

Toon It Up: Wrong Turn, New Way

By: Firingwall

Kevin glanced around, looking in every single direction imaginable. He folded his arms, pouting his lips, and groans. “Dammit!” he complained, “I can’t believe this! How did I get lost over here of all places?!”

“Oooooooh, someone said a bad word!”

“Oh come on, what are you? An elementary school kid?!” he snapped back.

The tanned, muscled man had landed himself in an unbelievable location. He had somehow got lost on his usual walk to the gym, landing himself square in the middle of his city’s toon town district of all places. The entire area was covered in gaudy colors, even the sky being a super bright, flat blue with a sun that appeared to be smiling and whistling.

Beside him was a curious wolf toon, a rather lankly one in oversized clothes that were too small for him. Despite that, he didn’t look like a child, given his deeper voice. “I am not!” the wolf snapped, “I am an adult! An adult in big boy clothes I’ll have you know!”

He pointed his finger at him accusingly for the remark, his shirt sleeve was so long though that Kevin couldn’t actually see said finger. The young adult mumbled, rubbing his forehead, “uuugh, I feel like I’m getting stupider the longer I’m here. I’ll just retrace my steps and try a different way. Don’t want to be here in case anything stupid happens.”

“You mean like a delivery goose holding onto too many inkwells flying overhead?” The wolf raised his finger up, pointing to the sky above. Looking up, sure enough, Kevin saw a goose toon in a mailman outfit flying overhead, carrying tons upon tons of vials of ink. For what reason and for where was he going? He hadn’t the faintest of ideas.

However, he would not be thinking about such a thing for very long. As the goose passed by directly overhead, one of the inkwells tilted on its side and small, tiny drip leaked out. It fell and fell... falling directly into Kevin’s mouth as his head tilted back, his maw agape as he looked at the bizarre sight.

DRIP! The ink fell all the way down into his stomach, a loud echo emanating from the beefy man’s mouth. His brow furrowed as his belly trembled, visibly vibrating it and his shirt much like a toon’s. “That...” he mumbled, rubbing his stomach, “that felt... felt...”

“*Mmmmmmm, so good.*” Kevin’s eyes went hazy as his lips curled into a smile. The voice that came out with higher and all so sweeter, sending a happy shiver straight down the spine of the wolf toon.

The wolf toon looked at Kevin curiously as his body trembled and shook, the vibrations flying up and into his mouth. His lips quivered and slowly begun to inflate. They grew wider

and thicker, their natural state turning to more of a sensual pout. They turned bright pink as they quadrupled in size, the top lip almost pressing against the bottom of his nose.

“Ooooooh baby,” Kevin moaned, sliding his hands down his thick waist “I reeeeeeally feeeeeel good.” His face softened... or did just change texture? It was almost hard to tell as his face turned faint peach with a glossy sheen to it. Any acne, facial markings, or stubble was instantly taken away, adding to the smooth look. His eyebrows thinned considerably and turned black as ink, strangely looking like they were painted on almost. Finishing off his complexion, his eyebrows grew very long, giving him a rather seductive flutter with each blink.

“Ooooooh baby, do you look fiiiiiiiiine!” the wolf remarked. His face had turned beet red with the dopiest grin upon it, his body squirming just a tad at the sight.

“Do I now?” Kevin asked, his head tilting, “Well, that’s rather sweet of ya to say.” His hair quivered ever so slightly before it began to change as well. From the roots of each stand, light toon ink arose and swiftly spread along it. Its color turned a lovely chestnut brown, with a similar sheen to it as his skin. Curiously, as the ink hair engulfed his old locks, it almost looked like it was one enormous blob of brown ink that flowed down his back and curled right up.

His left ear was fully visible beneath his new hair, a yellow, circular earring appearing in it. The young man smiled, or rather seductively pouted with his puffy lips, and playfully primed his hair. He cooed in a sweet, lovely voice, “but then again, how can one not say such a thing with such a lovely looks and locks such as mine?”

“Yeah yeah yeah!” the wolf panted, his tongue now drooping right out of his mouth. He inched closer to Kevin and remarked, “plus plus plus, you got that stunning figure and dress of yours! It just makes me wanna howl!”

“It just makes you want to? Mmmmmm, shouldn’t you already be doing that, hun?”

From the top of his neck, his glossy skin of his face started to drip. It oozed down large dripped of peach-colored ink that descended down his throat and straight to his shoulders. As the ink reached the collar of his shirt, it flowed right over it and continued downward. It quickly looked like his shirt never had a collar... or any fabric around his shoulders.

As the ink continue downward, some of it began to bubble around his neck and back. It was as if someone was blowing air bubbles straight into it, though they were all forming close together in a circle around his neck. The ink grew and grew, its color changing to a glossy silver. Eventually, the ink bubbles separated from the rest, forming what looked like a gaudy, fake-looking pearl necklace.

The wolf eyed up Kevin’s new accessory, but for only about half a second. His eyes were quickly drawn down to the guy’s chest. The ink there had suddenly shifted from peach to purple in the direct middle of his pecs, even changing texture somewhat as it appeared. Not only that, but it soon began to bubble as well.

The ink over his well-defined pecs began inflating, the area losing its density and becoming softer to the touch. The ink slowly inflated more and more, growing wider, thicker, and rounder. The purple seemed to detach itself from the peach colored ink, staying flat and gaining a more... fabric-like look and texture.

The peach-colored ink eventually swelled out two large, dense, basket-ball size bubbles. Kevin shifted his weight to the left and right, the mounds jiggling and letting out a soft **BOING**. A giggle escaped his lips as the onlooker wolf's eyes popped out of his head, falling to the ground and making the sound of ping pong balls.

"I know, right?" the busty guy remarked, placing his hands upon his inky breasts, "Quite the eye-popping sight, aren't they?"

"Yeah-yeah!" the wolf panted, grabbing his eyes putting them back into his skulls, "Woowzers you're a looker toots!" Kevin giggled again as the purple ink continued down his body, peach colored variant sliding down beneath it.

The inks came to his waist and **CRUNCH!** They crushed it into so much so that it looked like there shouldn't be any ribs or organs left. However, Kevin seemed not to care or not, giving off a haughty laugh as the ink from his chest got upon his hands and arms. In a matter seconds, he had smooth, glossy arms covered with pretty, glittery, purple evening gloves.

As the ink crossed over onto his hips and rear, the areas began to bubble once more. Layer upon layer of ink was slowly filled in, his hips stretching to almost as wide as his shoulders while buttocks ballooned out just a few centimeters shorter than his bust. As his lower half gained a seductive, exaggerated curve, the bulge that once resided in his crotch had vanished from sight.

Kevin giggled softly once more and spoke to the wolf, whose heart was pounding out of his chest at this point, "well, I feel very refreshed and wonderful. Mmmm, I must get going now."

"WHAT?!" the wolf cried, grabbing his heart and slamming it back into place, "But but but but but but we only just met!"

The inky woman smiled, the last of the toon ink running down her now bare legs. Her dress ended at her ankles as her tennis shoes became purple high heels. She whipped her hips out to the right and spoke, "I know, but I'm gonna be on in twenty minutes and I don't wanna miss my big premiere."

"Big premiere? Where's that?"

"Why, at the Wolf's Howl of course. You can see me perform there darlin'. I do hope you show. It would be a shame not see such a sweetheart like you not show up to howl." She gave the wolf a wink, followed by blowing a kiss. From the kiss blew a large, pink lipstick mark that flew through the air and landed upon the wolf's cheek.

The wolf froze and pulled out a small bouquet to hold to his chest. His pupils turned to black x's and he keeled over backwards, dead. A white, pale ghost began to emerge from his chest that looked just like him, playing a harp and with a halo over his head.

The toon woman giggled and spoke, "now don't you go dying yet. You won't get to see me perform like that."

"Oh right!" the ghost chimed, quickly zooming back down to his body. The wolf sat back up and shook his head, back alive once more.

He glanced around and looked forward, seeing the toon lady strutt off, shaking her hips wildly from side to side. He sighed and dreamily said, "mannnnn, what a woman!"

THE END