

Witchy-Toony Delights: Witchful Hiring

By: Firingwall

Commission done for [DanScott7 of DeviantArt](#)

“Wait, really?!” Samantha’s heart started to race. “Are you sure?” Her body quivered. “I... I only just sent in my resume though! This must be-”

“No, no! We’re sure about this.” The voice on the other hand sounded so cheerful, though with an odd hint of sultry behind it. “We liked everything we saw, so we’re good to go! We would loooove to have you join us.”

Samantha’s hand tightened on the phone. “R-really? This is incredible! I can’t-”

“Come by tomorrow for basic employee orientation!” The voice went on. “We can discuss personal details, scheduling, and the future then. Heck, maybe we can start you right away too! We can tell: you have a bright, full future ahead of you here! Ciao!”

Witchy-Toony Delights: that was the name of the restaurant Samantha stood in front of. The words were plastered above the front door and embedded into a large, revolving sign in the corner of the parking lot. This was it for her.

Samantha was nervous. The rumors and the truth about this place were constantly repeating in her head. The oddball employees and unique environment & requirements made it a place that not many “regular” people want to work at.

Yet, she was there. Between recent troubles at her home and with money, Samantha needed a job and one that paid very well. The place fit that bill, and she would have to put up with whatever it would toss at her.

Samantha took a deep breath. She could do this. She would make a good first impression appearance-wise at least. All that work to get her messy brown hair straight and nice would pay off. Sure, the button-up blouse, skirt, and heels might be a tad formal for the place’s environment, but impressions were important.

She took another breath, trying to calm herself. *Look, you got the job already... somehow. Still don’t get it. Not even an interview or nuthin’. Still, I can do this.*

A small smack to the cheeks later and Samantha approached the front door. “Alright, let’s start this new-”

DING-LA-DING! The door swung open, and two tall figures stepped out. The woman suddenly felt incredibly inadequate and small as they walked past.

“Awwww, but I really think that dress would, like, totally fit me!” A bright orange bunny with lots of braids chimed.

“Hehe!” A yellow cat giggled, placing an oversized paw over her muzzle. “Like that dress would fit with those huge honkers on your chest!”

The bunny giggled too, groping her breasts. “That is true! My boobies are pretty big!”

The two toons giggled and took a lick from their ice cream cones. Samantha’s face was beet red. *So big. So very big. That’s... that’s what the clientele is gonna be like... no! I can do this! I’m sure others aren’t... that big.*

Burying her worries, Samantha took another deep breath and released it. She was going to have to get over those feelings and fast. She wouldn’t last long in her job if she didn’t.

Pushing on through the front door, a chill washed over her. The inside was that of an old-fashioned ice cream parlor, just with lots of room for tables and booths. The colors were bright, the designs were retro, and the smells were sugary and sweet. She could almost taste the dessert on her tongue.

After getting used to the atmosphere, she took another look around. She was the only human there. Sure, there were other customers and probably employees, but she was the only human. There were toons of all sizes and maybe two green witches wandering about.

This she expected. Witchy-Toony Delights was true to its name: a place that spawned the silly and the wicked to the customers’ delights. It both naturally drew those kinds of people in and made others that way. Still, seeing such colorful characters was a sight to behold.

I wonder what’ll happen to me? Samantha walked further in, her steps stiff. *I guess... I guess I’ll be joining them so-*

“HIYA!” A large call echoed from the counter. A large, red toon dog girl with knockers just as big as the ones that left earlier was waving a thick, pudgy paw. “You’re Samantha Henderson, riiiiight? Right, right?”

Samantha gulped, nodding slowly. “Peeeerfect!” The dog reached behind her back and pulled out a handbell. She swung it about, the sound like something that would come from a bell tower. “Oooooooo, Traci! She’s here, she’s heeeeeerreeee!”

A side door behind the counter opened, and a witch stepped out. She had two bushy, black hair buns and some sharp, narrow glasses on her long nose. She was pretty curvy and busty as well but compared to the toons, she might as well have been flat.

Traci looked at Samantha, eyeing her up. She held out a hand, gently waving her over. Her other hand shot out and grabbed the dog’s bell. The toon giggled. “Sorry!”

The room grew colder as Samantha cautiously approached. It was probably because she was getting closer to where the ice cream and freezers were. However, part of her almost believed it could be a sign of something bad.

Standing at the counter, Samantha stiffly held out her hand. “H-hi! My name is Sam-”

“Oh, I know you are!” Traci said, taking and shaking her hand. “I kind of gathered it was you when Cassie here started yelling.”

“Yeah yeah yeah!” Cassie took Samantha’s hand as well and shook it hard. “We’re soooo pleased to meet ya!” The poor woman vibrated from all of those shakes.

Traci batted Cassie’s hand away and took Samantha’s again, leading her around the counter. “Now then, since you’re here, let’s get straight to it! Let’s have a quick tour and head over to my office.”

The young woman was led into the backroom, Cassie waving goodbye eagerly as they left. Temperature dropping again, the place was a lot bigger than expected. There were tons of machines, vats, and freezers all around them. Some of the machines she could only imagine what they would do.

“Now this is where the magic happens, sometimes figuratively and sometimes literally!” Traci chuckled. “We have all our special freezers full of every flavor you can and cannot imagine. The vats here are for making special blends of flavors and toppings, while these machines are for-”

The witch went on as she led her around the gigantic room. They passed several more colorful employees as Traci continued listing off the machines at work. There was just so much to hear and learn about. *Should I be taking notes on this?*

“And of course, our art station where our very special treats are carefully crafted and touched up to perfection!” A kinkajou toon with bright red, long hair was busy painting sprinkles and chocolate chunks onto an ice cream cone at the station. She carefully dipped a brush into a bucket with what looked like thick black paint and pressed it into the scoop. The splotch shrunk and solidified into a sprinkle.

Whoa... Samantha couldn't help being fascinated. Watching all the toon gals at work, whether it be painting ice cream or making it, everything felt a little less overwhelming than what Traci was saying. There was just this system and flow in how they worked and moved that made it feel like she could do it too.

A purple squirrel hurried by with a large tray full of shakes, Samantha quickly stepping out of the way. She couldn't help but giggle to herself. *Literally full of colorful characters here~. Like all the colors of the rain...*

Samantha glanced around. Something struck her. Outside of Traci, there was a lack of a certain color around the building. Green.

“Here we are!” Traci declared, abruptly stopping at a door. “We have reached the last and most important part of our tour, managerial-wise at least, my office!”

The two stepped inside. The room was a lot less interesting to look at compared to everything else she had seen. It was a standard office, like out of some workplace sitcom with many filing cabinets, a lone desk with a computer on it, and a few chairs.

Traci took a seat behind the desk while Samantha hurried to sit down in front of it. *Okay, this is it! Don't blow anything. You got this.*

“So!” Samantha stood at attention. Traci smiled. “I'm sure you're probably wondering why you were hired, and so quickly too? I mean, no interview? Probably would seem a little weird if the same happened to me.”

“I mean... a little.”

“Well, there is a reason. I'm sure it's obvious to you, but Witchy-Toony Delights is a bit of a weird business.” Samantha couldn't dispute that. “We're an operation started and run by witches and toons. When we're looking for qualified candidates to join us, we need only the best that can be molded into the lifestyle we have. You fit that bill from your resume and its aura.”

“Oh, okay!” Samantha wasn't sure what all of that meant, but she appreciated the compliment nonetheless. “Don't worry, I'll do my best and make the place proud!”

“That’s the spirit!” Traci smiled, leaning back in her chair. “Now, there’s just one simple thing before we continue, a quick question. Toon or witch?”

“Hmm? Wh-what do you mean?”

“It’s for your class position while you work here. You must keep with the theme of business after all. Toon or witch. Just pick one that speaks to you, and we can go from there with what you’ll be doing and where.”

Samantha rubbed her head. Is she really saying this? “Wait, I get to decide if I’ll be... I’ll become a toon or a witch?”

“Mhm!” Traci nodded. “It’s one of the many perks of working here! Either form provides many wonderful benefits, I assure you. You have magic and access to energy that can shape the world around you as a witch. As a toon, you can bend reality and the laws of physics for yourself. There’s more, but that’s just a small taste. Just pick what you would prefer. I’d rather you decide instead of me placing it upon you.”

I get to change myself. That was quite something. The idea of becoming a new her or, at least, gaining a new look was appealing. There was a sense of fun and excitement to it.

Samantha felt surprised but deep down, she knew it had to come to this. This place and its reputation? Of course there was some transformative element to it. That was probably why she saw no other human in the building.

Still, she was ready for whatever came next. “Okay, I think I know what I want.” Samantha took a deep breath, hairs on the back of her neck rising. “I want to be a to-”

But then, a thought popped into her mind from earlier. “Umm, ya know, when we were walking around, it felt like you were the only witch here.”

“Oh, that? Yeah.” Traci shrugged. “Most of the coven has their own things going on and me... well, I juggle a lot of work, including being the regular manager here. It’s tough, but I find it pretty fulfilling overall.”

There was a moment of silence as the witch carefully looked at her. “Why do you ask? Do you have something in mind?”

“Y-yes.” *Okay, let’s do this.* Samantha nodded. “I think... I think I want to be a witch.”

A smug grin appeared on Traci's face, the witch leaning over the desk. "Oh ho ho! Does someone want to be an alluring, magical beauty as moi?"

"Oh ah... that's not it!" Samantha's face went red, her head looking away from Traci embarrassed. "It's just... well, it just seemed like this place could be... more witchy is all."

"Ha!" Traci leaned back. "I'm just teasing ya! Don't be so red. Instead, why don't you be my shade? I would love to help you discover your inner green, the perfect witch. Honestly, you seemed more like a witch than a toon anyways."

"R-really? I mean, if it's not too much trouble to do this or-"

"Trouble? Pffffffft!" The green lady laughed some more, happily smacking her seat's armrests. "Pu-LEASE! If it was too much trouble to transform you, we wouldn't have a meeting. Hell, this place wouldn't exist either if transformation was difficult."

The witch smacked her hands together. Her eyes narrowed as she gave her lips a lick. "Now, let us get you green and proud, shall we?"

She began to rub and rub her palms as fast as she could. There almost seemed to be heat radiating from them with the way the air was distorted around them.

Suddenly, Traci pulled her hands apart. Green sparks flew between them, almost like electricity. "There we are! Please, hold your hands out now. I'll pass your magic and new beauty into you."

There was silence. Samantha stared at the hands nervously. Wouldn't being touched by them actually hurt?

As if sensing her concern, Traci spoke up again. "Everything will be fine. I've done this before. You just have to trust me on this. Just hold out your hands and you'll be new."

Come on. You can do this. Samantha lifted her hands. *Just do this. She knows what she is doing.* She held them up to Traci. *You'll be just fine.*

The witch's hands took the human's and held them gently. Samantha trembled, the green sparks passing into her body. The sensation was sharp and quick, like being hit by a burst of static electricity. *N-not... not too bad.*

"There we are!" Traci let go of her hands, smiling warmly. "Now, please enjoy yourself and let it all happen."

Samantha nodded. She looked at her hands and trembled. It had begun. Her fingernails were dark green. They were a little longer and manicured to perfection.

An olive green began to spread out from around her fingernails, engulfing her fingertips and flowing down. Watching the green takeover her hands, the young woman felt as if her heart had skipped a beat. Seeing it now before her eyes, everything felt real now.

I'm going to be a witch. Her hands turned fully green, hairs and blemishes vanishing. *I am going to be a green witch like her.*

Olive green rolled down her wrists and onto her arms. She pulled back a sleeve and ran a finger across one of her limbs. So smooth and soft to the touch. Her heart rate slowed. *This...* This was quite nice.

Her body trembled. Slowly, she both grew and thinned. A few inches were added on, pushing her above Traci in height. Any trace of pesky fat or chub that she couldn't seem to lose melted away, her tummy flat as could be. Even her waist narrowed, adding to her trim figure.

Green. So much green. She could just make out the color reaching her chest before dipping out of sight beneath her shirt. She moved to lift it but stopped.

"Oh, don't mind me!" Traci spoke up again, "If you want to check yourself out, go right ahead. Everyone usually does."

Well, if it's okay. Samantha lifted her shirt to below her chest. Green was pouring down over her chest and stomach. It continued pouring past her skirt. That she would not lift.

Her shoulders tensed. A warm, pleasant feeling struck her. Something soft pressed against her hands as they held the shirt up.

It was her breasts. They were bigger, a full cup size bigger. Her blouse's top button stretched and popped as they grew, showing now a tasteful hint of green cleavage.

"This... this is amazing." Samantha smiled, letting go of her shirt. She carefully placed her hands beneath her chest and pushed up on them. They were larger now than before but without feeling heavier. She couldn't help but like it.

"Someone seems pleased with themselves," Traci snickered.

“Oh! Well, ah, it’s just... just kind of fun, ya know?” Samantha squirmed a little in her seat. Her bra didn’t feel tight after a chest increase, but her skirt and underwear were.

A look down confirmed what she expected. As her new green skin continued rolling down her body and onto her legs, her lower regions increased. Her hips were quite wider and rounder, the skirt shorter and showing more of her thighs. Her thighs in particular were looking quite thick themselves, gently rubbing against each other now.

Even out of vision, Samantha could feel that the biggest increase was in her butt. Her butt cheeks had grown firmer, but yet more plush and round. They ballooned out, filling her chair and even raising her a bit in her seat. Her rear was a full-on bubble butt, her skirt tightly hugging and showing off its impressive shape.

“Whoa.” The growing witch reached down and felt her rear, blushing. “My figure is getting really big.”

“All part of being a witch.”

“I don’t really think that’s how it works.”

“Oh, but it does!” Traci wagged a finger. “Hollywood and popular media are very wrong. Being in tune with magic and mystical energies shapes beings like us into the forms you see. Green skin, long noses and chins, and full figures are all part of the deal. And in some cases, the bigger the bust-”

Another button popped on Samantha’s blouse. Her breasts heaved forward again, growing to a size that was a little smaller than Traci’s. Mounds far larger and more pronounced, her top clung tightly to them, showing off their shape.

“-the bigger the amount of magic they have within them.” The manager smirked. “Looks like someone is going to be very in touch with magic.”

Samantha smiled. That did sound nice. The ability to use magic sounded like a childhood dream true.

Though what made her giddy was her looks. Besides her head, her entire body was witch-ified and curvy. She ran her hands down her form, over her chest and sides, and down to her thighs. Many people could only dream of reaching this shape, but she got it so easily. She felt so beautiful, so lovely.

“Now, we reach the final stage.” Traci snapped her fingers, and a hand mirror appeared in her grip. “Feel free to take in your final results.” She winked.

“Thank you!” Samantha chimed, grabbing the mirror. She looked into it, already seeing green seeping onto her head. Only a little bit longer now and she would be complete.

Facial changes soon poured in as the green crept onto her jaws. Her chin was first, stretching out into a sharper, longer point. Her green irises turned yellow and fierce, almost glowing. Cheekbones raised, looking more pronounced on her face.

Her heart started racing again. Despite the changes happening, she could still see herself in the mirror. She was still her, just more green and enchanting.

She smiled as the last bit of her face turned green. *Yes, I am beautiful like this, aren't I? She was right. Being a witch just fits me!*

Her short, chin-length hair ruffled as if a wind blew through. Brown darkened to a pitch black, much like Traci's own. Her straight locks grew wavy and curly. They began descending, growing down to her shoulders and just past her breasts. Bangs formed, cloaking her forehead.

Samantha smiled more, brushing some of them to the sides. She could rock black hair. It did look fetching on her.

Her face tingled, a soft giggle leaving her. Her lips plumped every so subtly, her bottom lip receiving the bigger boost. They turned a darker shade of green, almost like she had lipstick on. A small mole appeared to their right, providing a cute beauty mark. Her eyebrows thinned and trimmed to a sharper look. With a small tingle, the tip of her nose stretched, pushing into a witchy point.

Samantha cooed in a breathy tone, “My my, aren't I quite the beauty now?” She twirled some of her hair with a finger. “Yes, yes I do believe this will work for me quite well!

“Wonderful to hear! Here's to another, fellow witch!” Traci held out her hand again to shake it.

The new witch stood up and leaned forward to shake. Samantha frowned. *Gees, why does everything feel so tight all of a sudd-*

There was a small pop. One last button on her blouse flew off. Her breasts heaved forward past usual human sizes and up to Traci's magical rack weight. They were so big and wide, seeing anything below her chest like her feet a thing of the past.

“Oh dear!” Samantha spoke, standing up straight but also naturally pushing her chest out. “Such a boost!” She tried to move in place, but that tightness came back. Her clothing hugged her so much that it was almost hard to move, especially with her skirt and underwear.

After a moment, it didn’t matter. Her heart leaped, a wave of giddiness striking her. “Oh well!” She struck a pose, pushing her chest out even more, placing her hand on her hips and swaying them to the right. “Can’t argue with this, can ya?”

“No, I cannot!” Traci snickered. “You’re certainly more bubbly than the usual witches I know, that’s for sure! Though, I’m sure all of that energy and joy you got going will make you a hit with the other toons! You’re gonna do great here!”

“Awww, thank you!” Samantha beamed. “I’m ready to work and for whatever comes next, I promise!”

“Great to hear! We can begin basic training and perhaps even some shadowing for today. You might benefit from doing some hands-on work upfront with somebody special. They can teach you the ropes better that way.”

“Ooooh, that sounds great! I’m a better learner doing something instead of-”

“BUT!” Traci held up a hand, walking around the desk to Samantha. “There are two things first! First, we need you in proper attire. Your look does not fit the Witchy-Toony Delights spirit.”

“Yeah...” Samantha didn’t even have to look. Her outfit was a bit too formal, plain, and average. It was also too boring for a magical ice cream shop. “Probably a bit much.”

“Also, it looks pretty tight.” Traci winked. “No need to cut off circulation.”

“That is true! So, what should I wear then? Is there an official uniform or-”

“Ah-ah! That’s the second part! You should be able to handle such things yourself now.”

The newbie’s head tilted. “...Wait, how do I do that?”

“Like, duuuuuh!” Traci laughed. “You’re a witch now! A witch with customer service magic. You now know stuff that’ll make things easier for your job or even help you in your regular life.”

“Do I need to be trained or-”

“It just comes naturally, silly! For this, just envision in your mind what the perfect outfit to wear for a witch like yourself. It’ll come to you.”

“If you say so.” Samantha felt a bit unsure. *Just that easy to use magic?* That only made her doubt herself more. Besides, what is even considered “witchy” anyway? What would even work as a uniform or fit here?

Samantha thought back. All the toons she saw so far wore their own unique outfits. *So, maybe it doesn’t have to be a uniform?* She glanced over at Traci. She wore a gray dress with a low neckline and an open black jacket. Would that work? Something like that but just different?

“Okay...” Samantha closed her eyes. “I think I have something. Let me try.” In her head, she envisioned an outfit. The perfect witchy outfit she could wear for work. As she thought, a soft, green aura appeared around her body.

Below at her feet, something shifted with her heels. Their backs sunk, pulling back into the soles until they were flat. Their straps expanded and merged into the shoes, making them more like dress shoes.

From their openings, her socks thinned and stretched. Small holes opened as the material shifted. The “socks” stretched up her legs, forming black fishnet stockings. Stopping at her thighs, the top of her stockings turned lace-like and gray.

Her button-up blouse was next. The front placket melded into the back, buttons vanishing as they became one. The area where the buttons popped readjusted itself, rising slightly while the rest of the blouse’s collar sunk to meet it. Soon, she had a fairly low neckline to show her impressive green mounds off.

As the cuffs vanished and sleeves shrank, her blouse and skirt pressed into each other. Their colors faded to a deep dark gray as the clothing merged together. Her clothing expanded a little more in key areas, relieving some of the tightness. She now had a beautiful gray dress.

A few minor changes struck beneath her clothing, bringing her home. Both her panties and bra turned black, adjusting to better fit her figure. Her bra went a few cup-sizes with elegant lacing, some of which were just visible in her dress’ neckline.

Samantha let out a deep breath. The green aura faded away. Her eyes remained closed. *Did I do it right? I’m... I’m not sure if I should look. It’s probably-*

“Hey! Wake up, sleepyhead! You’re missing the new you.” Traci chuckled.

The new witch’s eyes opened. She looked down. Her heart was aflutter. Her dress, shoes, and stockings laid bare for her. “Whoa... I look so pretty! Though, I dunno, seeing it like this instead of in my head, it does look a bit provocative for selling ice cream.

“But...” Samantha smiled. “I guess it does really fit with my mature witch vibe.”

“Exactly!” Traci grinned. “You’ll fit right in here!” She held out her hand one final time. “Let’s try that again. Welcome to Witchy-Toony Delights, my fellow witch sister~.”

Samantha giggled and finally shook back. Both witches twitched, a bit of magic energy and electricity flowing through it.

“So, let’s talk!” Traci placed an arm around Samantha and pulled her close. The new witch could feel a certain softness in her chest when another chest casually pushed into it. She felt oddly closer than before to her new green “sister” but ignored it.

“As a witch employee, you’ll have to be the best witch you can be while working here! Witchhood is a gift, but not one to misuse or undervalue. You are a green, magical being now, and you’ll have to hold yourself to our standards and values. There’s a lot to learn and do, so you’ll always have to be at your best and continue to learn, even beyond training.”

“Yes, ma’am!”

“Good! There are nice benefits as well that’ll make all the hard work worth it. Medical, eyewear, and dental are covered and paid for. You can have time off as a witch and not just as a human if you want. Plus, there’s also learning magic that goes beyond work duties that can help you in your daily life. The list goes on!”

Samantha grinned. That all sounded great to her!

“But!” Traci stated as she let go of her. “I can get into more details later. Right now, you have the looks, so let’s get you into some proper hands-on work. A little training in the field, an hour or two to see how you handle things. This will all be paid of course!”

“Sounds good to me!” Samantha clapped. “I’m up for anything!”

“That’s the spirit! Follow me please!”

The two quickly left the office and returned to the front. A few toons waved happily at the new witch, some saying they look forward to working together. Samantha smiled. She never felt so appreciated or wanted in a job or even anywhere before.

“Ooooooh, Cassie!” Traci declared as they stepped back out into the restaurant. The red toon dog was busy playing with a paddle ball, counting every hit.

As soon as Traci spoke, the toon quickly shoved the ball into her cleavage. “Oh! Hi, Ms. Traci Manager! What is... OH!” Cassie’s tail began to wag. “Who is this green charmer?”

“Our newest witch recruit!” Traci playfully pet Samantha on the head. “She’s looking for some training and experience, and what better place to start than upfront? Mind showing her the... not literal ropes?”

“No prob!” Cassie playfully nudged Samantha. “Then after all that, I can show you the actual ropes! We got a cool tire swing and jump rope set in the employee rec room!”

“Okay...” Samantha looked at Traci curiously. “I’m a little confused. Shouldn’t you be training me since you’re a witch and all?”

“No, no! When working here, you have to work with our lovely toon staff as well. Cassie here can help you learn how to work with them. They are big sweethearts, but tricky too!”

“Hehe, veeeery tricky!” Cassie pulled out a deck of cards and started to shuffle them up. “Now, pick a card and prepare to be tric-” All the cards exploded out of her paws and flew about the room. “Oopsie!”

“...like I said, tricky,” Traci whispered, “I like them all, but toons operate on a different level than most. So, it's best to work alongside them as soon as possible to understand and communicate with them better.”

Samantha side-eyed Cassie as the dog quickly picked up all the fallen cards. “I see. Well, that’s fine! I’ll do my best!”

As the toon stuffed the cards in her cleavage, the new witch turned to her. “Show me how everything is done!” she declared.

“You got it, Ms. Sammy Newcomer!” Cassie excitedly hopped, applauding her fat paws.

Samantha nodded. She felt a tingle go up her spine. Things were going to be different from now on. However, she felt good though. Life was about to get very exciting for her.

“Oh! Lookie there! Time is up!” Cassie chimed.

The strong scent of ice cream cloaked both ladies after a long two-hour training session. Samantha’s heart began to slow. She stretched and wiped her brow. “I did it!”

“Yeah, ya did!” Cassie applauded again. “You’re a natural at this. It took ya a little to handle all those orders and everybody acting differently, but ya got it!”

Samantha breathed a sigh of relief. That wasn’t bad for a first-day/training session. She had experience working in fast food, so taking orders, working the register, and such wasn’t a problem for her. However, the sheer volume of toons that came in with complicated orders, the regular people that ordered, and the new toons and witches that were born from those orders with their personalities were overwhelming.

By the end of it though, as things slowed down, Samantha felt she had it down. She was reacting to the orders and new characters with ease and proper speed. There was a slight uncomfortableness about doing this solo eventually, but she felt good enough in the end.

“Is that the sound of a successful day, I hear?” The door opened and Traci poked her head out.

“Ah-huh!” Cassie zipped over to Traci’s side, pulling out front. “Sammy is a natural! She’s, like, a witch born to sell ice cream ta toons!”

Samantha giggled. “Oh you~.”

“Well, that’s great to hear!” Traci stepped over to Samantha. “Sounds like you had a good first showing. I like to hear that. You’re free to go for today. I’ll email you your schedule soon, and we can get into more detail and training then.”

She leaned in closer. “I hope you’re ready for the real challenges that’ll be coming.”

“Oh I will!” Samantha nodded. Her heart started to race. She was ready. She could do whatever was tossed at her. She could prove herself on a longer shift. “Anything else?”

“Nope! Head on home! Enjoy your afternoon, Sam!”

“Will do! Bye, girls!” Samantha left the counter and headed for the door. The toon and witch waved goodbye, one far more enthusiastic about it than the other. In fact, all the toons, whether employees or customers, waved goodbye to the new girl.

Samantha smiled rightly, strutting towards the door. *Today was ama-ZING! I can't believe I did, like, all of that! Ooooooh, I can't believe I'm thinkin' it, but I can't wait to work again!*

She reached the front door. *Now, what should I do for dinner? Ooooh, maybe something sweet and yummy! All that ice cream sure made me-*

Samantha stepped out into the light. ...*huh?*

There was silence. Samantha stood outside the building in her normal clothing, with her normal figure and normal look. She was back.

BA-THUMP. She placed a hand on her heart, her cheeks growing warmer. “Wow... that... that all just happened, didn't it?”

In her mind, she saw it. Her skin turning green. Her curves coming in. The wall of toons rushing in for ice cream. All the cuddles and hugs from Cassie for doing a good job. All the soft chest bumps into the sides by Cassie for doing a good job. Then there were the humans turning into different shapes of toons and witches.

“Wow.” That was an experience unlike anything she had ever had.

After a moment of silence, a very tiny smile formed. She really couldn't wait for her first day now!

THE END