

Toony Roundup Shenanigans

By: Firingwall

“Don’t worry lil’missy,” the cowboy spoke, stroking the prairie woman’s face, “From now on, you’ll have me watching over you.”

“Oh Hank,” she sighed, wrapping her arms around his back, “I truly hope you mean that.” The two embraced and kissed, the camera panning away as the sun set in the background. As it pulled away, the words, “The End” in a classic western typeface faded in.

“BEAUTIFUL!!!” cried the cow toon watching the screen, “IT’S SOOO BEAUTIFUL!” She blew her nose into an oversized tissue before tossing it into an overflowing waste bin beside the couch.

The large cow toon was a very hefty gal named Winona Steers. She was essentially an old school toon, completely black, grey, and white with pie eyes. Everything beneath her chest was ball shape with thick thighs and legs extending from the sides of her belly, like a kangaroo. Her top half was much skinnier in comparison, but still very chubby with her arms and chest.

She grabbed another tissue with gloved hand and blew into it, tossing it away just as quickly. “Ooooooh,” she moaned, “I wish I could get me a handsome cowboy that’ll love and watch over me! Oh, will I ever find someone that special?”

Winona pouted and dumped the rest of her popcorn bucket into her maw, before tossing the bucket into the bin as well. *Oh where oh where will this lil’ cow toon ever find loooooove?*

Her bovine ears twitched, and she zipped over from the couch to the front door. She peered through the peephole, having heard incredibly light footsteps walking near her apartment door. Sure enough, there was a figure stepping by, a human.

It was her neighbor from down the hall, Tony. He was a pretty average-looking white guy from what she’s seen. Brown hair; not too skinny or chubby, wore generic; cheap clothes; and stood a few inches taller than her. He wouldn’t really stand out in a crowd as far as she could tell.

But, her heart started beating and pounding and started sweating ink seeing him walk by. *Ooooooh yeah, she thought, this... this is just what I need! He’ll be perfect! He’s just the guy to watch over me and luuuuv me!*

She giggled and bounced all over the room, shaking the whole place like mad. Eventually, she came crashing down back onto her sofa, wiggling and shaking excitedly in her cushions. *Yes yes yes! She declared, her face pulling into a big grin, he’s the one! He must be the one and I will accept no other options!!*

She stood up and placed her hands upon her large thighs. “From this day forth,” she bellowed, the soundtrack from *Gone With the Wind* playing in the background, “I, Winona Steers, will never go single again!”

Tony shivered as he entered his apartment, tossing his mail onto the small table near the door. “Yeesh,” he mumbled, glancing at the thermostat, “Did the air come on and stay on or something?”

After checking the thermostat on the wall, the man shrugged and headed for his couch, collapsing onto it. It had been a long, monotonous day at work that just zapped him of all his energy. He needed to curl up with some on TV or order a movie or he’d just fall asleep.

He kicked off his shoes and yawned, stretching out across the couch. He reached for the remote.... **knock-knock**. He jolted a bit and looked towards the door. Brow furrowing, he called out, “Who’s there?”

“It’s me!~”

Tony frowned and rolled his eyes. He called back as he reached for the remote, “Can it wait Winona? I’m just got home and need to relax.”

There was no answer. Tony could hear thick, heavy footsteps moving away from the door. He shrugged and turned to the movie channels.

KNOCK-KNOCK! “I knooooooooooooow you’re in there, mooooooooooo!~ Ya’ll can’t escape the wranglin’ skills of Wionna Steers, the fastest and best man wrangler in da west!”

Oh boy, what did she watch this time? Tony thought with a mumble.

BANG! The door was suddenly kicked open and large, hefty ink cow toon stepped in. She was dressed in a grey and white cowgal attire, wearing a weird sheriff’s badge and huge ten-gallon hat on top of it. In her gloved grasp was a long, grey lasso and upon her face, a delighted, manic smile.

Tony tensed up and jumped to his feet, fully awake for this bit of insanity. He dashed for his room as quickly as possible, moving on pure instinct. However, the cow toon was faster.

“Whoooooa there, pardner!” she hollered, swinging her lasso, “Get on back here!” She tossed the rope at him, the cartoony rope zipping across the room at lightning quick speeds. It rounded him like a snake, even making an odd hiss as it coiled around. Fully within its grasp, there was a quick yank and Tony went flying towards the cow.

The man smacked up against the toon, her body a lot inkier than he remembered. The rope tightened, holding his arms in place against his body. She flipped him around, facing her, and gave him a big smooch, leaving a big, wet, sloppy black lips mark on his cheek.

“Whoo-doggie!” Wionna declared, hugging him tightly and squeezing him against her chest, “I got mahself a big o’ prize today! You’re a mighty fine looker, that you are!”

Tony's face was twisted and baffled, his eyes wide as he looked upon the lovestruck bovine. She looked so delighted, swaying around the room as if they were ballroom dancing. All he could muster up was simple phrase at the moment, "...what... what did you watch now?"

"Da darn tootin's best romance in the west!" She sighed, her thick belly smacking against him as her twirling speeded up. Her face and aura were positively, actually glowing.

Of course she'd watch something like that. Tony's face was all red now, despite the small layer of gooey ink that stuck to his cheeks. He had never been in this situation before. He had certainly dealt with Wionana's... oddness in the past. There were the times she decided to one day become a professional photographer with equipment from the 1800's or the other time she wanted to start her own saloon, which apparently needed every room on the apartment floor.

However, none of it compared to this moment. "I'm gonna love ya and hug ya and treat y'all to the finest home cookin' your taste buds ever had tha pleasure of eatin'!" she exclaimed, black, goofy cartoony hearts floating off her head and popping above. "Den after, you can patrol the compound and watch out for dem dangerous cattle rustlers!"

"...you do realize what decade it is, right?"

"Does it truly mattah when ya're in loooooove?" she sighed, nuzzling his face.

The cow giggled before tossing him up into the air and onto her shoulder, like some z-grade horror movie monster. Tony tried to wiggle out her grasp as she moseyed out of his apartment, kicking the door close behind her, but his confines only strengthened with it.

Eventually, they headed right into her apartment, the door quickly shutting itself behind him. She tossed him happily took him to her bedroom and tossed him onto the worn, coil mattress. The air smelled of dry grass and farmland, almost making him want to sneeze

Getting a good look of the place, it looked like out some old western film. The window to the outside showing a vast, empty plain like they were in the middle of nowhere. Wooden walls, flooring, and ceiling, the place was decorated in old fashion pots, shelves, and trophies. Outside the window, he could hear a train whistle blow and sound of galloping horses.

Tony blushed as Ms. Steers kicked the door close behind her. She was about to treat him to her own style of good old fashion home cookin' and train him in the arts of patrolling, cattle rustling, and ridin'.

THE END?