

Free Belt, Squeak Included

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Commissioned for [Toonman1508 of DeviantArt](#)

Turn here... take the path here... go down this path here... and another right turn up ahead... Thomas mapped out his path to the store. It was easy, having done this trek through the park several times now. It was boring and repetitive, but for these simple kinds of errands, it did save on gas money and helped with exercising.

He took the usual path through the park, going through the motions in his head with ease. Same as always. Same as it'll be the next time he does it.

He mentally yawned as he walked along. *Get the chips, the drink... should I get anything else? Nah... I'm good. Though, maybe splurging a bit more than usual wouldn't be a bad-*

As he took his right turn down the quiet part of the park, he came upon a bench. Same bench he always saw. No one ever sat on it as far as he could recall. Just always there with nothing abnormal about it.

At least, that's what he expected.

As he walked by, something caught his attention. Laying on the bench was a curious item, one he or anyone wouldn't expect to see. There was a belt. A bright blue belt with a golden buckle shaped like an acorn was resting on the bench.

Such a sight brought Thomas to a stop. He looked at it and then looked around. There didn't seem to be anyone around who this could belong to.

Weird. Thomas walked over to it. *Who'd just leave this thing behind? ...why would anyone take off their belt and just dump it?* A good question, especially given that the acorn buckle looked custom made, and it probably cost some money to make.

He picked up the belt and gave it a closer look. There didn't seem to be much else to it upon inspection... except for one little detail. It was a little hard to make out at first, but there were some initials pressed into the center of the acorn itself: "C.C.". This definitely meant it belonged to somebody, but again, why was it left behind and who?

Scratching at his bearded chin, Thomas shrugged. If he recalled correctly, the store he was going to had a lost-and-found. He could just drop this thing off there. Something this unique had to belong to somebody. It was better to turn it in than leave it out in the middle of the park.

Clutching it tightly, Thomas turned and headed on his way. *Okay, right... splurge a little on myself. Maybe go for some better...*

He stopped only a yard away from the bench. He shivered gently, his feet trembling and his toes clenching. He let out a low sigh. A strange feeling had struck him.

He looked at the belt in his hand and fidgeted slightly. *Why not try it on?*

It was a strange thought, a stupid, weird thought. Yet, the thought was growing louder in his head. *Try it on. Try it on. Try it on.*

Part of him didn't want to, but another part of him did and it was growing to like the thought. He quickly looked around, the area still empty and quiet. He sighed, thankful that no one was going to see him put on the belt.

He felt foolish a little as he slipped it on, but the feeling passed. He snapped it into place and as he adjusted the belt, he noticed something. Feeling around the acorn buckle, part of it felt loose. He traced a finger around the initials in the center.

It feels like a button... Curiosity got him again. Thomas pressed down.

CLICK.

...and nothing happened. Nothing at all it seemed.

Hmm... weird. He sighed. "It seemed like something should've happened, but I guess not? I wonder why *this belt has... has a... oh my goodness!*"

His voice... it was so light and airy now. The pitch, the tone, everything about it was not his own. "*Oh dear, oh my! Why does my voice sound like a girl? And why does everything sound so... Oh nutty bars!*"

The pitch didn't stop though. His voice kept rising and rising. Its pitch was super high, super squeaky, and deniably cartoony now! "*My voice! What happened to my voice?! I sound like a chipmunk now!*"

But it wasn't just something as silly sounding as the voice change that was happening. Something else struck him around the face. His prickly black beard was softening, the hairs turning fine. They shrank a little and spread out further around his mouth and across his cheeks. Then, the color changed to a sandy white, the texture now fluffy and furry to the touch.

His top two front teeth felt numb and awkward briefly before passing. They grew, turning pearly white along with the rest of his chompers. They grew and grew, poking out of his mouth and looking like cartoony rodent teeth.

“Oh deary me, I don’t know what’s happening to me!” He remarked, his tone and attitude feeling off. However, it didn’t feel off when compared to his face, it growing ever warmer and warmer. More fur was growing across it, soft chestnut brown covers almost everything. Even his own hair changed with it, turning darker brown and shortening up into a cute pixie bob cut.

“...goodness, my voice really sounds so light and airy now,” he sighed, listening to him.

However, listening grew difficult. As he spoke, his voice seemed to fade away. In fact, every sound from the rustling trees in the wind to the ambiance of the city itself, everything quieted down until there was nothing.

And just as he noticed that, sound returned. His ears had abruptly shifted at that moment, going from the sides of his head to the top. They turned roundish, oval-like almost as fur covered the outside. The insides curved fully inward and smoothed out, turning bright pink in comparison.

He blinked a few times. *Hmmmm? Where did all the sound go just now? Humph, today is just too weird for littl’ o’me!* Blinking so many times, there were some slight changes. His eyelashes grew longer and longer, puffing out into a cute flutter. His eyelids darkened to a deep chestnut brown, almost looking like eyeshadow.

And to top it all off, his head felt a touch woozy. He started to sway, feeling more off by the second. The whole shape of his skull was shifting further, its human appearance fading.

Wider cheeks, rounder head, bigger noggin even (though just slightly). His nostrils flared up and shrunk in, the tip of his nose pulling up. The skin tone changed to a bright, shiny pink under the sunlight. Then his face pushed out, not too far, but enough to give him a cute, toony snoot and muzzle.

Thomas shook his head, the sound of a cowbell ringing accompanying it. *All the fuzzies in my head are fading... ooooooh, whatever was the matter!*

...so fuzzy, so warm, so soft! Just as his mind came back, he started to casually rub his noggin. His hands went through his new fur. It really did feel warm and soft, but so strangely smooth and unnatural to it. It was hard to describe.

Though, it was strangely nice as well. *Uuuuugh, this is sooo confusing! What is happening to me today? And why is it so fuzzy good?*

As he scratched his head, the soft, furry feeling started to fade, adding to his confusion. His hands were starting to inflate and swell, or, the space around them. A white, gooey substance suddenly surrounded his digits and solidified, forming a pair of comfortable, cute, but toony gloves.

He looked at his mitts, taken aback by the discovery, more so when his index fingers merged with his middle digits to add to the cartoony look. *“Oh my! This is soooo strange! I can only count up to eight now, how tragic!”*

Fur began to spread again, flowing down his neck. Light on the front and dark brown everywhere else, soon leaving his neck and crawling onto his shoulders, arms, and even torso. Fur soon was everywhere there, itchiness following as it brushed against the inside of his clothing. Thankfully, that feeling was brief, and he quickly grew used to it.

Though, there was one thing that certainly wasn't growing: his figure and shape. Several inches were shaved off his body, dropping him nearly a full foot in height. His shoulders narrowed and drooped, his arms thinning up to match. His waist pushed in, highlighting his hips significantly.

“Oh! I'm gettin' all skinny!” He gasped, watching as his legs slimmed down too, *“Well, ain't this just sooooo pecuuliar!”* His tone and voice still sounded so off, getting more silly in how it pronounced and accentuated everything.

He hated to admit it... sort of. It was cute. His voice was cute. *Just like how I'm becoming~.*

As if on call, he quivered. His newly loose clothes suddenly fit again, clinging to his form. As his chest then began to inflate, stretching his shirt now. It slowly rose like bread in an oven, forming soft, roundish mounds. They eventually stopped, a bit more spherical in look as it was clear they were now breasts of the B-sized variety.

Thomas huffed, blushing. His chest felt oddly sensitive. Was having breasts like-

No. No, that wasn't it. That sensitive, personal feeling just wasn't in the chest. It was down below. Looking past his mounds, his gaze fell to his hip area. Those were slowly widening and widening, gaining him a remarkable curvy shape. However, the true shocker was in the crotch. There was no bulge. Just a flat surface. He was her.

Her face grew redder than ever. She gasped... and squeaked, "*OH MY!*"

Thomas' words were interrupted by another sudden boost, resulting in a bunch of pinching and tightness. Her rear exploded out in one huge burst, her ass cheeks significantly rounder in shape. She had such a big bubble butt to fit her overly curvy, cartoony lower half.

Without even thinking, Thomas' hands went straight down. They grabbed her bottom and felt it up, the new woman squeaking again. "*Ooooh, soooo squishy!*"

BLOOOOOOP! Her attention was pulled again. This time, a REAL sensitive sensation in her chest. Her breasts had expanded... GREATLY. They pushed past B and C, all the way to a hefty, mighty D-cup. Her poor shirt was stretched to the max, forming around her large globes and pulling her shirt up and over her navel.

"*Hehe, bouncy!*" She hopped a little, her chest shaking and wobbling with her leaps.

Hop. A shiver went down her legs. **Hop.** Fur coated her feet, her toes dropping down to three digits each. **Hop.** Her thighs thickened up, enlarging to match that of her curvy, wide hips. **Hop~.**

She sighed happily, wiggling her bottom. "*Oh my!*" Her pants slightly slipped down in the back. Out popped a small, fluffy chipmunk tail that wiggled with her hips. "*I'm so... I'm so...~*"

"*I'm soooo keeeewwwwwwOH!*" **FWOMP!** Her chest jiggled on its own before it burst forth for a final time. Her breasts soared to a mighty F-cup, almost perfectly spherical in their appearance. Her poor shirt struggled to contain them, though at least she didn't have to worry about sagging with her breasts staying up.

"*Ooooo~!*" Her face was beet red, even with her fur covering. A hand poked her breasts. They were even softer and squishier than she expected.

"*Sooooo kew!*" The cartoony chipmunk gal proclaimed, looking herself over. She was so cute now, so pretty! She was so put off earlier that she never realized the big picture: that this busty, curvy body was a blessing.

She giggled some more, sliding her hands down her form and taking in her cartoonish figure. However, in that slide, she realized something.

Taking another, harder look at herself, she puffed her cheeks. She twisted herself back and forth and even wiggled her hips. *So tight!* Her clothes didn't fit so well anymore. She understood why given her impressive chest and hip department obviously, but it was so...!

"Annoying!" She huffed, her tone getting comically hoity-toity, *"Such annoyances to one such as myself! Plus, this outfit is simply garish and unfitting for one with a figure such as moi."*

And then it happened, as if something or somethingS were listening. Her clothing began to shake and quiver, much to her surprise. Then, her shirt stretched downward to meet her jeans while the jeans went up to meet the shirt.

Once met up, everything shifted further. The gray of her shirt and blue of her jeans both shifted to a light, blueish indigo. The material morphed from cotton and denim into some sort of elastic, soft spandex, slick and smooth to the eye. The material hugged her whole body further, highlighting even more of every single curvy, shapely part of her figure. The only difference was that her outfit wasn't smothering or too tight, but actually rather comfortable instead.

Then, they merged. The bottom of her shirt and top of her pants molded into one another, seams vanishing from the sight. The zipper, pockets, top button were all gone. A small zipper appeared in the back, extending from her collar to just above the hole where her tail could stick through. She had on quite the jumpsuit now.

As her tennis shoes stretched and brightened to white, knee-high heeled boots, the one last thing struck her jumpsuit. Right in the center of it, smacked between her bouncy mounds, an emblem appeared. It was a golden triangle with a blue center and a letter in it, much like a superhero. That letter was "C".

"C" ... "C" ... hmm..." The toon gal scratched her chin. It seemed so familiar. That logo, that emblem, that outfit... her entire form.

CLICK! A lightbulb appeared above her head as she grinned. *Of course!* It makes perfect sense now. She laughed dramatically and struck a pose. *"I am Cadence Chipmunk, the lovely, cutie heroine!"*

"Hahaha!" She did a spin and struck another pose, more dramatic, yet comical. *"I finally figured it out and, I must say, I'm simply smashing and darling~! I can do anything... like be the hero I'm supposed to be!"*

Of course, be a hero~! It was so simple, Cadence should've realized it in the first place! Her tail wagging, she thought about everything she could do right. Stop carjackers, foil bank

robbers, rescue balloons flying away from their children owners, bring down white-collar crime, the sky was the limit!

Click! The lightbulb still floating about her head flickered again. She smacked her forehead and giggled, “*Right right! First, errands! Need food for my base of operations and more toilet paper! I can’t fight crime without taking care of my needs first!*”

Without another word, she hurried off to the store once again. There was shopping to be done... and introductions to be made!

After all, a new superheroine has entered this city’s life. They had to meet its new protector. Everyone will be so impressed and smitten when they see her. Who could blame them? Cadence Chipmunk was a one-of-a-kind, lovely gal~.

THE END