

Case Files in Goofiness

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Tables of Contents

Meet & Greet	P. 2
Case #1: Nurse Angry	P. 4
Interlude: In-depth	P. 7
Case #2: Party Animal in You	P. 8
Interlude: One More for the Road	P. 12
Case #3: Technical Dressing Up Difficulties	P. 13
Epilogue: Do Your Best	P. 17

Meet & Greet

The office door swung open and you turn around in your seat. In walks a woman with dark skin and black hair, some of it styled into a small, messy ponytail in the back. She's looking at some papers in one hand, several folders underneath her other arm as she steps in.

Closing the door with a hip bump, she looks at you and smiles. "Hello," she nicely says, walking over to her desk and setting the papers onto it. She holds out her hand. "You must be our new recruit. Welcome to the Goof Division of the BMST!"

You shake her hand. After that, she takes a seat behind the desk and leans into it, sighing pleasantly. "So," she continues, "I am Agent Zoe Douglas, the head of this particular division. You'll be reporting and working with me. I hope you're ready for anything here."

You nod your head, still quiet and reflective as your eyes wander around. You see a lot of interesting pictures of strange-looking figures hanging around her office. They have humanoid bodies and figures but aren't quite human themselves.

Your staring is suddenly interrupted by Ms. Douglas clearing her throat. "I see you're interested in those pictures," she chuckles, "I can assure you, in this job, you'll be running into these types of people a lot. Pleasant, but certainly goofy."

You turn and speak for the first time, curiosity filling you. "S-so, Miss Douglas..."

"Please, I'm not one for formalities, especially here. Just call me Zoe!"

"...Zoe," you say, "I have to be honest. I kind of got transferred here without getting the full details about this division. Not much is really known about it."

Zoe let out an annoyed sigh, rubbing her forehead. You hear her mutter under her breath, "Gees, what is most of our bureau's budget going towards if they can't train an agent for the job before they send them?"

Her expression quickly shifts back to a more relaxed one as she says, "Well, I guess you'll learn the ropes about what we do here on the job. To sum up, the Goof Division of the Bureau of Mystic, Science, & Transformation Arts specializes in cases and incidents involving goofy related figures and transformations. You know, your clowns and toons... among other things."

"Among other things?" You knew that bureau had to be dealing with transformations and cases involving them given that it is in the title, and that goofy related characters given the subtitle of the division you are in. However, there were other figures out there besides toons and clowns that would be considered goofy?

Zoe seems to sense your mild confusion, smiling once more. "Oh yes," she chuckles, "We deal with soooo much oddity and silliness. There's balloon anthros, off-brand cereal mascots, masks, emojis..."

Your head yanks up at that last word, mouthing, “Emojis?”

“Weird I know, but yeah. Emoji cases are on the rise ever since that movie came out. It’s a new type of transformation and oversight of all related cases have been handed over to us. There’s just... you know what? I think it would be better to go over one of the cases with you.”

“Go over a case?”

“Indeed. We’ll take a look at an active one. It’ll give you a good oversight of the situation happening and what you are expected to investigate or be involved with.” With that, Zoe pulls out a folder from her desk and opens it up...

Case #1: Nurse Angry

“You gotta be kidding! Another one!?”

“LIEK OMGAWD! ME TOTES 7K!”

“...I’ll just assume you’re sick, DOCTOR!” It was a busy day at a metropolitan hospital as a strange virus had come rolling into town recently. It struck everyone no matter the age, sex, race, or even species. Once someone contracted it, they would be ill for days.

That disease? Emojitus, the inexplicable condition that turned people into emoji people. Their heads would grow super big until they matched that of the emoji symbol in question, their faces shifting to match that expression. The condition had bodily changes beyond that and even a radical shift in their own speech and attitude.

While it wasn’t life-threatening or harmful in the long run, the odd thing about the virus was that no one knew where it came from or how it exactly spread. It wasn’t through contact or bodily fluids, but some other, unclear reason.

One nurse dealing with the outbreak was Vanessa, a young woman with fair skin and long brown hair. She directed the newest patient, a smiling face emoji man, to a nearby doctor to take in. She let out an exhausted sigh, adjusting her glasses as she mumbled, “Gees, there’s just no end to this! They keep showing up.”

“You want to take a break?” Another nurse asked, walking up to her, “You haven’t taken one in the past several hours and we can handle everything here.”

Vanessa looked at her friendly co-worker and sighed a breath of relief, saying, “That... that sounds like a wonderful idea. I’ll be back soon.”

The two left each other and Vanessa ventured away in the far back of the hospital where the lockers were. No one else was around, allowing her to relax more as she pulled out her cellphone from the locker. Glancing at it, she noticed an alert on it.

Oh? She thought, checking it out, *I got a text. I wonder who it’s from?*

Checking it out, she was assaulted by a brash, odd message of poor grammar and obnoxious texting speech: *Yo dawg gal~ What ya wearing? LOLZ!*

Vanessa rolled her eyes and responded bluntly, *Wrong number.*

Once done with that, she started to check the news. She barely loaded the homepage for a site when she got a response back from the odd texter. This one read: *OMG! DNT be leik dat gurl! Only want fun. ;) EWG*

Vanessa sighed and moved to block the number. Her finger opened up the text screen, but the second it touched it, something odd began to happen. From the tip of her finger to the end of it, its color darkened, and the skin tone went glossy. It turned a lovely shade of red, almost unnatural in its appearance.

“What the heck?” She muttered, looking at the odd coloration as it slowly crept up her wrist and her arm. “Where did this come-”

But her thoughts were interrupted as she witnessed her hand move by itself. It typed in a series of random letters, forming the odd message: *NANA! CT! At WRK WRK = H8 :facepalm emoji:*

Her finger struck the send button and the text vanished. Vanessa’s jaw dropped, and she angrily yelled, “WTH! DNC! 182 phone! EEP! What was that?!”

Her tone voice and her speaking... it was just like that of the other emoji people! *Did*, she thought, *did I contract it?! How? When did this-*

Her hand shook as her phone rumbled. The text came back just as the red wave rose up her arm and then across her shoulder blades. Her eyes fell back down upon the screen and she gulped, reading the message: *:(IWSN! JK! :P U sure? CTC?*

She had never seen the text lingo before, but somehow, she knew what it meant, and she felt herself growing angrier the longer she stared at it. The red skin tone spread down her other arm, all the way to the end of its hand. When it fully changed, both of her hands came together, and she responded with: *SU! SU! NFW! IH8 U! :middle finger emoji:*

As the text went out, Vanessa felt horrified and baffled by her actions. *What am I doing?! She thought angrily, what’s happening to me?! Is... is this because of... no way! It has to be because of-*

Her body shivered from her shoulders down to her tippy toes. The plastic red sheen skin tone covered the entirety of her body, with the exception of her head at this point. She looked like an overly mad cartoon character with the skin tone.

Vanessa’s teeth felt like grinding together at the sight, her frustration growing stronger. Her mouth opened and out came a stream of *I H8 THIS* and *WTHs* over and over. She couldn’t focus or think straight, her rage and anger getting the better of her.

She was growing so frustrated and mad that she missed her own body changing more. Her back pushed out, shoving her sizeable chest even further than it already was. Her waist slowly contracted in such an exaggerated manner that it looked like she had the waist of Jessica Rabbit. Only adding to that cartoony comparison was her own hips swelling out, turning very round and way past child-rearing proportions.

Adding to the ludicrous, sensual figure she was gaining, Vanessa’s breasts began to swell. The top of her hospital gown dipped nice and low, showcasing her cleavage as her figure continued

developing. Already at size of Cs, her chest swelled and swelled like a balloon, until they were nearly the size of F-cups. Only toony people had figures like hers...

...and Emoji women as well. Not that she noticed, her frustration still too great for her to give a toss about the situation.

In fact, the only thing that snapped her out it was her phone going off again. It was from the mysterious texter, who said simply: *Just chill bro~ BC! BC!*

“Chill bro?!” She yelled, “NO NO NO NO NO!” The red skin tone finally reached her neck, slowly crawling up it and to her face. Her voice cracked, turning squeakier and meaner the more the pigment invaded.

Eventually, the color spread to her chin and her head began to wobble and shiver. Her noggin slowly inflated, growing larger and larger by the second. Her skull reshaped itself as her nose and ears sank into her head, leaving no trace behind of them.

As her head finished tripling in size, its shape turned sphere-like, losing all trace of her brow, chin, cheekbones, and such. Her hair grew to match the new space better, while her eyes and mouth flattened and stretch across the sphere. It almost looked like she had a beachball for a head with a wig on it.

But her changes weren't quite done. The last of her facial features transformed, pushing her into her new, goofy-looking form. Her mouth, eyes, and even eyebrows turned pitch black, their shapes turning simpler and even flatter than before. Her mouth stretched into a firm frown while her eyebrows lowered, attaching to her eyes to form an angry scowl.

In fact, that was what she had become. Nurse Vanessa the Angry Emoji had taken control and a new Emoji Girl was born.

“Vanessa” tossed her phone against the locker and stomped on the floor. She yelled, though her mouth did not move, “So mad! So mad! WTH!!”

“Is something going on in...?” A new nurse entered the room and paused, staring directly at Nurse Angry, who stared back with unblinking eyes.

“UGF!” The nurse emoji stated, stomping her foot down on the floor repeatedly like an angry child, “FOOT or FSU! BABY!”

“Okay okay!” The nurse yipped, running out, “I'll get a doctor and call for help! Just hang on!”

The emoji nurse didn't care what she said. She was just too angry and frustrated by her life, her job, and basically everything right then. She was too angry to remember anything about the text or how she got into her situation. She was just angry.

Interlude: In-depth

“That certainly is... “goofy”?” You remark, nodding your head once story ended.

Agent Zoe smiles and puts the file away, adding, “Indeed! These are the types of cases we get from time to time. You wouldn’t believe all of the weirdness out there that we deal with. Luckily, we were able to find the mysterious texter when the nurse returned to normal, but there will be other cases like it soon enough. It always happens.”

You nod your head again. Emojitus? That was a new one on you and to be frank, you didn’t feel quite like you would be able to handle something like that. You really did not like text speak at all.

Zoe stretches her arms and continues, “Of course, we don’t actually handle Emoji cases often. It’s pretty rare with these changes being so new. Most of the time, we actually deal with toons and some of their interests in tooning out others.”

You perk up and look at Zoe curiously. Tooning? Now this was something you were definitely familiar with from the news and other cases you came across at your old position.

You ask, “How often does toonification happens?”

Zoe chuckles and gives an amused smile in your direction. She explains in relax, casual tone, as if describing a blissful day at the beach, “Oh, it happens alllllll the time! The thing is, we usually don’t investigate them since they’re not problems usually. People just roll with it or complain, but never presses charge. But, we here deal with big complaints from people who do mind or serial toonifiers. In fact...”

Zoe reaches back into her desk and pulls out another file. Opening it up, she says, “We did actually have a recent incident that we had to deal with. The person was stuck-up and rude, but we had to follow through with investigating it. You see...”

Case #2: Party Animal in You

Venna quietly watched her target from across the street, peering over a blue mailbox. Passersby gave the odd woman a strange look, taking in her reddish hair with purple tips and sexualized nurse's outfit. The sight was peculiar to say the least, but the strange woman cared not for the stares.

She only cared for the nurse across the street, casually having coffee during her lunch break. Vanessa was her name and Venna was studying her movements and practices during her workdays. Ever since running into her a while back, the devious woman knew what she must do.

A mean giggle filled the woman's mind as she thought, *oh what to do, what to do! A nurse like that deserves nothing but scorn and my specialized treatment. Who does she think she is, thinking she's better than moi?*

"Excuse me!" A chirpy, goofy voice spoke up, "Whatcha doin'?"

Venna pouted her lips and snarled under her breath, "Back away! I'm busy watching someone!"

"Who ya watchin'?" A different, silly sounding voice asked, "Is it your boyfriend? OH! Is it a cute girl you're crushin' on?"

Frowning, Venna stood up and turned around to face her agitators. But she found herself put off by the sight that greeted her. It was two large toon woman, one a cute, green kangaroo gal and the other a dark red raven gal. Both of them were dressed in what appeared to be stereotypical rave clothing, with tons of glowsticks sticking out of these odd fanny packs they had strapped on.

Venna quickly regained her composure, brushing some of her short hair from her eyes. She turned her nose up at them and remarked, "Humph, it's none of your business what I'm up to or whom I am currently looking at. Go away."

"Well aren't you just a Grumpy Gina!" The kangaroo gasped, placing her hands upon her extraordinary wide hips.

"It's Grumpy Gus," Venna flatly shot back. *Ugh, I'm dealing with idiots. Just go away already!*

"Silly goose!" The raven chirped, "You're a girl, therefore you're a Grumpy Gina, not a Gus!" Venna shot her a nasty look and glared harshly at the two.

"So upset!" The kangaroo interjected again, looking so stunned and hurt by Venna's rudeness to them pestering her. "You're gonna get so many wrinkles looking like that!"

"What you need is a happy, party boost to get all of dem grumpies out of ya!" The bird toon stated, reaching into her fanny pack, "And we know what can cure ya!"

“I don’t require any of your-” Venna was interrupted and set upon by the large raven, who placed a cute glowstick necklace around her neck. Despite the brightness of the day, the necklace glowed as if it was pitch black out.

“Excuse me!” Venna snapped, looking up from her necklace to the toons, “But this is *highly awesome and radical brodettes! I luuuuuuv it! EEP!*”

Venna smacked her hands over his mouth, only for them to be smacked back by her face as it shot forward. Her mouth and nose stretched forward into a long, slender muzzle, her nose turning into a black snout. Bright pink fur bloomed out across the top side of the muzzle and over her face, while faded pink fuzz grew across her bottom jaw and down her neck.

“I know, right?!” The kangaroo declared, clapping her thick paws, “Glowsticks are, like, the absolute best!”

What the fudge was that nonsense I spewed!? Venna thought with a horrified expression, why... they... they did something to me!

“OH!” The raven added, pulling out a large mirror from her tiny pack, “Love that hair! It’s soooo you!” Venna looked at her reflection and flinched, watching as her hair grew super long on the right side of her head, while the other side shortened up to a buzzcut. The color turned to a dark red as the locks cascaded over half of her face.

“It is, like, soooo cool and makes me look, like, sooo tough and rebellious!” Venna unintentionally giggled, placing her hands over her mouth as an overexcited schoolgirl.

God! Venna complained within her mind, when will this disgrace end?! I’m losing my devious edge... though the hair is nice-I mean no! She pouted, folding her arms, her ears stretching out into fluffy, pointed ears that folded back like an angry dog.

“Is something wrong?” The kangaroo asked curiously, “You still seem grumpy!”

“Yeah, like, I am!” Huffed Venna, “This is, like, not cool and stuff! I’m not having any fun, ya know?! This is uncool and so a-NNOY-ing!” The pink fur flowed down her neck and across her torso, her lowcut shirt stretching out by the invading fluff.

“Hmmm, we totes get it!” The bird declared, putting her hands upon her hips and nodding her head quickly, “You’re, like, not havin’ fun and it’s, like, ya know, obvious why! You’re not wearing the right clothes!”

“What?!” The evil nurse declared, “That’s, like, not it... I think... ummm... maybe? I dunno?” The fur stretched down to her hands, covering them up to the tips. Her hands swelled right up, her ring fingers merging with her middles and leaving them all toony in appearance.

“Well it’s so clear now what needs to happen,” the kangaroo said, nodding her head.

She and the Raven looked at each other, giving a sly grin. They clapped their hands together and declared excitedly, “Totally Clothin’ Spin Cycle!”

The two toons placed their hands upon Venna’s shoulders and with a wicked grin, spun her around like super-fast cotton candy making machine. They spun around and around, whirling her into a mini tornado and blowing air all over the place. Passersby sped up their pace, not interested in being apart of the toons’ fun nor caring too much about what was happening.

After a moment, the two stepped out of the cyclone and let Venna keep on spinning and spinning. She was just a pink blur that rocketed off storefronts, utility poles, and mailboxes on the street. She went on and on until she spun back to the toons and stopped abruptly, the tornado vanishing.

Venna was now wearing her own version of their outfits, with her own rave attire and fanny pack carrying tons of glowsticks. Despite the spinning, none of her clothing or even her hair looked out of place. It was like she had just stepped out after getting ready for the day.

Venna looked upon herself and gasped, smacking her large paws against her face and making a comical, **SMACK**, sound effect to go with it. “Oh, sugary flavored cereals!” Declared Venna, “What am I, like, wearing now?”

“Isn’t it awesome?!” The two toon girls declared, rushing up her side and pulling out their phones, snapping several selfies. “We’re, like, twinsies plus one!”

Venna’s eyes swirled at the multiple flashes, her mind swirling as well. *Not*, she thought, *not a fan.... My outfit is... like, gaudy... but it’s like we’re twinsies though. Twinsies are good, right? Ummm, what was I doin’? Bugging a nurse or... was it... ahhhhhh, I’m totes lost!*

“Ummmmmm,” Venna spoke up, “My brain is, like, fried and stuff. What was I doing?” She tapped her noggin and smoke billowed out of her ears for half a second, which in turn grew into long, pointed, fox ears with lots of fluff to them.

“Like, it’s soooo obvious!” Giggled the kangaroo, “We’re gonna go partyin’!”

“Ooooooooooh!” Venna declared, nodding her head and understanding things, “I, like, get it now! That’s why I’m all hawt!” She giggled and wiggled her butt excited, a fluffy, long tail popping out right above her rear.

“Buuuuuuuuuut,” the raven girl replied, staring critically at Venna’s chest, “I dunno, you’re, like, missing some big features if ya wanna party with us!”

Venna looked down at her breasts and peered around at her behind. Her jaw dropped, her eyes nearly bugged out of her head as the sound of shattering glass filled the air. “OMAGAWD!” She cried out, “I’m, like, totally flat! Fixin’ now!”

Venna brought a thumb to her lips and blew into it as hard as she could. **FWOMP! VA-VA-BOOSH!** Her chest exploded forward into a hefty set of F-cups that bounced and jiggled with each sway of the body. Her poor skirt could barely contain her new butt, fully big and plump, twerking with each swing of the hips.

“Oh yeah!” Venna declared, wiggling her hips, “Now I’m shakin’ and bakin’ gals! Let’s club it up all day and all night long!”

“YAY!” The raven and kangaroo gals declared, taking her hands and skipping off merrily down the street. All evil and mean thoughts had completely fallen by the wayside for Venna. For next few days, she would be partying without break and having the time of her life... if only while being a toon for it.

Interlude: One More for the Road

“...the fake “nurse” later transformed back after an unknown amount of time and filed a complaint,” Zoe explains, closing the file and shelving it. “We managed to track down the two toons who did it and they promised not to do it again. Miss Venna was actually prepared to take the situation to court, but then local law enforcement got involved and she disappeared. Until she surfaces again, the case is closed.”

“So, you just took the toons’ word as is?” You ask, looking rather surprised. Toons are not exactly trustworthy or great at keeping promises, especially if breaking them means bring joy or laughs to other people.

“Of course not,” your boss spoke with a sly smile, “We had to convince and get into some negotiating and stuff with them. Talking with toons on their level is tough at times and their attention span can be very iffy.”

“What kind of negotiating?”

“It’s rather complicated and I’ll get into more details later,” Zoe says, leaning back into her chair, “We’ll go everything you need to know in some proper training, since apparently the government can’t be bothered to give you some themselves.”

She looks agitated and frustrated, so you quickly switch the subject. “So,” you say, “That’s everything then? Just meet and greet and some basics first?”

“Well for now it is,” Zoe says, “We’re more relaxed around here. You just head to your desk and another agent will stop by to discuss things further with you.”

“Okay,” you reply with a confident nod. “So, deal with toons, emojis, and other odd goofy people. Easy enough to understand.”

“Welllllllllll,” Zoe interrupted, “There is also another thing we deal with, which you probably don’t know about because, again, no proper training ahead of time. We also deal with oddball machines and items.”

“Wait... what?”

“Oh yeah. Dealing directly with people and beings is only three fourths of the job. The other quarter is the strange objects, machines, items, and such that keep appearing or going haywire for one reason or another. In fact, an agent just finished filing a report about an incident that’s still ongoing...”

Case #3: Technical Dressing Up Difficulties

“I need help right now,” Cleo spoke to the woman at the counter, “I need to get dressed for a formal party tonight, but I don’t own any actual fancy clothing or dresses. I can’t even afford to rent an outfit either! Please, is there anything you can do to help?”

“Welllllll,” the young, Hispanic woman spoke, “I suppose I can let you try out our newest product. Senorita Orange did just get it on loan from a friend and it would be a shame to not use it before we return it.”

“Really?” the tomboy declared, her eyes sparkling, “Oh thank you Miss Manuela! You gals are a lifesaver!”

It was late afternoon and a brown-haired woman rushed into her neighborhood beauty shop, Orange’s Beauty Fixer-Upper. It was a place that always helped women get a look they wanted or provide them with the right clothing. A bit pricey at times, but also strangely affordable at other points, even with wardrobe changes, the shop was reliable place to go.

The employee at the counter, Manuela, led Cleo into one of the backrooms where they housed all of their clothing and beauty supplies. In the room they entered though, a strange, purple machine, the shape and look of a British phone booth, laid. Next to it was a control panel and the words: Beautifier 500, written on it.

“All you need to do sweetie is put in what you want, and it’ll make it a reality!” Manuela explained, walking over to the machine and opening the door.

“That simple?”

“For sure! It already on, so just type whatever you want into the screen.” Cleo nodded and watched over to the panel. There was a lot of complex buttons and knobs on it, including a basic keyboard and touch screen. After a bit of studying, Cleo figured out how it worked and put in her request, a nice, dark purple, silk dress.

“Now,” Manuela stated, “Please step inside and we’ll begin!”

Cleo nodded again and stepped inside, the employee shutting the door behind her. Despite being in a box, the room was pretty bright and spacious all things considered, allowing her to stretch just a little bit.

“And here we go!” The employee called to her, “Pressing the power button right now!”

DING! A screen turned on in front of Cleo and she felt an air of static flowing down her head and her body. A second later, the screen showed a 3D outline and shape of her body, along with a picture of the dress she wanted.

PREPARING OUTFIT... PREPARING OUTFIT... 1... 2... 3... BZZZZZTTTT!
The robotic voice shorted out and screen flickered repeatedly.

“Ummm?” Cleo called out, “What’s happening?”

“That’s strange, the machine is acting weird out here. You don’t have any metal on you, do ya? That kind of messes with the sensors.” Cleo gulped, patting her pocket and feeling the jangle of loose change.

“Wellllll, let’s say that I do have metal on me... what happens?” There was no response from Manuela, Cleo growing more nervous by the second.

INITIALIZING DARK PURPLE RINSE CYCLE!

“Wait... what does that-” Cleo was cutoff as two large hoses dropped down from the sizing and began spraying her with some thick, inky purple liquid. She flinched, covering her face and clamping her eyes and mouth shut as tightly as she could.

The hoses coated every single inch of her, from top to bottom. The sticky liquid clung to her tightly, even feeling like it was getting underneath her clothing and underwear.

Eventually, the hoses retracted back into the ceiling and the machine spoke: **RINSE CYCLE COMPLETE! ADJUSTING BODY MASS AND FIGURE NOW.**

Cleo opened her eyes and was about to shout in protest when she noticed the door before her. There was a mirror on it, clean as can be. Her entire body looked almost featureless, covered in a thick coat of purple inky liquid. Her clothing stuck so tightly to her body under the substance that it almost looked like she was naked. In fact, her toes and breasts almost looked like they were completely exposed. Strangely, the only part of her untouched was her hair.

She opened her mouth to say something, but another large tube with a gas mask on came down from the ceiling and stuck tightly to her face. She gripped the tube and tried to yank on it, but it wouldn’t bulge or move.

Then, she felt a warm, sugary-tasting blast of warm air from the mask blow into her. The air went straight up into her nose and through her mouth, though breathing didn’t feel off or odd. Instead, the feeling of it was oddly pleasant and enticing on some level.

This... this feels strange, she thought, her cheeks reddening. It’s... it’s not too bad.

As air flowed into her body, Cleo’s body began to shiver. Starting around her toes, each digit began to inflate until they were four times their original size. Following that, her feet swelled right up as well, turning rather big themselves to fit the toes.

Her legs trembled shortly after before they began to balloon right up themselves. They swelled and swelled, layer upon layer of fat filling them to the brim. Her inky coated skin also began to change as well. The layer seemed to merge with her legs, making it look as if she had very glossy, shiny purple skin.

As her legs stopped swelling, now four times bigger with super thick thighs, Cleo's hips and butt began to receive the same treatment. Her hips widened greatly, quadrupling in size until they nearly threatened to brush up against both sides of the box. Her rear bloated up just as much, looking much flabbier, but oddly perkier than before.

POP! Unseen by her, a small, little tail grew right out above her bum. It was short with a little tuft of bright purple fur on it, a contrast to her darkened purple skin.

The growing continued, her torso the next part to bloat right up. Her stomach heaved outwards, her narrow waist and toned form completely lost in a single push. Her breasts swelled up, going flabbier themselves and matching with her hefty physique. Her arms thickened up as well, her ring fingers merging with her middles to add to her cartoony vibe.

And then, the changes finally reached her head. The masked tube pumped more and more air into her mouth and nose, her head trembling. Her hair exploded out into long, luscious pink curls in the back as her ears swelled and stretched out into cute, long hippo ears at the top of her head.

VA-BOOMF! Her head ballooned out like an old school Fruit Gushers' commercial, minus the fruit head part. Instead, she now had a large, cartoony-looking hippo mug with a large, fat muzzle at the end of her face.

The mask flew right off her face with the muzzle came in, quickly retracting back into the ceiling. Before Cleo could even access her new face, the machine sounded off again:
COMMENCING WITH DRESSING SEQUENCE!

With far less grace and even less subtlety, two long, robotic, cartoony hands stretched out the ceiling holding a large, oversized purple dress. It aimed the fabric right above Cleo head and with a cartoonish **ZIP**, shoved the outfit down on top of her. Her chubby arms automatically slid into the sleeve holes and the entire outfit fitted perfectly on her new form when it was placed on.

DESIRED LOOK COMPLETE! NOW RELEASING CUSTOMER!

The door opened, and the machine literally shoved the new hippo right out the door without another word. Cleo fell face and belly first into the ground, quickly bouncing about the room like a rubber ball before falling in front of a nervous, surprised-looking Manuela.

"Oh man," Cleo murmured, rubbing her head, "I feel funny... and I LOOK FUNNY TOO! What's going on!?"

"Ahhhhhhh," Manuela mumbled, sweat dripping down her forehead, "Well, the machine doesn't really like it if you have metal on you and it gets a little... finicky."

"A little!" Cleo huffed, shoving her large hippo gut against Manuela, "This is not a little problem at all!"

“Well ah, there’s a... well, on the positive side, you did get your dress, right?”

ALERT ALERT! The machine suddenly bellowed, nearly startling them. **OUTFIT DOES NOT MATCH PARAMETERS LISTED! AUTO-CORRECT IMMEDIATE PROBLEM!**

ZAP! A large, bright pink beam of energy shot out of the machine and zapped Cleo in the back. Her outfit quickly morphed and altered into a cartoonish tutu with a silly bikini top and bottom upon her, losing her sense of classiness instantly.

Cleo looked down at herself and looked at Manuela again, her face growing angry. In fact, she was getting so angry that the temperature of the room seemed to rise, and a cartoonish storm cloud magically appeared above her head.

“Ummmmm,” the employee nervously mumbled, “Should I go get the manager?”

Epilogue: Do Your Best

“It doesn’t seem like this case would be appropriate for the bureau to investigate,” you say, “After all, it sounds like it was an accident and not caused by a malfunction or tampering.”

“You say that,” Zoe replies, putting the case file away and stretching her arms, “But the machine was not supposed to do that. The previous time it had failed or glitched out, it just gave people weird clothing or makeup jobs. It didn’t toonify anyone, making it part of our jurisdiction.”

You nod, getting what she meant. You ask, “So, what caused the machine to toonify Cleo in the first place then?”

“Still looking for an answer on that, but we are currently interviewing the friend who loaned the booth to the shop in the first place. Apparently, they work for Happy Feeling Co., who has been cited in the past on their questionable toon products. But anyways, that’s still in development and I can’t get into further details if you’re not on the case.”

“Well alright then. Time to head to the desk then?”

Zoe smiles and heads for the door to her office, opening it up. “Correct! Your partner will arrive shortly, and you’ll learn more about the details of your position there later. Welcome to the Goof Division. I’m sure you’ll fit in just fine.”

You nod and smile, getting up from your seat. Things sound a bit crazy around here given the kinds of cases they deal with. But, you felt confident you could do your job no problem.

But then, just as you pass her, you pause. A thought appears in your mind and it makes you think. You turn to Agent Zoe and ask, “So... this job isn’t dangerous or life-threatening as my last job then, is it?”

Zoe snorts and pats you on the shoulder. “Dangerous? Ha! None of what we deal in is dangerous. It’s a pretty safe. It’s just stressful, frustrating, and very transformative at times.”

“Oh, well that’s... wait, what?”

Zoe grins and says, “Transformative. The rate of agents transforming into toons, clowns, emojis, and so much more is higher in this job than in any other job in America. The effects last for who knows how long and will greatly change your social and private life. No worries though, you’ll be just fine. Right?”