

A Goofy Trip (MtM, MtF, WG, Gas, Toon)

"Hey, champ? Did you hear the news about Tesla?"

Kyle snapped out of his thoughts when he heard his dad's voice, causing the tired teen to glance at the man. It was still early in the morning, and he had to stifle a yawn as he looked over at his father. However, Henry seemed as chipper and energetic as usual, even though they had slept in a shitty motel last night and had been driving for the entire day yesterday. How the middle-aged man managed to look so well-rested and positive was beyond him. It took a few moments of silent staring before Kyle realized he hadn't listened to his old man.

"Um, what? I wasn't listening," the teen said, running a hand through his short brown hair.

"I said, did you hear the news about Tesla?" Henry said and gestured to the car in front of them, his son unable to see the slight smirk on his lips.

"Uh, no? I don't think so anyway," Kyle muttered, too tired to know he was walking into a trap. It was almost before dawn, and he only wanted to go back to sleep again. "What is it?"

"Well, they've apparently managed to come up with a unique and new smell for their cars," Henry said, tapping his fingers excitedly against the driving wheel.

Kyle was too tired to notice his father's enthusiasm and swallowed the bait without realizing it. "Really? I haven't heard that, but it sounds pretty weird."

"Yeah," Henry said, a smile spreading across his lips. "They're calling it '*Elon Musk*'."

The father couldn't help but laugh at his own lame joke, and an annoyed groan echoed through the car when Kyle heard it. The teen hated himself for not realizing it earlier, and the only one laughing in the car was his dad. As much as he loved his dad, he couldn't wait until they got to his college dorm. It was a lot cheaper and easier to drive across the country with his stuff than to fly there and have a company haul his things to his dorm, but Kyle had been wondering the entire trip if it hadn't been a mistake to let his father talk him into driving there instead.

"God, dad," Kyle muttered, rubbing his tired eyes with his fingers. "Lame."

"I thought it was pretty clever," Henry said, and he had probably thought of it last night when Kyle heard him snickering during the night. "Come on, son! Don't be such a Gloomy-Gus. I thought you enjoyed my jokes."

"Yeah, when I was ten," Kyle said, the teen shaking his head. "You probably haven't noticed it, but I haven't been laughing at any of your jokes so far."

"Come on, sour-puss. Don't be like that!" Henry said with another chuckle, trying to get his son to join in on the fun. "I remember seeing a smile on your lips yesterday when I made that Honda joke. Remember?"

Kyle blushed, knowing fully well which joke he meant. He shook his head again, ignoring what his father said. "I know it's hard to understand, but I'm not a kid anymore. You don't have to try so hard with your jokes and everything."

The car suddenly went silent as his words reached his father's ears, removing the smile from his lips. "I know," he said in an oddly somber tone.

The car went silent as they drove down the empty highway, and Kyle couldn't help but feel a little guilty. He didn't mean to upset his dad, and noticing the gloomy look on his face tugged at his heartstrings. Kyle didn't say anything else, though, and turned his gaze away to stare out the passenger window. He knew his dad had been trying so hard to connect with him since the divorce, and this road trip was probably just another one of his ploys to get closer to his son before he headed off to college. Kyle found it annoying, and the teen was not interested in his father trying so hard to be a part of his life. Thankfully, it was soon over. They would arrive at the college in a few hours, and then he could enjoy his life without his parents.

He watched as the trees passed by in the distance, the sun barely peeking over the horizon, and he felt a sting of pain in his stomach. Kyle's belly rumbled as he realized they hadn't had breakfast yet, the teen groaning at how hungry he was. Henry noticed it quickly, a smile spreading across his face again.

"Hungry, huh? Well, breakfast is the most important meal of the day, so we can't have you skipping it," he said, glancing at his son. "You know, I think there is a restaurant only a few miles from here that serves an **insane** waffle buffet. It's only a short detour, and I think there's even a water park near it. Remember how much you loved those when you were a kid?"

"Yeah, I remember," Kyle said. "But I'm not a kid anymore. Besides, I don't really want to go on a long detour just for that. We're almost there, so let's grab something from a diner instead."

"Oh, uh, sure," Henry said, hiding his disappointment as he continued to drive down the highway. "Whatever you want, son."

It wasn't long before they saw a restaurant down the road, the diner seemingly appearing out of nowhere. It was almost creepy how timely it popped up, and Kyle couldn't help but feel like something was off with it. Still, he ignored the bad feeling he had and pointed it out.

"There, let's eat there," he said, the man sighing as he knew his time with his son on this road trip was soon over.

"Sure thing," Henry said, hiding his true feeling as he took the next exit.

The place seemed popular despite being out in the middle of nowhere, and they had a hard time finding a parking spot since they were driving with a trailer. Thankfully, there were some vacant places on the side, and Kyle sighed with relief to get out of the car. He breathed in the fresh and cool mountain air, the sun barely peeking over the horizon and shining on his face. However, it wasn't long before Kyle noticed that something was off. There were a lot of cars here, but he couldn't really see any people inside. He wondered for a moment if they were closed, but then he saw the open sign in the front and some staff moving inside.

Henry stepped out of the car and stared at the place, a smile on his face when he noticed it was a cartoon-themed diner.

"Hey, would you look at that? I wonder if Mickey Mouse is flipping burgers in the kitchen," he said jokingly, causing his son to groan.

"Dad, stop," Kyle said, putting his hands into his hoodie and shaking his head. "Come on, let's just eat."

It didn't take long before Kyle sat in one of the booths in the diner. The place was almost empty despite the many cars parked outside, and it caused a few alarm bells to ring inside his head. The only other people here were an older gentleman enjoying a cup and the staff working at the diner, which Kyle found odd. He looked out the window as his father ordered them something to eat, soon spotting the tow truck moving one of the cars in the parking lot out front.

"Weird..." Kyle muttered before pulling up his phone, idly wanting to check out reviews for the diner while he waited for his dad to order their breakfast.

"This place looks pretty good!" Henry said as he returned, the slim man taking a seat on the other side of the table. "I ordered a bit of

everything from the menu, so there's no risk of us leaving here hungry!"

"Great," Kyle said, barely even listening to his old man as he tried to find any info about the diner.

Kyle didn't listen to his father talking and joking in the background as she stared at his phone, his fingers dancing on the screen. He couldn't even see the diner on Google Maps, and the teen wondered how new the place was. It didn't seem like it was built recently, especially considering the stuffy, greasy diner smell and the scuffed interior. Kyle groaned when his belly rumbled, and he squirmed a bit in his seat when he realized he also needed to go to the bathroom. However, before he could, the waitress arrived with their order.

"Here you go, cuties," the young woman said, placing several plates on the table. "A Father-Son Change-Up Special, hot from the stove!"

"Thanks!" Henry said, salivating at the fried eggs, sausage, waffles, and all the other delicious food in front of them. "Wow, this looks good!"

Kyle looked up from his phone at the waitress and noticed her uniform also had a cartoon theme like everything else had here. There was something odd about her, though. Her hair seemed glossy and almost unnaturally shiny, and her feminine frame was exaggerated and somewhat disproportionate to what he expected. Her waist seemed almost impossibly slim, and her hips and bust were far too big compared to her limbs. However, she had hurried off before he got a better look at her, and he stared at the woman's near-flawless butt as she hurried back to the kitchen.

The teen heard his father chewing loudly, another one of Henry's quirks he wouldn't miss once he moved into his own place. Kyle glanced at the food on the table and felt like something was off, the bad feeling he had felt the entire time here soon growing in his mind. It looked undoubtedly delicious, but there was something wrong with it. He had never seen eggs so perfect or sausages that symmetrical. Everything seemed almost fake, and even the cup of coffee his dad was drinking looked like ink. The teen was about to point it out to his father, but his belly gurgling and his intestines twisting interrupted his thoughts. He groaned as he clenched his stomach with his hands, unable to deny that he needed to use the bathroom.

"Sorry, I'll be right back," Kyle groaned, pushing aside any worries he might have and convincing himself he imagined things. After all, it was early, and he was probably just tired.

"Looks like someone had pepper on his eggs this morning!" Henry said with a chuckle as his son hurried off to the bathroom. He turned his attention back to the breakfast, soon realizing that his son hadn't eaten any of it yet. "Oh, right. Well, speaking of eggs..."

Henry cut the fried egg in half, letting the strangely flawless yolk flow onto his plate before scooping the piece into his mouth. He savored the taste, the enticing flavors flowing over his tongue, and he could hear his belly rumbling with joy at the toon-infused food filling him up. Every bite tasted better than the last, his hunger rising, and he didn't even notice that he was cleaning up the plates quicker than expected. The man didn't even see the waitress returning to the table, placing new plates in front of him and refilling his coffee cup with a smile without interrupting his eating.

The man soon found himself in a trance, not even waiting for his son to return from the bathroom before stuffing himself silly with the enticing meal. Henry was slim, somewhat tall, and fit for someone in his mid-forties. He was also well-mannered, which wasn't evident considering how sloppy he ate. Henry didn't even notice the piece of egg on his shaved chin or that his shirt had a few stains at this point. All he could focus on was filling his belly, his hunger so intense that it felt like he hadn't eaten in weeks. Henry ate and ate, unaware of how the food was messing with his body. It wasn't long before his slim and flat belly started to gurgle and swell, growing with the insane amount he was eating. The waitress returned to refill his plates, a smile on her creepy and almost cartoonish face as she placed more in front of him. Henry didn't notice it as he scooped up eggs and slurped down the beans, savoring every scrap with a smile.

It didn't take long before the crazy amount of food started to show on his body, and the man's belly was already bulging outward. It stretched his shirt and pants, becoming a small dome that pushed against the table as he leaned forward to eat more breakfast. The man had never had a pot belly before, and it gained in size with every bite he swallowed. Henry didn't even notice it despite occasionally pausing his feeding frenzy to rub his growing gut. The man unbuckled his belt without even noticing it, leaving his belly more room to grow. It was swelling and stretching, gaining in size from the food he ate and from added fat and lard. Henry's athletic build got ruined as his weight continued to rise, most of it surging toward his belly, and he didn't even notice a few buttons popping off his shirt.

Henry only stopped eating when he felt a sudden intense pressure in his stomach, causing him to groan and lean back a bit. The man slowly started to notice the fat gut he was developing, and he stared at it with a confused yet dazed gaze as he rubbed it with his hands. It should have freaked him out, but the food dulled his senses and calmed him down. Honestly, Henry didn't even think it was real. He didn't quite notice the odd hue and color his belly had taken, now looking somewhat fake. It looked more at home on some cartoon character than on him, the color of his skin seemingly painted and the edges inked.

"Woah, I gotta slow down a bit," he said with a chuckle, not fully understanding what was happening to him. "But boy, I haven't felt this bloated in years."

Henry groaned as his stomach gurgled, and he could feel the entire dome shaking almost comically from his comment. Then, a few moments later, he felt something surge up his throat, and he didn't have time to react before a massive belch left his lips. It lasted for almost a second, causing his stomach to shake and bubble the entire time. Henry was shocked when it was over, and he couldn't stop himself from chuckling at how bizarre it was.

"Wow, I wasn't expecting that," Henry said, his mind buzzing with joy at how good it felt. He rubbed his belly and stared at the food, the man licking his lips as he returned to eating. "I wouldn't complain if the gas stations sold gas this cheap!"

The man chuckled at his own lame joke as he ate, unaware of how his belly was still surging in size and growing. Every bite he took made it grow, causing the already flabby midsection to look bigger and bigger. Henry didn't care, nor did he notice the waitress continuously refilling his plates. The shirt was giving up as his stomach grew, more buttons popping off until the entire dome was visible and pressing against the table and resting on his lap as he ate. It rumbled and gurgled ominously, and the man was soon letting out a few more burps as he gorged on the breakfast. The gas that escaped his lips soon came out as cartoonish green clouds, lingering in the air for a few moments before dissipating. Henry didn't notice it, and the man was still unaware of how his entire body was affected by the food he ate.

It didn't take long before his belly dominated his torso, resting gently on his lap and softly shaking as he ate. It would sag over his crotch and to his thighs when he stood up, a bloated midsection that was impossible to miss. It stood out like a sore thumb from the rest of him, and it wasn't due to its size compared to his slim body. The belly looked like something from a cartoon,

the skin tone different from the rest of his pale body. The edges seemed inked when looking at it, making it seem like a 2-D surface projected onto reality. Henry was unaware of his Toonified gut, nor did he notice that the rest of him was starting to match it. His flat chest started to look pudgy as he developed a pair of man boobs, and his ass started to fill out his seat nicely with each mouthful he swallowed. Henry's clothes stretched and strained over his expanding figure, slowly but surely tearing as his swelling figure outgrew it.

There were moments when Henry wondered where Kyle was and why he was still feeling so hungry. Hadn't he eaten enough? Yet, he pushed those worries aside whenever another plate of bacon and eggs appeared on the table. The father wasn't aware of how his body was growing, his pants tearing as his ass swelled and tripled in size. It was soon huge, matching his prominent gut, and it wasn't long before his arms and legs grew to a fitting size for them both. Henry kept eating like a slob, belching without realizing it. The man looked more and more like a cartoon character as time ticked on, the color of his belly spreading to the rest of him along with the weird inked edges. Even the size and proportions of his body were surreal, soon matching the waitress's and cook's figure more than his son's. Yet, he didn't notice it at all, and the father was too focused on stuffing his face to see his hands swelling to ridiculous proportions.

Soon enough, the only thing that remained unchanged was his head and torn clothes. They looked odd adorning his cartoonish and large frame, the outfit stretched and ruined over his flabby curves, but that soon changed. It wasn't long before his shirt grew to cover his belly, his pants repairing themselves as they stretched, and his ass soon covered by his growing underwear. The same ink covering his skin and body spread over them, turning his outfit into a stylized 2-D version. His pants turned gray, his shirt became brown, and a dark brown jacket appeared over his flabby torso. White gloves formed over his hands, both surprisingly enough unstained by the food he ate. A green-and-black striped tie hung loosely around his neck, the man unaware of any of this. Henry only noticed that something was off when his face started to tingle, causing the man to pause his eating and belch in confusion as it changed. His slim face fattened up, his neck hidden by his massive flabby chin, and stubble formed on his previously-shaved face. Henry's hair turned black, his ears pointed and somewhat obscured by his hair as they moved up on his head, and his nose turned black.

Henry leaned back after a bit, finally feeling full and satisfied when the transformation was over. What remained of the former man was nothing more than a perfect copy of a familiar cartoon character. The man expelled another satisfied belch before picking his teeth with an equally cartoonish pick, his inked body standing out like a sore thumb from the realistic booth he sat in, and even Kyle heard it from the bathroom.

"Wow, I haven't had a breakfast that great since my wife broke up with me," Henry said, unaware of how rough and deep his voice had gotten. He then realized that Kyle still wasn't back, unaware that he had only been gone for a few minutes. Surprisingly, he didn't notice his cartoonish and expansive frame as he shifted his weight on his seat. "I wonder what's taking so long for Kyle."

Inside the bathroom, Kyle was finally finishing up. He had been busy in the bathroom, the teen doing his business and Googling the diner. He was shocked he didn't find any information about the place, not even an address. It was weird, but Kyle didn't put too much energy into worrying about it. After all, the restaurant was probably new.

Kyle was busy washing his hands when he heard a disgusting belch out in the diner, and he couldn't help but shudder. He didn't even think for a second that his lame but mild-mannered father was the one who made it. The teen stood there, bracing himself for an awkward breakfast with his father before they drove the last few miles to his dorm, and sighed. He felt a little bad for snapping at his dad earlier, and the feeling got worse the more he thought about it.

"Maybe I should apologize," Kyle muttered before splashing a little water onto his face, hoping it would wake him up. "I guess he was just trying to be nice..."

The teen walked out of the bathroom, hands inside the pockets of his hoodie. Kyle stared at the floor as he walked towards their table, not noticing that a much fatter and far different figure sat where his father had been. He didn't realize that something was off before he heard a familiar voice that wasn't his father's echo through the room, calling out his name.

"Kyle! Come on, take a seat and have a bite already!" Henry said, waving his thick cartoonish arm at the teen. "I'll get the waitress to bring more food for us."

Kyle couldn't believe what he saw. He gazed at the table where he expected to see his father, soon staring wide-eyed at the figure sitting there instead. The creature wasn't from this world, a stylized drawn figure that belonged in a cartoon. Even worse, Kyle recognized the figure from his favorite cartoon from when he was a child.

"Oh, my god..." Kyle said, staring in shock at the perfect copy of Pete from Goof Troop sitting in the booth.

"What?" Henry said in Pete's voice, wondering why the teen was staring at him with such a shocked look. "What is it? Do I have some egg on my face?"

"Y-You're..." Kyle said, soon standing only a few feet from the living cartoon. "Pete?!"

"Pete? What are you talking about, son? It's me, Henry," the father said with a chuckle. "I didn't sleep much last night, but I still assumed you'd recognize your old man despite the bags under my eyes."

"Holy shit," Kyle said, unable to comprehend how a cartoon character could exist in the real world. It was some Who-Framed-Roger-Rabbit shit going on right now, and it only got more confusing when Pete called himself his dad. "Wait, dad?! Is that really you?!"

"Uh, yeah?" Henry said, standing up from the booth without noticing how heavy his body was or how his belly bounced like crazy. "You're starting to scare me, son. What's going on?"

"You! I mean, what happened to you?!" Kyle said, gesturing towards his father's obese cartoonish frame before pointing towards a mirror on the wall.

Henry turned his gaze towards it, soon staring in confusion and somewhat odd amusement at the cartoon figure looking back at him. Then, to Kyle's surprise, he only chuckled.

"Well, would you look at that! I look just like Pete," he said, not freaking out like the teen assumed he would. "Remember how we watched Goof Troop all night long when you were young? Your mom always got so mad whenever we did that. I guess I can relate, though. You always missed school the next day after we did that. God, I miss those days."

"H-How are you so calm about this?! I mean, how is this even possible?!" Kyle said, circling his dad and trying to make sense of what was happening.

"Relax, son, I'm sure it'll work out," Henry said with a chuckle as he ran his hands over his prominent gut. It rumbled and gurgled from even the slightest pat, and the man could feel how gassy he was. "Ugh, the breakfast was delicious, but it sure did a number on my stomach."

"Seriously, dad! Look, this is insane! I mean, we have to figure this out," Kyle said as he circled his father, slowly but surely ending up behind him as his dad examined himself in the mirror.

Unfortunately, a few moments later, Henry couldn't stop the gas rushing through his intestines and towards his backside. Kyle didn't have time to react before a cartoonish green cloud blasted out his father's backside, enveloping his entire body. His lungs filled with the stinking mess with every breath he took, and he coughed from how it made his nostrils and throat itch. He stumbled out, the father simply chuckling as he realized he had fumigated his son by accident.

"Sorry, son! You got to stay out of the blast zone when my tummy is this way," Henry said, still not grasping the severity of the situation.

"God, dad! That's disgusting!" Kyle said as he coughed and waved his hand in front of his face, trying to clear his lungs and nostrils from the foul-smelling mess.

The toon gas surged through his lungs and spread through his body, sending the same energy that changed his father through his frame. Kyle could feel the faint tingling sensation spreading through his frame as he tried to clear his breath, the teen unaware of what it meant. It wasn't long before his nose itched like crazy, the slim eighteen-year-old rubbing his nose and trying to prevent himself from sneezing. It didn't work, and he found himself curling his toes and closing his eyes as the sneeze continued to build in strength.

"A-A-A-Achooo!" Kyle sneezed loudly, his masculine voice echoing through the diner as it happened. The waitress and cook watched all of this happen from the kitchen, a smile on their faces.

As soon as Kyle sneezed, something happened. His nose pushed out, becoming a cute black Toonish button that stood out on his otherwise realistic face. The teen rubbed his nose without

noticing it, his throat still itching from breathing in his father's disgusting gas a few moments ago. Kyle didn't even realize that his hair seemed a bit longer than before, now stretching slightly upward as it gained in size and volume. The dark strands shifted in hue, becoming a reddish-brown color. He rubbed a hand through his hair, scratching his itchy scalp as he tried to stop himself from sneezing again.

Henry turned to face his son and quickly noticed something looked off with him. He wasn't sure what it was, but Kyle looked almost cute in his eyes. The clone of Pete felt a weird pull toward the teen, and he was unaware that he saw him less as his son and more like something else.

"Achoo!" Kyle sneezed again, causing his entire body to tingle from the intense sensation. The sneeze was much softer than before, daintier even, and it was weird hearing the teen sound so effeminate.

"I guess some of the pepper on the eggs must've made it through my entire body," Henry said as he chuckled, rubbing his gurgling belly. "Talk about spicy gas!"

"T-This isn't funny!" Kyle said, his vision blurry from the powerful sneeze. Henry could hear how soft the teen's voice had become, sounding both strange and familiar to him. "God, I think I'm going to sneeze again..."

Kyle didn't notice that his hair had grown again, becoming fluffier and more voluminous in the process. The mane seemed to defy gravity, pointing to the side to form two rounded protrusions on his head. His ears got hidden by the hair, the teen unaware that they had also changed to match Henry's. He didn't even notice the large golden hoop earrings that appeared on them, gently caressing his cheeks as he shook his head. Kyle's hair shifted in hue again, now looking faker and more Toonish to match his nose and Henry's entire body. The teen's neck had also slimmed down, causing his voice to become soft and effeminate.

"ACHOO!" Kyle sneezed again, causing his body to tingle and shudder. It was the daintiest sneeze any of them had heard, and Henry heard how womanly his voice had become when he spoke a few moments later. "Oh, darn it!"

"Wow, what a foxy voice you got there," Henry said as he chuckled, the man unable to stop himself from feeling excited when he heard it. It honestly turned him on from hearing it.

"What? What are you talking about?" Kyle said, unaware of his altered voice or how his face was still changing.

The hair on his head grew again, gaining in volume and size. However, the most noticeable change happened to his face as the same Toonish color and ink spread over it. Kyle's eyes grew larger, becoming expressive and feminine, and his eyebrows thinned significantly. His eyelashes grew long and womanly, his face soft and feminine, and his neck unnaturally slim. At this point, Kyle had a cartoonish woman's 2-D head resting on his body, looking odd and standing out like a sore thumb. It took a few moments, but Kyle realized something was off

when Henry stared at him with an amused and odd look on his face. Even worse, he felt butterflies in her belly when he looked at Henry's face.

Soon enough, he put his hands on his face to feel how oddly small and smooth his features felt. Kyle gasped, finally hearing his effeminate voice, and stared with wide cartoonish eyes at his reflection in the mirror.

"Oh, my word!" Kyle said, unaware of his altered vocabulary, as he stared in shock at his reflection. "I look like Peg Pete! T-This is a disaster!"

The teen didn't just look like her, but she also had her voice. Everything from the neck up was a perfect copy of the wife of Pete from Goof Troop. He shook his head, trying to make sense of what was happening when he felt a massive hand on his shoulder. Kyle turned his effeminate 2-D head around to see Henry standing behind him, an odd smile on his face.

"I don't know," Henry said with a chuckle, the man pulling the teen closer to his flabby frame and pressing him against his gurgling belly. "I think you're looking pretty good!"

Kyle's eyes went wide when he heard what Henry said, and he was too shocked to move when he saw his face moving toward his lips. Henry couldn't help himself, and every inch of his flabby body felt drawn to the womanly visage in front of him. He grabbed the teen by his shoulders and pressed his lips against Kyle's, letting his fat face press against the feminine lips. It wasn't just the father that felt this odd attraction, even Kyle struggled with his feelings of knowing his former father kissing him on his lips. He felt butterflies in his belly, his heart raced, and he could feel an odd rush of arousal washing over him.

Eventually, the kiss got cut short by a sudden gurgle from Henry's belly, and the man pulled his lips away from Kyle's when a rush of gas came blasting out his mouth. Neither was ready for it, and the man couldn't help but chuckle after he had burped the green cloud into the teen's feminine cartoonish face.

"Sorry about that," he said, the man rubbing his bloated belly with a chuckle. "I guess I shouldn't have eaten so much earlier."

"Ugh, that's disgusting!" Kyle said, pushing Henry away from him. Yet, the smell wasn't nearly as intense or foul as before and caused his nose to itch with excitement.

The teen's lungs started to fill up with it, soon sending tingling sensations through his entire body as he stood there. Kyle couldn't stop the weird feeling passing through his body, and he soon gasped as he felt his body shrink. Every inch of his body thinned down, his hands and arms getting slimmer and his chest contracting and collapsing inward. It knocked the air from his lungs, causing him to gasp and get dizzy. He stumbled and fell into Henry's arms, the fat clone of Pete there to catch him.

Kyle lay in his arms as he tried to figure out what was happening, and he soon saw how his hands looked different. The previously masculine hands looked smaller than before, and he

could see them shrinking to a dainty and almost exaggerated tiny size. His arms seemed to waste away, becoming as insanely thin as his neck, and it seemed impossible for anyone to have limbs like this. The same happened to his legs and feet, soon shrinking until they fit inside shoes half the size he wore. Kyle could feel the tingling sensation spreading through his body, and he heard bones popping as his entire body got daintier and more feminine.

Henry helped the teen up on his feet again, the soon-to-be toon woman staring in awe at his shrinking body in the mirror.

"T-This can't be happening," Kyle said before gasping, his waist collapsing inward as it became impossible thin. It was clear what was happening to him, even if the question of why remained unanswered. "I don't want to turn into Peg!"

"Try to stay positive," Henry said with a chuckle, trying to cheer the effeminate teen up as his body looked increasingly more womanly. "It could have been worse!"

"How?! How could this be any worse?!" Kyle said, sounding like Peg when she was upset with Pete on the show.

"You could have ended up as Goofy!" Henry said with a chuckle as he put a hand on the effeminate teen's shoulder. He then let out another belch, causing his entire body to jiggle and sending the foul smell down to the teen. "God, I shouldn't have used so much pepper on those eggs. Or had that third serving of beans."

Kyle breathed in when the man burped at him, unaware he was even doing it. He knew the smell was foul, the scent of partially-digested bacon, eggs, coffee, and beans filling his nostrils, yet he couldn't stop the tingle of excitement passing through his increasingly feminine toon body. He could feel butterflies in his belly from it, causing the teen to look at the Pete clone in the mirror in a new light. Kyle stared at the unshaven face, massive gut, and grotesquely large cartoon figure his former father had, and the teen hated how good it looked. His heart soared with strange joy when Pete pulled him in closer, letting him sink his now feminine toon hands into that soft and flabby belly. He didn't even realize he stared with dreamy eyes at the body, nor notice how he leaned in further against it.

"What's the matter, sugar plum? Like what you see?" Henry said, no longer seeing the teen as his child but as something else.

"W-What, no!" Kyle said, shaking his head and feeling his earrings smack against his face.

"You sure? There ain't nothing wrong with admiring a body like this," Henry said, soon calling himself Pete in his head before letting out another disgusting belch.

Kyle tried to push himself away from Pete but couldn't. Every inch of his body seemed drawn to the fat man, his body tingling with excitement at being near him. Even worse, he felt more and more drawn to him with each disgusting habit he did, and simply smelling the man's breath made him almost smile.

Unfortunately for Kyle, things weren't over. He could feel his body tingling as it continued to change, unaware that it was Pete's gases and being near him that fueled it now. The teen gasped when his torso shrank again, becoming dainty and feminine, and he could feel how slim his body had gotten since this started. Kyle then felt a pressure in his chest, and he dreaded what would happen next. He stared in horror down at his torso, watching as fat surged towards his pecs, slowly inflating his previously flat and manly chest with womanly padding. He bit his lip to stop himself from moaning as his breasts developed, the mounds swelling in size and stretching the bra that had appeared underneath his hoodie. It didn't stop until his tits were full and perky, impossible to miss despite wearing the baggy hoodie. It was hard to tell what cup size he had with his cartoonish proportions, but they were a handful and looked massive from his perspective.

Kyle grabbed them with his dainty hands, shuddering from the pleasure that ravaged his body when he touched his sensitive breasts. He shook his head again, his earrings caressing his toon cheek.

"Oh, come on! I don't remember Peg being this stacked," Kyle muttered, his cheeks rosy red as he cupped his new bosom.

"Well, you were just a kid when you watched the show, so you probably didn't notice it," Pete said as he chuckled. "Believe me. Peg was curvier than you remember!"

Kyle didn't say a thing as he stared down at his cartoonish bosom, a disappointed whimper leaving his pretty lips. The teen pulled out his hoodie to see that his chest was as cartoony as his face, leaving him with womanly tits that belonged to a mother from a Disney show. Kyle didn't get much time to think about his new tits before a tingling sensation surged through his body, soon sweeping over his pelvis. He could hear the gentle pops and soft cracks as it forcefully grew, stretched by the magic and reshaped by the cartoonish energies. He shuddered and gasped as his hips widened, becoming childbearing within moments. Kyle could feel his thighs and ass growing with his hips, womanly fat now surging into all three places to pad it out and give it a feminine softness that Pete enjoyed. He could feel his jeans stretching and ripping as his pelvis widened beyond what he expected, the pants tearing like paper from the sudden growth. Kyle's cock soon got smothered by the cartoonish womanly fat pressing against it as his thighs swelled, slowly drowning the twitching manhood with it and making it tingle. Pete stared in awe and delight as he watched Kyle's hips and ass exploding in size, easily doubling as his body became increasingly exaggerated and cartoonish.

At the same time, the magic soon surged towards the last thing that wasn't Toonified - his manhood. The color and ink from the toon magic spread over his crotch, soon erasing his proud member and replacing it with something far more delicate. Kyle couldn't stop himself from moaning as the feminine snatch between his legs developed, leaving him with a reproductive system that would never get shown on a kid's show. The teen placed his hands over his crotch, feeling the void between his legs and realizing how flat his crotch had gotten. At that moment, **she** knew she wasn't a man anymore. A wave of emotions washed over her, the woman's body

overwhelmed with not only womanly urges and feelings but also the strange sensations of being a living 2-D character in a 3-D world.

It was over as soon as it started, and Kyle was breathing heavily afterward. She was still leaning against Pete, using the fat man's body to stop herself from falling over. The cartoon woman hated how much she loved his musky scent, especially when he couldn't stop himself from burping after the massive breakfast he had. However, Kyle was far more focused on herself to think about any of that. She stared at her figure in awe and horror, her pretty eyes wide with shock. She wasn't too sure about her chest, but she **knew** that Peg's hips and ass hadn't been this massive on the show. Her pelvis had easily doubled in size, becoming nearly twice as wide as her shoulders. Kyle's ass pressed against Pete's crotch, the former teen ignoring the strange sensation of the bulge throbbing and twitching against her rounded and thick ass. She had the body of a Pixar mom, except grossly exaggerated.

Kyle stared at her body in the mirror, only snapping out of her daze when she heard Pete chuckling behind her.

"It looks like momma's got some junk in her trunk," Pete said, still not taking any of this as seriously as he should. Even worse, Kyle could feel the man's hands on his hips and ass, her cheeks turning even redder when she felt him squeeze them both. "Your chest might be accurate for the show, but this ass certainly isn't. Not that I'm complaining about it, though!"

"S-Stop it, Pete!" she said without moving, only demurely trying to stop Pete from lovingly groping his exposed curves. She didn't even realize that she called him Pete and not Henry. "T-This is serious. We got to do something about this."

"Not sure there's anything we can do about it, Peg," Pete said, using the woman's new name without her noticing it. Even worse, she found herself identifying herself with it.

"Well, touching my ass won't make it better!" Peg said, slapping the man's hands.

"Sorry, sugar plum," Pete said with a chuckle before burping again, sending another cloud of gas Peg's way. Once again, she hated how much she loved it, and her loins tingled from breathing it in.

Peg wondered how things could get any worse, and her question got answered as her clothes began to change over her toon body. She watched her jeans repair themselves, turning white and becoming a pair of tight pants that left very little of her curvy lower frame to the imagination. Peg's hoodie and shirt swirled over her torso, becoming a pink sweater that showed off a bit of her cleavage. She suddenly grew in height, or so she thought, as her sneakers turned to pink heels, pushing her upward and making her look somewhat taller. It took a few moments and some awkward stumbling on her new shoes to realize what caused the increase in height.

At that point, nothing remained of their old bodies. Only Pete and a very curvy Peg stood where the father and his son should be, the man looking mostly amused and intrigued while the wife looked like she was about to pass out.

"Well, now we both look the part!" Pete said, again sneaking his hand down to Peg's jutting hips without her noticing it.

"Oh god, we look just like them!" Peg said, her mind racing as she tried to figure out what to do now. "W-What are we going to do now?"

"Well, I think it's time you two both went back to where you belong," a familiar voice said, causing the toon couple to turn around.

They saw the waitress standing behind them, smiling as she held a bucket of what looked like a paint bucket full of ink. It wasn't until now that Peg and Pete noticed what was so off about her, the couple surprised they hadn't reacted to it earlier. The woman had the exaggerated proportions of a cartoon woman, with an impossibly slim waist and limbs, but the rest of her seemed relatively normal. She looked like a toon wearing a hyper-realistic skin suit that stretched over her undeniably curvy figure, a disguise to hide her 2-D inked nature. However, the biggest giveaway that something was wrong with her was her eyes which danced with cartoon mischievousness.

The former father and son were about to ask her what she meant by that when she suddenly threw the contents of the bucket over them, dousing them from head-to-toe in the murky black liquid. Blinded and dazed, Peg and Pete began coughing and scooping off the black mass as they tried to understand what was happening. The ink seemed to run off their cartoon figures without trouble, leaving no stains or drops behind as it vanished into thin air. Finally, Peg managed to get the stuff out of her eyes, and she turned her angry gaze at the waitress.

"Hey, what's the bi-" Peg said, her sentence cut short when she saw something odd. She blinked and stared in awe at the figure standing near them. "Huh?"

"Um, I was just wondering if you wanted me to refill your coffee."

It took Pete and Peg a few moments to realize they weren't standing up. They were sitting in a booth in a diner that looked eerily similar to the one they had been in, with one giant exception. Everything was Toonified, and their cartoon figures fit right in at home at the hand-drawn table in the toon diner. The waitress was gone, now replaced with an elderly anthro-dog waitress that gave them both an odd look. Peg glanced around the place and quickly saw that they weren't alone. More cartoon characters, everyone looking right at home on the show *Goof Troop*, sat there and enjoyed their breakfast. She looked out the window, her brain struggling to adapt to the cartoon world they were now inside. Everything looked hand-drawn, including the sun, and she saw that their car had changed to match this new world.

"I'll have another cup," Pete said, his deep voice snapping the woman out of her panicked daze.

"Pete! What are you doing?" she hissed, watching as the fat man sipped on his coffee.

"What? It ain't like we can do much about this now," he said casually, his easygoing and uncaring behavior surprising Peg. He then grabbed a sausage with his fork and pushed the entire thing in his wide mouth, soon munching loudly on the cartoon food. "Let's figure this out after breakfast. I bet you're still starving, right?"

Peg tried to protest, but a loud rumble from her belly silenced her quickly. She stared down at the food, hating how delicious it looked, and sighed before finally giving in to her hunger. She ate, her mind still scrambling as she tried to get used to her new body and everything around her.

Soon enough, she found herself lulled into a trance as she ate, her brain tingling as it was adapting to everything. Peg shifted her weight around in her seat, feeling the impressive size of her ass and the way her wide hips moved as she sat there. She groaned, hating the delightful tingles she felt between her legs when rubbing her hips, and she tried her best to ignore the strange new urges that washed over her. Pete wasn't nearly as confused or upset about this, the man enjoying a second breakfast with a smile on his fat lips. He ate and drank without a care, even burping loudly enough for people at the other end of the diner to hear it. Peg blushed, hating how much of a slob he was and hating herself even more for how attracted she felt toward him.

As they sat there, Peg overheard a couple talking a few booths away. It took her a few moments to understand that they were talking about them, and she soon heard a few more glancing and muttering something about the two.

"Can you believe someone like her would marry or even date a slob like him?" the man said to his wife.

"Some women really have no standards," the wife muttered, shaking her head.

"What a pig of a man," another woman said some distance away, staring at Pete.

"Seriously. I feel sorry for the man's wife to have to see him acting like that," another answered, shaking her head.

It made Peg blush, and she quickly looked over at Pete when she heard it. She stared at the man, watching as he ate like a slob and burped as if no one else was there. The longer she looked, the more she felt drawn to him. Peg soon realized that she wasn't just attracted to the man's grotesque physique. Even his behavior turned her on, and she could feel her loins tingling as she watched Pete guzzle down coffee and devour eggs with a satisfied look on his face. Then, when he burped, Peg could feel her feminine loins itch and glow warmly, sending sensations through her body that the woman neither wanted to feel nor could suppress. Pete noticed the woman staring at her and her rosy red cheeks, the man chuckling at the longing look she gave him.

"Can't keep your eyes off my handsome mug, huh?" he teasingly said, causing the woman to snap out of her lewd daydreams. Her cheeks burned bright red when she heard it, Peg quickly averting her gaze.

"N-No," she said, shaking her head. "Just shut up, and eat, Pete."

"Yes, dear," he said with an amused tone, the former father finding himself enjoying this far more than he probably should.

Peg sat there and fumed, huffing as she nearly cracked the plate cutting her eggs. She wasn't angry at him, but at herself. She didn't want to feel like this, her brain bubbling with womanly urges and strange emotions she couldn't push away. The itch between her legs was getting worse, making it difficult to focus on anything but it. Peg had no idea how they would return to normal or what to do from here, but she knew the car ride home to their new house would be awkward and weird. Even now, as Pete gave her teasing smiles and winked at her, she had to fight the urges that washed over her.

"Pete! Dear lord, did you have to do that **right now**?!"

The stench quickly spread through the enclosed space, the entire car soon smelling of his foul gas. The thought of opening a window to get rid of the fart didn't even cross her mind, and it was probably due to how her loins itched as she breathed it in. It was bad enough that she was attracted to the fat slob that used to be her father, but knowing that his behavior drove her wild was enough to make her whimper. All of this added to the shame of giving in to her urges and sitting naked from her waist down on his lap, his turgid manhood throbbing and twitching inside her.

"Sorry, dear," Pete said with an amused chuckle, pretending that he didn't know exactly how much the woman loved it.

"J-Just, close your mouth and focus," Peg said, the woman shuddering as she began to buck her hips and move her pelvis over his cock.

The car shook and rocked as it stood parked on the side of the highway as the woman fucked her husband, unaware of the awkward glances she got from a few people in the cars that passed by them and saw what they were doing. Peg hated how good it felt to have the man's hands on her naked and jutting hips, rubbing the padded things and squeezing her ass roughly as she massaged his dick with her pussy. She bit down on her lip as she stifled a moan, her entire toon frame burning with need as the man gave her what her body yearned to have inside her. It wasn't long until she came, causing the woman to scream in pleasure as Pete filled her to the brim with his cum. He sprayed her fertile womb with the seed, leaving her abdomen warm and tingly from the intense load. However, her body still burned with arousal, and it didn't take long before Peg was ready for another round.

Pete was also getting used to his new body and reality, but he was clearly enjoying it more than his wife. The fat man felt his belly jiggle and shake as she bounced on his lap, milking his cock for everything it had and smacking that fat ass on his chubby thighs with each thrust. Neither one expected things to turn out this way, especially not Peg. She still clung to some hope of returning to being a man again, ready for college, instead of being stuck as the wife of Pete. But, for now, all she could do was bask in the pleasurable sensations she felt as the fat man fucked her hard in the car. She complained a bit more about his behavior when he let another rip a few moments later, the woman hiding how much she really enjoyed it.

The former father enjoyed all this quite a bit, even if things were weird. Pete had always wished he'd be closer to his son, and it seemed like his wish came true in some sick and strange way. Regardless, he felt thankful to the strange woman at the motel that suggested taking the highway instead of going down the smaller streets. If they never went to that diner, he'd never get to spend his life with Peg. Now, they'd be able to enjoy their favorite show together from Peg's youth, even if it was in a much more immersive way than either had ever imagined it.