

Toon It Up: A Call to Bark

By: Firingwall

Commission done for Marci of Discord

“Hey! Can I get your signature real quick? I'm part of-”

“Uggh! Don't care!” With a single, smooth swing, Bethany James smacked the clipboard out of the woman's hand and onto the ground.

The young woman was offended, looking several times between her clipboard and the distasteful lady. “You didn't have to do that, you know!” She scooped it off the ground and stormed off, muttering, “Asshole.”

“Soooo mean, Beth!” Alyssa chuckled, “Totally mean!”

Bethany huffed, continuing her walk down the sidewalk with her best friend. “Ugh, these petitions are so tedious, and, like, the worst!” She arrogantly shook her head. “Like, people think they'll just save the world or something by signing a piece of paper. It's so dumb.”

The two women had just finished their last class of the day and were leaving campus. It was already late midday, and the sun was beginning to dip. Alyssa groaned loudly. “Ugh, that went on forEVER!”

“You're telling me!” Bethany nodded, grumbling some more, “Mr. Benson is soo boring! All yap yap yap in such a dduuulllll voice! I felt like I was gonna be full of wrinkles before class ended, ya know?”

Alyssa nodded as well. “Well, at least he didn't give us any homework for once. Wanna go downtown for a little shopping?” She grinned, patting her purse. “Daddy put some extra money on my card for being a good girl and doing so well lately.”

“Oh Alys, it must be so nice being rich.”

“It is!”

Bethany sighed. *I wish I was rich instead of moderately wealthy. I never get extra spending money or get all the best stuff that Alyssa gets. Must be nice to buy all the clothes and shoes you want, go wherever, and-*

The two came up to the crosswalk at the end of the sidewalk and stopped. They were about to cross and continue towards the parking lot when they heard noises off in the distance.

Sirens. So many sirens. So many sirens that were getting closer and closer.

Oh no... Bethany twitched, turning in the direction of the coming sirens. Many police cars came blaring by, the two women stepping back from the road swiftly. The cars raced on down the street, heading for surely the downtown area.

“Huh... wonder what's happening...” Alyssa curiously wondered out loud as they returned to the crosswalk.

Bethany said not a word. All she did was frown. *Nope. Not doing this. Don't care.* Her head slowly turned to where the cars went instead of trying to focus straight ahead. *Not going to give this a thought. Not gonna... gonna...*

Her ears twitched. *All available units. There's a robbery at First National Bank.* She could hear it. *Please be advised, suspects are armed and holding hostages.* She was far away, and the sounds of the police radio could be heard clear as day. *Proceed to First National Bank with caution. I repeat, all available units, please respond-*

Trouble was afoot. *No no no!* Bethany twitched. *Why?! This... this is gonna...*

Her hands trembled. *Oh... oh no.* A bead of sweat slowly dripped down her forehead as a sinking, terrible feeling struck her. Mustering up as much courage as she could, the vain girl looked down. Her fear was confirmed.

Her hands had transformed. They were large and puffy, though whether it was because of mass or fur, it was hard to tell. What she knew and could see plainly were four-fingered, furry white paws with black pads. They were double their original size and looked two-dimensional almost from an angle.

Crapcrapcrapcrap!! More sweat formed on her forehead. *Why now?! Why do I have to-*

“Like, I hope there isn't any big trouble going on, ya know?” Alyssa said. Thankfully, she had not noticed a thing, still looking to where the police cars had gone.

Bethany quickly hid her paws behind her back and was thankful that there wasn't anyone else around besides them. This was the last thing she needed. She didn't want to be known as some kind of freak!

“Ahhhhh, like, totally!” she quickly agreed, her nerves clearly audible in her voice.

Though, she was more concerned about that brushing feeling against her skin. She couldn't see it but knew what it was from unfortunate past experiences. It was her red hair, slowly shortening and curling up. It was leaving her back and shoulders, sliding against the back of her neck and against her cheeks.

It wouldn't be long now before it was visible to Alyssa, even with how vapid she was. She couldn't let her see her like this. Her reputation was on the line!

“Ummm...” The metaphorical gears in Bethany's head turned harder than they ever had before. “Liiiiike, my stomach is feeling all wonky now.” She mimed putting her hand to her stomach. “I'm gonna hit the bathroom, like, right now! I'll catch up later, okay?”

Alyssa gave her a brief odd look before rolling her eyes and looking away again, clearly pouting. “Beth, you're always feeling sick and missing out on these shopping trips! You should, like, see a doctor about this stuff, ya know?”

“I kn-know!” Bethany stuttered as she felt an odd, tight feeling in the back. She could feel it pressing against her pink shirt and top of her white skirt. It wiggled... no, wagged eagerly.

“Just, I'll... just see you later at the house, ‘kay?” Bethany started walking backwards from her friend.

“‘kay... feel better!” Alyssa let out a sigh and headed down the crosswalk towards the parking lot.

Bethany wasted no time from there, spinning around and hurrying back towards the main building. It was already approaching the evening, so there shouldn't be many people wandering around inside the college at this point.

...she hoped at least.

She thankfully reached the front doors again in no time and started to burst through the doors. However, midway through the doorway, there were two sharp **CRACKs**. She looked behind and found her pink heels broken into pieces on the ground.

Two furry, tannish paws had burst out. Each had three toes with short, stubby, black claws. They wiggled cartoonishly before growing some more, nearly doubling their original size.

Need to move faster!! Bethany hurried through the doors and quickly snapped her head all around. She spotted the bathrooms a little ways down the hall. She ran to them, a touch faster somehow with her puffy dog feet.

She sprinted right towards the women's room... but at the last second, ducked into the men's room. She would need it for what would happen. Plus, it would avoid any more awkward incidents.

Thankfully, getting inside, she appeared to be alone. She hurried towards the largest stall, prepared to duck inside and wait out the rest of this craziness.

That's when she passed by the bathroom mirror. Her eyes unconsciously were drawn to it, no doubt due to the countless times she spent pampering herself in front of one. The sight was unpleasant to the vain college girl.

Most of her lovely, fab hair was gone. Her bangs and locks had shrunk into her noggin, replaced by soft white fur. Traces of red were fading out, her scarlet hairband starting to vanish as well. On her forehead, a large, fluffy curl was forming, dipping down right above her eyes.

Her gaze locked onto that curl. *Very stylish!* Bethany shook her head, her curl bouncing happily. *Stylish, like noooooot!*

She needed to be out of sight now! She couldn't linger any longer!

Bethany ducked into the large stall and locked it tight. Her heart raced as she slowly, nervously backed against the wall. *Th-there!* She panted slowly. *Out of sight!* Her eyes wandered around the stall. *The perfect place ta don my super secret hero **form!***

Bethany cringed. The dam was bursting. "Here..." she groaned, shoulders tensing up and paws clenching. Pearly white teeth gritted. "Mmrrrmh, **here it comes!**"

She could feel it in her nose, a pulse and throb. The tip of it jiggled and slowly swelled, stretching outwards and to the side. Inky black darkened her pigment, a soft, cold, bumpy texture coming to it. Her nostrils pulled into it as its shape inflated further, turning triangular and gaining a glossy sheen in the lighting.

She could just make it out of her eyeline when she narrowed her focus. Her nose was canine, a cute, toony booper and snooter if there ever was one.

Bethany whined. *My nose... My...* She brought a paw up and stroked it. *My sniffer... so... so big!* She gulped, biting her bottom lip. ***So perfect for sniffin' out trouble!***

Her ears quivered. **SPROING!** One ear shot outward, growing fluffy white fur before falling back and slapping against her head all droopy-like. **SPROING!** There went the other ear, returning back to her head and now giving her a pair of droopy dog ears.

She had barely any time to acknowledge that. Her body was now growing all over. Her frame widened, shoulders rising and broadening. An extra two feet was added onto her height, her figure looking rather lanky. Her waist pushed out as well, removing her trim shape.

So tight... so tight! Her clothing felt so constricting on her as her body stretched it more and more out. ***Errrrgggh! Too hard to... move!*** She gritted her teeth, which were looking sharper and more canine-like by the second. ***Can't... can't fight crime like... like-***

RIIIIP! Her pink top burst open, fabric flying all over like a burst of confetti. Underneath it was a bright blue, elastic, still tight shirt. It conformed to her torso and her fairly flat chest while still being rather easy to move in. In its center was a pale blue oval that held a M symbol, diamonds around and below it.

“Awwwww, I liked that shirt...” Her face pulled into a big grin, a paw grabbing her top and stretching it out before letting it snap back into place. ***“This one is sooo better!”*** That paw went up to her face, and she snickered like a cartoon dog.

Bethany couldn't help it. It was too natural not to do. It was too natural not to agree with “herself” about the top too. She could try to fight it, but that involved a lot of thought process and her thoughts were very... hard to get straight or sound like her own.

So, instead of fighting it, she went passive and watched herself. Her new top began stretching itself across her body, winding up her arms and down her rear, onto her legs. It cloaked everything up to her paws, forming a heroic, spandex bodysuit. Her skirt, the one thing she still had on that was her own? It simply vanished.

I... I look dashing! Bethany trembled, paws clenching tightly. Excitement was rising rapidly within her, her heart racing. It was coming like a surge of lightning, everything tingling.

I feel... fuzzy! Fur spread from her paws and across her form. It was hard to see given her superhero garb, but the spandex puffed out a little. A thick mane of it came out of the neckhole, crawling up her neck. The rest of hair simply vanished into her head.

I feel bigger! Her paws clenched again, her body briefly throbbing. Across her form, musculature started expanding. Her arms and legs looked like she worked out on the regular, giving her decent biceps and calves. Her breasts fully flattened before expanding into some light pectorals that fitted her so well now.

“I feel mightier!” Bethany shivered with a satisfied grin, eyes rolling back. Their legs bent inward, a small bit of heat coming to them from down below. **POP!** A small bulge appeared in their crotch. Not too big though. They were a respectable hero after all!

“I feel like... like...” His face wobbled, fur crawling up and over it at long last. ***“I feel like mutting around!”*** He bellowed it out, pumping his fists into the air. **BOI-OING!** His face shot out, lips turning black and gummy as fur cloaked it all. His nose swelled a little bigger, moving to the very end of his new, handsome muzzle.

“For I am MEGA MUTT!” **POP!** The tail nub fully extended out of its small tailhole in the bodysuit. It wasn't too long, but made up for it in thick, fluffy fur. It wagged up a storm.

Yeah... I'm... I'm Mega Mutt, heheh... Whatever trace of Bethany's voice in her mind faded out happily, blissfully. The hero side had declared victory, striking a triumphant pose with his paws on his hips and pushing out his chest. A navy cape unfurled itself behind him, flapping about as if there was a breeze in the room.

There was only Mega Mutt now, the town's greatest and most beloved hero!

The toony dogman unlocked the stall and strolled out with a proud stride, tail swaying from side to side. He had a big grin on his face. ***Time to save the day once again! This bow-wow is gonna...***

As soon as he passed the mirror, he stopped. ***“...he's first gonna wash his paws!”*** He scooted over to the sink and started washing away. Sure, he didn't use the toilet, but he did come out of a dirty, public stall, right? Being a hero meant being clean and hygienic of course. He was a good role model for kids after all.

Plus, his lovely girlfriend, Stone, would be so peeved if he fought dirty crime with dirty paws! He didn't want to let her down as well!

Shouldn't have taken that class for an elective. Jamal yawned, rubbing his eyes. It just goes on and on... at least it's done now.

Another student was done with the day, approaching the exit. He was ready for it. Ready to hop into his car and get back to his apartment to crash. Freedom was just before him.

Then, a slight bit of doubt formed in his mind. His attention wandered over to the bathrooms on his right, a frown appearing. *Better... just in case...*

He headed over and walked into the room. Not a second later, he froze up.

Mega Mutt was there. Thee Mega Mutt was at the sink, whisking his wet paws into it before strolling over to one of the air dryers. He hadn't noticed Jamal yet, too busy in his own world and seeming to hum the Superman theme, or some variation of it, as he dried his paws.

But, the second he was done, he saw the human. “**OH!**” The dog's tail wagged eagerly. “**I didn't see you there, fair citizen!**” He waved politely. “**Don't mind me, just practicing good hygiene like a normal superhero, heh!**”

Jamal said nothing, still glued to his spot. He knew about Mega Mutt. Who hadn't in this town? However, this was the first time he'd ever been face to face with the hero in the fur. There had been so many sightings of the dog on campus recently and now, he was the latest witness.

He tried reaching for his phone, ready to snap a shot of the hero. However, Mega Mutt was already on the move, hurrying on by. “**I'd love to stay and chat with an adoring fan, but I must be off! I can smell trouble, and this pooch needs to start mutting things up!**”

Then, without another word, Mutt left the restroom and then was out the front doors in a flash, the sound of someone banging against them heard. Jamal only stood there, processing everything that just happened.

...why was Mega Mutt in the bathroom? ...well, I mean, he's still human... dog? Something? Maybe he just had to take care of business before doing whatever?

Or, maybe, he switched out of their secret identity. Jamal checked each of the stalls in the room out. The smaller ones had nothing, but he stopped on the large one. On the ground, there was pink fabric on the floor.

He started to bend down to take a closer look. However, after he blinked, it was all gone. *Wha? Did I just imagine... no, it can't be.*

The college student stood up and sighed. *Okay, so maybe... maybe they did turn into Mega Mutt here. But... who could it be?*

The college wasn't one of those prestigious, state ones, but it was still fairly big. There were so many students, teachers, and employees on campus at all times. It would be hard to figure out who was the super pooch.

However, Jamal was certain of one thing. Whoever they were, they must be an honorable, pleasant, courageous individual!

THE END