

Shortcutting to Make the Team

By: Firingwall

Hanson walked back and forth, pacing all around his apartment nervously. He glanced at his phone, biting down on his bottom lip as he checked the time. He muttered, “crap, it’s already seven. They should have been here by now!”

Knock-knock! Hanson dashed to the door and looked through the peephole. He let out a breath of relief and opened it up. “There you are!” he said angrily, “What took ya!”

“I had to circle the block, like, twenty times and then I had to act suuuuuper casual and to not draw attention to myself, I naturally had to go through the roof! So, I got out my suction cup shoes and scaled the...”

Hanson grabbed the figure by the hand and yanked them in, “enough! Let’s just get this over with already!”

The figure launched itself into his living room, spinning around and around like a mini-twister. When it stopped, she was no longer wearing her inconspicuous trench coat and fedora. The figure turned out to be a tall, bright yellow toon cat with a big grin on her face. “That was sooooo fun!” she declared, her tailing swishing about, “Spin me again!”

“No!” Hanson said, closing the door, “Let’s just get down to the business here Cathy. You got the stuff?”

“Of course!” Cathy giggled, reaching into her large, oversized breasts and pulling out a big, capped needle. Within it, there appeared to be some sort of black, inky liquid that didn’t look like the kind of thing you want injected into you.

“Perfect!” Hanson replied, rolling up his sleeve, “Let’s do this!”

“Hmmm,” the toon cat asked, taking the lid off of the needle, “you absolutely sure about this? I mean, injecting this stuff into ya makes this a one-way-trip to no-going-back-ville!”

“Just do it!” Hanson said, slapping his uncovered arm, “I always wanted to be on the Bulgy Boisterous Bulls and this is my way in!”

“Alright! Let’s get ya all tooooooooned up!” Cathy giggled. With a careful, but still cartoony jab, she poked Hanson right in the arm and injected all of the goop into his body.

Almost the second after pulling the needle out, a single strand of dark red fur sprouted out of the injection site. It looked wet and shimmered under the ceiling lights, like it was made from ink or something.

Before Hanson could ask about why only a single strand of fur sprouted, more strands started popping out around that hair and began spreading out. “There we go!” Hanson declared, grinning away, “Muuuuuuuch better!”

A chill ran up Hanson's spine as he looked at his arm, watching as the fur moved over his arm. The changes were quite exciting, if a bit slow moving for his taste. However, the results were what mattered most to him.

As the toony red fur moved over his fingers, his fingernails turned a very, very deep, dark red. They hardened up and began growing, wrapping themselves completely around his fingertips. They hardened and condensed, giving him hoof-ish fingers.

"Cool!" He chuckled, wiggling his fingers excitedly, the cat giving him a polite smile as her tail whisked about behind her. Her attention was more on his body than just his arms, watching as his shirt bulged and swelled while fur sprouted underneath it.

Fur swept across his shoulders and moved onto his other arm, quickly coating over in its own red covering. His fingers even developed their own hoof-fingertips as well, giving him a matching set of arms. Though, despite the toony animal boost, his arms didn't seem much bigger than they were before.

His body tingled, a wave of heat rushing through Hanson this time. "Phew," he mumbled, taking his shirt off and tossing it to the side, "getting... getting a bit hot in here..."

The cat toon's tail shot up, her ears twitching excitedly. "Oh my oh me!" she cooed in a southern drawl, a paper fan appearing in her hand, "That ain't the only thing in this room that's hawt sugah~"

His torso was coated in the inky red fur, which was now even extending down past his hips at this point. His jeans pushed out subtly as the fur flowed down him, a twitch occurring beneath his zipper. His pants bulged out in the crotch, stretching his pants to where it looked like he was smuggling a coconut.

The cat licked her lips and giggled, a long, whisking bull tail popping out right above his rear, "oh yeah... sooooo hawt!"

Hanson chuckled and blushed. He wasn't normally into toons, but the longer this was going on, the more attractive Cathy was starting to look to him. Maybe after he finished, he could have some nice, funny fun with her.

He kicked his shoes off, revealing his dark red hooves as the fur finally rose above his collarbone. His neck widened up as it was coated, his hair shortening and forming into a thick, sharp, flat buzzcut. His brow protruded as his ears stretched out into long bull ones, long, pointed, but dull horns popping out of his head.

With a ringing **POP**, a big nose ring appeared in his snout as it and his mouth pushed forward into a large, tough muzzle. Hanson snorted and whisked his head, letting out a satisfied, long "moooooo". He was now a real red toon bull.

“This is awesome!” He declared, feeling up his nose and horns, “I’m going to be a member of the Bulgy Boisterous Bulls in no time and score so many touchdowns and...”

Catthy let out a long, annoyed sigh, her oversized paws on her lips and making a big pouty expression with her lips. “Hold your horses big guy!” She declared, “you’re not competing anytime soon! You’re suuuuuuper skinny and small!”

Hanson looked down at him and frowned, the lighting of the room seeming to dim with his mood. Feeling his arms and chest, he murmured, “yeah... you’re right. I’ve seen those guys on the team and they’re gigantic! I’m way too small.”

“And you’re not toony enough either!” Catthy added, stroking her chin. She did a quick spin, putting her in a sexy nurse’s uniform. She giggled and cooed, “don’t worry, Nurse Catthy has exactly the cure for what ails you!”

“And what would thhhhhaaaaaaaaaAAAAHHHHH!” Hanson was cut off, the cat toon pouncing on him, going straight for his fly and unzipping it. With a big **SPROING**, a large, animalistic dick popped out. At least a foot and a half and thicker than a can of soda, the impressive male part had been somehow contained perfectly within his pants.

Catthy licked her chops with a loud slurp and clamped her mouth over his large bovine dick head. She began to deliver to the new bull the strongest possible blowjob she could, pumping his shaft with her large paws as a vacuum cleaner sound accompanied her sucking.

Hanson’s entire form convulsed and trembled, a large, floppy tongue falling out of his mouth as his eyes swirled rapidly like a pinwheel. Steam shot out of Hanson’s ears and out popped his coconut-sized balls, which pulsated and twitched with his body. A surge of strength and tooniness seemed to awaken within him as well.

His entire body ballooned up as this new energy flowed through his veins. He jumped up to full seven feet tall, his shoulders broader than two humans shoulder to shoulder with each other. His arms and legs quadrupled in size, his biceps almost as thick as his skull. His abs bulged out into an impressive eight-pack and his pecs tripled in size, stronger than steel.

His mind grew fuzzy as his eyes began slowing down their spinning, now bright ruby red. He licked his chops and chuckled in a boisterous, dopey voice, “**dat’s a gud kitty! You make me feel good-good now!**”

He thrust into her mouth with rod, Catthy’s body shivered as she took in more of his dick. Despite its size, she had no trouble at all swallowing more as she sucked and licked its head. If anything, she was speeding up her sucking and stroking.

“**K-keep suck-sucking gud kitty!**” Cried the bull toon, “**soooooooooo MOOOOOO!**” Hanson let out a powerful moo, unloading into the yellow cat’s mouth, who eagerly drank it all down without a problem.

He pulled out of her and she fell back on to the floor with a small **PLOP** onto her tush. She giggled, wiping her mouth with her wrist, and asked, “That was sooooo good! Is the patient all better now?”

“**Ya betcha puddy cat!**” Hanson declared, flexing his arms. He gave her a big gleaming smile, a small sparkle coming off of his pearly whites, and said, “**I’mma gonna be a big super star now on the team for sure! ...time to start lookin’ like a winner around here too!**”

With a big smile, Hanson zipped around the apartment at lighting quick speeds, everything changing from the furniture to the color of the walls. It soon looked like an apartment of a sports star/fan, from the workout machines; to the team merchandise on shelves, to even the new, thrown-about sports equipment around the room. It was messy, but it felt right for the new toon.

“**Heh-heh,**” the toon bull declared triumphantly, “**Home sweet home! Like my pad?**”

“It’s really sportsy!” Cathy giggled, looking about.

“**Yeah it is puddy cat!**” Hanson said with a smirk, patting the cat’s head, “**Tomorrow, I’s gonna go join dat team and win big-big! Before dat though, hows about yous an’ me spend some time doin’ some fun? I’s feel like scorin’ some touchdowns with ya.**”

Cathy’s fur stood up on end and she smiled widely, her sparkle also appearing in her white fangs. She sprung up and clamped onto his body, squealing, “Ooooh baby! I love that sports talk! Let’s do it all night long and score tons of points together!”

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