

## Witchy-Toony Delights Season 2: Copyright

By: Firingwall

“Ugh,” Noah mumbled, walking through the doors of Witchy-Toony Delights, “I’m so exhausted... I just need some sweet...”

“Pardon me!” someone spoke, passing him by abruptly. Noah glanced at the figure, a thin, lanky white toon mouse man, as they walked by each other. The human shrugged and continued towards the front counter. A sight like that was not unusual in an ice cream parlor such as this from what he heard.

“Mister Lawsqueak!” one of the employees, a bright red toon dog girl, called out. Hurrying by Noah, she charged after the mouse with a briefcase, yelling, “don’t forget your super important law briefcase!!” Again, not an uncommon sight in this establishment from what friends told.

Noah reached the counter, a purple squirrel girl was busy manning it, humming softly as she wiped the area down. She didn’t notice Noah at first, busying cleaning away, but quickly saw his reflection in the clean counter. “Oh!” she declared, her ears, head, and fluffy tail jolting upwards, “didn’t see ya there. Hiya! I’m Luminaria and welcome to Witchy-Toony Delights! How may I help you today?”

Dark brown-haired young man placed his hands on the counter and sighed, wiping some sweat from his brow, “I just got down with a huge, important licensing exam and I’m exhausted. I need to treat myself to something nice and I heard you gals had the best ice cream around. I also heard your stuff is really special so... hit me with one of your “special” ice cream treats.”

Luminaria’s head nodded rapidly up and down as she listened to him. Once he stopped talking, she stopped as well, asking, “soooooo, this is your first time here?”

“Yeah,” replied Noah.

The squirrel toon smiled widely, her buckteeth shining brightly as if a big idea hit her head right then. In a blink of the eye, she vanished from her spot. The door to the backroom swung back and forth and her employee hat floated, spinning in the air where she used to stand. Then in another blink of the eye, the squirrel was back with a small dish filled with ice cream.

“For \$2, you can have this yummy, purple-colored vanilla dish!” the toon declared happily. The scent of it was distinctly grape and not vanilla like she mentioned, but it didn’t matter. To Noah, it looked appetizing with the way the ice cream glistened under the lights and with the streaks of what appeared to be chocolate sauce running over the treat.

“Sold!” Noah declared happily.

A few moments later, he was sitting in one of the booth with his treat and a plastic spoon, ready to dig into his frozen dessert. Doing a quick taste test, carving just a sliver off with his spoon, popping the piece into his mouth and swallowing it. His body instantly shivered, a strong, but quite delightful feeling course through his body.

Goosebumps rose up across his body as he shivered, along with something curious. His arm and body hair gained a light-ish purple tint as similarly colored hair began growing up and over his arms and legs. His limbs decreased in size too, thinning and making them far daintier-looking than before.

“Yum,” chuckled Noah, licking his lips, “definitely having more now!” This time, he took an even bigger scoop and plopped it into his mouth. His body shaking again, fur spread over his hands and feet. His ring fingers merged with his middle, dark pads popping out on each fingertip and palm. His hands shrunk as well, but to the point where it left them rather lady-like.

Underneath the table, his shoes magically transformed into glittery, purple 4-inch high heels. Soft, pale purple fur poked of them, stretching halfway up his ankles to the regular light-purple pelt. His feet shrank a few shoe sizes, his heels resizing themselves, and his toes merged together into just three, pads popping up on each toe.

He stretched his arms, pushing out and locking his chest into place, before downing another scoop of ice cream, this time with a lot of the chocolate sauce on it. It slid down his throat, the taste so sweet and delightful that it made him giggle. “*Oh my god!*” he declared, his voice high pitch, “*this is, like, the best ice cream ever!*”

*You got that right!* Noah’s eyes widened and his head jolted around, his nose darkening and his nostrils widening. The only other person around was the squirrel, busy washing the counter yet again. The voice he heard wasn’t from her though, he knew that for sure.

“Who said that?” he asked.

*I did!* The voice replied sweetly, sounding very similar to his current voice, *frankly, why are you wasting time on moi, when YOU can be chowing down on more of that scrumptious, yummy-in-your-tummy ice cream?*

She did raise a good point and before Noah knew it, his hand moved by itself, scooping a big chunk of the ice cream into his mouth. His eyes watered and a big dopey grin crossed his face as his body quivered once again. His hips widened and rounded, his pants stretching to contain them. His waist pushed in underneath his shirt, but not to any normal degree. No, his waist thinned and thinned until it was Jessica Rabbit size. Lastly, with his chest pushed out and his shoulders fallen back, two B-cup size breasts emerged and pressed against his shirt.

“Sooooo goody-good!” chimed Noah, his face lit with excitement and joy. His ears widened, stretching into points at the top of each one. Dark purple fur covered the outside top, while light covered the bottom half. Within the ears, as they stretched and pulled out, darker purple fur even grew and covered them.

His new dog ears flickering, the voice spoke once again, *it soooo IS goody-good! It brought me to life and now I wanna try some of that ice cream for myself too!*

“Well everyone should totes eat this stuff,” he said, “but, I’m wondering... who are you and where are you?” Noah’s pants legs merged together, shrinking up his legs to the top of his furry, tender thighs. The material and color converted into a lovely dark purple silk skirt. His blue shirt changed as well, turning into a pink, lowcut, spaghetti-strapped top.

The voice giggled happily, *why, I’m you silly. I’m Nancy! May I come out to play?*

“Hmmm.” He plopped in another big scoop of ice cream and swallowed it. His butt ballooned out into a big, bubble butt, lifting him up in the booth by a few centimeters. His top stretched considerably as his breasts expanded rapidly into D-cup territory. As his short brown hair inflated into a big, puffy, mane of light-purple hair, he answered, “Oh, why not? Have fun~”

An excited “YAY” escaped his maw as his eyes turned purple. A big grin crossed his face as the bulge in his pants vanished. Looking at the dish in her paws, a long, wet, cartoonish tongue slipped out of her maw and slid across her lips. With a big SLURP, she licked out the rest of the ice cream in the dish and swallowed it whole.

Her body shivered and she’s squealed excitedly as the last changes came rushing in. Her face pushed forward, white-ish purple fur growing around her nose and mouth as she developed a short doggie muzzle. The fur around his eyes turned dark purple, while the rest of his face and head turned the same color as the rest of his pelt.

She stretched her arms out high, scooching out of the booth. Giggling softly, she thrust out her chest and back. With her chest, her breasts inflated and bounced out into a hefty G-cup, like the squirrel toon herself. With her back, a long, puffy purple tail shot out, swaying happily from side to side. “Oh baby!” the new toon pooch exclaimed, “It’s good to be out and about!”

Luminaria zipped over to the dog girl and giggled, “Ooooooh! I see you liked your ice cream. It really brought the toon right out of that guy.”

“It indeed did!” the new toon said with a wide smile, pushing her heavy chest, “Anyhow, I’m Nancy! I hope we can be friends and you’ll let me chase you sometime~ Squirrels are fun to chase you know!”

“Only my bestie Cassie can do that,” the squirrel giggled, rubbing the girl’s head, “but now that you got your freedom, what ya gonna do?”

“Go out and have some fun duh!” declared Nancy, striking a pose, “Life is too short to be cramped up inside a person, waiting for them to awake their inner toon! See ya!” With that, she zipped on out of the building, leaving a big dust trail.

The new dog woman passed the red dog from earlier as she sped by, leaving the red canine spinning in a mini-tornado. The red toon eventually came to a stop in front of Luminaria, wobbling about and her eyes showing cartoon spirals in them. “Whoa,” the toon replied, “anyone catch the plate on that speedin’ dog? What was with her... why did she look like Dixie from Balto?”

Luminaria giggled and replied, “oh don’t worry. I was just trying our new Awakening Ice Cream and guess what? It worked like a charm! That former boy now has his inner toon awake and two will be sharing a body together from now! They’ll never be alone again! Isn’t that great Cassie?”

“But why does she look like Dixie?” asked the doggie again, finishing shaking her head to knock some sense back into her.

“Oh that’s because I mixed some toon ink with a picture of her!” Luminaria proudly declared, “It’s soooo neat that doing that can have toon ink purposely turn someone into a particular toon! I was thinking of trying next...”

“WHAT?!” the red toon dog gasped, “YOU FOOL! That’s a copyrighted character!! You can’t turn someone into an existing character! We don’t have a license for that at all! We could get sued by Warner Bros.!!”

“Did Warner Bros. make Balto?” the squirrel asked curiously.

“I don’t know but with that pink toon dog’s lawsuit, we can’t afford to get into deep doo-doo right now! ...especially when we have a contract with another company in the works,” Cassie explained.

*THE END...*