

# Toon It Up: Future Star of the Show

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[Commission Done for Kutennaiabi](#)

Nick glanced around the room, taking everything in for what felt like the hundredth time before staring at the door near the desk. His fingers fidgeted, feet tapping gently on the hardwood floor. He gulped.

“You don’t have to be such a worry wart,” the woman at the desk said, barely looking up from her magazine, “The boss should be here any minute to take you.”

That didn’t really help things as far as Nick was concerned. This was his big chance, his breakthrough at making it into the industry. The young actor was sitting in the waiting room of a large TV studio, having recently gotten a gig on a local cartoon series. It wasn’t exactly the role or job he was hoping for, but beggars can’t be choosers.

He wasn’t even sure how he got the role either. One day, two people showed up at his apartment, a lawyer and another a guy in a business suit far too small for him. They had heard he was looking for work and said they needed a new actor for their show asap. It was suspicious as hell, but with funds running low and opportunities even lower, he signed the contract they put in his face without much fuss.

Nick cleared his throat, asking the secretary, “O-okay... when will that be?”

“Oh... any minute now. In fact, I think he’ll be walking in rightttttttt-”

Slap. Slap. Slap. Slap. Bang! The sound of smacking footsteps echoed down the hall behind the door, growing louder until the door swung open with a big burst.

“Where’s mah star? I need Nick right... oh! There ya are, quuuuuuack~” In had walked a duck; a duck nearly six feet tall and rather wide. He had brown feathers with a bright orange bill and green, feathered head. He wore only a business suit and was completely pantless.

However, that wasn’t much of an issue since he was a toon with toon anatomy, built rather like Donald Duck.

Nick blinked a few times, rubbing his eyes as well. He was not expecting a duck, let alone a toon duck. He could barely grasp what he was seeing, his mouth slack jawed.

In one blink of the eye, the large bird waddle zipped right over, nearly causing him to jump out of his seat. The duck shook his hand with his own feathery, four-fingered one. He declared, “Da name is Daniel don Webbyton, da fine owner of this studio and your new boss, quuuuuuack~ Call me Danny!”

The shaking jittered Nick around in his seat, eventually shaking him loose and pulling him to his feet. “N-nice to meet you?” the human responded, his nerves getting weak, “I’m-”

“Nick Sanders, right? Pleasure to meet ya, quack! Now, it’s time for your date with destiny! Please follow me!” It wasn’t like Nick had much of a choice mind you. The shaking turned to pulling, which became dragging for a moment before Nick got his legging.

Danny led Nick through the door, tugging him along without thinking. Nick did his best to keep pace, wanting to avoid being dragged on the ground. He looked to the secretary for help as he passed by, but only got a friendly wave as a response. Curiously, he couldn’t help but feel she looked more... furry and wolfy than last he looked.

He didn’t have time to process that as Danny started yapping, leading him down a corridor of opened doorways. “So, welcome to Happy Meadows Production, home to finest the cartoons on TV... in this region of the country at least. We’re glad to have you on board for our latest episode of Pupper and the Wheels of Time!”

“R-right, but I gotta say, your guys were quiet when they hired me. I haven’t done any voice acting work before and... and...” Nick caught a glimpse of the opened doors, seeing into the rooms and what they hold.

Danny quacked and laughed, “Voice acting? Quack boy, they didn’t explain anydang, did they? You ain’t voice workin’, you actin’ son! Quuuuuuack~ We an actin’ studio!” Through the doors, there were many rooms, much larger than what the building could feasibly hold, were studio sets where toons were acting and directing away. There were comedies, action series, romantic dramas, the whole works. Some rooms even showed toons making music, editing shows (and getting tangled up in film strips), and building sets.

“Happy Meadows is all about us toons makin’ the best shows out dere. Animation is hard and long and booooring, quuuuack! Why draw toons when you can have toons just perform? It makes da most sense, ya know? All toon productions, all the time!”

Those words echoed throughout Nick’s head. *Wait, all toons?* He mumbled, “If these shows are all toon productions, why was I hired? I’m kind of human, if you haven’t noticed.”

“Quack-quack-quack~” the duck bossed laugh-quacked, sounding far more silly and goofy than regular laughing would be. “Course I can tell you’re a human, quack! If I didn’t, I need to reeeeeeally up my prescription!”

“But you don’t wear-EEP!” The boss duck yanked him towards one of the rooms, the only one to be closed it appeared.

The duck opened the door up and, before Nick could see what was inside, yanked out a large stack of paper from his inside jacket pocket. He quacked softly and spoke, “Yes, you may be human and all that, but that won’t be a problem! If you look at Section A, paragraph three of the contract you signed...”

Nick flinched, realizing the stack of paper seemed oddly familiar. He mentally kicked himself as Danny read off, “It states that all actors and actresses that work in Happy Meadows will

be prepped and toonified for work in any and all productions shot here. In other words, you agreed to being a toon for our show!”

“WHAT?! But I didn’t agree to that at all!”

“Yes you did, Nicky! You signed the contract, soooooooo, time to get ready, quack-quack!” Stuffing the papers back into his jacket, Danny gave Nick a gentle shove into the room and slammed it behind him.

“What?! Let me out! This isn’t-” Nick tried turning the knob, but it was stuck. He sighed and turned, finding himself in what appeared to be a dressing room of sorts. At least, that’s what he could barely make out because he was now face to snout with a bright red toon dog girl.

“HIYA!” She yipped, “I’m Cassie, ice cream enthusiast, seller, and now part time makeup and paint artist expert for Happy Meadows! I’m here to help you get ready!”

Nick jumped back in shock, smacking against the doorframe as his heart beat a mile a minute. That surprise wasn’t good for him, it felt. Today was just getting to be a bit too much. He quickly said, “L-look, I’m sure you’re nice and the job is good, but I’m not really in the... mood to act and stuff. I’ll just get go-”

The toon dog’s head tilted to the side, looking at him ever so curiously. “Awwww, but this will be fun! You wanna have fun, dontcha?”

“No thanks. I’ll just-”

“Welllllll, not like you can leave anyways. You’re under contract!” She reached into her rather vast cleavage and pulled out another contract, flashing it in his eyes. “You can’t go breaking it. If ya do, we’ll have to get the lawyers out and let me tell ya, toon lawyers are some crafty foxes you don’t wanna mess with.”

Nick flinched. That certainly did not remotely sound good. He really wanted out of this, but... he did not want to find out what a toon lawyer would do to someone breaking contract. He merely gulped and said, “O-okay, fine. I guess I’ll do this then.”

“Marvelous!” Cassie’s fluffy tail wagged, spinning like a plane propeller before stopping. “Now, please follow me over to the painting corner and we can begin!” And by painting corner, she meant a corner of the room covered in newspaper, like she was preparing to houstrain a dog.

Nick looked at the spot and to her, asking, “Ummm... what do I do? Do I-”

“No need to get undressed or anything! All you need to do is stand right in the middle of the papers and the magic can begin!” Cassie smiled, flashing a sparkly smile.

Nick frowned but did as he was told. Centering himself on the papers, he looked to her as she reached around her back, pulling two items out from behind her back. One was a tin bucket that read: “Toon Paint” in a thick, silly font and the other was a paintbrush.

She held them up to his face before setting them down, opening up the can, which was filled with purple tinted glop. Bending down and dipping the paintbrush in, she spoke, “We’ll start with the feet to get the right balance.”

He looked down as she got to work, bringing the paintbrush to the toes of his shoes. She quickly dabbed and splattered the spots, stretching the paint out like it was goo. She applied more paint, coating every inch of his shoes as best she could. She even went up and onto his ankles.

She stopped and pulled back, looking closely at his feet. His heart started to race, the paint bubbling and shaking. On the toes of the feet, three blobs of paint bubbled and swelled out, forming cartoony toes. The waist and heels swelled and shifted, becoming wider and more animal-like. With a small pop, below the toes and on the soles, pink pads appeared. Wrapping it all together, the color of the paint shifted to a creamy yellow as the texture became furry.

Nick blushed intensely, shaking gently. He had a big, toony, fuzzy but inky cat feet. He lifted one foot and gently lowered it down again. It made a small “plop” sound when it made contact, causing him to shiver. He could feel the texture of the paper he stood upon.

“How are we feeling?” Cassie asked, filling her brush with more paint before moving to his legs.

“This... this is weird.” That’s as much as he could muster given the situation. This certainly was odd, but weirdly not too unpleasant? His feet were heavy, but very soft too. It was like they became very squishy, but firm pillows.

The dog didn’t respond, just focusing on her work. She painted both of his legs as evenly as she could, spinning around him to get their backsides. He felt his legs tingle the entire time she worked, like someone sliding their finger ever so slowly across one’s back.

As she applied the last of the paint to the legs, his legs felt less tingly and rather odd, much like his feet had. Underneath the layer of paint, his pants suddenly clung tightly to his limbs before the feeling of them vanished. The goopy texture changed to fur again, while the thigh area appeared to expand a touch. But most strange of all was something new. Around his limbs, white, flimsy bandages wrapped around them. The wrappings crawled up his legs and to where the paint ended, patches of fur sticking out from where the bandages didn’t cover.

“Wait, what’s going on?” Nick asked, “Why am I wearing bandages?”

It was a perfectly good question, one that toon dog merely answered with a giggle as she splattered paint onto her brush again. “Oh? You didn’t know? Gees, did no one reaaaally explain anything to you about this?”

“No! Which is why I’m asking you!” Cassie giggled again as she went to work on the area just below the belt. He blushed, feeling a touch uncomfortable with how close she was getting to his crotch.

He then noticed she had pulled out a larger brush this time, applying lots of painty goo all over. He could feel his pants latching tightly to his body before the feeling vanished. The paint bubbled and swelled across his lower region, expanding different spots greatly. His hips widened and curved, giving him a rather round, pear-like shape that matched his thicker thighs. His rear ballooned, butt cheeks forming into these rather large, soft pillows.

Nick shivered looking down at himself, seeing his more wide, curvy bottom side to him, including the lack of anything around the crotch. He gulped as a satin-like skirt appeared around his hips, stretching down to his thighs and asked, "This role... this wouldn't be for a... a lady, would it?"

"Ah-huh! It's for this totally cute role as this Pharaoh Toon Cat! You'll be this totally cute villainess, who is Pupper's newest enemy on his travels through time and-"

"Villainess?" He said nervously, his voice cracking. It went airy and light for a moment before dropping down to his normal pitch.

"Yep yep!" The dog nodded, tossing the big brush to the side before pulling out the small one again. "Now that we got the bottom half all set, let's start working on that top!"

She took his right hand and painted it up in a few brushstrokes. She snatched the other hand up the second she finished with the first, which was already drying. Paint turned to move soft, creamy white fur as the hand swelled. Pink pads popped out beneath his digits as the pinkie finger merged with the ring. Wrapping it all together were small, stubby claws at the end of each digit, much like a cartoon cat's.

He gulped, his face warming as he brought his hand for a closer look. He wiggled his fingers, feeling just all plushy and soft they were. The sensation was much like his feet.

"Hey now, bring that hand back here!" Cassie yipped, pulling his right arm down to her. Well, she brought down most of him to her level as well, allowing her to douse the rest of his arm in paint. A quick glance at his left showed she already did the same somehow.

She wrapped her work on his limbs, looking rather proud. They were now both evenly furry, thin, and covered in bandages, much like his legs. They had some rather nice, golden bracelets, ancient Egyptian-like in appearance.

A good chunk of his body was now coated in toon paint, completely altered and changed beyond recognition. It was impressive to see what a toon could do and with how soft and squishy he felt, it wasn't as bad as he initially thought. However...

Cassie looked at him curiously, her ears and tail going limp. "Are you okay? You don't look happy. Tooning stuff is supposed to be really happy and fun!"

"It's... It's a bit too much and weird..." he remarked, "I just... I just don't know what to think or even say..."

“Not sure what to say or think? Hmmmmmm...” Cassie tapped her chin a few times, question marks appearing and disappearing above her head. “OH! I got it! I think I got a way to see what you’re really feelin’ and thinkin’!”

She dipped the paintbrush back into the bucket, but instead of painting another part of him, she shoved it right into his mouth. He tried to jump back, his mind racing a mile a minute, but she pulled back and he felt his body pull with it. The brush was stuck in his mouth!

“And now, threeeee~” His eyes widened. “Twoooooo~” He shook his head furiously. “ONE!” POP! She yanked as hard as she could. The brush was released, nearly sending him toppling over and onto his face if not for her quickly pushing him back up.

“Nyaaaaah, I say! That simply was not nice and totally unbecoming of such a pooch as yourself to do moi dirty like that!” The room went quiet, a shiver going up his back. His gaze turned to over near the makeup mirrors. Upon his face was a short, cute cat muzzle, coated in fur much like his limbs.

“No way!” he cried, his voice so girly and airy. He reached up with his paw and squeezed his black, triangular cat snout. Squeak. Pop! Cat whiskers popped out near his nose.

“Yes way!” Cassie giggled, her tail swaying and wagging, “Soooo, how do you feel now?”

Without a second of hesitation, Nick found himself answering, “Oh! I feel rather splendidferous and chill! This transformation hits the spot!”

His heart pounded heavily in his chest, hands tensing up. *Did... did I just say that?* He frowned for a moment... but it slowly dissipated, along with his nerves. Saying that out loud, even without thinking about it, it sounded so... so right.

But was it? He wasn’t sure. All he could muster himself saying as a follow up was, “Umm, maybe we should speed things up? Shooting is going to be taking place soon and should I not be ready for the premiere?”

“Oh right! Gotcha! Picking up pace now!” Cassie licked her chops as she switched back to the large paintbrush. She dunked it full of paint and with an over the shoulder, exaggerated swing, splatted the front of Nick’s stomach.

He let out a small shiver, his legs shaking and pulling in. That felt so strangely good, more than the other times she painted him. The dog yipped happily and started her work, coating everything up, connecting his limbs to a more toony body. She carefully applied the gunk, occasionally taking a moment to paw and squish some parts down, like his shoulders and waist, for a distinctly more feminine shape.

He took a couple of deep breaths, letting out a few giggles of his own. It felt so nice to do that as well. Everything was just feeling so nice and splendidferous now! Was there ever a reason to be worried?

Cassie dunked the brush into the paint hard with a big **SPLOOSH!** She popped it out and splattered a huge glob onto Nick's chest with a **SPLIT!** She did the same motion again, putting another glob right next to it. He blushed, a strong, tingling sensation roaring through his body as he went cross-eyed.

The large globs were splattered upon his chest, quickly smoothing over to a degree. They grew rounder and more attached to the torso, sagging just slightly. The splattered mounds even seemed to swell, almost cartoonishly basketball size on her. They were her breasts, large, F-cup sized breasts, just slightly bigger than the dog before her.

"Oh wow!" meowed Nick, paws immediately going to her chest and squeezing them, "So squishy and soft and pleasant like marshmallows!" The dog smiled brightly as her tail wagged like mad, the toon moving behind the developing cat. She splattered the area just above her bum gently, growing out a nice, long tail that swished about happily.

"I know! Bewbs are sooooo much fun!" Cassie declared, squeezing her own chest and making a honking sound. She quickly went back to work after that, painting on a linen, royal-looking shirt that connected to her skirt.

Nick blushed, shaking her head swiftly and saying, "Oh! Ah, well, sure they are, but as a mature, young woman, it would be so silly and doofy of me to act in such an immature manner."

"My my," Jessica cooed, stroking her chin, "Sounds like someone finally got with the program."

"Hmmm, I suppose I have." Nick had to admit. This had all turned out to be a lot of fun. Just downright enjoyable. She felt so wonderful, happy, cherry, and splendiferous that she even questioned why she was worried about transforming in the first place. And she-

Knock-knock. The two looked towards the door, which opened a crack. A beaver head poked in and said, "As a heads up, Pharaoh Queen Nilely is needed on set very soon. Please head to the shoot soon, alright?"

The two nodded as the door closed. "Sooooo, I will be the marvelous Pharaoh Queen Nilely, is it now?"

"Ah-huh! She's a big villainess, but a super-duper dazzler as well!" Cassie explained, touching up Nick's ears, which swiftly became pointy and furry, much like a house cat's. "But, as much as I'd loooooove to finetune everything here, we may need to pick up the pace? Want me to speed through the rest?"

"I suppose," Nick said, stroking her chin. There was a slight twinge in her heart and she quickly added, "But be careful. I must look my absolute splen-"

**WHAM! SPLOOSH!** In almost the blink of an eye, Cassie snatched up the paint can and smashed it down on Nick's noggin, swallowing it whole. No paint spilt out, all staying perfectly within the can and over his head.





Nick's tail swished eagerly. "Oh really? That sounds wonderful!"

"Hold it though! There's a catch! If you were to blow up in popularity and be hired on for more stuff, we'll need to spend more time as a toon cat."

"...for how long?"

"Welllll, we wouldn't be sure, but it would be for a while! Toon Paint isn't thaaaat cheap, it would cost a lot to repaint and unpaint ya every day!"

Nick scratched her chin. "I... I see..."

Cassie looked at her curiously with her big eyes and asked, "So... how do you feel about that?"

Nick was quiet, very quiet. She closed eyes, tapping the ground with her toony paws. Her tail swished, and her ears twitched.

After what felt like an entirety, she looked at Cassie, her eyes sure and confident. "How do I feel? Well, it's quite simple really..."

*THE END?*