

Witchy-Toony Delights: The Kink in Me

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Featuring Kinka, who belongs to panahinuva
Commission done for [Rickyking of FurAffinity](#)

“Hmmm, Banana Rush... no. Chocolate Mint ‘plosion? Had that a week ago. ...no, not that either.” Ricky was looking over the menu options at Witchy-Toony Delights, eyes scanning every inch of the menus hanging above.

Below them and behind the counters, two toon women waited patiently, but eagerly. They were Emmi, professional motivational toon and manager, and Kinka, professional ice cream artist and designer. The first was a wolf, the other a kinkajou, both coated in white fur with long tails swishing eagerly behind them.

They watched their favorite customer eagerly, wondering what decision he would make. However, as he stroked his chin, he started to look... glum. No, not glum, but rather disappointed.

“Awwww, what’s the matter, Ricky-poo?” Emmi spoke, her voice dripping with concern. “Is nothing appealing to ya today?”

Ricky looked at them and sighed. “Sorry girls... it’s not that. Everything is great here. But... but that’s the problem. I’ve had EVERYthing already. There’s nothing left to try or discover for the first time. Just feeling kind of down about that.”

He sighed and sulked. Kinka, on the other hand, smacked her hands against her face and gasped loudly. “W-w-w-w-w-wait?! Does this mean... does this mean our number one customer isn’t going to buy anything from us anymore?!”

“WHAT?!” Emmi gasped herself and looked desperately into Ricky’s eyes, leaning over the counter and mashing her large breasts onto the counter. Her eyes were filled with tears as she asked, “You’re gonna leave us now?!”

“What?! N-n-no!” Ricky said, waving his hands, “N-not at all! I’m still going to dine here. It’s just... just that I’m a bit sad I’ve tried everything. There’s nothing new to me anymore. Each treat will still be fun, just without the fun of discovering something new, ya know?”

The two toon gals stared at him, unblinking, unmoving for quite a long while. Ricky looked between them, feeling a bit nervous. *Crap... did I touch a nerve or something?*

Suddenly, the two of them stepped back and huddled together. Well, huddled together as much as they could with their large chests pressing against each other. Ricky blushed, looking away as they whispered rather loudly. Nothing he could make out since all of their whispers sounded like gibberish.

Eventually, the two broke off and turned back to him. Kinka smiled, flipping her radiant red hair over her shoulder. “Well, we talked about it and we do have some good news. There is

one ice cream treat left you haven't tried. It's a super, super special one that is very awakeningly amazing if I do say so myself."

"It's also very changerific as well!" Emmi butted in, wagging a finger. "You may not be up for its power and what it can do."

That certainly intrigued the young man, who gave the two a curious look. "Well, I've tried everything you got before, so I'm pretty sure I can take whatever you can dish out."

"Do you wish to buy this special ice cream cone then?" Kinka leaned over the counter. "No backing out of this, I'll have you know."

He snorted and smiled confidently. "I said, 'I can take whatever you can dish out.' So, yeah, bring it on."

Kinka flashed a dazzling smile. The two toon girls looked at each other and nodded. With that, the kinkajou toon zipped into the back, disappearing from sight.

Several minutes later, much to Ricky's surprise ["She's never taken this long to make anything"], Kinka finally returned. However, she was now wearing a large, black welder's mask. She held long pliers, almost looking like she was a blacksmith. At the end of those pliers, there was an ice cream cone.

And what an ice cream cone it was. While the cone didn't look special, a standard, light brown waffle one, the ice cream shined. It was neon blue with intrinsic patterns made of chocolate syrup all over it. It was hard to tell what the patterns were, but he never understood Kinka's designs or artistic vision. Though, the chocolate syrup did look blacker than usual.

Regardless, Ricky took the cone from the tool and handed over a twenty. "Keep the change." He said, Emmi swooning happily over the money.

Looking at the treat, he took a deep breath. *Here we go...* He leaned in and gave it a nice, long lick from top to bottom.

DING! RWOOOOORL~ His eyes started to cartoonishly spin and spin, speeding so fast that toony spirals appeared over his eyes. The sound of steam whistle blew as steam bellowed out his ears like out of an obstacle in a first-person shooter.

BOING!BOING!BOING!BOING!BOING!BOING! Ricky launched off the ground, bouncing off the ceiling, floor, tables, and walls. Both toon gals ducked under the counter, even covering their heads.

PLOP! Eventually, the bouncing ricocheting ended, and the ladies peeked out from under their counter. Ricky was back to standing in his original spot, his body swaying from side to side. He groaned slightly, the spirals in his eyes slowing down.

He shook his head, the spirals flying from his face and revealing his eyes again. Well, sort of his eyes. They were now slightly larger with bright purple irises and long eyelashes. His eyelids had a thick layer of purple eyeshadow to them.

“Mmmmmmmmmmm~” His voice was feminine and all too seductive, much like Kinka’s own. “You’ve done it yet again, Kinka.”

“Reeeeeeally?” Kinka asked, leaning in and removing her mask, “Ya sure? You all good?”

“Mmhmmmm.” Ricky nodded and licked the cone. **POP-POP!** His ears wobbled before “popping” into cute, wideish oval ones. Said ears zipped to the top of his head as steel blue fur grew over, pink fuzz growing on the inside. **POP!** A single, cute, large orange hoop earring appeared in one of his ears.

“This is quite possibly the tastiest ice cream I ever had!” He declared, licking it again. “And I had a lotta ice cream from you gals.”

POP-POP! The toon employees looked down, spotting a new change. Ricky’s tennis shoes had suddenly transformed. They were now large, gaudy, bright red high heels.

Slurp. He scooped up another bit of the frozen dessert, his nose wobbling gently. **Pop.** His snout swelled and shifted into a round, oval-shaped, black animal nose. “Mmmmm, I can’t quite put my tongue on what exactly this tastes like. It’s... It’s...”

“Blueberry?” Emmi asked.

“**BLUEBERRY!** That’s it, wolfiepool!” Ricky did a little, striking a pose and holding the cone up high. His body shook with that sudden pose striking. He grew several inches in height, posing him just past six feet tall. His jeans legs vanished, revealing his darker skin... which was quickly covered by neon blue fur sprouting.

His waist pushed in as he went in and licked more and more of his ice cream cone. His shirt suddenly clung to his body tightly, tightly digging into his skin. He paid it no mind, unaware of the shrinkage. He remained oblivious as his shirt sleeves slowly dissolved.

“This blueberry is the best, Kinka!” Ricky exclaimed, his shirt’s color turning from its muddy dark brown to a vibrant pink.

“Weeeeelllll, blueberry **WITH** toon ink chocolate sauce. And heavy, **VERY** heavy on the ink.” Kinka interjected, fiddling with her vibrant locks, “Either way, I’m glad you appreciate the taste of this delightful treat.”

“I’m moooooore than appreciating the taste, darling.” Ricky giggled. **BOOOSH!** His hair exploded out into a wild, luscious mane of dark blue hair. It was wavy and wild, flowing down his hips, also like Kinka’s. “I’m *loving* the taste.”

Lick. He ran his tongue from the bottom of the scoop to the top. He quivered and shook before a loud **KA-BOOM!** His chest ballooned out into a pair of airbags before quickly deflating. Though not all the way, his pink top now covering B-cup sized breasts.

His long legs shook again before his pants legs shot up, sounding like a roller shade after it had been tugged hard. His pants looked like short shorts but didn't stop there. The leg holes merged into one hole, forming a skirt.

Free and uncovered, he felt a shiver on his legs, goosebumps breaking out over them. The chill would not remain for long as the blue fur sticking out of his heels swiftly zoomed up his legs. Every square inch was covered, the color and tone looking flat, but also inky.

As his thighs thickened, growing larger and tender, Kinka started stroking her chin. "HMMMMMMMM, ya know, I can't help but feel Ricky looks familiar."

Emmi squinted, looking at the young man. "Yeeeeeah." She stroked her chin as well. "You're right! Ricky does look rather familiar too."

While the two pondered, Ricky merely giggled and ignored them. There was much more ice cream to enjoy after all. He gave his cone another happy lick, which was followed by **fa-pop**. Behind him, a small tail grew, pushing his skirt down as it popped out above his butt.

It wiggled gently, catching Kinka's eye. She stared at it, squinting intensely. Eventually, a large exclamation mark popped above her head. "Ohmahgawd! I get it!"

"Mmm? Get what?" Ricky asked, placing a hand on his hip. **Creeeeeeeak snap!** His waist shook and snapped in, his top clinging to him like it was glued on. His waist was super thin as any of the toon ladies that worked there. Blue fur quickly grew, sliding up and over his torso, poking out of his short sleeves and collar.

"You're turning into me!" Kinka declared.

"Dun-dun-daaaaaaa!" Emmi cried, slapping her face with her paws.

"What?!" **POOF!** Both of his hands doubled in size, ring fingers merging with middle. They quickly grew blue fur over them with dark purple pads popping out underneath each finger. Upon each wrist, a large, pink bracelet appeared.

Kinka hopped over the counter and looked him over up and down. "Hmmm, welllll, a less attractive, less hawt version of me to be fair. But, still a kinkajou."

Ricky looked down and huffed, puffing his cheeks. "Heeeeeeey, I am totes hot, gurl. Don't be all hatin' on the newest kinkajou on the block!"

He licked the cone a few times and stepped up to Kinka. **FA-BOOM!** His chest shook again, exploding into a large DD-cup size, bumping against Kinka's much larger G-cups.

Ka-boom! In the back, his hips swelled massively, almost double the size his waist used to be. Even his rear ballooned, looking like he sliced a basketball in half and put a part over each butt cheek. Everything below the navel was on par with Kinka's own curves.

The white kinkajou giggled. "Okay girl, I believe ya. I ain't hatin'. I'm just checkin' out the competition, is all."

Ricky frowned but held his ground. He stared as the hand holding the ice cream crept up, his tongue slipping out to lick it up. Blue fur quickly coated his arms and his neck, his rear shaking. **BOOSH!** His short tail shot out, stretching until almost as long as his body.

"Sooooooo, how are you feeling?" Emmi asked, leaning over the counter and holding her head in her hands.

"Wellllllll, I'm feeling awesome!" Ricky smiled brightly, flashing bright white, stainless teeth. "Like, super super great! It's like... like..." The bulge in her skirt vanished, leaving her crotch empty of any male trace. "...it's like I've been reborn! Reborn and ready to par-TEE!"

She tossed the ice cream into the air. It spun and spun, going in slow motion when it started falling back. She opened her mouth, which stretched wide and pushed out to greet it. **GULP!** She swallowed it all whole. **SNAP!** Her jaws snapped close, now pulled into a short, but cute muzzle [also like Kinka's].

VA-VA-BOOOOOM! Her breasts swelled one final time, mashing against Kinka's harder, like two lumps of dough. They ballooned to FF-cup, just slightly under her rival's mammaries. Her top also fully shifted, sleeves vanishing and hemline shrinking. It quickly ended up as a pink, spaghetti-strapped tube top that showed off lots of cleavage and belly button.

The two kinkajou toons smirked, gazing into each other's eyes. Emmi looked between the blue and white girls curiously. "Huh... Kinka, hun. I think... I think Ricky is prettier than you!"

Kinka huffed, shaking her head and pressing her breasts against Ricky's. "I dunno. After thinking about it, I think she's far uglier. I mean, like, she's using an air pump to inflate these boobs." She poked at Ricky's blue cleavage. "Totally not natural, unlike my puppies."

Ricky laughed, reaching around and pinching Kinka's butt. "Pfffffft. Yeah right. They're completely real, unlike the padded bottom you used to make your booty look bigger."

"GASP! I would never, you harlot!"

"Cellulite butt!"

"Boobie galore!"

"Snowdip!"

"Bluegill!"

The two kinkajous stared daggers at each other, electricity bursting between their eyes. They leaned in, keeping their harsh glare the entire time. However, it faded as the two smiled and laughed. The two toons hugged, somehow squishing their breasts even more together.

Kinka put an arm around the former guy and turned to Emmi. “I like her! Ricky totally gets being a kinkajou.”

The blue toon’s head tilted. “Whose Ricky? I’m ‘Rikki’, darling~”

“Of course you are, darling!” Kinka grinned and slipped her arm around the gal’s waist. “My ice cream skills are completely genius. Now, I have a new bestie!”

“Hey!” Emmi declared, pouting.

Kinka giggled. “Well, you’re still my number one gal, Emmi. It’s just with Rikki, I have a gal who I can relate to **very** personally.

She booped the blue toon on the nose with a finger. “Sooooo, let’s say you and me get out here and hit the club scene! I’ll show you how to party like a real kinkajou.”

Rikki’s eyes lit up before turning to a lustful gaze. “Mmmm, I like the sound of that.”

“Hey!” Emmi piped up again, her cheeks looking more frustratedly puffy. “Kinka, you still have a full shift with me! Plus, **we** were gonna go party and bump tonight!”

“Don’t worry. I’ll send a text about where you can meet us later. I gotta go help break this new kinkajou in.” The two “Kinkas” giggled and strolled out of the ice cream parlor together, the wolf toon left to pout and huff & puff.

Ricky’s eyes slowly opened as the first rays of sunlight peered through his partially closed blinds. He moaned, stretching his arms and legs. He smacked his lips. His mouth tasted like a sea of melted ice cream filled with too many flavors.

He rubbed his eyes and his head as he sat up. The other night was a blur. He remembered being at Witchy-Toony Delights and getting a new treat from Kinka, but that was about it. Everything else was a blur of flashing lights, dancing, and Kinka’s breasts jiggling.

“Okay... not trying that ice cream again if I can’t remember a damn thing. Ooof, that was one hell of a ride.”

Ooooooh yeah! Last night was one hella good ride~

Ricky looked around. He frowned, scratching his head. *That was definitely a toon... but no one's here. ...hope they're not waiting around to jump out and surprise me.*

Yet, time passed, and no surprise came. He shook his head and got out of bed. The ice cream most certainly messed with his mind more than usual. After so many toony transformations, he usually had a clear picture of the previous day/night. Not this time though.

He sighed as he headed towards the bathroom.*eh, it's not really important, I guess. I can ask Kinka later if anything happened.*

Awwwww, forget Snowdip! I can give ya a play-by-play of last night. It'll be like you were there... even if you were there sort of.

Ricky stopped and spun around. He spun around again. Still, nobody was in sight.

Hehehe~ Ricky shivered. That sounded very, very close. *I don't know where she is... but she has to come out of hiding eventually.* He hurried to the bathroom and washed his face, trying to wake himself up more.

He took a few deep breaths and grabbed the towel, rubbing his face. Tossing it aside, he looked into the mirror. “Hiya! Pleased to meet ya, Ricky!”

Ricky's heart started to race. A kinkajou toon was looking back at him. She looked sort of similar to Kinka, but with different colors and slightly different fashion sense. She smiled brightly, waving at him.

“My name is Rikki! We're gonna be goooooood friends.”

He felt his heart beat faster. Some memories surfaced of Kinka and Emmi talking, describing his toon form as similar to Kinka. He started to realize he shared more traits with Kinka and her human self than he realized.

He gulped and muttered, “Oh boy...”

Rikki huffed, wagging a finger. “Don't be hatin'. People loooove toons in their lives and trust me, you'll love having me in your life from now on.”

THE END