

Witchy-Toony Delights S2: A Dash of Pony

By: Firingwall

National Ice Cream Day... National Ice Cream Day... can't forget to celebrate it before I go home... thought one young man as he drove his car home from work. Standing at just about six feet, the brown-haired guy was named Masao and he had one thought on his mind since he heard it on the radio on his way into work this morning.

Today was National Ice Cream Day, a strangely frequent occurrence if he recalled, but one day that he was not going to pass up on celebrating. It's been a while since he had ice cream as well, so today was the perfect excuse to get some.

Just a few blocks away and then I can... what? As Masao was thinking and focusing on reaching his usual frozen treat place, he passed by a curious building he had never seen before. He rarely traveled down Fast Food Street, as everyone around called it, so only now did he noticed the new addition to the area.

It was a new ice cream parlor judging by the silly, cartoonish pictures in the store's windows. The large sign on the roof read, "Witchy-Toony Delights."

Huh... I never tried there before... I wonder what they're like? Reaching the corner, he pulled off into the lot and parked.

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"Any word from Mister Lawsqueak?" a green witch asked her toony co-worker. The green woman's face twitched and twisted into a frown, mumbling, "ugh... I can't believe that's even a real name..."

"He said he's super busy!" the purple toon squirrel explained, her large, puffy tail gently rocking from side to side, "But he promises he'll get someone to protect us from whatever that meanie poo pink doggie has in store!"

It was the middle of the day and the two employees, Jezebel and Luminaria, were manning the counter all by themselves. The big case against them was still going forward, but the ice cream parlor was having trouble finding a good lawyer to represent them in toon court.

"Great," Jezebel groaned, "Just great..."

"I know I know!" Luminaria pleaded, waving her furry indigo arms up and down hysterically, "But we can't panic and stuff! We'll get a super good lawyer and we'll beat that purdy pink pupper! She won't know what hit her!"

"You say that but your eyes say you're full of panic." The sharp, stinging words cut straight through the overexcited squirrel, the sound of breaking glass erupting out from where her heart

should be. Her hair and tail drooped and she hunched over, a rain cloud slowly forming above her head and drizzling onto her noggin.

“I know I know, but I can’t help it!” The squirrel toon stated, “I’m sooo worried! I just wish we knew what witch stole that hot coco idea so we can just have her apologize and pay that pup back... but no one will come for...”

At that moment, the door popped open and a warm breeze rolled into the parlor. A young man with brown hair and eyes, standing taller than both, walked in. He glanced around the area, taking in the sights and colors of the restaurant before approaching. Jezebel sighed, “ehh... I got the last one. You help this guy...”

Luminaria opened her mouth to say something, but Jezebel had already scurried off into the back without another word. The toon squirrel puffed her cheeks out, her raincloud turning to a storm cloud as she glared at the door her witch co-worker left through.

The young man looked at the toon strangely when he stepped up to her, not sure if he should talk to her or not. However, the squirrel instantly bounced back, spinning on her foot to face him with a big old grin. “Hiya!” She declared, her storm cloud vanishing and the room somehow brightening, “The name is Luminaria and welcome to Witchy-Toony Delights! How may I help you today Mister...”

“Ah... Masao...” The guy replied, his eyes slowly inching upwards at the gigantic menu plastered above the toon’s head. His peppers widened and his eyebrow rose slowly, indicating to the delighted toon that he had never seen so many options before.

“See anything you like?” She softly teased.

“There’s... there’s just sooo many,” Masao quietly spoke, “I’m not sure what to even pick! Ice cream, ice coffee, popsicles, ice cream cake... there’s just too much here!”

“Well then,” asked the toon, inching herself over the counter, “care for a suggestion? We got something called the Special of the Day! It’s our go-to-pick that we recommend to anyone who comes in today!”

“Well that sounds nice... sure! Why not? I’ll give it a try!” Masao said, giving her a polite smile.

Luminaria nodded and declared, “Then one super flavorful Pony Power Popsicle coming right up!” She let out a big giggle and dashed off to the kitchen.

Pony Power Popsicle? Masao thought, rubbing the back of his head as a sense of nervousness ran up his spine, *does she mean like that kid’s show? ...do places like this even get brand deals with big corporations or whatever when they are small time like...*

“And back!” the toon declared, suddenly appearing before him. Masao nearly fell backwards. She couldn’t have been gone more than a minute, but yet in her hand, she held a large popsicle. It had a vibrant orange to look it with a golden streak than ran up its center.

But besides the colors, there was nothing out of the ordinary to indicate that this was pony-related in any way. It just looked like a regular popsicle with a singular, horizontal stripe to it, just a tad different than more. *Weird*, he speculated privately, *I would thought there would be something related to... ah whatever...*

He smiled and told the squirrel, pulling out his wallet, “That looks great! I’ll gladly take one please!”

Luminaria giggled as he paid for the treatment, happily handing over the Special of the Day to him. She cooed softly, “Feel free to have a seat and please... do enjoy.”

Masao nodded at her politely and took the closest booth near him. Sitting down, he wasted no time giving the popsicle a big lick. The flavor was mostly orange, but with a sharp and strangely refreshing taste of banana on top of that. He let out a delighted sigh, very impressed with the popsicle.

The taste of it just made his hair stand up on end and even jut out just a little... at first. He gave the popsicle another lick and his hair shifted from a dirty brown to a familiar shade of orange as his frozen treat. Licking it again, a streak of golden yellow ran through his mop as well, which started growing frizzler and almost puffer.

In fact, on the fourth lick, there was a loud POOOFFF! His hair suddenly exploded and fluffed up several times over, a spike hairband appearing and wrapping up most of it into a large, puffy ponytail that was bigger than his head and most of his torso. Two fluffy strands fell down the sides of his face, blocking his ears from sight.

His eyes grew wider and his head looked rapidly to each side, his hair flowing back and forth majestically. Out of the corner of his eyes, he saw his long, fluffy locks. “*What the sugar biscuits is going on!*” He called out, before almost immediately gasping. His voice was different, positively cute, but also mean girl-ish sounding.

ZIP! Suddenly, the squirrel toon is sitting across from you in the booth. She’s leaning over the table, her massive G breasts resting on the table and the cleavage in her uniform-looking far more pronounce than before. “Hiya again!” The squirrel giggled happily, gazing into your eyes, “I see you discovered the fun effects of Pony Power Popsicle!”

“What do you mean?” Masao asked, “What kind of... UUMMFF!” Moving on its own, the hand holding the popsicle stuck it into his mouth, sliding it across his tongue and chilling his teeth as it scrapped against them.

As the popsicle slid back out, gold fur began sprouting out from around his lips. The further he pulled the treat out, the more and quicker fur began to grow out in a large wave. His

head, then neck, torso, and limbs were all quickly engulfed, leaving no trace of his skin at all behind. He still looked human though, even despite the fur everywhere.

“What the heck?!” Masao cried out, “Why am I getting all furry... and why did my hair get all puffy as well?!”

“Because you’re having a Pony Power Popsicle silly billy!” Luminaria declared, “It’s made to get you all ponyed up and ready to have fun! Our big brand deal with Hasbro has been a huge success and now we’re offering treats that can turn people into the My Little Pony characters!”

“WHAT?!” Masao yelled, the popsicle lifting up and go back into his mouth again. He unconsciously sucked and licked on it, pulling it out and asking, “And why does that keep happening? Why can’t I stop licking that yummy treat?”

His body shivered and suddenly slimmed down a few sizes. His muscles and body fat dropped dramatically, his figure thinner and strangely more feminine than it once was. Thankfully, his clothing also shrank as well to fit him, though his pants turned dark violet and turned into a silk skirt, giving him a slight feminine figure.

“Oh that’s because the popsicle is SUPER DUPER addictive!” The squirrel explained happily, “once you start, you can’t stop until ya finish it!”

Masao frowned, his tongue sticking out and sliding against the frozen treat on its own. His eyes grew wider and his eyelashes lengthened, giving them a cute little flutter. His irises changed to a dazzling raspberry shade as he whimpered out, “but I don’t wanna be a pony. I mean... the show is fine and stuff, but I...”

“Oh don’t worry!” the squirrel giggled, patting his fluffy hair, “You’ll be fine! A quick little sleepy sleep at nighty-night and the next morning, you’ll be back to your normal, average human self!”

“Really?” He asked curiously, his eyebrow arched as he took another big lick from the popsicle, “Are you sure?”

“I solemnly swear that I am tellin’ you the truth and nothing but the truth!”

Masao stared at her, studying her cheerful, innocent-eyed face, the popsicle pushing back between his lips. Licking it a bit more eagerly, there was a loud PUFF and a curly, puffy orange tail burst out from between clothes, whisking about happily. He sighed and replied, “well... if this isn’t permanent, I guess I’ll be fine... I wonder who I’m turning into though.”

Licking the popsicle, a good third of it having been licked away, Masao’s body creaked and cracked loudly. Beneath his clothing, his waist pushed inward and his back arched, shoving his chest out proudly whether he wanted to or not. His shoulderblades fell back as well, just making his chest even more pronounced than before.

“I’m gonna say Adagio Dazzle!” the toon guessed excitedly.

“Isn’t she a siren though?” asked Masao. His hips widened considerably, growing rounder and curvier, stretching his suddenly ill-fitting again hips. His rear inflated as well, growing cushier and plumper while also raising him a few inches into the air.

“Well technically all of our popsicles for this treat turn people into ponies, it’s just easier to make!” The toon explained, giggling away as the “guy” continued sucking and throating the popsicle, doing it in a far quicker and odder manner.

As Masao did his deed, the popsicle grew smaller and smaller as his transformation drew closer to its end. With each pump, going in and out, his mouth and face slowly pushed forward, almost as if wanting the treat to stay within its maw a bit longer. His nostrils flared and his teeth shifted into sparkling white molars. With a few pumps, he developed in his own mare muzzle.

With the extra wide maw, Masao finished the popsicle faster and faster. With each lick and drop consumed, the bulge in his crotch shrank and his chest began to bubble. Half of the popsicle was gone and the bulge was gone. A third of the popsicle was left and her chest sprouted full B-cups. A quarter left and she now had a female part in her pants now. A fifth left, her breasts bounced up to a C-cup.

Then with one final lick, Masao’s chest swell until it was on the edge of being a D, stopping right here for good. She let out a sigh and dropped the empty popsicle onto the countertop, stretching her arms and torso. “Okay,” the new girl replied, “Now that was good... really nice popsicle you got there.”

“Thanks!” Luminaria replied, picking up the stick and flicking it off into the trash bin, “Glad to have offered it!”

“Now a quick question... can I get some ice cream? I mean, a popsicle is nice and all, but I could REALLY go for some ice cream on National Ice Cream Day, ya know?” The young pony woman asked with hope and urgency in her voice, looking deep into the squirrel’s eyes.

“But of course!” replied the toon, hopping to her feet, “I’ll go get something super special from the back. Anything for the new pony.”

She pinched Masao’s cheeks and hurried off into the back. “Adagio” sighed happily, feeling her muzzle and twirling one of her big puffy strands of hair, “Well... it’s not what I expected in the end, but hey! I got a new place to check out now in the future!”

Luminaria rushed back into the kitchen and hurried towards the back area where the “special” ice cream was kept. However, she skid to a halt when she saw Jezebel busying playing on her cellphone, doing absolutely nothing. “Excuse me!” the toon declared, “Shouldn’t you, ya know, at least be sorting and making new frozen stuff if you’re not out there serving?”

“Probably,” Jezebel replied, “But... eh, I’m on a break and just thinking about the whole lawyer thing.”

The squirrel toon sighed, rolling her eyes so hard that they threaten to roll right out of her sockets. However, a thought sprung into her mind and she asked, “say... thinking about it. I think I know a person who might be able to help us if Lawsqueak can’t.”

“Oh?” the lazy witch replied, her eyes not leaving the phone, “And, who may that be and why didn’t you bring them up sooner?”

“Because to get the person would be difficult... but difficult times call for important measures! I say we bring out the super talented Clawdia again. Our lovely little mascot who knows everything about anything!”

Jezebel froze up, her eyes growing wide and her body shivering. Her head creaked over to look at the toon, mumbling, “Oh no... you... you don’t mean...”

“Yep! Guess who gets to be the bestest witch cat toon in the whole wide world again?”

THE END