

Toon It Up: Dairy Science

By: Firingwall

“Henry!” Isabella demanded, “What... what nonsense is this?”

“Relax!” Henry chuckled, placing the items onto the table below and quickly setting up the small camera on the stand. “Everything here is just fine! I’m just working on getting my easy in!”

“Oh yeah,” his girlfriend huffed, looking at the sight laid out before him, “Like this is going to end up being anything good.”

Henry was a man approaching the end of his college career. He was working towards a specific degree in engineering and science surrounding the newest, quickest growing field in the country, Transformology. What better way to dive into the field than getting an internship at Happy Feeling Co.?

Not only was HFC the biggest and fastest growing tech company due to its transformative products and projects it invested in, but its main headquarters were right in town. All Henry needed was an internship with them and he could easily get his degree and the experience he needed for when he left school.

“Ye of little faith,” he chuckled, stretching his arms and pressing a few buttons on the camera. He put on some plastic gloves, continuing, “Just watch me easily get this internship and boom! A few years later, we both end up living somewhere nicer than here.”

The young, Latina woman rolled her eyes, but took a seat behind the camera. Henry smirked and pressed one last button, carefully taking a seat at the other end of the table to be in front of the camera. A red light flashed on it, signaling it was recording.

Henry smiled politely and said, “Hello, my name is Henry Ellis. I am inquiring about whether or not you are looking for interns at Happy Feeling Company. Before you give your answer, I would like to present to you my experience with a chemical you work with every day, Toon Ink.”

He pulled the inkwell close to him and flashed it to the camcorder, showing a piece of tape with the words “Toon Ink” written on it. He pulled close a small bottle of milk and a glass. “Now!” He declared, still smiling away, “Watch as I demonstration of the creation of toon chocolate milk, similar to the kind you make at your company!”

He unscrewed the bottle of milk and poured it into the glass, filling it almost to the top. He flashed a chocolate bar at the camera and dropped half of it into the cup. He opened up the toon inkwell and carefully lifted it up above the glass.

“Now to complete the concoction’s first phase,” he remarked, “I’ll simply add a little...”

DRIP! DROP! SPLUNK! Instead of a little drop going into the glass, ALL of the ink poured right into it, like raging waterfall. Henry quickly corked the bottle, but the glass now was now cartoonishly shaking and bouncing up and around the table.

“Ummmm,” Isabella remarked, a hint of snark and amusement in her voice, “Should that be happening Mr. Ellis?”

“It’s ah... going just fi-” He couldn’t finish his words as the inky, milky drink suddenly stopped bouncing... and shot straight into his face. The density of the ink, chocolate, and milk combined covered his face in a goopy mess thicker than old school Nickelodeon slime.

Once all of the liquid goo shot out, the cup fell to the side, returning back to normal. Meanwhile, Henry was left sitting there, stunned and speechless. He brought his hands to his face and carefully tried to wipe it off, but the milk ink... wouldn’t budge.

He pulled his hands away, which were now covered in the same substance. He sat there silent for a moment, like he was deep in thought. After a second, he suddenly shook his head. It vibrated and flailed wildly about like a cartoon character, chocolate milk ink flying everywhere and forcing Isabella to duck.

After the splattering, she saw that her boyfriend sported a new look. He now had a large, bovine head, one covered in chocolate-colored fur with black spots and a large nose at the end of its muzzle. He had long eyelashes and small horns, which sprouted out from underneath a long, luscious, chocolate-scented mane.

Henry looked baffled, his confusion growing more when he saw his hands. They had suddenly turned into large, puffy, four-finger toon hands covered in brown fur. Each finger had a hoof-like end, adding to the bovine feel.

“Mooooooooooooooooo!” He cried out, his voice higher pitched as a moo escaped his lips, “Like, what’s happening to moooooooo?”

Isabella blushed, but frowned and folded her arms. “I told you!” She remarked, “This wasn’t going to work out at-”

RIIIIIP! The front of Henry’s shirt exploded right off. Out popped two large, hefty breasts. Like his face and hands, they were covered in thick, brown fur as well, some occasional black splotches on them too. They were incredibly large and fell upon the table with a large thud.

“Whoooooa,” Isabella mumbled.

Henry, on the other hand, giggled and gripped his chest, “Hehe, mmmmmooooo big!”

Isabella blushed as she watched her boyfriend fondle his new breasts. Chocolate milk seemed to leak straight out of his nipples as he groped them. “Ahhhhh,” she mumbled, “Maybe, you know, we should just turn this camera off?”

Henry looked up from his breasts and declared, “Whhhhaaaa? Like, nooo! This is, like, good and stuff! Hehehe, I can still mooooooake the toon chocolate mmmilk just like I said I could! In faaaact, I can mooooooake it better than before!”

He chuckled as the remains of his shirt gave way. Brown fur had completely engulfed the top of his body, a small, pudgy belly appearing beneath his breasts. His arms even swelled up, adding an extra layer of fat to his chubbier appearance.

“I’m really not comfortable with this,” his girlfriend remarked, “Maybe we should just reaaaalllly call it quits here.”

“Welllllllll, I guess you can,” Henry sighed, standing up and scratching at the back of his head, “If you wanna call it quits, call it quits.”

Isabella sighed a breath of relief. “Good, thank you for understand-”

Henry broke out into a big smile and declared happily, “Buuuuuuut, like, ya know, I wanna keep goin’ and show of mah chocolate milk moooooookin’ skills!”

WHOMP! The top of his pants burst apart as a large, tan udder came flopping out onto the table. Toon chocolate milk began dripping from it as more of his body cow-ified and toonified.

His pants and shoes fell apart as his legs transformed. His thighs thickened greatly with muscle as fat filled them right up shortly after. His butt expanded out, rounder, but a tad flabbier as well. Thick, brown fur with black spots came rushing over his lower limbs as his feet turned to thick hooves. Even a small, whisking cow tail popped out above his rear, completing the change.

Unseen by both of them, hidden behind the udder, Henry’s crotch was completely transformed as well. Gone were the male parts and in their place was a female slit, perfectly operational and ready for whenever mating season was for the new toon cow.

“Ohmagawd!” Giggled the toon cow, playfully squeezing her udder, “I’m, like, totes hawt and all too yummers! I’m gonna be the best chocolate mmmmmilk producing cow ever and I’ll totally get mooooooooooy internship now!”

If Isabella was a toon, her jaw would have hit the floor. For almost a full minute, she was just stuttering, trying her best to form words and say anything about the crazy, bizarre sight before. There was almost nothing she could say to properly express her feelings.

But eventually, she managed to squeak out, “What the hell?”

The toon cow giggled and waved to the camera, “Sooooo, like, the experiment went a lil bit, ya know, screwy and toony but Henrietta Chocolotta is here to show ya I can still be a good intern for ya! Let me show how goody-good my mmmmmmmmmmmilk, like, is and stuff!”

“No way!” Declared Isabella, moving to stop the camera, “We’re stopping this right now and going to figure out someEEP!”

Henrietta’s arms stretched over to Isabella and pulled her right in, mashing her up against one of her breasts and chocolate milk splashing her face. “And ta demonstrate,” the cow toon declared, “Let’s show ya how guud moooooooy mmmmmilk is right now! It’s good for da bones and the body, especially for your inner bovine!”

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