

Toon It Up: Bearing Some weight

By: Firingwall

Story done for [Mogg of FurAffinity](#)

"Hey, you've been stressed out a lot lately. Just take it. You need it more than me."

Mogg sighed, leaning further back into his chair. *Royal really deserved this more. I know he does.* He rubbed his face, pushing his glasses up so as not to smudge them. *I really don't need this as much as him.*

Now, perhaps Mogg did need it. Work had been difficult as of late. Crabby managers, customers, fellow workers, the job itself, and everything else in between had been chewing away at him slowly. He did need to relieve his stress at some point.

Still, it didn't make him feel any less guilty. His boyfriend, Royal, had won a trip to the new spa that opened in town for a free massage. They usually couldn't afford such a luxury so the win was exciting.

Royal has to deal with more crap than I do. Mogg thought, continuing to berate himself. *Me? I just could deal with things like always.*

It would do him no good to continue thinking this negatively. He put the thought from his mind, looking down at himself. A tinge of awkwardness bubbled up within. *At least they're letting me wear shorts for this.* Mogg was sure the masseuse was a professional, but he did feel awkward about being naked or mostly naked around people he didn't know.

Also, looking at himself made him feel down in a different way. *I really need to eat better.* He poked his soft stomach. Again, the masseuse probably wouldn't care, but it still nagged him. *Maybe I do need this. I'm so worried and stressed out about every-*

The door suddenly creaked. The man stood up. *Wait, am I supposed to be on the table and not in the chair? Crap, I've never done this before or-*

Any worries about that soon left as a wave of confusion washed over him. A bear had just walked in pushing a small table with bottles on it. It was a very large, wide, heavy-looking bear... with white, pudgy gloves and a bulgy nose.

Mogg quickly realized what was up. *Wait, the masseuse is a toon?*

The toon bear rolled his shoulders and looked over at the man with a big smile. **“Hiya dere! Da name’s Smokey Steve. I’mma professional cigar maker, salesbear, masseuse, ands any of dat in whatevah ordah youse prefer!”**

Cigar maker sounds right. Mogg rubbed his nose. The bear definitely had a smoky scent to him. It wasn’t powerful, but it was fairly noticeable.

“H-hello,” Mogg held out his hand, the bear eagerly shaking it. “I-I’m Mogg. I’m, ah, your client... patient... something for today?”

The bear was about to say something when he frowned. He looked at the hand he was shaking and then let go, sizing Mogg up. **“Mmm, gotta say, youse goin’ through sum stuff, ain’t ya? All dat tension ands trouble in dat shake, mmhmm, not good!”**

“Wait, you can tell just from that?”

Steve laughed, his belly jiggling behind his shirt. **“Of course I’s can! Imma professional, bub!”** He patted Mogg on the shoulder and nodded towards the table. **“Nows, youse lay down dere on yours belly ands let’s get ta fixin’ ya up!”**

Mogg nodded. He was feeling more awkward and a bit exposed by the second being around the bear, especially since he read him like a book. However, he did as he was told and slipped onto the table, resting his head on his arms.

“Okay!” Mogg heard Steve say, **“Let’s see here... I’ms gonna start with da back ands start workin’ all around. Dat cool, lil’ guy?”** Mogg nodded. **“Good! Nows, just relax ands let mah paws find dat stress youse been feelin’.”**

The man closed his eyes and braced himself, not sure how it would go. Would the toon do something incredibly silly and goofy? Would he be hard and forceful with his massaging? The anticipation put him on edge.

Yet, it was none of that. He felt the gloved hands press into his back. They were soft, plush, and a little cool on his skin. They began to rub and poke around, feeling different parts of his back. It was difficult to describe the sensation, but it wasn't unpleasant at least.

“Just gettin’ a feel fors dings, bub,” Steve said after a while. **“Need ta knows da best place ta start, ya know?”**

“It’s okay... take your time.”

“...definitely feelin’ sum stress now. Youse wanna talk ‘bout it ors anydang?”

Mogg’s face reddened. “I... I don’t really want to talk about honestly.” He sighed to himself, burying his face more into his forearms. He wouldn’t understand. To Mogg, toons looked so free, happy, joyful, and loving life all the time. It was like they didn’t have a care in the world. How could a bear understand all his built-up anxiety?

“I’s see...” Steve was quiet, his paws leaving the back briefly. **“Wells den, I’s say we’s get started den! I’s dink I’s see what ya need!”**

With that, Mogg flinched. The gloves came back, digging into his back. In particular, they began to massage the base of his spine, right above his rear. He shivered, hands clenching as the paws did their magic.

Then, his tension melted. He sunk more into the table, body going limp. That feeling, the sensation was extraordinary. It was so relaxing!

During it all, something happened. Right where the toon was massaging, something grew. Small and thin at first, it grew thicker and spread out across his lower back. Fur was growing, white as freshly fallen snow.

In the center of it all, right above his bum, the area bulged. A nub pushed out, growing thicker and protruding out just a little bit. Fur swiftly sprouted over it as well, making for a short, stubby tail. It was a tail quite similar to the brown ursine’s.

Mogg didn’t notice a thing. He was content, in complete bliss. His problems felt so far away now. *This... this is great. I... I really needed this.*

“Looks like I’s hit da spot, eh?” Smokey Steve chuckled. Mogg felt his gloved hands go up his back and even rubbing his sides. **“Nows, youse said ya didn’t wanna talk, right? I’s respect dat! If youse do, just let Big Smoke know, heheh!”**

Mogg shivered, stretching out more. The massage was so good, positively magical even! Was it always this good to get massaged or was there something actually magical in those gloves’ touch? It just made anything feel so small.

That was especially the case given him. The more Steve massaged and touched his form, the wider it began to grow. Patches of white fuzz began to sprout as well in various spots across his back and sides.

He didn't notice a thing. Instead, a thought came to his mind. *Maybe... maybe it wouldn't hurt to tell him? He's... he's probably a good listener at least and it's better than bottling everything up.*

"And... and that's it." Mogg glumly sighed. "I'm just so stressed out all the time." It felt good getting everything out in the open, even if it was exhausting to hear it all out loud.

"I's get ya, I's get ya!" Steve responded when he was finished. The large bear had pulled back from his massaging, lifting his hands and cracking his fingers.

Mogg still wasn't sure the bear understood everything, but it was at least nice to tell someone his troubles. It was like a weight had been lifted.

Though, there was an odd, rather literal feeling of weight on him he couldn't describe. That came from the fact he was bigger, much bigger. His frame was wider and thicker, fat and fur filling it. The size increase actually made him fill out most of the table.

"I'm just frustrated." Mogg sighed, burying his head further into his arms. "I wish things wouldn't get to me so much. I wish I worked somewhere better. I wish I didn't constantly eat. I wish... I wish I wasn't me."

"Awww, dat's not fair ta yourself!" Smokey sighed, his gloved paws moving up to Mogg's shoulders. They broadened a bit, fixing that mismatched part of his torso.

"Well, I wish I was at least a little thinner and fitter. That might be ni-"

There was a loud, gruff snort. **"Thinner? Pfffffft! Ain't nuthin' wrong with sum chub, littl' guy!"**

"But isn't it unhealt-"

"BAH!" The bear smacked the table. **"If youse say unhealthy ors mention sumding 'bout doctahs, I'ms gonna barf! Being chubby is great! I's mean, look at me!"**

The bear walked around to where Mogg could see him. He ran his mitts down his body, giving it a good shake and letting his blubber jiggle. He gripped his stomach, giving it a few hearty bounces. “Ain’t all of dis just grand?”

Mogg blushed. He didn’t really get it or even feel that way about his weight. But, there was something to that toon’s enthusiasm that felt special. He was so carefree and happy, with just so much pride that he couldn’t help but be happy for him and feel that joy.

“Well, I guess being big isn’t bad for a toon, but I’m not-”

“Youse stop being so upset ands just relax!” Steve interrupted, moving back to the side. **“Just listen ta Big Smoke as he lays sum wisdoms on ya!”**

He pulled one of Mogg’s arms out from under his head and began massaging it, rubbing deep into the skin. Mogg shivered and laid his face on the soft matting of the table. His arm began to swell and inflate, hairs turning white.

“Bein’ big is grand!” Steve said, putting Mogg’s arm down and moving onto the other. **“It feels so comfy ands makes ya feel all soft all over!”** The other arm began to inflate too. **“In fact, I’s says youse could stand ta put on sum more weight ta be extra cuddly ands soft! I’s bet yours boyfriend would love burying his head in ya!”**

Mogg didn’t agree with that. Again, health concerns, his views of himself, and all of that nagged at his head. “Listen...” He started to lift his head. “That’s all nice, but I do-heh... I don’theheh... Ihehehehe!”

Smokey Steve had moved on, working his magic on the man’s feet. His gloves went deep into his soles, giggles leaving Mogg. The skin began to bulge and swell, turning black and plush. Fat pads popped out, white fuzz growing around them.

Steve’s fingers went along the sides, the feet growing wider and longer, and up into the toes. He carefully massaged each digit, which began to balloon and develop pads. Some of the digits merged, fur growing over them too. Mogg soon had some big, fat, three-toed bear paws.

The man didn’t notice or feel it, too busy laughing. He did hear Steve go on, his attention hyper-focusing on it. **“Dere ain’t nuthin’ wrong with bein’ oversized ands heavy! Sure, for sum, it’s fine ta wanna slim down! Youse do youse, I’s say! Buuuuuut, don’t feel so pressured by society ands all dem folk sayin’ fat is bad. Youse are whose youse are!”**

Mogg's breathing returned to normal, the laughter slowly die down. "B-but... but didn't you say before that?"

The gloves moved on, sliding up onto Mogg's legs and gently rubbing them. Mogg went limp again. "**I's say all dat before, because I's can see it! I's see a big, heavy bear in ya wantin' ta come out ands play! I's don't want ya denyin' whose youse really are! Don't let sum peeps ands doctahs tell ya otherwise 'bout dat!**"

At this point, Smokey Steve just sounded weird in his ramblings. Mogg didn't quite get it but got enough. He didn't want to be big or heavy. It still felt unhealthy, despite how positive and eager the bear was.

I don't want to be big, Mogg thought. He quivered, his legs beginning to swell now. I shouldn't be heavy. It's just... just unhealthy. His legs grew thicker and chunkier, finally matching his torso. Their hairs were turning white too.

Mogg bit his bottom lip. *But... but why does it sound good?* His heart began to race, a bit of joy entering him. *It's because of Steve. He's just so happy about being fat. He's trying so hard and... and maybe there's something to it? Being comfortable with who you are?*

He cleared his throat. "W-well... I guess you do make it... sound nice. I just..."

"I's just what?"

"Dunno. I'm not sure 'bout a lotta thing ta be honest. I'm not sure ifOOOOOH!" His mind blurred as his face went completely red. The toon bear's mitts were right on his butt, getting right in and rubbing it.

S-so handsy! Mogg trembled, trying to get up. *Should... should tell him to stop.*

L-later. The humanish customer went limp, sinking back into the table. The bear was something else. If he could ever afford it again, he knew he had to get another massage from him.

"Youse don't have ta be so apprehensive, big guy!" Smokey chuckled. **"Youse just gotta be honest ands true with yourself! I's betcha dat's helpin' make youse all stressed out!"**

"Y-you think?" Mogg groaned, drool dripping out of his maw.

“Ah-huh!” The grizzly toon nodded eagerly. **“I’s dink its time for a little mantra! It’s sumding I’s say a lot! Perks me right up! Try saying: Dere’s nuthin’ wrong with bein’ a big, fat toon bear!”**

Mogg did not get it at all. “How will dat help me?”

“Wells, sayin’ who you are and expressin’ confidence in ya self leads ta a happier mindset! It does fors me whenever I’s doubt myself. Just remindin’ ands sayin’ you’re good no matter whose you are helps a lot!”

Mogg had doubts about that but was a little surprised. Smokey Steve had his own issues with self-confidence and his image. He always thought toons were just happy all the time and never got sad or down. Perhaps they weren’t so different from humans after all.

There was still doubt in how that phrase would help him in particular given that it seemed to be made for a bear. However, after learning just a little bit more about his masseuse, Mogg decided to go for it. It wouldn’t hurt after all.

“Okay...” Mogg took a deep breath. “There’s nothing wrong with being a big, fat, toon bear.”

Suddenly, something changed. The stress that had been built up in him felt lesser. His concerns were still there, but the issues didn’t feel as “big” as they were. In particular, his feelings towards his own weight and body didn’t come off as so bad.

With that sensation, there was more growth. Steve pulled his paws away as Mogg’s rear began to swell. His hips stretched out further, thighs thickening as his butt widened. His cheeks inflated swiftly, getting heavier and chunkier. His shorts thankfully stretched to fit them, though the top of his buttocks popped out at the top.

“You’re... you’re right!” Mogg shivered, white fur began to appear out the top of his shorts and leg holes. “That did feel really good!”

“Well den, say it again!”

“There’s nothing wrong with being a big, fat toon bear!” Mogg felt wonderful. His mind didn’t feel weighed down any longer. He felt at blissful peace for once!

“Dat’s what I’s like ta see!” Steve stepped up in front of him, bending down. **“So, I’s dink I’m done with yours back. Howse ‘bout youse flip over fors me so we can get da front of ya?”**

Right, front! Mogg just realized that Steve had been doing nothing but his back so far. It would probably be good to get his front done.

The human began to get up and turn. However, there was an immense weight in it, every bit of turning feeling like a struggle or an effort to do. He gripped the table hard and flipped onto his back eventually.

Doing so, he finally saw himself. He was so much bigger, wider, and chubbier than before. His belly was huge, and his limbs chunkier. He had thick paws for feet, splotches of expanding white popping across his form. He looked inhuman, beastly.

Mogg tried sitting up, his hand reaching and feeling every part of him. It was real. “Wha... what happened to-”

“Hey dere, big guy!” Smokey Steve placed his gloves upon Mogg’s shoulders and laid him back down. **“Your massage ain’t over! Just let Big Smoke finish heres before youse really get a feel for ya! Just relax ands soon, you’lls be better, stress free, ands luv’in’ yahself more!”**

Mogg’s face was entirely red, almost cartoonishly so. Everything was out of control now. He could barely process what was happening. He was big now, very big. He would be getting bigger, as big as Steve was too if he had to guess.

Despite it all, looking down at himself as he laid there, seeing his massive stomach, he felt something. Something that didn’t make him quite as concerned or worried. Seeing how large he was getting, it made him think of Steve’s words. They were starting to make some sense.

As such, Mogg could only say one thing. “O-okay. Keep at it.”

Steve smiled and went to the cart he rolled in. Mogg’s heart raced. He was curious to see where this was going, wanting to see how big he could get. He wondered how it would be to be like the bear.

Steve returned with a white bottle, squirting some kind of substance into his mitts. He lathered them up and reached down, taking one of Mogg’s hands. He rubbed and massaged it carefully, getting between the fingers and around the palm.

The hand swelled and grew before his eyes. Skin bubbled and ballooned outwards on his fingers and palms, turning dark and thick like pads. White fur sprouted around them, cloaking the rest of his hand and matching his arm. His fingernails jutted out a bit, turning to stubby claws.

“I have a paw!” Mogg blinked. “A big... huh?” He couldn’t see his paw anymore. It was covered by a white, four-fingered glove like Steve’s. That was quick.

Steve let go of it, letting Mogg bring it in for a closer look. It felt heavy to move, but yet oddly soft and squishy when he touched it. He pulled back on the glove. There was another glove beneath it. Pulling back on that one showed yet another glove.

“There’s nothing wrong with being a big, fat, toon bear.”

It clicked. He understood why Steve had him say all of that, why it felt so good. It wasn’t just for bears. It was for him. He was becoming a big, fat, toon bear.

The former human shivered. There was nothing wrong with any of that too.

“**Heh, looks likes sumbuddy he’s made a realization!**” Steve chuckled, taking the other hand and massaging it. “**Howse youse feelin’ now?**”

“Like... likes... likes sumbody who wants ya ta keep goin’!” Mogg said eagerly.

“**Youse gots it!**” Finishing up the last inflated hand, a glove appearing over it as well, Smokey Steve picked up the pace. He began working on both arms, giving them another once over, digging into the joints and muscles.

The upper limbs swelled again. They grew chubbier and thicker, heavier too. Yet, despite how soft they were, there was strength and power in them. He felt like he could benchpress a car.

Closing them out was fur. The white splotches cloaked his limbs from gloves to shoulders and beyond. He felt warmer with his new fur coat. However, the fur didn’t exactly look like fur. It looked like a flat color with no indication of individual strands like it was just a layer of paint to the eye.

Mogg didn’t care about that though. It was just an aspect of a toon that was completely natural to them. It would soon be natural to him as well.

He let out a low, pleasant sigh and relaxed, his eyes closing as Steve moved onto the legs. Things felt great like everything was right in the world. He was at peace, especially enjoying that sensation of growth. His legs were swelling, gaining their fur coating too.

This... this is what I needed. It wasn't just the massage anymore. It was more than that. It was awakening something in him. It was awakening a new him, one that knew he needed to be. He needed to be a big, fat, toon bear!

"Heheh, sumbuddy looks peaceful!" Steve snickered, leaving the legs and moving up. He rubbed Mogg's sides, letting them widen and sprout fuzz. He moved onto his chest, which fattened and developed some light moobs.

"Yeah... yeah I's ams!" Mogg said, smiling brightly. **"I's finally get what ya mean! I feel a lot better now. Beddah about me!"**

"Wells, youse 'bout ta feel a lot beddah! Dontcha go sleepin' through da fun!" Mogg's eyes opened, seeing Steve place his mitts on the soon-to-be-bear's tummy.

The toon massaged and rubbed away. Fur quickly erupted across the blubbery, soft mass, cloaking everything in sight. Mogg's entire body pushed out, swelling. Even though he couldn't see it, his shape, especially in his lower region, was getting rounder and rounder.

Steve rubbed his stomach, getting deep in and massaging all over. Mogg felt something he never had before. It was like eating the best meal and experiencing the best thing ever all at once and tripled. It was pure, utter bliss.

Heheh, Mogg thought in a silly stupor, keep massaging and rubbing! Keep making me bigger! Bigger! Must... must be bigger! Everything is beddah bigger!

"Saaaaaaay!" Steve lifted his hands, Mogg feeling annoyed by the stopping. The bear stroked his chin. **"Ya wanna try yourself? Youse have da gloves for it now! I's say put dem ta use! Finally enjoy da big bear gut youse has been missin' out on all yours life!"**

Mogg's heart raced, cartoonishly going **Ta-THUMP** over and over. That did seem like a good idea! He should enjoy himself, not just keep staring. He quickly plopped his gloves onto his bear tummy and began to rub and stroke it.

Mmmmm! Mogg chuckled goofily. It felt great, but it also felt so natural and right to do. He should pat and rub his stomach more often now!

He massaged away, his body growing more. His gut kept getting bigger and wider, but so did his figure. It was cartoonishly expanding and reshaping itself, turning more toony by the second as his hips and legs shifted around. Soon, it was just a wide, heavy pear-shape.

“Dere ya go!” Steve cheered. **“Youse really gettin’ it! Almost done nows! Let’s wrap up yours session!”** Mogg felt a bit sad. They were almost done? Awww, he wanted to be felt and rubbed a bit longer.

The brown bear reached for Mogg’s neck, sticking his thumb out. It placed the fat digit on the throat, right where the adam’s apple was, and rubbed it. Mogg coughed a few times, his neck beginning to widen and grow fur as well.

“Easy dere!” The growing bear coughed, **“Youse be careful with dat thumb of... heeeey! Dat mah voice? Well, shucks, don’t i’s just sound goshdarn goofy, eheheheh!”**

“Goofy in a good ways, ya mean!” Steve laughed. He brought his paws to Mogg’s head at last. He ran his digits through his client’s hair, slicking through the messy brown cut. The color turned grayish-white. The locks shrank and turned sharp, almost blending in with the fur creeping up the backside of his noggin.

The hands slipped down to his ears, tugging and kneading them. They grew wider and rounder, being pulled to the top of his head. White fur rose from them, completing their ursine look.

The gloves went across his entire face now, rubbing and tugging on different parts. His eyebrows and brown thickened, his head flattening slightly for a more bearish shape. His cheeks fattened and were stretched out, his maw wider. His lips turned dark and gummy as white fur swallowed his mug’s skin.

Then, Steve gripped and squeezed Mogg’s nose tightly. It trembled from being squashed, turning dark as coal. The bear pulled with one mighty tug and the former human’s face was yanked into a sturdy, strong muzzle. Steve let go and Mogg’s snout inflated into a big, bulbous bear nose, glossy under the room’s lights.

Mogg laid there blankly, blinking a few times. That final tug suddenly knocked it out of him. He felt fully new, fully different. The old him was gone. He was now a toon polar bear through and through.

Steve laughed, placing his paws on his hips. **“Dere we are! One special, filling, toonifying massage all done! Howse y’all feel nows?”**

Mogg slowly sat up, letting out a yawn. He stretched his fat arms and placed them back on his tummy, gently digging his fingers into it. He grinned, joy bubbling forth. **“Hyuck, I feel darn tootin’ good here! Youse got sum mighty fine magic gloves dere, fellah!”**

“Awww, danks, Mogg!” He patted the new bear on the shoulder.

Mogg felt amazing. He looked and felt like a million bucks worth of honey! He couldn’t believe he felt concerned about being a bit big. Steve was right! He wasn’t big enough before!

Things felt different too. He felt like he had more energy and power in him despite the weight. All of his problems, worries, and concerns that plagued his mind felt distant and far away. They were still there and he would have to eventually deal with them when he went to work, but it didn’t feel as bad. It felt manageable and something that shouldn’t anchor him down.

With his new self-confidence, Mogg slipped off the table and onto the floor. **KABOOM!** The entire room shook, items and objects bouncing into the air as he landed. The polar bear smirked. That was some fun use of his big weight!

Though speaking of his weight, his eyes fell on his clothes laying out on the chairs. He walked over, looking at them. He was going to need new stuff. None of it looked fun and captured his new jolly self. Also, they were FAR too small too.

“Hmm, dat stuff does look itty-bitty!” Smokey Steve came over and looked too. **“Not gonna fit a big, proper bear, eh?”** He reached down and took Mogg’s glasses, breathing on them and rubbing them with his arm.

“All of dese are gonna need sum adjustin’!” He placed them on Mogg’s head as he went for a shirt. Surprisingly, the glasses fitted his widened nose bridge perfectly now. They rested comfortably and without fear of slipping off the end of his snoot.

Steve lifted the shirt and held it away from him. With a hard shake, he gave the shirt a good snap and flap. It suddenly ballooned out, turning bright orange with a picture of a popsicle on it. Mogg gasped. The shirt looked amazing and wearable!

“Heh, well ain’t dat just dandy!” Mogg casually slipped the shirt on. **“I won’t be needin’ ta buy a whole new wardrobe after all! Heh, Royal will be happy ‘bout dat!”**

“I’m sure he’lls be happy ‘bout a lotta dings!” Steve winked.

“**Heheh, yeah!**” Mogg sighed, rubbing his cheeks dopily. His eyes closed as his handsome, dreamy sweetheart appeared in his mind. The guy would constantly hug and rub himself into the soft toon, Mogg returning with a big bear hug himself.

“**Awww! He does look dandy, don’t he?**” Mogg’s eyes opened, noticing Steve was staring to the side of him. There, a thought balloon was hanging about, showing the bear and human cuddling together. “**Hope he likes big bears!**”

“**Y-yeah!**” Mogg quickly swatted the thought balloon away. “**He does, he does!**” That was a bit embarrassing. He was going to have to be careful about his daydreaming from now on.

DING! Suddenly a lightbulb appeared above Steve’s head. The bear’s eyes lit up as he dug into his back pocket. He pulled out a large, colorful coupon and handed it to him. “**Here ya are!**”

“**Danks?**” Mogg looked at it. “**What’s dis?**”

“**An extra free session! Youse were talkin’ ‘bout feelin’ guilty he couldn’t come! Now, he’s cans come on over and unwind a littl’, feel good, beddah, ands “heavier” too!**”

Mogg lit up himself, his face stretching into a super wide grin. He definitely was feeling guilty earlier, but now, he could make up for it!

Royal could finally have his stress and worries taken care of. He could join the big bear lifestyle. They could feel happy and at peace in a new way, sharing in all kinds of fun, new experiences. Maybe they could even find something different to do as bears. Surely there was somebody out there that wanted some nice, tubby ursines.

Either way, Mogg was happy at last. Things were going to be different now. Life wasn’t going to feel as daunting with several hundred pounds under his belt.

THE END