of the other trees they passed outside of a hollow in it. There was no building nearby, and they couldn’t see a treehouse either.

“Maybe there’s a door?” Royal mumbled, glasses tilting down his nose, “I mean, toons could probably have a door in a tree that opens up into a large house, right?”

Mogg walked up to the tree, looking up and down it. He slowly circled around it, his expression looking dimmer by the second. “I... I don’t see anything. I don’t see anything that looks like a doorway or even a doorknob.”

He walked back, dropping his luggage. “Are you sure this is the right place? Maybe the address or GPS is wrong. I mean, this is ToonTown. Does GPS even work here properly?”

“I-It should be here!” It had to be there. They must’ve been missing something. He needed to take charge and keep things calm. He was anxious and nervous enough as it was.

Checking the web page on the B&B again, he found the phone number for the owner. “I’ll just call them. I’m sure they’ll be able to help us out.”

Royal called. **BZZZZT . BZZZZZZZZT . BZZZZZAAAAPT!** *Probably not going to get used to those sounds when I call a to-*

“Yello!” An exaggerated, New Yorkish accent greeted his ears. *“Dis is da offices of Mister Stinker’s Fine, Cozy Stays. Howse may I’s help ya today?”*

“Hello, I called a while back, so you probably don’t remember me. I’m staying at one of your B&B locations over in the park. Umm, I have some questions about this... tree. Can I speak to whoever is managing the place or anybody?”

“OH!” The secretary chimed, *“Dat’s run by da ownah, Wesal Trickums! I’lls direct yah ta him, right now! Hold, please.”*

Beep, beeeep, beeeep. Royal pulled the phone away from his head and looked at it. It sounded like the secretary was making those noises.

“Dis is Wesal Trickums!” A new, far deeper and sleazier voice answered now. **“Whaddya want?”**

“Oh!” Royal nearly dropped his phone in surprise by the sudden gruffness. He recognized this voice. “Ahh, this is Royal. I contacted you a few weeks ago about staying at one of your places, the bed & breakfast in the park. I have some concerns here about the stay.”

“Royal...” Wesal pondered. The sound of thick smacks could be heard as if he was tapping his chin. **“Royal... AH! Yes! Youse da boi dat wanted ours finest B&B in ToonTown!”** There was a gruff snort. **“Concerns, eh? Youse sayin’ my establishment ain’t classy ‘nough for yours human sensibilities, flatfoot?”**

“N-no!” Royal stammered. He didn’t want this to turn bad fast. “We-We’re at t-the address, b-but we don’t see anything he-here! We’re just confused!”

There was a pause. **“Oh really? Humph. I’m stoppin’ by!”**

“Greetin’, screwballs!” Royal and Mogg both jumped together. **“Ors should I’s say, stooges! Heh.”** The two turned, finding a toon had appeared behind them. It was a lanky-looking weasel with red-brown fur and a long snoot, all stuffed into a fancy business suit that seemed far too wide for him.

Royal instantly recognized the voice. **“Youse havin’ problems ‘ere or sumthing?”** The weasel stepped between them and looked at the tree. **“Youse two practical jokesters? Dis is da place, right ‘eres!”**

The couple looked at the tree again and then at Wesal. The toon sighed, rolling his eyes. He walked up to the tree and pointed to where the hollow was. **“It’s right dere! Ugh, human customahs, I’s swears!”**

Royal and Mogg hesitantly approached. They leaned in and looked into the hollow.

Greeting their sights was a very small but fancy-looking living room. It had large windows that peered out onto the park, nice furniture, and a doorway in the back that led to what appeared to be a kitchen. There was even a squirrel toon, busy sweeping the living room.

The toon looked up, seeing the gawking couple. She smiled and waved to them, not even phased by their presence.

The two stepped back. “**See?**” Wesal declared, “**Best place ins town! Happy?**”

Royal rubbed his head. “I just... I, ah... no!” He shook his head. “No, we're not happy! We can't fit in there!” He checked his phone again quickly, scrambling over to the webpage. “Your listing never mentioned anything about that little fact.”

“**Heh, little,**” the weasel snickered. Royal just glared at him, angry beyond belief. The toon seemed to get the hint and sighed. “**Pfft, it did list dat! Youse gotta read da small print!**”

Wesal reached behind him and pulled out a laptop. He opened it, the screen showing the listing for the B&B. He scrolled down to the very end and pulled out a magnifying glass, holding it up to the bottom. There, the couple could see something.

In incredibly small text were two sentences: **Rodent-sized renters/visitors only. Not applicable for the large-inclined.**

“**Seeeee?**” The weasel smugly grinned, putting his laptop away.

“Well, that's just shady as hell!” Mogg groaned. He accusedly pointed at the weasel, nearly poking him right on his bulgy snoot. “You're just a crook!”

“**I'ms offended!**” Wesal declared, smacking his cheeks and “gasping”, “**I's put alls da details right dere! It's “centralized with a view” ands listed alls da necessary warnings, ands youse boozos are complain'!**” He snorted and folded his arms.

“Well, this isn't going to work. I want my money back!” Royal snapped.

“Of course... can't catch a break when trying to have fun, can we?” Mogg sighed long. That depressive look was coming back, clouding his face over. Royal could feel his heart twist. This isn't how he wanted this to go. He wanted them to have fun, not be screwed over by some shady, literal toon weasel stereotype.

“It'll be okay,” Royal said, patting him on the shoulder. “I'm sure we can salvage this if we go somewhere else.”

“Wellllllls...” The two looked at the weasel. The toon had a somber look on his face, stroking his chin. “**Sounds likes dis didn't works out well for ya, I's see. I'ms sure we's can come to an understandin' if yah want.**” There was a little, friendly smile now. “**Howse 'bout I's get ya fitted for a proper toony stay, even toss in a fixin' for yours luggage fors free?**”

“Wait... really?” Mogg perked up, hope in his eyes.

Royal could see hope in his eyes, his spirit lifting. However, he wasn't exactly convinced, eying the toon suspiciously. “There's a catch here, isn't there?”

“**For makin' youse boys fit in?**” The weasel waved his hand. “**Only a small finder's fee, just a fifth of what yah paids ta stay! Ain't nuthin' ta be worried 'bout!**” He smiled. There was no smugness or trace of his trickster aura in his tone, putting Royal slightly more at ease.

He looked at Mogg, who was looking even brighter now. “So,” Royal cleared his throat and asked hesitantly, “What do you think?”

“Well, I'm more optimistic now.” Mogg softened. “But, if you're still worried, it's okay. We can leave and try staying in ToonTown again some... some other time.”

It was probably the right move to do, considering how things turned out and how the situation felt. Royal almost agreed to just getting their refund and going home right there.

But in his mind, he remembered. He saw how Mogg looked before he told him about the vacation. He remembered how they both felt at work, especially his boyfriend. The exhaustion, drain of it all... how this was supposed to be their escape from it, if only for a weekend. Most importantly, he saw how Mogg looked when he told him the news and how excited he was to be doing this.

He couldn't turn back.

Royal looked to Wesal. “Alright, we'll agree to it. You still have my card on record, right? Just charge it again for this.”

The weasel grinned. “**Done ands done, buddy!**”

The toon reached into his jacket and pulled out two large documents and two comically big fountain pens. “**Heres da contracts!**” He shoved the paperwork and writing utensils into

their hands. **“Has all details and liabilities fors “fitting in”. Alls da fees, handling’, whatnots, ands da yadda yaddas, okays?”**

Royal and Mogg gave their contracts a once-over. Admittedly, they didn't read them much in detail. It all seemed like standard stuff, though with a lot of toon vernacular and phrasing used that made it a touch difficult to understand.

Still, they signed the paperwork without much fuss. **“Yoink!”** Wesal declared, pulling everything away once they did. **“Pleasure doin’ business with youse two!”** He stuffed them back into his jacket in one smooth motion.

“Now, let's get yah set up!” This time, Wesal reached behind him. His arms whirled about, his tongue sticking out as he felt around. The two watched eagerly, excited to see a toon do their pull-thing-out-from-behind-their-back-with-ease trick. **“Holds your hands out, flatfoots!”**

WHOOOSH! His arms moved from behind his back, moving so fast they were a blur. He swished them across their hands before dropping them to his sides. **“Dere ya go!”**

The couple were now wearing a pair of toon gloves. They were bright white with two black dots on the back. They were incredibly thick and pudgy, over three times the size of what his hands were.

The two of them gasped, trying to move their hands. It was a bit difficult to do due to their size and bulk. They weren't heavy and rather soft, but they just felt so off on their hands, and it was nearly impossible to move their digits right with how they rubbed against each other.

“What the hell is this?” Royal asked Wesal, glaring at him.

“Alls part of da plan!” The weasel dismissively waved his hand. **“Plus, just a new, long-lasting souvenir fors your trip inta town!”**

“Well, it is pretty neat.” Royal looked back at Mogg. He was looking intently at his new gloves. He seemed to be trying to move his fingers, which were stiff despite his wiggles. “I mean, we go to ToonTown, so shouldn't we get toon gloves?”

Well, I guess so, but it's weird... Royal looked at his mitts. He tried moving his fingers again. They moved a bit more naturally than before. *Huh? I've only wore them for a minute, but*

When he looked back at him, something made him pause. He looked closely at Mogg's gloves. Something was sticking out of their holes. He narrowed his eyes. No, it wasn't sticking out. It was on his skin, going over his wrist and crawling up his arms.

It looked like Mogg was growing grayish blue fur.

“Hmm?” He noticed Royal's stares. “Something wrong? Why are you... hey, what's with your arms?”

Royal snapped his attention down. It was happening to him as well. Growing out of his wrist and up his arms was fur. It was reddish brown fur, but still fur nonetheless.

No way... Royal couldn't say a word. He was speechless, dumbfounded. All he could do was watch the fur crawl up his arms and disappear beneath his sleeves.

Though, staring at them, there was something else off about them. It wasn't just that the fur looked more like flat paint unless one really squinted hard at it. It was more his limbs in general. They were thinner, almost noodley in a way.

He tried moving and shaking them. They wobbled and shook with his motion, but they swayed and wiggled like rubber. They were loose and bendy, almost like-

“What's going on with your arms?” Mogg asked. He looked down at his own, flinching. The gray fur was over them now, their shape just as wiggly and narrow. He grabbed one of his arms, his mitt moving far more naturally. “It's so... squishy and soft. It's like they're...”

“Toonifying,” Royal muttered as it all clicked.

POP! The two of them twitched. **POP-POP-POP!** The sound came from below.

Their shoes were gone. They stood now barefoot... to an extent. From their toes to the bottom of their calves, their style of fur had grown over them. Their feet were odd and strange, longer and with wider ends. They both had animal paws with thick pads and three digits each. Mogg had the smaller feet while Royal possessed pudgier toes.

“Wow...” Mogg breathlessly spoke, wiggling his cartoony toes.

Royal turned to Wesal, who was watching with a discerning look. “You're toonifying us!”

“Wells, yeeeeeah!” The weasel gave him the oddest of looks. **“Of course youse bein’ toonified, dum-dums! I’s dough dat was obvious!”**

“But why?” Mogg asked, looking at him as well. He looked less concerned and more curious about the situation. From his dark hair, pointed squirrel ears popped out. They vibrated as they came into view, shaking like a wire.

“Ain’t dat obvious too?” Wesal rolled his eyes, Royal frowning at him as his own, smaller and slightly rounder, animal ears popped out from his hair. **“Youse two wanna still stays heres, right? Wells, howse youse suppose ta stay here if youse don’t fit in?”**

The two “humans” went quiet. **“Mhm. Can’t fit in if youse ain’t properly toony, can ya? Can’t go squeezin’ dose borin’, stable, solid humans forms inta dat nook dere, riiiiight?”**

“I mean...” Royal shifted in place. His pants felt oddly tight now. “I guess so, but I dunno about being toned out of the blue without warning.”

“Yeah, same.” Mogg shifted a bit in place too. He gripped the top of his pants, moving and readjusting them. “I think you should’ve told us before-”

RRRRRIIIIP! FWWOOMP! A blaring sound cut through the peaceful tranquility of the forest, making all three of them jump in surprise. The sound blasted out from behind Mogg, who made the loudest “yelp” out of them. Several patches of denim had been blown away.

A huge, nearly double him-sized tail had grown. It was bluish-gray as his fur and incredibly fluffy. White stripes went up along the sides of the tail as it curled back at the tip, giving it a distinct squirrel look.

“Holy nuts!” Mogg exclaimed.

“Salty peanuts, dat’s big!” Royal gasped. He smacked his gloves against his face in shock, just like a cartoon. His head vibrated like he was smacked between two cymbals. He didn’t mean to do it. It just happened naturally, instinctively even.

With the shaking, the vibrations went from across his face and settled in his nose and teeth. His sniffer shook all the way to the tip where it turned as red as a tomato. It began ballooning, turning oval and sucking his nostrils into its snooty new look. The top two front teeth jittered, extending out of his maw as a pair of buck teeth.

“Big...” Mogg murmured, “So big!” He reached around for his tail, hesitant at first but quickly snatching it up. He held it to his face, nuzzling into it. He began to dopely smile. “So fluffy too.”

It kind of does look fluffy. Royal fidgeted a bit. His pants just kept feeling tighter, especially in the back. *Wait... am I growing a tail too? I... I guess that would make sense. ...will it be as fluffy as that too?*

Before he could think about that, pressure had been lifted. His jeans weren't squeezing him anymore. It was a bit of relief, making him relax.

However, the feeling passed as something caught his eye. *Wait, where did his pants go?!*

Mogg was pantless, lacking underwear too! Royal had only looked away for a moment, barely a blink or two at that. Suddenly, his boyfriend had nothing below! All that was left were wallet and phone, now scattered in the grass around him.

His heart began pounding as he felt a chill. Looking down, he flinched as well. His pants and boxers were gone as well! His own stuff was lying on the dirt the same.

As embarrassing as it all was, there was something else. There was nothing remotely objectionable or censor-worthy. Their entire lower halves were fur-covered, not a trace of skin was visible. Their legs were shorter, but the real eye-catching thing was the lack of something. Their crotches were completely null and empty. They were tooning up and experiencing cartoon nudity at its finest and most TV acceptable.

“Oh Sugar Babies!” Mogg gasped, realizing what was up now. “I liked those pants like I liked my shoes.” He sighed glumly, looking at Royal.

Then, an eyebrow cocked. “Wait a minute... turn around!”

Confused, Royal did. “Ah-ha! Tail!” Looking over his shoulder, he could see it as well. There was a tail, significantly shorter than Mogg's. It was a little shorter than his forearm, but at least double that in width with how fluffy it was. It was coated in dark brown fuzz with pink-brown side stripes.

He stroked it. It certainly felt nice, but... Royal glanced at Mogg's tail. *Not as big.* He shook the thought from his mind. There was no need to be jealous over something so silly!

Royal turned to face Mogg. He was mostly squirrel-ified (if that was a word) and presumably, he himself was looking very chipmunk-ish too. There were a few things left about them now, traces of their old selves. Everything felt so alien and different.

He tried to say something that'd ease any potential worries or concerns to Mogg. However, he was cut off. Quivers and shakes broke out, visible vibrations raising off his body like a cartoon aura. Mogg tried to speak as well but vibrated too.

“Looks likes dis is da end!” Wesal commented. **“Time ta pick ups da pace! Youse two don't wanna spend a second longer aways from dat vacation of yours, eh?”**

He was true to his words. Everything started coming in fast.

Mogg's mouth opened, his teeth, shiny and teeth, wobbled and quivered. **SPROING!** The top two front teeth extended out, widening and thickening. Even closing his mouth, the teeth stuck out of it.

Fur is growing fast and rapidly everywhere, coating every part that wasn't covered yet. It especially grew out around the chest and neck, looking rather puffy and rough while providing extra warmth.

Fur crawled up their necks and up the back of their heads. Their hair began shrinking and shrinking, their color brightening to match their fur tone. Soon, all they had was just fur, no trace of their hair left.

They looked at each other, tensing up. Royal could feel his heart racing, and he knew Mogg was feeling the same. They both loved toons and now, they were becoming them.

There was a sudden ringing in Royal's ears, and a numbing sensation fell over his head. It felt so strange and made his vision woozy, eyes clenching shut. Mogg felt and did the same, the two's noggins vibrating and pulsing.

Slowly, their heads shifted. Royal's cheeks grew puffy while Mogg's went wider and oval-shaped. A lighter tone of fur sprouted around their mouths and front of their necks. Mogg's nose turned bright blue and swelled, turning a tad triangular.

Their mouths jittered and clattered, jaws creaking forward slowly. That was until they suddenly shot out several feet long, reaching the other and kissing. Then, they snapped right back, forming short, blunt rodent muzzles.

“**Ahem!**” The two opened their eyes and looked to Wesal. The toon had a smug grin, looking between them. “**So, what do youse say, boys? Likes what ya see?**”

Royal and Mogg looked at each other again. Their old selves were no more. Sure, they still wore their old shirts and glasses, which had thankfully changed to accommodate their cute ears, but otherwise? They were toons. One was an adorable, red-nosed chipmunk and the other was a silly, blue-nosed squirrel.

The two just stared in awe, mouths hanging open as they took in their goofy cartoon partner. Seeing themselves now completely toonified, it was hard to put into words what to say. What could actually even be said?

After what felt like a long time, Mogg made the first move. He stepped forward, his fluffy tail bouncing with each step and swaying about. Royal could feel his heart racing, not sure what was happening. His boyfriend stopped before him and looked deep into his eyes.

Boop! Mogg poked Royal right on the snoot, a cute sound effect playing. He smiled. “Heh, pretty neat nose!”

Royal's heart fluttered, a giddy feeling flourishing up within him as literal hearts floated off his head. “Yeah, but probably not as good as that fluffy mass of a tail!” Mogg's tail wiggled and wagged a little like a dog.

The two's smiles turned into big, dopey grins as they started chuckling. “Yeah, my tail is pretty nice!” Mogg brought it around and stroked it. “Yours is nice too.”

“I guess.” Royal looked over his shoulder and shook his null rear, his small tail wiggling. “It's not as great as yours though. It's so small.”

“Hey, it's okay!” Mogg nuzzled him. “Chipmunks are still very cute and lovable.” Royal chuckled and nuzzled him back. That felt good to do!

Honestly, everything felt great! Maybe because they were fans to begin with, but being rodent toons was such a pleasant, wonderful feeling. It was like all their senses were heightened, awareness brought to the next level. The world looked brighter and more colorful than it already was. It just felt so good!

“**Wells, it's good yours enjoyin' yourself!**” Wesal spoke, suddenly stepping in between the two. He gently patted their shoulders. “**Buuuut, wes ain't done yet! Youse two ain't completed!**”

“We're not? What... oh!” Royal realized it. Sure, he and Mogg were toons, but they were still pretty big. Maybe a little shorter now since they were at Wesal's height, but still much too big to fit into that hollow in the tree.

“Yeah...” Mogg seemed to notice that fact as well. “So, what do we do?”

Wesal said nothing. He just smiled. Just smiled as each of his mitts went from patting their shoulders to patting their heads. His smile grew wider as his hands stopped patting and just rested on their noggins.

SWOOMP! All at once, Wesal jumped and shoved down on both of them. The world around the former humans rapidly changed, everything looking bigger and bigger and bigger. It was overwhelming and dizzying, everything rapidly rising above them in a matter of seconds.

Soon, everything was gigantic. The entire world loomed high above their heads. They were so small, just standing taller than Wesal's big feet. The only thing that stayed the same was their clothing, happy that they didn't shrink out of those at least.

“Now dis is what youse lookin’ for!” The weasel boomed, towering over as he looked down on them. He was speaking at his normal pitch but it sounded so much deeper and heavier than it once did now.

The sight of him and the volume of his voice made their hearts race. The feeling only grew worse as he reached down slowly, like a monster reaching for its prey. The two panicked and tried to run even though there would be no real danger.

They were not fast enough and were snatched, picked up by the scruff of their shirts. They were lifted into the air, their arms and legs flailing about so much that they were a blur like out of a proper cartoon. They were too freaked out to appreciate that amusing detail.

“Here ya go, boys!” The weasel walked and held them up to the hollow. **“Enjoy!”** With a casual flick, he tossed them in, the duo landing in a big heap in the now much more fitting room. **“Gimme a sec, ands I'lls have your luggage ands junk ready!”**

The couple groaned, birds and stars circling their heads. *Well... that was rude.* Royal thought, lying on his tummy while Mogg lay sprawled across his back.

“Greeeeeetings, cuties!” A high pitch, much nicer voice greeted their ears. The two looked up and saw the toon squirrel from before. She dusted off her pink apron and clapped. *“You two staying here, I take it?”*

“*O-oh!*” Mogg slipped off Royal and got to his feet. “Y-yeah! We’re-oh!” He gasped, holding his cheeks. “My voice!”

“You sound silly!” Royal chuckled, getting up too.

“Who’s sounding silly, silly?” Mogg snickered, nudging him. The two's voices had gone up several pitches, sounding quite similar to some famous cartoon rodents.

The lady squirrel continued to smile. “*Well, there’s still a bit of work that needs finishing up out here. I can show you two to your room though! That’s all tidy up and ready!*”

“That’d be nice!” Royal sighed as tension finally drifted away. Despite how awkward things had been getting to this point, they still made it. Things had turned out alright in the end. They were going to spend some vacation time as toons in a toony place within ToonTown Park. It had all worked out.

“*Hmm?*” The squirrel housekeeper looked around. “*Where’s your luggage?*”

“Oh! Right, Wesal’s handling that!” Mogg answered.

“*W-Wesal?*” There was a strange look in her eyes.

“Yeah! He’s shrinking it down so it can fit in here with us.”

“*Shrinking... OH!*” The squirrel gasped, stepping back. “*You two are those humans from before! An-and he turned and shrank you down into that?*”

“Y-yes...” Royal felt that tension creeping right back in. “Is there a problem?”

The housekeeper frowned. “*Well, there’s the whole hidden fees and charges.*”

Suddenly, Royal felt his heart sink. “He was lying about the prices and fees?”

“*Oh, not exactly. Toonifying and shrinking cost as much as he told you. Extra changes like your luggage are free.*” She grew grimmer. “*The problem comes after the vacation. Getting bigger and returning to normal? That costs extra. Like, a lot extra.*”

Mogg gulped. “How much extra?”

“The original price of your stay, the changes, and extra on top of that all at once.” The squirrel twiddled her fingers, looking at them sympathetically. *“Didn’t you read the fine print? I sure didn’t...”*

The couple looked at each other as a horrible realization fell over them. Oh sugar!

THUMP! THUMP! Two heavy suitcases tumbled into the room beside them, stopping perfectly up without falling over. **“You boys enjoy yours stay!”** Wesal was looking in on them with a smile.

However, there was something different in that grin. Something was devious; something mean. Something that sent a shiver up their spines. **“I’ll be back once time’s up ta discuss payment! Youse have fun!”** He winked and vanished, leaving the toon critters alone.

“Well, dis ain’t great!” Mogg huffed, “How are we gonna pay him back? I don’t think we have ‘nuff in da bank account!” Royal frowned. Mogg was right. They really didn’t have enough to cover everything.

“Oh, you’ll probably end up working it off the same way I do.” The two looked at the squirrel lady curiously. Maybe there was a way? *“He pays you to maintain, clean, and manage his other park B&Bs.”* Her face looked even downer. *“Though, you make peanuts doing it.”*

“Pay’s not good?”

“Oh no!” She waved her hand dismissively. *“No no no! It’s literal peanuts.”* She paused. *“Tasty peanuts...”* She licked her chops. *“Yummy, scrumptious peanuts!”* She sighed blissfully, hugging her tail. *“...ahem! It’s hard not to wanna eat them and stuff.”*

Royal and Mogg looked at each other. It looked like their vacation was going to be a lot longer than expected. They got away from their soul-crushing jobs and got to be toons at the very least, right?

THE END?