

INKY MERCH

By: Firingwall

Story done for Danuki of Patreon

The thick, towering blue curtains that hung from the high ceiling dropped. Everyone in the convention hall turned, the sight instantly eye-catching given how high the curtains were and how much they blocked off of the room. Many nearby people flinched or jumped back as the coverings hit the ground with a loud **thump**.

In the direct center of the wide room, a spacious area had been closed off and hidden from sight by those curtains. Now, it was finally revealed and all attention was drawn in by the showy unveiling.

“Hellooooooooooooo, Max North!” A loud, pippy voice declared. In the center of that spot was, perhaps, an even more eye-drawing sight than anything else anyone had seen that day.

It was a white toon wolf with striking, electric blue hair. She was a wolf with an incredibly curvaceous, hourglass-figure that was graciously highlighted in tight clothing. Her button-up shirt had several buttons undone, providing her massive breasts breathing room. A tight blue skirt hugged her derriere, her tail wagging happily above it.

Around the wolf, a series of tables were formed in a wide u-shape. The tables had items and trinkets displayed on them, but most people stood too far away to see... or were distracted by something far more visually appealing.

“It's your favorite toon, Emmi the Motivational Wolf!” The wolf declared, speaking into her microphone. It felt unneeded given how well her voice echoed in the room. “I am here, today, at your lovely, gaming event on behalf of Happy Feeling Co.!”

Murmurs and mumblings started filling the room. The many gaming journalists, press, invitees, and others in the know were not expecting this. What was a toon doing there as a representative of a legitimate, human-based company, and what was said company even doing there as well? Happy Feeling Co. wasn't a game developer or publisher.

The wolf seemed to pick up what they were thinking or whispering about, continuing her talk. “I am proud to announce that we at Happy Feeling are teaming up with Epic Games in an incredible collaboration not ever seen before!”

The murmurs and mumblings only grew louder. Everyone knew who Epic Games were, and this random, unpredicted announcement got them going.

“So, why don't you all come on over, and I'll give you the exclusive sneak peek into what we've been cooking up! Come on, ya know ya want those sweet deets!”

However, despite the unmistakable curiosity and intrigue that was in the air, no one approached. It could be chalked to one simple thing: Emmi herself. Toons were silly, goofy beings and her appearance was... a bit much and embarrassing despite its appeal.

“Excuse me! I would like to talk with you about this!” Someone thankfully broke the ice. Two women approached the toon, one following the other with a camera. The one who spoke up introduced herself. “My name is Danielle. I'm from VGGalsTalk, and I would love to know more about what's going on here.”

Emmi's tail wagged, her ears perking up. She adjusted her blue tie so that it wouldn't be going into her cleavage as much, trying to look more professional. “But of course!”

The toon cleared her throat and looked at the camera, speaking directly to it. “I'm Emmi from Happy Feeling, here presenting our epic crossover with Epic Games.” She looked back to Danielle. “What would you like to know?”

“Well, first of all, I'm sure our fans, who are unfamiliar with your company, would like to know more about it for context.”

“Of course!” Emmi grinned. “Happy Feeling Co. is a company with a reputation for fun, exciting, transformative experiences that no other big business can provide! We offer the best, change-ifying products from drinks to clothing that'll bring out a new you. Many popular, eccentric characters and folks have blown up or come out thanks to our help!”

“So, this team up is related to that, I assume?” Danielle looked at her curiously. “Is your company providing its iconography to Fortnite or designing new skins, weapon decals, or such?”

“It is Fortnite related, but that's not what we're doing.” The toon's expression turned prouder, motioning to the ladies to the tables.

She led them over, paws out and waving them across the displays. “Epic Games was specifically interested and wanted our special tech and power to bring their special Inktville Gang set to life! Behold, the newest and most impressive merch that Fortnite has ever had!”

Across every table was a collection of products. They came in all sizes and shapes from replicas to toys to badges, stickers, props, and other various knick-knacks one could imagine.

They all had the same black and white (and gray) aesthetic and had such a curious, unique flatness while also simultaneously 3D, just like Emmi.

It was clear to any fan of Fortnite who'd have taken a casual glance at the tables: This was indeed all of the Inktville Gang set brought to real life.

"Wow!" Danielle quietly said, looking at a model of Whale Sailer. "It looked like it came straight out of the game!" The camerawoman stepped closer, getting a shot of the host with the little toy.

Emmi grinned, her tail wagging harder. "It's all thanks to Happy Feeling Co.'s special technology and innovations. We are the only non-toon owned company that is able to work with toon ink, the most malleable, adjustable, and imaginative substance on Earth!

"Toon ink was used to make these collectibles as authentic and close to the game as possible. Only its unique properties are capable of capturing the style and appearance of the Inktville Gang collection for obvious reasons. As such, the results will please fans of Fortnite, toon admirers, and many other demographics. Plenty of "gloved" mitts will wanna grab these babies for sure!"

Danielle nodded, still looking quite awed by the items on display. "I bet! These are incredible." She picked up one of the Propeller Perries and felt it. "It's thick but feels so light and smooth." She checked her hands. "No ink stains either."

"Well of course no stains!" Emmi explained, "Everything has been dried and molded into a solid, non-liquid form by our special, careful scientists and toon builders. No one is gonna need to wash their hands after holding their new merch!"

Danielle nodded again and turned to the camerawoman. "Make sure to get some shots of everything for b-roll or references. Everyone's gonna want to see what's here."

The camerawoman nodded and started walking around the tables. "You don't mind, do you?" Danielle asked the toon.

"Oh not at all! Film as much as you want! I'm sure your fans are gonna wanna see everything we have coming soon!" Emmi stated. She began going on about preorders, the launch date for the first wave of products, and the potential future of team-ups with the Cuphead and Bendy developers.

Danielle listened politely, tracing the tables in the opposite direction from her partner and looking at what was on offer. Emmi followed a bit behind, continuing to explain every little detail she could.

Then, just as she was getting to discuss the pricing, Emmi paused her spiel. Danielle had suddenly stopped. The young woman was standing before one of the middle tables in front of the collection of physical Toona Cans. Like the other items, they looked exactly like they did in the game, but with the exception of the lids being sealed instead of open like the Back Bling was.

“Did you see that?” the podcaster said, her voice quieter and confused.

She began to point and Emmi, and the camerawoman too as she soon joined the two, looked. It was subtle, something anyone would easily miss with a casual glance at all of the cans. However, once seen, it was undeniable. One of them was shaking.

And its shaking only increased once the trio were all looking at it, almost as if it was reacting to their attention.

Danielle looked at Emmi, the camera turning to her as well. “What's up with that?”

Emmi looked at the can for a little bit longer before turning to her. The expression on the toon's face was the first time she showed something other than confidence. “Umm...” She cleared her throat and scratched at the back of her head. “Well, toon ink can be a tad unstable. It can react strangely when molded into certain products and kept in a singular form for a long time.

“However, such things will be corrected for the full product launch this winter! I assure you that these things won't be shak-”

SPLUUUUUUUUUURRRRT! The lid on the tin can burst open and thick, goopy toon ink sprayed out like a geyser at an angle. It missed the camerawoman, and Emmi herself stepped back at the last second, dropping her mike.

However, Danielle was not as lucky. The inky mess hit her straight in the face. It seemed to fully wrap around her head, dripping down her torso. The room was filled with gasps and cries of shock, people who were cautiously approaching before quickly stepping back.

Thankfully, the ink wouldn't spread or go any farther. Emmi yanked a cartoony lockbox out from behind her back and slammed it down on the can, knocking the still ones out of the way. She closed it up and locked the can inside the container.

Putting the box behind her back and making it disappear, Emmi started cartoonishly panicking looking at Danielle. She waved her arms in a blur, tail and ears stiff and at attention. “S-s-so s-s-sorry, Miss Danielle!”

She reached behind her back again, pulling out a large handkerchief this time. She brought it close to the ink-headed woman. “L-let me j-just wipe that all off and-”

“**Meeerrrrrow!**” A deep, rather catty voice spoke from behind the gloop. “**Don't!**” A hole opened up in and spat out a glob of very thick ink on the floor. “**Just... don't, meow!**”

Danielle coughed and curiously, the ink covering her head began to bubble. It slowly inflated, while the front of it turned snowy white and flat. Black, oval pie-eyes appeared, blinking slowly one at a time. A cartoony cat mouth appeared below them, moving and reacting to Danielle's coughs.

The rest of her head began to take shape, morphing into a rounder form. The top gained two triangular points, quite similar to cat-like ears. The sides where her cheeks were stretched into points as well, similar to that of Felix the Cat. Her noggin looked like that of a cartoon cat's own head from the 1920's.

“**I feel so meeoow gross!**” Danielle groaned. The mouth moved with those words, the movement of it like simple flaps from an old cartoon. “**Soooo gross.**”

She put her hands on her face, with thick, wet **SMACK** sounds when they collided with her cheeks. She tried to wipe the ink off onto the floor, but nothing happened. She rubbed her hands all over her head and face, but it wouldn't budge.

“**Wha...**” Danielle held out her hands to see if anything was coming off. Ink was certainly all over her mitts, but it wasn't leaving. In fact, it seemed to be swelling and growing if anything.

“**HISSSSSS!**” She held her hands out even further, as if wanting them to stay away from her as much as possible. The ink swelled and swelled, cloaking all of her hands and turning into thick balls of glob three times larger than her original mitts.

After a moment, they shrank back and brightened to a pure white. The ink retracted a little, molding and taking form into hands again. However, they were four-fingered hands covered by thick, puffy toon gloves.

Before anyone could properly react to that, black ink squirted out of the gloves and up her arms. They shot all the way up to her shoulders before briefly stopping. The black gunk seemed to constrict her arms, shrinking them down and making them lose shape until they were noodly.

Then, just as fast, they inflated right back. This time, they swelled into dense, bulgy limbs that looked like they lifted weights every day for the past decade.

Danielle looked between her arms rapidly. Cartoonish question marks appeared above her head before popping. “Meeerooow?” she meowed confusedly, twisting and bending her arms around like they were made of rubber.

After some more bending, Danielle suddenly lifted her arms and flexed. They bulged several sizes bigger than what they should've been capable of doing by normal standards. The question marks turned to exclamation points.

When she stopped flexing, they deflated back down to their “normal” dense size. The camerawoman, who had been silently filming the entire time, turned to Emmi and actually spoke. “Is this supposed to happen?”

“Wellll...” Emmi rapidly tapped her chin, her expression looking more worried by the second. “Toon ink can be unstable and when making it into different shapes... um... depending on what it was made into and or what it comes into contact with... this might be...”

The ink started moving fast, spreading from her head and arms elsewhere. Her shoulders quickly broadened, making her almost double her original width. It spread down onto her torso, the front white while the sides and back were black. It reshaped her figure, making it more Dorito-shaped than before.

Across her chest, it had the most drastic change. Her breasts were completely flattened, all shape lost as the area widened. However, it wasn't empty for long as the chest inflated back a little with its new width. Wide, featureless pectorals pressed outwards now.

With the way the ink had coated her and took shape, her entire upper half was naked outside of her gloves. There wasn't anything to see outside of muscle, but it didn't make Danielle feel any better judging by how she groaned and looked.

WHIP-ISSSSH! Once the ink had reached her hips, which had flattened and narrowed as well, the ink bubbled briefly before exploding. Two flat streams of ink snapped up her torso

before going over her shoulders and around her back. The streams solidified, forming suspenders, white buttons holding them down at the start of them.

“**Muuurrrreeooooow!**” Danielle groaned, rapidly looking over themselves. The black ink continued spreading down onto their legs, forming black pants for the suspenders to be attached to. At least the naked part was somewhat addressed for them.

Like with the arms, the ink compressed their legs down. However, there were some slight differences this time around. For one, they didn't inflate back, swelling into thick slabs of prime meat like Danielle's arms became. They grew, but only longer, their entire body stretching until they were well over seven feet/two point one meters tall. Cartoonish, ball-shaped bulges popped out approximately where the knees should've been to represent them.

Lastly, completing the unintentioned transformation, the ink swallowed their feet. Their heels vanished as the feet elongated and bulged. The goo bubbled and inflated, turning white as they became huge, featureless toon shoes.

With that, it ended. Danielle stood there, towering over the two and most of the crowd as a big, old-timey cartoon-looking character. They said nothing, looking over themselves and at their entire body. The silence and lack of rage was a bit unnerving.

After a moment, the camerawoman spoke yet again. “You okay, Danny?”

Danielle didn't answer, at least with words. They suddenly began to flex both arms, cartoonishly bouncing and wobbling as they pushed out their chest. A few seconds after, they did a toony spin, stretching and warping their body like a rubberhose creation from the olden days of animation. Once they finished their spin, they struck a pose, still flexing one arm while pointing out into the distance, like they were calling or pointing somebody out.

“Ummmmm...” Emmi turned around. The crowd was approaching again, staring at or filming the scene. The wolf looked at everyone, twisting her gummy lips. She eventually managed to say, “Ta-da? Toon Meowsles performing his signature, Squash & Stretch emote!”

There was some confused clapping and murmurs. It seemed like that and also Emmi's comments were enough for Danielle to snap out of their trance. They shook their head and smacked it, a goofy rattling noise being heard.

The large toon bent down and booped Emmi on the nose accusingly. “**Meeooooow, you got sum ‘splainin’ ta do, Emmi, hisss! I’m so goofy, big, goopy, and buff!**”

“Errrrr, right! Of course!” Emmi smiled sheepishly before turning back to the crowd. “This is over! Check out Happy Feeling Co.’s website for more information! Bye!”

The white wolf clapped her hands and suddenly, the curtains sprung to life. They went straight back to the ceiling, almost as if someone hit rewind on them like a video tape. The trio disappeared from sight, and no one could hear a thing about what they talked about.

Whatever happened, no one would find out. The information about the product line never went live on the website like Emmi said it would. In fact, Epic Games would make a quiet announcement later that the merchandise rollout would be canceled.

As for what happened to Danielle, the word they returned back to normal, but that was it. It was never addressed outside of a passing mention on their podcast, in which no detail was given. Footage of what happened would bounce around on the Internet for a while, but that too would die out.

But then, something curious happened. A few months later, without fanfare, a new product from Happy Feeling was announced and released right away. Collaborating with Epic Games again, a curious item called Toon Meowsles Toona Can was available to purchase.

THE END ?