

# Toon It Up: Cure What Ails Moo

By: Firingwall

Patron Story Done for Danuki

“Another sugar coma! We need pixie sticks and fast!!”

“Aww man, Mr. Bounce-a-roo! What did I tell you about hopping super high in your apartment again?”

“Danks, doc! I’s promise ta stick ta mah diet dis time! Ten pizzas a day naow, fors sure!”

Riri looked around her. She was way in over her head. *Why am I here again?*

“ACHOO!” A gloved hand next to her handed her a tissue. She took it and blew before rubbing her eyes. *Riiiiight, that.*

Hay fever stunk. Sure, there were far worse things than she could get. She knew that well from experience. However, this year, hay fever was worse than ever. It felt like she couldn’t stop sneezing, rubbing her eyes, wiping her nose, or a combination of all. She needed relief.

Taking another tissue from the gloved individual, Riri internally groaned. She had a problem that needed help. She couldn’t wait this out. It was going to drive her insane.

Problem was, her options were... limited. She had no doctor, no insurance. No way she could afford a basic visit to the hospital in her area. Forget the walk-in clinic; way too busy among other reasons she wanted to avoid it.

And thus, she was here. This was not a place she wanted to be, feeling out of her element on so many levels. Yet, she didn’t have much of a choice. She needed help now.

“Hellooooooooooooo Miss James!” Riri flinched, nearly dropping her many tissues. The voice came in loud, pippy, and high. “We’re reeeeady for you! You ready to feel good or possibly okay or are you ready to feel super good or average okay?”

Before her, a tall squirrel toon lady stood. She had bright, neon green fur with huge buck teeth and a big fluffy tail. The lanky toon looked at her eagerly, eyeing her up in a way that made the human feel very awkward.

Riri gulped. “L-listen, I’m sure... you’re, like, very nice, but I don’t know if ACHOO!” She let out another snotty sneeze, splattering the toon. The squirrel did not flinch, pulling out a

towel from behind her back and wiping her face. Wiping made odd, squeaky noises like she was wiping a car window.

“That sounded like a yes to me!” The toon nurse declared, grabbing Riri by the hand and pulling her along towards a door.

“H-hey! Easy there! I don’t-”

“Don’t worry, Nurse Bushy-Tail is the best nurse we’s got here!” The fat pig toon that was passing Riri tissues said. “Youse’ll be feelin’ better in no time!”

Riri frowned, her face getting all red... even beyond the reddishness surrounding her eyes. Perhaps going to the toon hospital wasn’t her best idea.

“And... there ya go!” Nurse Bushy-Tail easily set Riri on the examination table in the office with her noodle arms. The dark-skinned human could only react with yet another confused, awkward look. This decision was feeling worse and worse by the second.

“So, describe dem symptoms, okay?” Bushy said, pulling out a big tablet.

“W-well, for over a week, \*ACHOO\* I’ve been sneezing constantly, non-stop runny nose, and... and...”

She felt a sense of foolishness roll over her as she watched the squirrel. The toon had her tongue out as she scribbled down what Riri was saying with a big, gloved finger. There it was. That thing wasn’t taking her or anything seriously.

What did she really expect from toons anyways? Riri sighed and sneezed, rubbing her nose with the back of her arm. “L-listen, I’ll just leave. This is probably just-”

A big finger was pushed into her face and wagged. “No way, Miss James!” declared Bushy-Tail, “As a nurse, it is my sacred duty to protect you and your health from all the nasties in the world!! Annnnd, I’m ready to make my diagnosis! Listening and observing you, I’ve come to the conclusion...” Dramatic music blared suddenly. “...that you have hay fever!!!”

*I could have told her that.* Riri’s uncomfortableness turned to annoyance. “Look, I’m going to leave right now unless you got something that can help.”

Bushy nodded. “Dontcha worry a thing, Miss James! I, the greatest bushy-tailed nurse, Bushy Tail, can help and cure what ails ya! ...I just need a doctor’s help.”

“Doctor?”

“Ya-huh!” She nodded faster. “A silly old nurse like me needs doctor’s guidance when dealing with super severe stuff like hay fever! One wrong move and BOOM! GLUE FACTORY!”

*...what the hell kind of clinic is this?* Riri thought.

“No one ever likes the glue factory tours! They’re the most boring way to cure someone!” Bushy sniffed, wiping tears from her eyes. She cleared her throat and pushed out her chest. “Don’t you worry! I’m gonna go get the doctor right now and then things will be better!”

The squirrel hurried to the door, grabbing the doorknob. “I’ll be back in a jiff-”

**BAMMMMM!** The door swung wide and fast, smashing Bushy Tail behind it as a figure burst into the room. “Bwahahaha!” The new toon declared with a boisterous laugh, catching the tablet that went flying, “The great doctor, Woofenbarksire, has arrived! All will be well!”

It was a collie toon with very, very fluffy fur. He firmly adjusted his lab coat before looking over the tablet and approaching the patient.

Riri leaned back, fingers twitching. Dr. Woofenbarksire walked up to her, smiling briefly. “So, Miss James, how are we feeling right now?”

She cleared her throat, words tumbling out of her mouth. “Umm... I feel... fever is... ah... that squirrel. Umm, is she okay?”

He looked behind himself and saw the edge of a furry tail sticking out from behind the door frame. “Oh dear!” He hurried over, closing the door and finding Bushy. She was flat as a sheet of paper, her eyes spinning spirals. “Nurse Bushy Tail! Are you ever alright?”

The squirrel lifted her paper arm, folding her hand into a thumbs up. The doctor dog sighed with relief, wiping his forehead. “Good good! Let’s get you all situated and then you can help me with the patient.”

He placed her on a nearby chair and pulled out a helium tank from his jacket. Riri watched as he shoved the tank’s hose into Bushy’s mouth and turned the nuzzle. Small bulges traveled along the rubber hose and into the squirrel, slowly beginning to unflatten the poor dear.

Riri had no response to the cartoonishness she just saw. The toon dog walked back over. “While our nurse is getting back up to proper thickness, let’s talk about me and then you! You may call me Dr. Woo since it is much easier for humans to remember!”

“And now, about you!” He looked at the tablet again and mumbled slightly reading it. Suddenly, his ears drooped and his eyes grew watery. “Oh no!! How terrible! Hay fever is such a horrible, devastating thing to be inflicted upon!”

*...I don't think it is, but whatever. Maybe he'll help.* Riri cleared her throat. “So, Doctor Woo. If this is so horrible, you must have something you can prescribe to me that will help.”

The dog lit right back up, smiling wide and tail wagging away. “But of course! You will suffer no longer, I assure you! I have the perfect solution!”

Woo reached into his inside coat pocket again, sticking it in rather deep it seemed. He licked his chops, muttering about where he kept his cure and stuff. Eventually, his eyes lit up and he yanked his arm out with all his might...

...to reveal he had grabbed a bunch of bright yellow straw.

Riri’s head creaked to the right. *Wha?* “H-hey, what’s this-OOMPH!”

With unexpected speed, the toon shoved the clump right into Riri’s mouth. The straw went in deep, Riri’s mouth twitched as the hand let go and pulled out. Without thinking, she chewed and some of it went down her throat.

The rest she spat out in anger. “HEY!” She snapped and snorted. “What the hell was that?! Why’d ya shove that crap into my moooooOOOOOO~.”

A strange urge struck her, her body shaking and tensing up. Her eyes went cross as a bellow left her mouth. Her maw shook and vibrated, teeth shifting into sparkling white molars. Brown fur with black splotches appeared around her mouth and over her cheeks. With a big **OOMPH**, her mouth and nose pushed out with her animal cry into a full bovine muzzle.

Riri felt woozy after the sound stopped. What did she just do?

“OH WOW!” The tube popped out of Bushy’s mouth as the squirrel fully inflated. She scurried over, looking at Riri’s face and gripping her new muzzle. The woman flinched, the feeling of being grabbed there both confusing and bizarre.

Bushy turned to the doctor and rubbed his head. “Ooooooh, what a great idea, doc! Who’s a good boy doctor, who’s a good boy doctor?!” The collie panted, his tail wagging.

That did not improve Riri’s mood in the slightest. She scowled, grinding her teeth. “Damn it! Take this seriously, you toony morons!”

She trembled, getting madder and madder. Her ears quivered and stretched out into a pair of fuzzy, brown bovine ears. Steam blared out of them, followed by the sound of a teapot boiling.

“What the heck?!” She looked around, the steam and sound stopping. She reached up, grabbing at her new ears and tugging on them. “WHAT?! What have you done?!”

“I have provided you with the cure for hay fever, of course!” Dr. Woo stated, wagging his finger. “It’s right there in the title. You have a **fever** for **hay**. You lack the required amount of hay in your diet, thus your body is reacting so poorly right now. Once the proper amount of hay is provided, your body will return to its natural, healthy state and be satisfied.”

“...that doesn’t make sense!!” The rest of her head and face grew brown fur over it. Her cheeks slightly widened as her noggin grew larger. Her eyebrows thinned even more, her eyelashes growing longer and more fluttery. From the top of her head, two small cow horns popped right out. Her noggin was completely cow-ified.

Riri felt her head. *Definitely still very different.* She huffed. “Hay fever does not work that way at all! It has to do with the season changing and all the pollen in the air and-”

“Hahaha!” Both toons laughed, the collie bellowing the loudest. “Oh, you silly cowy. It’s okay if you don’t know. You don’t need to make stuff up here.”

That was it. She hopped off the medical table, a black smoke cloud emanating off her head now. Hands tightening to fist, she huffed and stomped her feet in rage. **CLONK.** A stomp of each foot and the shoes shattered. Out of them came large, ink-black hooves.

Riri stared at them briefly before moving on. Not the time to think about them. She poked Dr. Woo right in his big snoot. “Listen, you dolt. I demand you fix this now!”

“But of course!” Woo nodded, stroking his chin. “I am, but a doctor, always willing to fix up their patients to the best of my ability.” He looked to Bushy. “Nurse, if you would.”

“Of course!” The squirrel reached behind her and with one hard tug... **WOMP!** A huge bale of hay was yanked out and slammed down on the ground before Riri. “Here ya are! That fever is as good as donezo!”

Riri frowned, staring at the hay before her. Who did they think she was? She wasn't some dumb cow that would be tempted by such delectable feed. No, such a heavenly feast would not sway her resolve to be fixed.

But yet, the sight of it made her tremble. Her fingers twitched, digits merging until they were down to four and swollen into large, thick, hoof ones. Why did it look so good? **Sniff**. Also, that scent was quite enticing as well.

The nurse smiled. "Come oooon, don't ya want some hay? It'll make ya feel better!"

"N-no..." Why did it hurt to say that? She cleared her throat. "I'm... I'm human and I don't eat hay. So, I **AHCOO!!! AHCOOOOOOOOO! AAAAACHOOOOO!**"

Riri's face went beet red. She thought it was over. She was sure that she was just feeling better. The toons looked at her. She looked at the hay they offered. Maybe she did need it?

She rubbed her nose. No more mucus was leaking out. She rubbed her eyes. They didn't feel all puffy, itchy, or hard to see out of. Maybe... maybe hay was the solution after all? Maybe just a little bit more and she'd be completely cured?

Riri gulped and took a deep breath. She reached out and took a small bit of hay. She sniffed it, trembling softly, and took a bite. Chocolate brown fur sprouted instantly over her arms and legs, warming her body.

Yet, she paid it no mind. That taste... that taste was incredible. She trembled some more, utterly enrapt by it. This straw was amazing. Hearts floated off her head, a brown cow tail popping out and swaying happily above her rear.

She needed more. She grabbed a handful of the hay now and chomped down. She quivered, eyes going crossed. She let out a sigh that slowly shifted into a delighted moo. There was a tightness that followed in her pants, her hips widening considerably. They looked far rounder than before, almost as wide as her shoulders.

"Ahem." Riri looked up. Both the collie and squirrel were leaning in over the hay, smiling smugly. The doctor asked, "So, how do you feel about my wonderful cure now?"

The developing bovine gleefully declared without missing a beat, "Oh I feel great! No running snoot, no watery eyes, and I'm not even sneezing anymore! Ooooooh, you cured me! I've never felt better before in my life!"

“Oh, that’s wonderful!” Nurse Bushy Tail hugged her tail, rubbing her face against her floof. “Oooooooooo, this is what makes the job worthwhile!”

“Mhm.” The toon dog nodded. “Now, Miss James, you are free to stop eating.”

Riri fidgeted. *Wait... what? Stop... stop eating now?* She looked down at the bale before her. *But... but I just started loving it! I can't stop now! I need more of this in mah belly!*

She snatched up two handfuls of hay and went to town on them. *Sooooooooo good!* The delightful food went straight to her lower half. Her thighs thickened considerably, plumping up until they naturally rubbed against each other. Her rear ballooned, stretching and ripping the back of her jeans with ease as a big, plump bubble butt popped right out.

The doctor laughed triumphantly, hands on his hips. “Yes! Another medical victory!”

“How was this a medical victory, doctor?” Bushy asked curiously.

“...it just was!” Bushy clapped, not fully getting it but still happy regardless to win.

Meanwhile, Riri just ate and ate. The more she ate, the more fur grew over her. From her arms and legs, the brown coating spread to the rest of her torso. Every inch was soon covered, leaving no skin uncovered. Black splotches appearing across her body followed, adding to her cow appearance perfectly.

She felt so warm between the pelt and the wonderful feeling that hay was giving her. However, she paused her indulging to look down at herself. The wide hips, the thick thighs, and the way her lower half was shaped. Her eyes turned to her crotch as a thought struck her.

“Ummm, Doctor Woo?” The doctor stopped laughing as Riri asked sweetly. “I just realized... with all of this transforming and changing stuff... I know I’m going all cow. I’m okay with that buuuuuut... I’m worried about having an udder. They seem so big and cumbersome, especially if they're hanging between my legs.”

“Ah! I understand that concern.” He gave her a thumbs up. “There is nothing to worry about. I only prescribe lactose-intolerant hay for those with hay fever. There is no need to worry about developing an obstructing udder.”

Riri sighed, taking another bite of her hay, “That’s good to hear. I was starting to think that there would-”

She lurched forward. A heavy weight had suddenly appeared. A heavy weight had suddenly appeared on her chest.

Her breasts were expanding. Like a balloon attached to a helium tank, they grew ever so bigger and rounder, moving past C-cups and into D swiftly. Her poor shirt quickly stretched and stretched to better contain them, molding over the mounds like it was spandex.

“Wowzers!” Riri remarked with the only thing she could say, stuffing another clump of hay in her muzzle. She chewed away as her breasts swelled further, expanding out cartoonishly as they reached E range.

It was a struggle to hold them up at first, their weight increasing rapidly. But, after a while, that heaviness began to drop. There was a lighter, almost weightless feeling coming from them. It was almost like they weren’t even there, even though they definitely were and were blocking the view of most of her body.

Bushy giggled. “Wowzers, indeedy-doo!” She zipped up alongside Riri and poked her boob. “Hehehe! Guess ya still get udders in some way!”

“Ahem! Don’t be so rude!” Riri huffed. She leaned to the side and snapped back at Bushy, her breasts smacking the toon in the face and launching her. “I would prefer my udders not be touched, thank you very much!”

The impact of the hit sent shockwaves across the growing cow’s body and into her clothing. Her shirt and jeans suddenly merged together, followed by her pants legs becoming one big hole. The former legs shrank up until they were just above her knees, white lacing appearing around its rim. Her sleeves shrank to just below her shoulders, puffing up. Lastly, the color drained out of her new dress, leaving it a bright grey.

“Whoooooa...” Bushy Tail giggled, now against the exam room wall again with stars spinning around her head. “Sooo much bounce!”

Riri sighed, shaking her head. Dr. Woo just chuckled and asked, “So, how are we feeling now? Any more symptoms or issues with the snoot?”

“Symptoms?” Riri paused, thinking about that as her breasts jumped to F-cups, her shirt opening wide in the collar to show off her cleavage.

The cow took a long, deep snort with her nose. No mucus, no sign of anything stuffed up. She grinned, flashing him a thumbs up with a hoof finger, “I’m A-OK, doc!”



Dr. Woo smiled, but for the first time, it felt different. No silliness, playful attitude, or immaturity in it. Just plain, warm care in it. “That’s great to hear. I’m happy to see you are doing much better now.”

Riri tried to return the smile with a genuine one of her own. However, she couldn’t help it. She gave him a silly, goofy smile and giggle. She pushed out her chest. Her breasts swelled one last time to a large and proud G-cup, perfectly round and elevated.

“Guess I should listen to mah doctor more!” The cow giggled, her breasts jiggling, “They do know best and know waaaay more than me! I wouldn’t be such a silly cow without your help.” Part of her irked at that. Did she really want to be a cow, let alone a toon one?

Though, looking down at herself as best she could, she got a face full of humungous boobs. Her figure and size were cartoonishly alluring. Her lovely pelt smelled of chocolate milk. Feeling her cow muzzle, ears, and hoof fingers... there was a certain, fun charm in it.

Yeah... this wasn’t bad at all. Why not be like this?

“Glad you’re happy!” The nurse said, taking the tablet back from the collie now. She looked it over. “Well, I see no point in holding you further. You’re free to go.”

Dr. Woo added quickly, “But don’t forget to have your daily hay. You don’t want to be such a sneezy mess again.”

Riri nodded. That made sense. She grabbed a bunch of hay and stuffed it into her cleavage, almost on instinct. It would be safe there until she needed it. She gave them a salute. “Promise to remember my daily hay!”

The toons waved good-bye as Riri left with a confident strut. Her hips shook from side to side, tail swishing along with it. On her neck, a cowbell choker appeared, the bell resting in the center of her cleavage. All was well.

She left the room and headed back down the hall, whistling the entire time. *Mmm, so good! I wonder where I can buy hay like that? I sooo want some more right-*

An exam room opened on her left, a nurse pushing a toon rabbit out on a wheelchair. She said, “Now you just rest, Mr. Hooperboon. You’ll be racing tortoises again in no time!”

“W-will I beat them then, ya think?” He asked softly.

“Probably not. They always win at races, but you can try at least now!”

Riri looked ahead, two more nurses rushed by from hallway to hallway with a toon strapped to a gurney. The patient looked overinflated like a balloon. One nurse yelled ahead, “Get the doctor! We have a Code Bubble Swell here! We need a pressure gauge, stat!”

The entire walk to the lobby was like this. Riri kept seeing toon after toon. One hospital and clinic antic with a cartoonish spin on it after another. It was just like when she was waiting to be called up. Just utter nonsense everywhere.

Yet, she smiled as she looked around. *Such a fun place!* She giggled, her breasts jiggling again and causing her bell to ring. Why did I ever think this place was weird? It seems perfectly fine to me.

A thought clicked with her. *Ya know, sis has been looking for a new doctor or place to go if she or her kids get hurt. I’m sure they would love this place!*

*THE END*