

Toon It Up: Just Inked This Way

By: Firingwall

“Oh, come on bro!” Malik snapped, looking angrily at the bouncer, “Why can’t I go in?”

“You’re not right for the place, **bro**,” the bouncer sighed, “So, just hurry along and get out of here.”

It was Friday night and a young black man was trying to get into a new club that had just opened up in his town. He didn’t know much about it, his friends and family saying they had never been there or never got in. Very curious about the place, he decided to check things out himself.

“Come on, help a brother out!” The dark-skinned bouncer rolled eyes and turned his head away.

Malik huffed and turned his back, prepared to head on out. However, the door opened a crack and a smooth, sultry voice floated out. “Oh, come on Derek,” the sweet voice cooed, “If he wants in so bad, let him in. I’ll take good care of him!”

“But Miss Melina, you said not to.... Alright. Your call. Okay kid, you’re in.” Malik spun around, his face positively glowing.

He ran towards the cracked open door and headed inside, the bouncer calling back, “You better thank her for letting you in!”

Stepping inside, Malik found himself unable to thank the woman, render momentarily speechless. It was a tall, curvaceous, dark red toon mouse. She sported a lovely, flowing dress that hugged her curves tightly, cut low in the chest to show off her cleavage.

“Welcome hun,” She cooed, her tone goofier sounding now, “Welcome to Club Amusant, a lovely place to enjoy time off from their busy lives and enjoy the silliness~”

She took his hand with her thick, puffy toon one and led him gently from the hall and into the main room. It looked like an old fashion night club with people in 40’s to 50’s style attire with a jazzy band and club playing on a stage. The only difference was that everyone in the room was a toon, from animals to human kinds.

“What do you think?” Melina asked, “Is it everything you wanted?”

“Ummmm,” Malik mumbled, backing up against the wall. His voice had finally come back to him, even though words were still hard to process and put out, “I was... I... ah... I wasn’t... well, expecting any of this.”

“Well I can imagine not many people do,” Melina sighed, her dreamy, glazed gaze looking upon the sights of the room, “But to us toons, it’s truly a wonderful place where we can shed our human disguises and be ourselves! Now, what brought you to our fine establishment this night?”

“Ahhh... just kind of curious to see what it was about. I’ll get going now and leave...”

“No no no no!” The mouse toon declared, slipping up close to him and wrapping her arm around his side. Her breasts mashed up against his arm, their feel and form cartoonishly squishy and soft. “I insist you stay, my curious young lad! I’ll even show you around!”

Malik blushed, trying to politely push her away. “Listen lady,” he remarked, “I’m sure you’re nice and all, but-”

“Awwwww, you called me “Lady”!” She cooed, putting a gloved hand upon her face and squirming in place. Red hearts floated off her head as she cooed, “You’re so polite and respectful! I simply must reward you more!”

Without another word, she yanked him from the grand room and into a side hall. Embarrassed with her “weight” upon his arm, Malik walked with her, hoping to leave. He felt way too out of place in the establishment amongst all the silly people and animals.

Melina pointed out every room they walked by the hallway, like the kitchen, the dressing rooms, and even the storage closets for some reason. Eventually though, they came upon a door with a bright, golden star on it, the mouse woman choosing to stop at it rather than continuing with the tour.

“And here’s the most important room,” she explained, opening it up, “It’s where the biggest star of the night comes to dress, unwind, check their makeup, and all sorts of things. This is the Golden Starry Room!”

She led him inside, closing the door with the back of her heel after they stepped in. It was an odd dressing room, painted in a very gaudy gold. There was rack for clothing, a makeup table, and the whole works, even a table with the odd sign on it that read: “Gifts from Fans Go Here Please!”

Melina let go of him and did a marvelous twirl, sighing happily. “Oh, what a wondrous place!” She swooned, “Such a peaceful, reflective place where all the greats have come and gone over the decades to place here!”

“Wait, hasn’t this place been open for only a little while?” Malik remarked.

“Well, the entrance way to the club in THIS town has been open for a little while,” explained the mouse girl, “But that’s neither here nor there. Doesn’t this place send chills up your spine, thinking of all the history and great music toons that came through here?”

“I guess?” He mumbled, thinking in actuality, *not really, but no need to be rude here. Just play it straight and you can leave quicker.*

“Guess? Well, I suppose it would be that way for a human who hasn’t been here before or doesn’t know of the place’s history. Oh well. Still, while you’re here, perhaps you can help moi with a little something?”

“Ahhh, what is it?”

“Something really simple!” Melina explained, pointing past him to the other side of the room. “See that inkwell up there? Mind getting it down for me? Just remembered I need it for something important!”

Malik glanced behind him, seeing a shelf that was rather high up. It wasn't impossible for him to reach up there, but it might be tricky. Either way though, whatever made it quicker for him to get out of there.

He gave her a polite nod and headed over, reaching high up on his toes and stretching his arm as high as possible. He could just barely touch the inkwell, trying to knock it closer to him. He tapped it once with a finger, twice again, edging it ever so slowly towards the edge.

And finally, one or two more taps and the inkwell fell. Well, it really tipped over more instead. Upon reaching the edge, it fell onto its side and a big, black, glob of ink came spilling out. In fact, the big glob seemed so much bigger than what the actual bottle could hold.

The ink fell straight onto Malik's head and the young man instantly got a chill up his spine. He blushed, and his hands clenched as shivers broke out across him. He could feel the ink on top of his head, sliding down it... but also moving around.

Just out of his eyesight, a big chunk of the ink on his head began to swell. It inflated like a large air bubble, swelling and wrapping around the top and back of his skull. The ink ballooned, adding wet bumps to it as it inflated past a basketball size.

In a matter of seconds, Malik now sported what could be best described as an ink afro. It looked just like an afro and bounced and shook like one, but it was also just goopy and wet as a big glob of ink.

“Oh my!” Melina remarked, a big, playful smile on her face, “Should have been more careful hun! That's too ink you were pushing around!”

“Wait what?” He yelled, “What just...” The mouse girl pointed out the mirror, which he rushed over to, unaware that the rest of the ink from the inkwell zipped from the jar and into his new afro.

Malik flinched, looking at the comically oversized do he sported. His jaw slowly dropped as he brought his hands to his new “hair” and felt it. It was as dense and moldable as Play-Doh, but also very wet and sticky too. He pulled his hands away, giving them a firm yank to snap them away from the blob.

However, having done so, black ink now covered his hands. He tried whisking them about, but the ink clung on with all its might. It crawled up his wrists, past his elbows, and to the middle of his biceps. His arms and hands shrunk in size, turning dainty and all too thin. His fingers grew ever so longer, his ring ones merging with his middles perfectly.

Looking at the new ink, it almost seemed like he had on fancy, velvet evening gloves if not for the occasional dripping or how wet they looked. “Oh, how fancy!” Melina remarked, “So beautiful, my dear!”

“What’s going on?!” Malik asked, looking back at her. Malik’s vision blurred, some of the gooey ink on his head dripping over his face. He tried wiping at it, but it did nothing. It almost felt like he was going to be smothered as the ink covered his nose and mouth, but it never came to that. Eventually, his sight returned to him and he could breathe once more.

“Well,” Melina explained with a bright smile, “You’re kind of turning into an inky toon!” She nodded back towards the mirror, which he glanced back at. He flinched once more at the sight, seeing something drop dead gorgeous gazing back at him.

His face... was not his own. It was bright brown with no trace of markings or pores at all. It looked just as inky as the gloves or hair, but smoother in some way. His facial features were delicate and pretty, with such a small nose and long eyelashes. His lips were coated in red ink and ever so plump, giving him a sultry pout.

He had the facial and head of a bombshell, his heart beating quicker. He spoke, his voice a sensual purr it sounded like, “Oh my! I’m so... so...”

“Puuuurtty?” Melina giggled.

He nodded, his afro shaking, “Mmmmm, so pretty and so gorgeous.”

“That’s power of toon ink,” the mouse explained with another giggle, “It provides such stunning improvements to all that it touches, does it not?” Malik said nothing, his sultry eyes moving back to his arms once more.

From the ends of the gloves, the ink began to spew up the rest of his arms and to his shoulders. The ink color turned to that of brown like his face, flowing across his broad shoulders and up to his neck, meeting the ink there. His shirt vanished beneath the substance, leaving behind bare, delicate shoulders.

He watched as the goopy ink continue its descent, slowly engulfing more and more of his torso. The ink slid down to his chest, pausing for a moment. It bubbled up and swelled, getting thicker and forming these large, round bumps. The ink continued spreading down his waist from there, making it extra thin and narrow.

The ink left behind on his chest slowly made its form clear. On it sat a hefty, round set of breasts. They were bigger than volleyballs and much softer. The only reason they weren’t fully exposed was another layer of ink clothing, bright red and cut low so that his shoulders, collarbone, and plenty of cleavage could be shown.

“Wowzers!” Cheered the mouse lady, “Hubba hubba! You’re turning into such the knockout, honey!”

“Oooh?” Malik cooed, “Am I now?” He placed a finger to his plump bottom lip and pouted, cocking his flat hips to the side and putting a free hand upon it. Looking upon himself, he certainly was turning into one sultry toon bombshell. Like she said, a real knockout that could blow any normal human away.

However, despite the fact that he was morphing into some odd figure, the thought of it and transformation were no longer bothering him. In fact, the more his body changed, the more his mind changed with it. There was something desirable and wondrous in all of this. Something that made him feel good and prideful in his looks.

A sensual smile came to his lips as he eyed the mouse, followed by a slow, seductive lick of them. The mouse’s eyes turned to bright pink hearts, pulsating excitedly at the sight. “Ya know,” Malik spoke with a breathy tone, “I think you’re right. I’m quite the vision for sure.”

Ink from his torso and his hand flowed on and over his hips. Much like his new breasts, the sides of his hips and even his butt began packing on extra ink, bubbling up and adding more definition to his body. He felt more excited and eager by the second, watching the goop do its magic before flowing down his legs.

As the ink moved on, his hips were completely transformed. They were much wider and rounder than they once were, his red dress hugging them tightly. His rear was bigger too, more protruding and with much more bounce to it. Even his crotch was different, no bulge to be seen, just simple flatness. The inky woman would not need such things.

“Malik” sighed, placing both hands upon her hips and remarked, “Oh yes, this body... this is so wonderful!”

“I’ll say!” The mouse declared. She was now laying on a fainting couch that magically appeared, swooning away over the glamorous toon woman. “You’re a dream come true! You could make a great toon star, ya know!”

“Oh? A little ol’ gal like me?” The new woman felt a little off saying such words, referring to herself as a gal in particular. However, saying it out loud and seeing herself in such a state... it was just so right as well.

“For sure!” Melina stated, fawning herself gently, “All you need is a talent?”

“A talent, mmm?” The new woman pondered that thought as the ink continued down his legs. The remaining portion of the red dress appeared, stretching all the way down to the ankles and cut down the sides, showcasing her wide hips and thick thighs. It was a dress like that of Jessica Rabbit and just as fitting on her newform.

The ink finally descended all the way down to her feet, finishing its job having completely inked his form from top to bottom. Her legs stretched a bit longer than her original’s, much shapelier and more defined for such a luscious shape she sported now. Her tennis shoes were now red high heels, several inches tall.

Malik was a now a Jessica Rabbit-esque toon, the only difference being her voice, skin tone, and lovely, inky afro. A quick glance at the mirror illuminated to her that her changes had finished, much to her delight.

Turning her attention back onto the mouse, she closed her eyes and thought. What talent did she have? What could she have to become a big-name star?

As if helping her out, new thoughts and lovely knowledge filled her mind. Her body quivered, her breasts bouncing softly in her dress as she did so, and she opened her eyes. “Talent, you ask?” She cooed, “Why, I am a lounge singer my dear and I know all the best tunes to brighten one’s evening.”

“Ooooooh!” Melina declared, “That sounds just like what we need around here! You’re hired... Miss?”

“Miss Paris Inkington, darling.” Paris wasn’t quite sure where the name came from, guessing it was a side effect of the toon ink. However, it did not matter to her. The opportunity to become a bombshell star was just so enticing and alluring all of a sudden that she simply could not get it out of her mind.

“Wonderful!” Declared the mouse, jumping off the couch and onto her heels, “Then we’re all set! Let me take you backstage and introduce you to others there. Perhaps you can meet a nice agent as well. They looove hanging back there lookin’ for new talent.”

“Sounds fantastic~”

“Also, once we’re all done here for the night, we’ll get you un-inked so you can return home to your family. Be weird showing up at home like that.”

Paris looked upon herself, sliding a wet hand across her ink body. She smirked, answering, “Mmmmm, perhaps. I can turn back into gorgeous form again, right?”

“Well sure! No way we would want to lose you for the world! Now, follow me please and I’ll help get you ready for tonight!” The inky toon nodded and followed behind, placing her hands upon her hips. Her hips wildly shook and swung from side to side as she strutted along, the movement all too natural and right to her.

Paris had no idea what would come that night when she first arrived, but after she left it, a new way had opened up. A way to toony stardom and never-ending fun. Plus, lots of green to support her family and plenty of handsome, striking male toons to suit her.

The future was going to be very bright and inky for the young woman.

THE END

